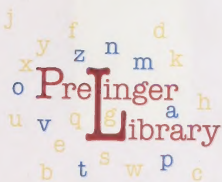


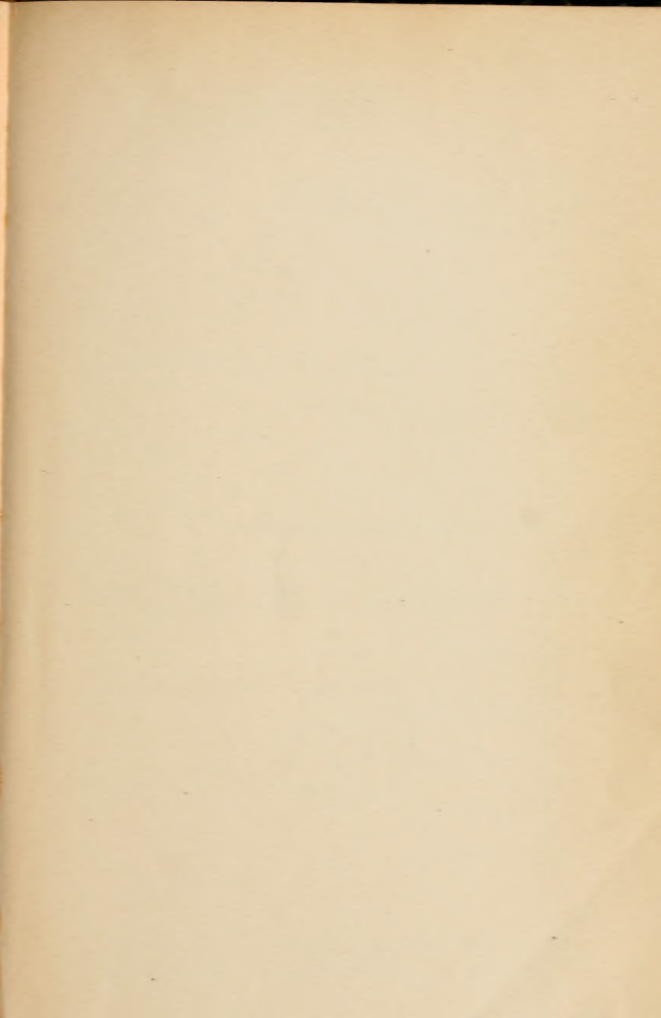
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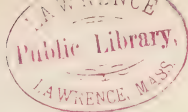


THE MUSE URANIA

ENGRAVED BY T. A. BUTLER.

[A fresco attributed to Lo Spagna, executed during the pontificate of Julius II. (1503-13) at La Magliana, about seven miles below Rome.]

—See *Impressions of a Decorator in Rome*.



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JANUARY, 1893.

No. 1.

THE PEARY RELIEF EXPEDITION.

By Angelo Heilprin.



Study of an Eskimo Boy's Head (from life)

ON June 6, 1891, the good ship *Kite*, a barkentine whaler of the old type, and measuring barely forty yards in length, lay alongside one of the busy Brooklyn wharves, eagerly scanned by hundreds of eyes for the little that distinguished her from the neighboring craft. Neatness or cleanliness was not a characteristic of the vessel, for she still bore traces of seal-strife and struggles among the ice of Newfoundland's coast.

To certain peculiarities of structure was added a suggestion of the odor of oil and blubber, and if these were not in themselves sufficient to indicate the rank of the vessel, it could readily have been told from the iron bow-cap, and that singular aerial castle known as the crow's nest. However insignificant and

humble the *Kite* may have appeared beneath the tall hulls and masts that surrounded her, she bore a trim side to the waters of an open sea, and in her adopted port of St. John's she is a craft with a history and a name.

Prior to the date above mentioned, the most distinguished name associated with the vessel was that of her then master, Captain Richard Pike, a sea-dog devoid of those characteristics which entitle one to the designation of "bluff," but who, despite this deficiency, had already, on two occasions, done service among the ice-fields of the far north. To his hands, as ice-master, the Government in 1881 entrusted the fate of the *Proteus*—the ship which conveyed the Greely party to their point of location, near the eighty-second parallel, which was destined to serve as a home of desolation for a period of three years.

In 1883, on the organization of the second Greely Relief Expedition, under Lieutenant Garlington, Pike was again pressed into Arctic service as the ice-master of the relief-ship *Proteus*, the crushing of which among the ice-floes of Smith Sound, off Cape Sabine, has become a matter of history. The nine years that have elapsed since the day of the disaster have not yet sufficed to wipe off the cloud from the genial tar's brow, over which the shadows of fifty-three years have now gathered. A quiet resolve never again to enter the Arctic seas was brushed aside when, in 1891, the *Kite* was chartered to convey the expedition of the Philadelphia Academy

of Natural Sciences to the Greenland waters, and a demand made for the services of an experienced ice-master and pilot.

The Kite left her anchorage among



Captain Richard Peary of the Kite

the Brooklyn hulks on the afternoon of June 6th, carrying as her passenger list the members of the Peary party—Civil Engineer Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., Josephine Diebitsch-Peary, Dr. F. A. Cook, Langdon Gibson, Eiwind Astrup, John T. Verhoeff, and Matthew Henson—and an auxiliary body of “summer” investigators, to which the writer had the advantage to be attached. After varying incidents of one form or another, the good little craft put in at Godhavn, the capital of the Northern Inspectorate of Greenland, on June 27th, and on July 2d, almost exactly opposite the Devil’s Thumb, buried her nose in the pack-ice of Melville Bay, from which she was destined not to emerge until three weeks later.

It was during the traverse of this ice, on July 11th, that Lieutenant Peary met with that mishap—the breaking of the lower right leg, which came near to shattering the enterprise upon which the

commander had for years set his mind. In a constitution less vigorous, and a mind less heroic, such an accident would have annihilated all aspirations for success, even in the most favored undertaking; but to Mr. Peary and his gallant wife, it was but an incident, the passage of which was to be determined only by future events. On July 24th, the Kite reached McCormick Bay, on the southern shores of which, and in the shadows of the bright-red cliffs which make up much of what belongs to Cape Cleveland, the Peary winter-quarters were established. Many pleasant memories attach to the little retreat beneath the boards and tarpapers of the Redcliffe House, where probably was passed the most comfortable and homelike winter in the far north which it has been the lot of Arctic explorers to experience. On July 30th, the Kite, with the auxiliary party aboard, steamed out of McCormick Bay, leaving the North Greenland Expedition to shift for itself during the many months which were to follow before contact with civilization could again be made possible. It was during these months, extending from August to May, that those careful studies of possibilities were made, which have rendered practicable the most remarkable ice-journey that has ever been undertaken, and brought to the geographer the solution of one of the few significant problems which remained open



The USS Thetis (Whaler No. 1), which carried the Peary Expedition, at her dock, St. John's, Newfoundland.

to him. Greenland has been demonstrated to be an island, whose general northern contours lie south of the eighty-third parallel.

Probably no scientific expedition originating on this side of the Atlantic has attracted more general attention than the one which Mr. Peary has but recently brought to a successful termination. Its special feature, the traverse in a due geographical course of upward of six hundred miles of the inland ice, was the pivot about which much of this interest centred. The bold manner in which the expedition had been conceived, involving an almost total departure from the methods that had been followed by all previous expeditions to the far North, and the circumstance that the party of exploration had been reduced to less than a handful of men, lent additional interest to the enterprise. To the scientist the interest was more than a purely sentimental one. The successful issue of the expedition meant the solution of some of the most perplexing problems which were yet open to the investigator. The conditions which determined the limitation of man's habitation on the globe, the nature and extent of the great Greenland ice-cap, and its relation to the ice accumulation of the Glacial Period, and the distribution of plants and animal forms beyond the boundaries of the ice-cap itself, were the topics of special scientific interest which linked themselves with the main geographical inquiry—the determination of Greenland's northernmost boundaries.

The only weak point of the Peary Expedition was the failure to make adequate provision for a return to civilization after the accomplishment of the inland journey. It was the intention of the leader to make his way leisurely down the coast in open whale-boats—two of which had been specially constructed for the purpose—and dare the ice and storms of Melville Bay as he had dared the winds and snows of the inland ice, from the sea-level to 8,000 feet elevation. Once across the Bay, the journey could be readily continued to Upernivik or Godhavn. The passage in open boats of Melville Bay has been accomplished, either in whole or in part, on several occasions—by Kane, in 1855 ;

by Bessels and Buddington, in their retreat from the *Polaris*, in 1873 ; by Pike and Garlington, in their retreat from the *Proteus*, in 1883—but always with great difficulty, and under the guidance of an ample force of able-bodied men. In the present instance, the party, including the courageous wife of the commander, numbered but seven members, too limited in strength, probably, to undertake the risks which the journey entailed. Under the circumstances it seemed eminently proper that assistance be rendered to the returning party, and it was with a just appreciation of this position that the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences undertook the organization of a Relief Expedition.



Mr. Dunphy Second Mate of the *Kite*

Under my command, as leader of the Expedition, were associated Henry G. Bryant, the successful explorer of the Grand Falls of Labrador, second in command ; Dr. Jackson M. Mills, surgeon ; William E. Meehan, botanist ; Charles E. Hite, zoological preparator ; Samuel J. Entriakin ; Frank W. Stokes, artist ; and Albert White Vorse, most of whom had already been tried in mountain or camp work of a more or less arduous nature. The *Kite* was again chartered as the vessel of the Expedition, and with her, the tried captain of the *Proteus*, Richard Pike. The possibilities of the Relief Expedition were such that no anticipatory plan of action, except as it was indicated in its broadest details,

could be determined upon as a finality. The contingencies that might present themselves were too numerous to permit of simple resolution, and therefore full scope was given the Expedition to

of August, 1857, could scarcely be paralleled to-day, except as the outcome of ignorance or disregard of every-day knowledge. In an average season Melville Bay can be traversed about as readily as almost any large body of water lying southward, while its earliest seasonal passage can be predicated with a precision almost akin to mathematical calculation. The hard pack-ice which has accumulated as the result of the winter's frost, and has to an extent been held together through the large bergs which are here and there scattered through it, usually shows the first signs of weakness between July 15th and 20th. Large cakes or pans of ice have by that time succumbed to the powerful oceanic currents that are directed against them, and detaching themselves from the parent mass float off to find new havens of their own. The weakening process continues until most of the ice has been either removed or melted away, and before the close of the fourth week of July little beyond shore-ice (shore-pan) remains to indicate the barrier which but a few days before rendered a passage all but impracticable. The trend of the ice is

northwestward through the Bay, then westward to the American side, and finally south to the open sea. It was the purpose of the Relief Expedition to reach the southern boundary of the Melville Bay pack on or about the 20th of the month, and there watch the movements of the ice until the opportunity for action arrived. An earlier traverse might possibly have been made through persistent "butting" of the ice, but the dangers incident to this form of navigation were such as to render slowness a prudent measure of safety.

At 2.30 of the afternoon of July 5th the hiss of the siren announced to the loiterers on the wharves of Newfoundland's capital that the Kite was about to depart on her second voyage to the



Lieutenant Robert E. Peary U. S. Navy

meet the exigencies of the moment. It was, however, considered a necessity to pass Melville Bay at the earliest possible time consistent with an assurable amount of safety to the vessel, as once beyond the ice and waters of that much-dreaded section of the Arctic world the passage to McCormick Bay could be made without hindrance of any kind. The experience that has been brought down from the various Arctic expeditions, and more particularly from the different whalers which every year traverse much of the northern icy seas, has infused an element of certainty into Arctic navigation which could hardly have been realized by the heroes of a period twenty-five or thirty years ago. The capture, by the Melville Bay pack, of McClintock's Fox in the latter part

Arctic seas. A few moments later the vessel swung from her wharf, and amid a chorus of hurrahs and the shrill accompaniments of steam-whistles, started on her mission of good-will northward. The bold sandstone cliffs guarding the entrance to St. John's Harbor, aglow with the warm sunshine of a "typical" day, were soon dropped in the rear, albeit the rate of travel was somewhat less than seven knots an hour. Few of the St. John's sealers are rated for more than nine or ten knots; of the entire fleet the *Kite* is about the least swift, but what she lacks in this regard is more than compensated for by a staunchness of construction and a commodiousness of design which renders her specially adapted for the purposes for which she was selected. The first few days of the voyage were wholly uneventful, and almost without incident. In the afternoon of the 10th, after heavy fogs had largely obscured our course, suspicious cakes of ice indicated a near approach to the Greenland coast. At midnight of the 11th, when a rift in the fog first revealed the presence of Greenland's serrated mountains, the guard-rails of the vessel were almost overtopped by the ice; fortunately the pans were not sufficiently packed to cause serious alarm for our position, despite the disagreeable feature which the presence of an ever-falling fog added.

The point of the Greenland coast opposite to our position was approximately the great Frederikshaab glacier,

one of the most gigantic of the almost endless number of ice-sheets which radiate off from the inland ice to or toward the sea. In the passage of this portion of the coast the summer previous no sea-ice beyond freely floating bergs was encountered, but in the present year the ice extended fully seventy miles farther northward, and as subsequent events showed, it was the heaviest accumulation that had been known for several decades. The southern ports of Greenland had for weeks



Mrs. Josephine Diebitsch-Peary.

been inaccessible, while the vessels of the *eryolite* fleet, for two months or more, had found scant quarters amid the jam that was impending. Wreckage appeared in scattered masses, and intel-

ligence of disaster turned up everywhere. The Kite finally extricated her-

the white mantle of a perpetual ice-cap, forming a continuous panorama not unlike what is presented to the observer from the lower mountain summits of Switzerland. It is true that the loftiest peaks are here but four to five thousand feet in elevation, but the absence of foreground and the low descent of the snow-line combine to produce an exaggerated optical effect which is most delusory, a deception that is only further strengthened by the *Hörner* and *aiguilles* which everywhere recall the Alps. It is Switzerland in miniature, with a smooth, glassy sea to receive the reflections which in old Helvetia bathe in the waters of her deep blue lakes. Seventy miles to the northward indicated the position of the basaltic cliffs of Disko Island, under the lee of which are nestled the few huts and houses which together constitute the capital of the Northern Inspectorate of Greenland, Godhavn, or Lieveby. The average mind which conceives of a journey to the far North as being one of only hardships and terror, finds it difficult to realize that this is the "land beyond the Arctic Circle;" the warm sunshine, the placid sea, and the absence, except in scattered flecks, of



Mikto, a Ghost Bear Hunter. One of the Arctic Highlanders.

self shortly before noon of the 12th, when about opposite Lichtenfels, the northernmost point which the lower or Cape Farewell ice is known to attain.

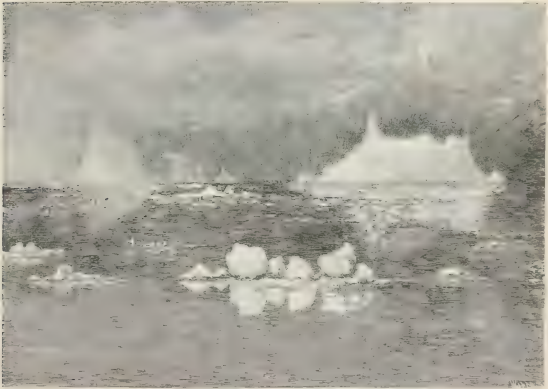
Fog and rain followed the expedition for another thirty-six hours, but on the morning of the 14th day broke with a splendor and luminosity unknown to regions outside of the Arctic Circle. The Greenland coast loomed up brilliant for a length of a hundred miles or more, its rugged mountain peaks, here and there flecked by the snows of lingering winter, or forever shrouded in

those impending bergs which have fastened themselves as time-honored necessities upon the eye of the imagination, fail to do justice to the modern conception of the Arctic world. The temperature at 8 A.M. was 45° F., but at noon it had risen to 50° F., and in the sun the station of the mercury among the seventies did away with all thoughts concerning wraps and heavy underwear.

At 5.30 in the afternoon we arrived off Godhavn, and shortly afterward passed through the formality of taking on a pilot—an Eskimo of unmistakably

European lineage. Swarthy Frederick, the interpreter to the British Polar Expedition of 1875-76, and the associate of Peary in 1886, was among the first to greet us, bringing with him a number of his tribe, young and old—but all

visitors to the Kite was an old Eskimo who had, in 1870, conducted Norden-skjöld to the famous "meteoritic" region of the Blaaberget, on Disko Island, whence were obtained the large blocks of native iron, commonly known as the



In Smith Sound off Cape Sabine 78° 44' N

males, as no females are permitted to board the incoming vessels—prepared to partake of a lasting hospitality of the ship's steward, and to effect such barter as would yield to them the advantage of a few kroner or of a shirt or pair of pantaloons. The latter article was prized beyond measure, but its acceptance was dependent wholly upon a proved freedom from holes and patches. Danish sovereignty has long since infused a civilized aspect into the costume of the Southern Eskimos, and hence the demand for articles which would be scorned by most of their brethren of the North; European trousers and a blue cotton outer shirt or *anorak* now take the place, as a summer attire, of the seal garments which were a necessity in the antecedent periods of barbaric existence. Among those who had come out with the first boat-load of

iron of Oviak or Uifak, concerning the origin of which, whether meteoric or telluric, so much has been written and argued by geologists and mineralogists. I was at the identical locality with the same Eskimo in the summer of 1891, and fortune threw in our path a stone of some two hundred and seventy pounds weight, for which a reward of £5 was given. Suspecting that there might be a return expedition this year the Eskimos had shrewdly made a further examination of the desolate spot, with the result of finding a number of additional blocks of the desired material; these had been carefully placed to one side awaiting my return, and were now placed at my disposal, together with much other geological material that it was thought I might be interested in.

Our purpose in putting in at God-

havn was primarily the presentation of official credentials from the Danish Government, and the obtaining of certain effects which were considered desirable for the expedition. Godhavn, or, as it is commonly known to geographers,

written. No trees of any kind shadow the sunlight from a perpetual summer sun; no song of bird, save the occasional chirp of the snow-bunting and wheatear, responds to the wakening calls of morning. The melancholy bark of a



Head of M. Cormick Bay showing Point where Mr. Peary made the Ascent to the Ice-cap of Greenland.

Disko, as the capital of the Northern Inspectorate of Greenland, is the official seat of one of the two highest dignitaries of the land, the Inspector. Of a population counting less than one hundred and thirty souls, some fifteen are Danes, and the remainder almost entirely half-breed Eskimos; not more than seven full-blooded natives are recognized among the inhabitants, of which number is the Frederick already referred to. A first impression of this singular settlement is not calculated to inspire enthusiasm for a prolonged residence in the "land of desolation." A few wooden structures, comprising a church, the government building or general store, and the residences of the Danish officials, together with a somewhat larger number of green-grown and chimneyed turf huts of the Eskimos, crown a dreary expanse of granite and syenite, over whose surfaces the ice of former ages ploughed its way to the sea. Everywhere the effects of past glaciation are plainly

dozen or more of shapely curs—not, however, the awe-inspiring and night-destroying howl of books of travel, but the more subdued tones of reality—alone indicates possession of the town. Cheerfulness, save in the bright sunshine which here illumines all nature, seems to have forever deserted the locality.

But this first impression almost immediately disappears through closer acquaintance. Once the foot has been set upon the mirrored rocks, the charms of this garden spot one by one unfold themselves. The little patches of green are aglow with bright flowers, rich in the colors which a bounteous nature has provided; the botanical eye readily distinguishes among these the mountain-pink, the dwarf rhododendron, several species of heath, the crow-foot, chickweed, and poppy, with their varying tints of green, red, white, and yellow. Gay butterflies flit through the warm sunshine, casting their shadows over "forests" of diminutive birch and willow. Here and there a stray bee

hums its search for sweets among the pollen grains, while from afar, woven through the music of gurgling rills and brooks, come the melodious strains of thousands of mosquitoes, who ever cheerfully lend their aid to give voice to the landscape. Above this peaceful scene tower the dark-red cliffs of basalt, which from a height of two thousand feet look down upon a sea of Mediterranean loveliness, blue as the waters of Villafranca, and calm as the surface of an interior lake. Over its bosom float hundreds of icebergs, the output of the great Jakobshavn Glacier, fifty miles to the eastward, scattered like flocks of white sheep in a pasture. Such was the summer picture of the region about Disko as it was found by the writer in two successive seasons. There was little of that Greenland about it which we habitually associate with the region, nothing of those terrors which to the average mind reflect the quality of the Arctic world.

Dreary though a long residence may prove to be at a spot like Godhavn, there is yet seemingly enough comfort in it to make it attractive to the Danish officials who reside there. The neat



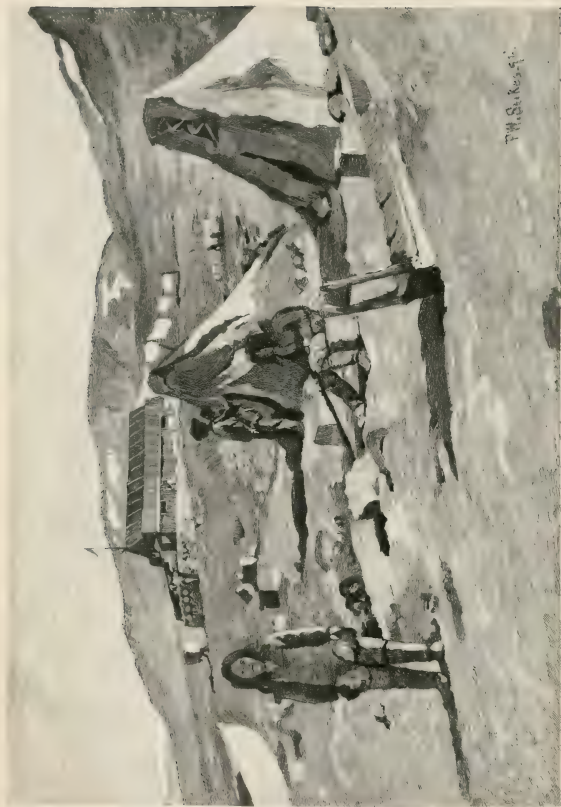
The Living Room at Redcliffe House, McCormick Bay.

little cottages, well supplied with those appliances and adjuncts—such as a library, piano, and billiard-room—which conduce to a home-like comfort, are not in absolute harmony with their surroundings, but they bear testimony to an intelligence and refinement governing the household which come with a rude shock to those who had expected to meet with at best only half-barbarians in this remote quarter of the globe. It was an almost inexpressible pleasure for me to see the geraniums, fuchsias, and roses which the good people were here raising behind double windows or under glass covers, and fondling with a care only equalled by the interest with

which they pursued the general subject of Greenland zoölogy or followed the recent explorations of men like Ryder, Stanley, Holub, and Peters. Herr Inspector Andersson, whose hospitality I had already enjoyed the summer previous, was absent at the time of our visit, having but a few days before gone to Upernivik to adjust some matters in connection with the government there. Mrs. Andersson and her daughter, however, gave us a kindly welcome, which was reinforced through the good offices of the Governor and



Interior of Mr. and Mrs. Peary's Room at Redcliffe House.



Drawn by F. W. Stokes.

Red-lift House, the Winter Quarters of the Peay Party, and Eskimo Encampment.

Engraved by E. H. Delorme.

his assistant. A determination to aid our expedition to the fullest extent possible was made manifest from the moment that our arrival was officially announced.

We secured some fur clothing for our equipment, and what we thought to be of greater importance to ourselves, the services of an Eskimo interpreter and servant, Daniel Johannes Matthias Isaiah Broberg, a nephew of the wealthiest native of Godhavn, and brother of Nicholas Broberg, who in 1883 acted in a like capacity for the second Greely Relief Expedition. Daniel, like most of the Eskimos of Godhavn, was inordinately fond of his tobacco, and it was rarely that he was to be found without his pipe; speaking, eating, or sleeping, his pipe appeared to be his most faithful and constant companion. The stipulations of our contract with him were, that he was to receive £3 10s. per month; that he was not to receive any orders from the ship's men; not to be obliged to draw, by himself, a sledge over the inland ice; to be remunerated for the breakage of an arm or leg, or for other bodily mutilation; to be returned to Godhavn. These stipulations, which were exacted from a fear of ill-treatment engendered through experiences associated with former expeditions, and which have made it all but impossible to secure the services of any of the Eskimos of the Inspectorate, were supplemented with a special recommendation for a pair of pantaloons.

At 1.30 P.M. of the 16th we fired our parting salute, and dipping our colors to the ship *Constancia*, which was then lying in port, slowly withdrew from the shadow of the tall cliffs which give to the harbor its most impressive aspect. Our destination was Upernivik, the most northerly of the Danish settlements, and the most northern settlement of civilization on the surface of the globe. We remained here but a few hours, our sole purpose being the exchange of civilities with the Danish officials resident there. Herr Inspector Andersson and Governor and Mrs. Beyer extended to us an open-hearted welcome, and with it the full hospitality which their house offered.

A more exquisite day than that which

marked our departure from Upernivik, could scarcely be conceived. The white lumps of ice which almost choked the harbor, and the glare from whose surfaces fairly dazzled the eye, were a marked contrast to the delicious warmth which was supplied by an Arctic 52° F.

Desolate fogs, however, broke in upon the evening and night, and it was not until two o'clock of the following afternoon (the 19th) that we were enabled to make a landing on the outer Duck Island. The Devil's Thumb, that most notable landmark, 2,347 feet in elevation, on the western coast of Greenland, should have been made before midnight; but the ice-bound fogs obliged a halt throughout the greater part of the evening and night hours. The twentieth of the month, the day that had been fixed upon for our arrival at Melville Bay, actually found us there, and we stood confronting the northern ice.

No real difficulty was encountered in the passage of this much dreaded region of the Arctic seas. An accumulation of shore-ice prevented us from following the coast in the track of the daring whalers, but about twenty-five miles seaward comparatively little heavy ice, beyond broken and rotten pans, was encountered, and were it not for a continuous lowering fog, little hindrance to a free navigation would have been presented. The water itself was as smooth as a mirror, with only the smallest ripples to break its surface; the temperature of the air was at all times above the freezing points.

At 8 A.M. of July 22d we were off Cape York, and had completed the passage of the Bay; the high land was first sighted shortly after midnight, but beyond a momentary appearance, it remained shrouded in the heavy fog until the early hours of morning. Gray cliffs of granite, moss-grown and grass-grown on their favored slopes, with here and there a glacier peacefully slumbering in their deeper hollows, mark the exit from the ice-bound Melville Bay to the open north water. For sixty hours after leaving the Duck Islands the condition of the weather had been such that no observations for position could be taken; our course had been one solely of compass and dead-reckoning.

Considering the sluggishness of the compass in these regions, and the almost endless number of detours which a course in the fog among the ice-pans necessitates, one could not but be impressed by the general directness of the traverse, and the exactitude with which

the members of the party—all of whom were indicated by name—were doing well. A rude drawing, representing with fair precision the geographical contours of the region, showed that they were at that time still on McCormick Bay, and provided with both boats and sledges. Coupled with this information we were made to understand, as, indeed, we had already known previous to our departure—that one of the vessels of the Melville Bay whaling fleet had been crushed in the ice.

The arrival of the Kite at this first outpost of the northern Eskimos was the signal for much quiet happiness on the part of the natives. Scarcely had the vessel made fast to a cake of ice before she was boarded by the happy people—men, women, and children—who, true to the instincts of an honest nature, required no invitation to bid them welcome. They stayed until they had satisfied every curiosity, or until the steam whistle announced the prospective departure of the "Oomeak-shua"—the "big woman's boat," as the natives style every large vessel. Among the visitors I recognized a number of familiar faces, but the majority of my associates of last year seemed to be absent. A limping old man who had been known to Hayes was dead, and other members of the tribe had departed.

A special purpose in calling at the settlement of Cape York, or Ignamine, was the distribution among the natives of gifts of charity which had been generously contributed by citizens of Philadelphia and Westchester. Boards cut to the length of sledges, strips for kayak frames, hardware, and utensils of various kinds, cooking implements, etc., were a part of the bountiful cargo that was to give joy and wealth to a rugged people—a people to whom a barrel stave or a needle was an almost priceless treasure. Words fail to describe the scene of animation which marked the bestowal of the awards. There were no rude attempts to obtain possession of any special article, no boisterous demonstrations of superiority; each man or woman received his or her gifts with a dignity and calm composure which were truly remarkable, in view of the wealth which the presents



Magsu—a Woman of the Arctic Highlanders. Sketched from life.

it was terminated. Barely fifty hours were required for the passage from the Devil's Thumb to Cape York, and had there been no fog, even with the large quantity of ice that was present, the time would probably have been reduced by from fifteen to twenty hours.

At the Eskimo settlement, a few miles to the eastward of Cape York—the settlement commonly known as that of Cape York—we obtained the first information regarding the Peary party. A shaggily bearded Eskimo, one of the tallest and most stalwart of the tribe of so-called Arctic Highlanders,* measuring not less than five feet nine inches in height, had passed some part of the winter about the "Peary igdloo" on McCormick Bay, and consequently could state something from personal knowledge. Our extremely limited acquaintance with the Eskimo tongue, combined with the difficulty with which our interpreter grasped the sense of the northern dialect, made progress in a mutual comprehension slow and wearisome; but enough was made clear that at last accounts, extending back to a period of some four or five months,

* See "The Arctic Highlander," by Benjamin Sharp, Ph.D., in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for February, 1892.

conveyed. Their expression of extreme delight was told in the few syllables "Na, na, na, nay."

After a delay of a few hours, necessitated in part by the fog, the Kite pushed into the North Water, where no floes or pack-ice were encountered. Passing Conical Rock at midnight, the expedition steamed to Wolstenholme Island, on the western spur of which it had been prearranged that records should be left by Mr. Peary, in the event of a forced early retreat, but no cairn was discovered. My own advice of the prospective Relief Expedition, which had been deposited on the same island nearly six weeks earlier (June 13th), by Captain Phillips, of the whaler *Esquimaux*, was picked up by my men and found to be undisturbed. The party of exploration had manifestly not yet passed to the south. Shortly after 5 A.M. (of the 23d), the Kite shaped her course to Whale Sound, and early in the evening of the same day, after discharging a second cargo of charities to the Eskimos of Barden Bay, made the passage between Northumberland and Herbert Islands. Throughout the greater part of the day there prevailed a balmy and spring-like temperature which was in striking harmony with the warm, sunlit effects which the landscape everywhere presented. We were less than nine hundred miles from the Pole, yet the thermometer could not be coaxed down even to the freezing-point; in the sun the mercury rose rapidly to near the 60° line. Thousands of ice fragments, thrown out by one of the arms of the great Tyndall Glacier, covered the silvered surface of the sea; while off in the distance swung out in majestic line the flotilla of bergs to which the giant glaciers of Inglefield Gulf have given birth. Murchison Sound was reached at ten o'clock, and only ten miles now intervened between our ship and the spot where, a year before, the "West Greenland" party saw fashioned the wooden shelter which was to give lodgement to the brave seven who composed the Peary party. Expectancy is now at full height, and from every point of vantage on the vessel comes the desire to possess the eyes that see the first and farthest. The

bow, the rigging, the bridge, and crow's nest, are all in active competition, but the award of victory is to be withheld for some time as yet. McCormick Bay opens up broadly to the east, its moving ice-field joining with the endless fleet of bergs which are slowly coursing to the open sea. Five miles more are covered, and the Kite plunges into the soft pack, but no sign of human life or habitation is as yet apparent. Through the clear night air is sent the boom of the ship's cannon, but only reverberations from the barren crags answer. Save the occasional crackling of a feeble iceberg, and the noise of the ship's machinery, all is as quiet as the grave. A second discharge follows, accompanied by the shrill tones of the steam-whistle, but still no answer. The red cliffs of Cape



Tong-eh. Sketched from life at McCormick Bay, August 18, 1892.

Cleveland are now near to us, and the range of vision, except for an intercepting berg, covers the site which we know to be that of the Peary igdloo. Presently from far aloft comes the welcome: "They are answering us with a gun." No sound was audible, but the keen eye of Second Mate Dunphy had detected smoke. Three long shrieks from our siren, as a token of welcome, and the pennant swings to the breeze. When the ship's thunder once more broke the ominous silence a small speck appeared upon the water's surface. "They are coming to meet us in

a boat," came the cry from aloft, and the field-glass confirmed the observation from the crow's nest. In the nearing boat were Verhoeff, Cook, and Gibson, who had come with Eskimo friends to greet the strange apparitions from the South. A half hour before the midnight hour they boarded our vessel, and we obtained from them the happy tidings that everything was well. Lieutenant Peary, who had entirely recovered from the accident of last summer, was, at the time of the arrival of the Kite, with young Astrup, traversing the vast wilderness of the inland ice, while the heroic wife of the commander, with Matthew Henson, was encamped at the head of the bay, some fifteen miles distant, awaiting the return of the explorers.

The members of the Peary party who had come out to meet us showed no signs of a struggle with a hard winter. Their bronzed faces spoke more for a perpetual tropical sunlight than for a sunless Arctic night, the memories of which had long since vanished as a factor in their present existence. No serious illness of any kind had invaded the household during a twelve months' absence from civilization. The expedition quarters presented a very different appearance from what they did a year before when the Kite steamed out from McCormick Bay. The diminutive two-roomed house, which then stood solitary and uninviting in its own field of scattered mountain-pink and poppy, roofless to the elements and unprotected from the blasts which were hurled against the sides of board and tar-paper, was now the focus of a busy world that had congregated about. A colony of Eskimos, whose members had been gathered in from various settlements along the coast, had established themselves on the same free soil of nature, eager to reap the benefits which a contact with civilization might bring, and ever ready to give a helping hand to those whom they now recognized as superiors. The twenty or more natives were lodged in five tupics, or skin summer tents, about which were gathered a variety of paraphernalia necessary to the Eskimo household and an amount of odor which only

weeks—more likely months—of abrasion and ablution could efface. If cleanliness was not a virtue with these people, their honesty, cheerfulness, and good-will made amends for the lack of a quality which a defective vision has assigned to be the first attribute of Godliness. The majority of the men and women were of low stature, the tallest of the latter, fat Itushakshui, the mother of an exceedingly winsome young bride of thirteen, Tongwingwa, measuring only 4 feet 8 inches. M'gipsu, the shortest of the mothers, measured only 4 feet 4 inches. The men are, with few exceptions, taller than the women, but even among them a stature exceeding five feet is a rarity rather than the reverse, although such exceptional cases are less rare among the people of the region about Cape York than further northward.

The moment that the Kite appeared in McCormick Bay the natives recognized that a "circus had come to town." A few of them had seen the vessel, or one similar to it, before, but to the majority the Oomeakhshua was an unimaginable novelty. At all hours of "night" and day, when a transfer could readily be made from the shore, men, women, and children would gather to her sides, eager to obtain mementos of our journey in the shape of biscuits, soup, or thimbles. The deck and cabins underwent a daily inspection, as did also the forecabin and every other available spot of interest which the ship offered. These visits to us ultimately became a source of some annoyance, since they interfered largely with the work—the making of skin boots and clothing, fashioning of sledges and kayaks, etc.—which had been laid out for them by the Peary party. So long as the vessel was in sight and approachable, it formed the uppermost thought in their minds, more especially of the women. Stitching seal-boots, or kamiks, or chewing hides to render them pliable, was of little moment so long as good-hearted Captain Pike gave them welcome with him, and dealt out rations of bread and biscuit. On two occasions we were favored with a song and dance, the instrumental accompaniment being given on a stretched



The Approach to M. Comm. Bay July 23 1892—First Sight of Peary's Party

Illustration by F. A. STORES.

drum-like hide, the frame of which was beat to a three-time with a splinter of ivory. The most popular melody—the one which is supposed to have curative powers when sung by the “*angekoks*” or wise men of the settlement—consisted of a succession of *yah, yah, yahs*, and scarcely anything more, which fell in rhythmic cadence from a high crescendo to a tremulous under-note, suggestive of almost any range of possibilities.

Almost immediately after our arrival a message was sent up by special Eskimo express to Mrs. Peary, informing her of our coming, and in a few short hours a welcome greeting was returned to the relief party. I visited her camp on the following day (25th). The bay was still largely closed with ice, and the upper part was accessible only by way of the long shore line, on which a lingering ice-foot had set its heavy masses of frozen sea. Just outside the tent, in the midst of a mosquito-tract which, for the quality and quantity of its musical tenants, could readily vie with the more favored spots of the tropics, I met the brave woman who was the first of her sex to dare the terrors of the North Arctic winter. She had come to meet me and pressed a cordial invitation to follow to her cosy shelter. The little white tent, whose only furniture consisted of two sleeping-bags of reindeer-fur, stood on a patch of meadow-land facing the bay and across it the bold granite bluffs which to the outer world marked the last traces of the departed explorers, and over whose nearly vertical walls it was hoped that fortune would favor an early return. A range of steep heights, over whose declivities a number of glaciers protruded their arms caterpillar-like in the direction of the sea, formed the desolate background. Eastward the eye gazed upon the interminable ice-cap, with its long sweep of gentle swells and undulations—a land lost between the sky and the earth; westward it fell upon the broad expanse of the bay whose half-congealed surface passed hazily to the distant sea beyond. This was the picture of the spot where Mrs. Peary, almost alone among the few wild flowers by which she was sur-

rounded, had passed full nine days with but a single companion to help relieve the dreary and anxious hours of waiting. The experiences of a year had told lightly on her, and there was nothing to indicate regret for a venture which no woman had heretofore braved and which only noble devotion had dictated.

Recognizing, with the late day of his departure from McCormick Bay (May 1st), that Mr. Peary could not readily return from his hazardous journey before the first week of August, and that no purpose would be subserved by the relief party remaining at their present quarters until that time, I ordered out the Kite on the following morning to proceed to Smith Sound, hoping that a fortunate combination of circumstances might permit us to make a traverse of the front of the great Humboldt Glacier. In this hope, however, we were destined to be disappointed. No more delightful weather could have been conceived than that which marked the day of our departure northward. A flood of light poured over the landscape, illumining it with a radiance which only the snows and ice of the far north or of Alpine summits can reflect. Scarcely a breath of air disturbed the hundreds of bergs and “*berglets*” which floated lazily by, impelled by the gentle current of the deep blue sea, and barely a ripple, save where the little auk had congregated in hundreds to disport awhile in the warm sunshine, broke the surface of the mirror into whose inner depths we cast our images. Fifty miles northward the headland of Cape Alexander stood out with a boldness that was almost startling in its effects, while beyond it a few minor heights marked the passage into that forbidding tract of sea and ice from which so many brave hearts have never returned. Before we had reached Littleton Island the ominous ice-blink only too plainly told us that ice was ahead; Smith Sound was closed from Greenland to the American side. At midnight we were brought up by the “*pack*”; Cape Sabine, memorable in the annals of Arctic discovery as the scene of disaster and of heroic rescue, was to our left, and Rensselaer Harbor, equally memo-



The Verhoeff Glacier—where the last traces of Mr. Verhoeff, the Mineralogist, were found

rable as the winter quarters of the Advance of Kane, a few miles to the eastward. The ice was somewhat heavier than the "pack" of Melville Bay, in which we were imprisoned the summer previous, but it yet bore the same quiet and tranquil air, wholly unsuggestive of power-possession. The hummocky sheets, measuring from six to ten feet in thickness, and showing but a single lead in their midst, had manifestly not yet begun to break for the season, and therefore all efforts to reach the glacier at this time must be fruitless. Although nine years had elapsed since the crushing of the Proteus, the experiences of that desolate July 23d were still too vivid in the mind of our captain to permit of any risks being taken on this occasion. With his back turned to the snow-clad slopes of Cape Sabine, and gazing upon the uncovered and to him less reminiscent heights of the Greenland coast, he announced that we had reached the journey's end. The Humboldt Glacier was invisible, although farther off to the northward, the prominences of Capes Hawkes and Louis Napoleon, and possibly also that

of Cape Imperial, carried the eye quite to the border line of, or even beyond, the eightieth parallel.

The front ice of the Smith Sound pack is the home of the walrus. Hundreds of these animals were disporting themselves in the silent hours of a sunlit midnight; here a few gathered on tablets of floating ice, others leisurely paddling about with an abandon truly majestic. Their frolics immediately called to mind the gambols of pups and kittens. No animal, probably, save the Bengal tiger, offers the same amount of sport to the huntsman as does this king of the northern waters. Every attack resulting in a wounded animal can be safely relied upon for a counter-attack, which is prosecuted with an audacity no less remarkable than the energy with which it is sustained. A wounded walrus will not infrequently call for assistance to a number of its associates, and woe be then to the huntsman if, in the general struggle, one of the infuriated animals should place its tusks on the inner side of the little craft that has gone out to do battle.



DRAWN BY F. W. STOKES.

The Meeting of Mr. Parry and the Rest of Expedition on the Ice cap August 5 1892 at 11 30 pm

ENGRAVED BY PECKWELL.

The largest specimen secured by us measured, from the tip of the nose to the extended hind flippers, somewhat more than thirteen feet (to the extremity of the spinal column, eleven feet four inches); its weight was estimated to be between fifteen hundred and two thousand pounds, but not impossibly it was considerably more.

In our return southward to McCormick Bay, which began shortly before five o'clock of the morning of July 27th, explorations were extended into Port Foulke and Sonntag Bay, where were located the "tribes" of the Etah and Sorfalik Eskimo, the most northerly of the inhabitants of the globe. Only empty huts, five or six at each locality, a few grave heaps, and distributed rubbish of one kind or another, now indicated a former possession of the land; adverse conditions of the chase had driven away the inhabitants, who had departed south to add their little mite to the colonists of the Whale Sound region. The last of the Etahs had joined the cantonment about the Peary igdloo. That the region of Port Foulke had only recently been abandoned was proved by the generally good state of preservation of the stone huts, not less than by the newly arranged fox-traps that were outlying. A return of the departed could probably be expected in a more propitious year. In Sonntag Bay an effort was made to ascertain the possibilities of some of the large glaciers as a means of communication with the upper ice or ice-cap. The fact that in many of these northern ice-streams crevasses were largely or almost entirely wanting, or were so completely closed as to show but mere rifts on the surface, seemed to indicate that a direct highway of travel, accessible alike to sledge and man, could be found on the moving ice. A first attempt on a northeast glacier, with a sledge loaded to about two hundred pounds, proved abortive; the high terminal wall and abrupt lateral slopes, while they offered no serious hindrance to man in the capacity of a pedestrian, blocked the approach of the toboggan, as would, indeed, have also done the numerous crevasses which cut across the ice in its lower border. A second attempt, made on the huge glacier dis-

charging into the eastern extremity of the bay, proved more successful. Ascending over the feebly depressed lateral moraine of the left side, no difficulty was encountered in transferring our impedimenta to the surface of the glacier, which was practically solid, and almost without rift for miles from its termination. The even crust of the ice, which at the early hour of twelve had barely begun to yield to the softening influences of a midnight sun, offered little obstacle to the traction of our sledge, and before five hours had passed, we had planted our stakes in the névé basin, 2,050 feet above the sea. A portion of the immediate ice-cap was below us, some of it eighty or a hundred feet higher up; the feasibility of the passage had been demonstrated.

Later experiences on some of the more southerly and still more gigantic glaciers only further demonstrated the accessibility of the ice-cap along a route of travel where the gradient was scarcely ten degrees, and in many parts considerably less. Indeed, the slope of many of the northern glaciers for miles does not exceed three to five degrees.

We arrived at our old quarters in McCormick Bay in the evening of the 29th. The balmy weather that had thus far accompanied us still gave the sensation of spring, but an impending change was perceptible. The last two or three evenings had grown measurably cooler, and the drooping sun indicated a drawing approach to cold weather and wintry nights. Anticipating a probable return of Mr. Peary toward the close of the first week in August, the Kite, with Mrs. Peary and Matthew Henson added to my party, steamed on the 4th to the head of the bay, and there dropped anchor. On the following day a reconnaissance of the inland ice, with a view of locating signal posts to the returning explorers was made by the members of the expedition. A tedious half-hour's march over boggy and bowldery talus brought us to the base of the cliffs, at an elevation of three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet, where the true ascent was to begin. The line of march is up a precipitous water-channel, everywhere encompassed by bowlders, on which, despite its steep-

ness, progress is rapid. The virtual crest is reached about six hundred and fifty feet higher, and then the gradual uprise of the stream-valley begins. Endless rocks, rounded and angular—the accumulation of former ground and lateral moraines—spread out as a vast wilderness, rising to the ice-cap in superimposed benches or terraces. At an elevation slightly exceeding eighteen hundred feet we reach the first tongue of the ice. Rounding a few outlying “nunataks”—uncovered hills of rock and boulders—we bear east of northeast, heading as nearly as possible in the direction from which, so far as the lay of the land would permit us to determine, the return would most likely be made. The ice-cap swells up higher and higher in gentle rolls ahead of us, and with every advance to a colder zone it would seem that the walking, or rather wading, becomes more and more difficult. One by one we plunge through the yielding mass, gasping for breath, and frequently only with difficulty extricating ourselves. The hard crust of winter had completely disappeared, and not even the comparatively cool sun of midnight was sufficient to bring about a degree of compactness adequate to sustain the weight of the human body. At times almost every step buried the members of the party up to the knee or waist, and occasionally even a plunge to the armpits was indulged in by the less fortunate, to whom perhaps a superfluity of *avoirduois* was now for the first time brought home as a lesson of regret. We have attained an elevation of 2,200 feet; at 4 p.m. the barometer registers 2,800 feet. The landscape of McCormick Bay has faded entirely out of sight; ahead of us is the grand and melancholy snow waste of the interior of Greenland. No grander representation of nature's quiet mood could be had than this picture of the endless sea of ice—a picture of lonely desolation not matched in any other part of the earth's surface. A series of gentle rises carries the eye far into the interior, until in the dim distance, possibly three-quarters of a mile or a full mile above sea-level, it no longer distinguishes between the chalky sky and the gray-white mantle which locks in with

it. No lofty mountain-peak rises out of the general surface, and but few deep valleys or gorges bight into it; but roll follows roll in gentle sequence, and in such a way as to annihilate all conceptions of space and distance. This is the aspect of the great “ice-blink.” It is not the picture of a wild and tempestuous nature, forbidding in all its details, but of a peaceful and long-continued slumber.

At 5.45 p.m., when we took a first luncheon, the thermometer registered 42° F.; the atmosphere was quiet and clear as a bell, although below us, westward to the islands guarding the entrance to Murchison Sound, and eastward to a blue corner of Inglefield Gulf, the landscape was deeply veiled in mist. Shortly after nine o'clock we had reached an elevation of 3,300 feet, and there, at a distance of about eight miles from the border of the ice-cap, we planted our first staff—a lash of two poles, rising about twelve feet and surmounted by cross-pieces and a red handkerchief. One of the cross-pieces read as follows: “To head of McCormick Bay—Kite in port—August 5, 1892.”

A position for a second staff was selected on an ice-dome about two and a half miles from the present one, probably a few hundred feet higher, and commanding a seemingly uninterrupted view to all points of the compass. Solicitous over the condition of the feet of some of my associates, I ordered a division of the party, with a view of sparing unnecessary fatigue and the discomfort which further precipitation into the soft snow entailed. Mr. Bryant, in command of an advanced section, was entrusted with the placing of the second staff, while the remaining members of the party were to effect a slow retreat, and await on dry ground the return of the entire expedition. Scarcely had the separation been arranged before a shout burst upon the approaching midnight hour which made everybody's heart throb to its fullest. Far off to the northeastward, over precisely the spot that had been selected for the placing of the second staff, Entrikin's clear vision had detected a black speck that was foreign to the

Greenland ice. There was no need to conjecture what it meant: "It is a man; it is moving," broke out almost simultaneously from several lips, and it was immediately realized that the explorers of whom we were in quest were returning victoriously homeward. An instant later a second speck joined the first, and then a long black object, easily resolved by my field-glass into a sledge with dogs in harness, completed the strange vision of life upon the Greenland ice. Cheers and hurrahs followed in rapid succession—the first that had ever been given in a solitude whose silence, before that memorable summer, had never been broken by the voice of man.

The distance was as yet too great for the sound to be conveyed to the approaching wanderers, but the relief party had already been detected, and their friends hastened to extend to them a hearty welcome. Like a veritable giant, clad in a suit of deer and dog skin, and gracefully poised on Canadian snow-shoes, the conqueror from the far north plunged down the mountain slope. Behind him followed his faithful companion, young Astrup, barely more than a lad, yet a tower of strength and endurance; he was true to the traditions of his race and of his earlier conquests in the use of the Norwegian snow-skate or "ski." With him were the five surviving Eskimo dogs, seemingly as healthy and powerful as on the day of their departure.

In less than an hour after Lieutenant Peary was first sighted, and still before the passage of the midnight hour of that memorable August 5th, culminated that incident on the inland ice which was the event of a lifetime. Words cannot describe the sensations of the moment which bore the joy of the first salutation. Mr. Peary extended a warm welcome to each member of my party, and received in return hearty congratulations upon the successful termination of his journey. Neither of the travellers looked the worse for their three months' toil in the interior, and both, with characteristic modesty, disclaimed having overcome more than ordinary hardships. Fatigue seemed to be entirely out of the question, and both Mr. Peary and Mr. Astrup bore

the appearance of being as fresh and vigorous as though they had but just entered upon their great journey.

After a brief recital of personal experiences, and the interchange of American and Greenland news, the members of the combined expedition turned seaward, and thus terminated a most dramatic incident. A more direct meeting than this one on the bleak wilderness of Greenland's ice-cap could not have been had, even with all the possibilities of prearrangement.

At 4.30 of the morning of August 6th Mr. Peary met his devoted and courageous wife; and on the following day, in the wake of a storm which grounded the good rescue ship and for a time threatened more serious complications, the Kite triumphantly steamed down to the Peary winter quarters at the Redcliffe House.

The results of the Peary expedition justify all the anticipations that had been pinned to it. Apart from its worth in determining the insularity of Greenland—thereby setting at rest a question which had disturbed the minds of geographers and statesmen for a period of three centuries, or since the days of Lord Burleigh—it has forever removed that tract from a consideration of complicity in the main workings of the Great Ice Age. The inland ice-cap, which by many has been looked upon as the lingering ice of the Glacial Period, stretching far into the realm of the Pole itself, has been found to terminate throughout its entire extent at approximately the eighty-second parallel; beyond this line follows a region of past glaciation—uncovered to-day, and supporting an abundance of plant and animal life not different from that of the more favored regions southward. Over this tract has manifestly been effected that migration of organic forms from the west and to the west which has assimilated the faunas and floras of eastern Greenland with those of other regions; indeed, man's own migrations are probably bound up with this northern tract. Significant, too, is the discovery of giant glaciers passing northward from the inland ice-cap, and discharging their icebergs into the frozen sea beyond. The largest of these, named

the Academy Glacier, and measuring from fifteen to twenty miles in width, empties on the northeast coast into Independence Bay, under the eighty-second parallel.

Shortly after the return from the interior of the exploring party, and pending preparations for the final departure southward, happened that one incident to the expedition which in any way marred the brilliancy of its exploits. It was at this time that Mr. Verboeff, the meteorologist and mineralogist of the North Greenland party, undertook that last search after rock-specimens from which he never again returned to meet his associates. He was last seen on the morning of August 11th, when he stated his intention of visiting the Eskimo settlement of Kukan, across the northern wall of McCormick Bay, and a mineral locality well known to him. Failing to appear at an early day, fears were entertained for his safety, and a systematic and scattered search was immediately instituted by our combined parties, assisted by nine specially selected Eskimos and several members of the ship's crew. The search was extended almost unremittingly throughout seven days and nights, over mountain, ice, and glacier, and with a thoroughness that left no large area of accessible country uncovered. Final traces of the missing man, consisting of partially obliterated footprints, a few rock fragments placed on a boulder, and bits of paper from a meat-tin label, were discovered on the lateral ice adjoining a huge and largely rifted glacier, which discharges into the eastern extremity of the first indentation north of McCormick Bay. All indications pointed to an attempted passage of this ice sheet. A thorough survey of the glacier and of the approaches to it was made during three days, but only with a negative result. While eas-

ily traversed in its upper course, the lower portion of the ice-sheet presented an impassable barrier of crevasses and hummocks, studded with treacherous snow-bridges and deep holes, and it is all but certain that the unfortunate man met his fate here.* Under this conviction, and recognizing the futility of further search, the expedition regretfully returned to McCormick Bay, on the northwestern promontory of which (known as Cape Robertson), on Cairn Point, a cache of provisions was left by Lieutenant Peary.

The final departure from McCormick Bay took place on the day following the return from the search (the 24th). At 2.20 P.M. a parting salute was blown, and the Oomeakshua, whose presence had given so much joy to the rude children of the North, turned her nose homeward. Much ice, as a result of continuous south and southwest winds, had driven into the North Water and choked the shore passage of Melville Bay, but groping out in the direction of the "middle sea" we found our exit, and, early in the morning of the 30th, reached the first outpost of civilization, Godhavn. Without special incident, beyond the official courtesies which the expedition received at the capitals of the two Inspectorates of Greenland, Godhavn, and Godthaab, and which must forever remain among our pleasurable reminiscences, the voyage was continued to the port of destination of the Kite, St. John's, and thence to Philadelphia. The debarkation at the latter port was made between ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of September 23d. The mission of the Relief Expedition had been accomplished.

* It is but proper to state here that a sister and uncle (the Rev. Mr. Kelgwin) of Mr. Verboeff believe the missing man to be still alive, and that he designedly separated himself from the expedition through a fondness for the life that he had been leading, and for the purpose of making a "record." No one wishes more heartily that this may be the fact than the writer of this article.



SONNETS AFTER THE ITALIAN.

By John Hall Ingham.

I.

ALL loveliest light that wraps the wold in dreams,
And haunts the shadowy deeps of moonlit skies,
And trembles through the mist of mountain streams,
Floats on her hair and softens in her eyes.
All sweetest sound in leafy knoll or nook
Of swaying bough and ecstasy of bird
And mossy murmurings of the hidden brook,
Is in her voice yet more melodious heard.
Nature in her doth hold high carnival,
Where fair things still a fairer guise employ;
There beauty hath no blemish, bliss no pall,
Sunshine no shadow, sainthood no alloy.
So blest is Paradise, so sad a fate
To wander ever on—without the gate!

II.

O Love, Love, Love! What else is there in life
That is immortal? War and hatred cease,
The sheath outlives the sword: the day of strife
Is prelude to the centuries of peace.
The night is but the shadow of the sun;
The evil, of the good. The atoms yearn
Each to the other—even as I turn
To thee, the type of all, yet being one.
As the poor peasant in the wayside shrine
Sees the Great Sacrifice, so I divine
The passion of the universe in thee.
—What do I say? How signifies to me
This world of God and men (nay, do not start!),
So thou but rest thy head upon my heart?

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. LINCOLN.

By the Marquis de Chambrun.

[THE late Marquis de Chambrun (Charles Adolphe Pineton) was born at the Château de Carrière, near Marvejols, France, on August 10, 1831. He was a graduate of the École des Chartes and of the law faculty of Paris. Though a liberal, he was, from family traditions, attached to the legitimist branch of the royalist party that centred around the Comte de Chambord.

Under the empire, to which he was opposed, he left France and came over to the United States early in 1865, where he became an intimate friend of Charles Sumner, to whom his friendship for Alexis de Tocqueville was known. He accompanied President Lincoln on his journey to City Point and Petersburg. The following article was written in French shortly after Mr. Lincoln's death and remained among the Marquis's papers, where it was found at his death, which occurred in September, 1891.]

It was toward the close of February, 1865, at one of the weekly receptions at the White House, that I was first presented to Mr. Lincoln. Entering the drawing-room, I found him standing. As the crowd was great, each entering visitor was made to pass quickly before him. When my turn came, I briefly expressed the interest I took in the Northern victories. I added that, so far as I could judge, they concerned in the highest degree all nations who enjoyed liberty, or who aspired to possess it. He seemed grateful for this cordial adhesion which I gave to his views, and answered that he was particularly happy to hear them expressed by a Frenchman. These were the only words we exchanged on that day. From this first interview I could naturally only bring home a very superficial impression of the man I had thus seen.

On March 4th, the day appointed for Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration, I was able to observe him more closely. This inauguration was to take place

under memorable circumstances. By Mr. Lincoln's re-election the American people had clearly signified its political intentions: the war was to be carried on to ultimate success and slavery to be abolished. Such were the solemn and decisive utterances of the national will, and it had endowed the Union armies with a new and irresistible impetus.

As the Vice-president is by right President of the Senate, it is by his admission to office that the inauguration solemnities begin. Vice-president Johnson was still speaking when Mr. Lincoln entered the Senate chamber. He crossed it slowly and took his seat at the foot of the President's chair. From his seat he faced the assembly.

Hardly had he seated himself, when I saw him close his eyes and abstract himself completely, as though absorbed in deep meditation. Far from seeking the glances of those who sought his own, he seemed suddenly to become sad.

When the Vice-president had been duly sworn into office, the procession marched onward, the President heading it, escorted by those appointed to introduce him to the people. Following came Chief Justice Chase, who also, according to custom, was to administer the oath of office. Then, regardless of order or precedence, followed Senators, Congressmen, and a few invited guests. When we had crossed the rotunda, the President advanced upon the platform amid enthusiastic applause. A scene indeed new to us, and momentous to America, was then before us.

At the horizon of that applauding multitude were arrayed those battalions which Grant had summoned for the campaign about to open, and among them several negro companies. Between these lines of men and the columns which upheld the platform, the eye met a compact mass, the aspect of which was rough and energetic; in its midst stood a multitude of negroes but

yesterday freed, and for the first time admitted to take part in a national solemnity.

When the hurrahs had ceased, Mr. Lincoln began reading his address, and hardly had he read its first sentence, when none could question its immense success.

The utterance, in almost a religious manner, of his thought, seemed to speak out the very sentiments of all his listeners, and the condemnation of slavery which he was pronouncing, intermixed here and there with biblical quotations, seemed tinged with something of the eloquence of the prophets.

"Fondly do we hope," he concluded, "fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and that every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

As Mr. Lincoln was thus invoking the aid of the Almighty on behalf of the holy cause he was defending, little did he know how near his eloquent prayer was to being granted.

On or about March 20th, General Grant had completed the concentration of his forces; at that moment the Army of the Potomac presented a new aspect; many unmistakable signs indicated that the final struggle was about to begin.

Mr. Lincoln started for the headquarters, which were at City Point. He had deemed his presence there necessary, in view of hastening the last arrangements, of being in personal read-

iness should any propositions come from Richmond, or of conveying his own political instructions to the Lieutenant-General. On the 25th, or about, the army began its march forward.

It was at City Point, on Wednesday, April 6th, that a small party of invited guests, which comprised members of the Cabinet and distinguished Senators, and in which Mrs. Lincoln had been kind enough to include me, came to join the President. We found him established on board the *River Queen*.

He led us at once to the drawing-room of that handsome boat. Curiously enough, it was in that very drawing-room, two months previous, that there had taken place, between Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell, delegates from the Richmond government, on the one hand, and Messrs. Lincoln and Seward, on the other, the conference called that of Hampton Roads.

Mr. Lincoln showed us the place that each delegate had occupied, and spoke a moment about the details of that historic interview, which took place, as he himself told us, unrecorded by any secretary, the five men present not even having with them a pencil or bit of paper to note down what had been said or done.

But he remained silent regarding the questions agitated during the conference. One of the few confidants of Mr. Lincoln's thoughts, however, added, indicating the place occupied by Mr. Campbell at the interview: "From there came the only serious proposition." He was alluding to the proposed war with Mexico, which the rebel government had submitted, and which Mr. Lincoln's political uprightness had made him decline.

Drawing then from his pocket a bundle of papers, the President read to us the despatches he had just received from General Grant. In the midst of this reading he paused a moment, and went to fetch his maps. He soon returned holding them in his hands, and spreading them on a table, he showed us the place of each army corps, indicating further the exact spot where, according to General Grant's precise messages, it was certain that the rebels would lay down their arms.

It seemed evident that his mind was satisfied and at rest ; but in spite of the manifest success of his policy it was impossible to detect in him the slightest feeling of pride, much less of vanity. He spoke with the modest accent of a man who realizes that success has crowned his persistent efforts, and who finds in that very success the end of a terrible responsibility. He had visited Richmond, he said to us ; the reception given him there did not seem to be of good omen ; his only preoccupation appeared to be the necessity of wiping out the consequences of the civil war, and to drive the war itself from the memory of all, nay, even of its criminal instigators ; far then, from feeling any resentment against the vanquished, he was rather inclined to place too much confidence in them.

After having thus explained to us the state of affairs, which seemed so satisfactory, Mr. Lincoln left us and went ashore to the headquarters. He was obliged, he told us, to draw up instructions for the Lieutenant-General.

We then spent the entire forenoon visiting the Federal encampments.

City Point two years before was still an ordinary farm ; but Nature seemed to have destined that lonely spot for the great events, the theatre of which it was to be. And, as a matter of fact, it is precisely at that point that the Appomattox River, which flows from Petersburg, and the James, that sweeps by Richmond, unite. These two streams outline the natural limits of this geometrically designed area. It is a great triangle, of which Petersburg and Richmond are the basis and City Point the apex.

At that point the banks of the James are particularly high. When stragglers leave the beach to ascend the cliffs they are obliged to climb an immense stairway, at the top of which appears a first cluster of log-houses, forming a rectangle. At the centre of these, one somewhat higher than the rest attracts the eye. There, were the headquarters. Four tables, a few chairs, charts and maps covering the wooden walls, were all the furniture they possessed. Beyond this first group of log-houses extends a vast plain bordered at the

horizon by long lines of pines. The many trunks of trees, half uprooted, noticeable on looking at the plain, attested that a year before wellnigh all this cleared space had been woodland. It was in this newly cleared plain that one of the Federal encampments had stood. Each corps, each regiment, was there located on a space of ground systematically assigned to it for camping purposes. In each of these spaces long lines of tents and log-huts were seen. Soldiers accustomed to clearing off woodland, as the Federal soldiers often were, had quickly made room for themselves in these woods ; they had camped there as though it had been in a far Western forest.

When we visited this large encampment, however, it had been vacated. Nearly the entire army was with General Grant in pursuit of Lee. We even saw passing before us a number of negro regiments, marching onward to the scene of conflict. These were the last remaining available forces in the camp. General Grant had wired two hours before to direct them toward Burkesville. He needed them there, he said, not for fighting purposes, but to hem in the rebel army, which he was sure to capture entire.

As Mr. Lincoln had asked us to accompany him that day to Petersburg, we went to join him on the banks of the James. A train was in readiness. Strange as it may justly seem, in fact, Petersburg had fallen only six days before into the hands of the Federal forces, and already a railroad connected it with the camp. Our car was an ordinary American car, and we took seats in its centre, grouping ourselves around Mr. Lincoln. In spite of the car's being devoted to Mr. Lincoln's special use, several officers also took their places in it without attracting any remark. Curiosity, it seems, also had induced the negro waiters of the River Queen to accompany us. The President, who was blinded by no prejudices against race or color, and who had not what can be termed false dignity, allowed them to sit quietly with us.

For several miles the train followed the outer line of Federal fortifications

which extended at our left; we were a half hour without noticing them; at the end of which time we reached a place known as Fort Steadman; there a battle had been fought less than a fortnight before. General Lee had made desperate efforts to break in the Federal lines at that point; the fight had been bloody, and its result disastrous for the Confederate army, which had made a disorderly retreat; the ground before us had been strewn with the dead. Since then, however, both armies had buried their dead and carried away their wounded. The ground, foot-trodden and here and there broken up by the wheels of artillery wagons, had retained no other traces of a past so recent and so terrible. Farther on we crossed the Confederate lines of defence that had protected Petersburg eight days ago; the guns were yet on their mountings, but no human sound troubled any longer that solitude. Soon Petersburg loomed up in the distance. Mr. Lincoln gazed a while on its first houses, which had been partly destroyed by Federal bullets. When we had passed these the train slackened its speed; it had been hardly possible to open us a path through this mass of ruins; at our left the depot buildings were torn down, on the right the railroad bridge had been wrenched by the explosion of a mine. It was Lee's army, said the President, which, on retiring toward Burkesville, had destroyed all lines of communications.

Arrived at Petersburg we inspected the town, in which everything bespoke desolation. All the houses were closed, the shops abandoned or pilaged; crowds of darkies were in the streets greeting and cheering loudly the author of their independence. Every now and then a white man could be seen hastening to take refuge in some house, in order to escape the sight of his conqueror. Here and there were seen houses burned by the explosion of shells or torn by bullets.

The headquarters were located at the other end of the town; we drove over to them. They occupied a pretty house, around which the vegetation of spring was already luxuriantly developing in this Southern climate. While Mr. Lin-

coln was in conference with the generals commanding the garrison, we visited this house without a master, and its gardens carefully laid out, but now abandoned. I asked one of the officers who escorted us the name of the former occupants of the place; I have now forgotten it. I only remember the following words of his answer: "These people were traitors."

Soon after we regained our carriages. While we were on the road which was to lead us back to the train, Mr. Lincoln noticed on the roadside a very tall and beautiful tree. He gave orders to stop the carriage, looked a while at the tree with particular attention, and then applied himself to defining its peculiar beauty. He admired the strength of its trunk, the vigorous development of branches, reminding one of the tall trees of Western forests, compared it to the great oaks in the shadow of which he had spent his youth, and strove to make us understand the distinctive character of these different types. The observations thus set forth were evidently not those of an artist who seeks to idealize nature, but of a man who seeks to see it as it really is; in short, that dissertation about a tree did not reveal an effort of imagination, but a remarkable precision of mind.

When the carriage again moved on, the topic of conversation changed, and Mr. Lincoln imparted to us the good news which the Federal commanders had given him. "Animosity in the town is abating," said he; "the inhabitants now accept accomplished facts, the final downfall of the Confederacy, and the abolition of slavery. There still remains much for us to do, but every day brings new reason for confidence in the future."

The inspection we made of the hospitals, on the afternoon of April 8th, was to show us war scenes under a different aspect, and Mr. Lincoln in a light altogether new. In the most salubrious portion of the vast plains where the encampments were located a large area had been reserved for ambulances. These were organized according to a plan as simple as it was

logical. Each army corps had its separate ambulance space. This consisted of a large rectangle of ground divided by open corridors placed at equal distances from one another. Between these corridors stood a row of tents or of frame huts, each of which was capable of containing about twenty wounded. One side of these corridors was given up to officers, the other to privates. At the centre of each rectangle of ground was located a pharmacy, a kitchen, and that which Americans consider as always essential—a post-office. Those who have visited one of these tents or of these frame huts have seen them all. A Bible and newspapers were to be found on nearly every bed. The Christian Commission had distributed in each tent Bible verses printed in large type, and these had been hung on the walls.

Our visit began with the hospitals of the Fifth Corps. Mr. Lincoln went from one bed to another, saying a friendly word to each wounded man, or at least giving him a handshake. It was principally the Fifth Corps's mounted infantry which had been in battle under Sheridan during the preceding days; it had fought incessantly from Petersburg to Burkesville, over a distance of more than a hundred miles, and the enemy's fire had made cruel havoc in its ranks. The greater number of wounds were located in the abdominal regions, and were therefore of a serious character, and caused much suffering.

During these moments, when physical torture makes one nearly lose all self-control, the American displays a sort of stoicism which has nothing of affectation. A control, nearly absolute, over himself is the distinctive trait of his nature; it manifests itself in all phases of his life—in the depth of the wilderness, as well as upon the field of battle. His life is an incessant struggle, and when he falls in that struggle in which his life is at stake, he will suffer without complaining, for by complaining he would deem that he is lowering himself. Strange men they are, whom many approach and cannot understand, but who explain to him who does understand them the true greatness of their land.

Following Mr. Lincoln in this long review of the wounded, we reached a bed on which lay a dying man; he was a captain, aged twenty-four years, who had been noticed for his bravery. Two of his friends were near him; one held his hand, while the other read a passage from the Bible in a low voice. Mr. Lincoln walked over to him and took hold of his other hand, which rested on the bed. We formed a circle around him, and every one of us remained silent. Presently the dying man half-opened his eyes; a faint smile passed over his lips. It was then that his pulse ceased beating.

Our visit to the ambulances lasted over five hours. We inspected, with Mr. Lincoln, that of each corps. As we were visiting the wounded of the Ninth Corps, passing before the kitchen, one of the surgeons who accompanied us invited me to enter. In the midst of five or six servants stood a woman whose dress barely distinguished her from them, and who seemed to share the same labor they performed. On seeing her the surgeon went to her, spoke with marks of profound respect, and presented me. Soon after she left us a moment to give an order; then the officer said to me: "Miss G—— belongs to one of the wealthiest families of Massachusetts; when the war broke out, she gave up all comforts of life in order to devote herself to the following of those regiments which New England sent over to join the army. Since then she has lived with us, and her occupation has been to tend the wounded." Just then Miss G—— came back, and when I expressed to her the particular admiration which that sort of heroism awakened in me, "There is nothing peculiar in that," she answered. "You are not aware then, that nearly all our regiments are accompanied by women who share camp life in order to minister to the suffering soldiers. You would have found them in the Tennessee campaign, at the siege of Vicksburg, and as far as the Red River, just as you see me at the Potomac encampments." Before me was standing one of the most perfect types of New England womanhood. It was my first acquaintance with these women, whom I have often

since had occasion to study ; women in whom it may be said that the Puritan flame lighted some two hundred and fifty years ago still continues burning ; who, in the performance of deeds most heroic, remain stiff and proud ; who sustain themselves by efforts of stoical fortitude, and not by the more tender feelings of charity ; who accomplish by a yearning of the mind what women of other countries would accomplish by a yearning of the heart ; who aspire to command admiration, rather than to awaken gratitude ; women, in short, whom the wounded must thank, but whom he cannot bless.

Finding Mr. Lincoln near by, I spoke to him of my encounter, and we returned together to the kitchen. Miss G— urged the President to enter into what she was pleased to call her room, and invited us to enter with him. It was a small room adjoining the kitchen, in which was a soldier's bed, a table which stood on four rustic legs, and several tree-stumps in lieu of chairs.

While the conversation was in progress I noticed a book lying on a small table at the bedside. Finally I deciphered its name. It was a Bible. Its well-worn pages testified that it had been often read. Possibly Miss G— sought in it, from preference, those texts where the Almighty is represented as marching along with the chosen people, mingling, so to speak, its cause with His own, and crushing down His enemies by acts of His omnipotence. She had doubtless seen in such descriptions a faithful reproduction of the American people, imagining that same God stretching out His protecting hand over the Federal armies, and, in such a religious view, she had derived a firmer conviction in the holiness of the Northern cause, and in its final triumph. She observed the sort of curiosity which the sight of that book stirred in me, and spoke of it to Mr. Lincoln. "That is not my only book," she added ; "here is another I found in the pocket of a German soldier who died a few days ago." We looked at the book. It, too, had been often read. The title was : "How to Make One's Way in the World." Strange subject for this poor German to meditate ; he who, dreaming

of wealth, perhaps of liberty, had come to Virginia to die !

It was in the midst of these scenes, so varied in their character, that Mr. Lincoln revealed himself to me. Amid the many incidents that filled these few days, I was able to study him at leisure ; a study easy enough to make, indeed, for Mr. Lincoln would have scorned that sort of art which consists in showing one's self to a looker-on in a carefully-prepared light. At this stage of my narrative I wish to explain how I have understood him.

I have seen many attempts at portraits of Mr. Lincoln, many photographs ; neither his portraits nor his photographs have reproduced, or are likely ever to reproduce, the complete expression of his face ; still more will they fail in the reproduction of his mental physiognomy.

He was very tall, but his bearing was almost peculiar ; the habit of always carrying one shoulder higher than the other might at first sight make him seem slightly deformed. He had also a defect common to many Americans—his shoulders were too sloping for his height. But his arms were strong and his complexion sunburned, like that of a man who has spent his youth in the open air, exposed to all inclemencies of the weather and to all hardships of manual labor ; his gestures were vigorous and supple, revealing great physical strength and an extraordinary energy for resisting privation and fatigue. Nothing seemed to lend harmony to the decided lines of his face ; yet his wide and high forehead, his gray-brown eyes sunken under thick eyebrows, and as though encircled by deep and dark wrinkles, his nose straight and pronounced, his lips at the same time thick and delicate, together with the furrows that ran across his cheeks and chin, formed an *ensemble* which, although strange, was certainly powerful. It denoted remarkable intelligence, great strength of penetration, tenacity of will, and elevated instincts.

His early life had left ineffaceable marks upon the former rail-splitter, and the powerful President of the United States made no efforts of bad taste to

conceal what he had been under what he had become. That simplicity gave him perfect ease. To be sure, he had not the manners of the world, but he was so perfectly natural that it would have been impossible I shall not say to be surprised at his manners, but to notice them at all.

After a moment's inspection, Mr. Lincoln left with you a sort of impression of vague and deep sadness. It is not too much to say that it was rare to converse with him a while without feeling something poignant. Every time I have endeavored to describe this impression, words, nay, the very ideas, have failed me. And, strange to say, Mr. Lincoln was quite humorous, although one could always detect a bit of irony in his humor. He would relate anecdotes, seeking always to bring the point out clearly. He willingly laughed either at what was being said to him, or at what he said himself. But all of a sudden he would retire within himself; then he would close his eyes, and all his features would at once bespeak a kind of sadness as indescribable as it was deep. After a while, as though it were by an effort of his will, he would shake off this mysterious weight under which he seemed bowed; his generous and open disposition would again reappear. In one evening I happened to count over twenty of these alternations and contrasts.

Was this sadness caused by the warnings and threats in the midst of which Mr. Lincoln lived? by those letters which, soon after, were found carefully classified on his table under the general heading of "Assassination Letters?" I am inclined to think not. No one more than he possessed that confident audacity so common among Americans, and which cannot be termed courage, because it is not the result of determination.

Was it owing to the constant anxieties of his first years in office? to the civil war scenes cruelly disturbing the peaceful soul of this descendant of Quakers?

These questions remain unanswered for me, and will probably never be answered at all.

Anyone hearing him express his

ideas, or think aloud, either upon one of the great topics which absorbed him, or on an incidental question, was not long in finding out the marvellous rectitude of his mind, nor the accuracy of his judgment.

I have heard him give his opinion on statesmen, argue political problems, always with astounding precision and justness. I have heard him speak of a woman who was considered beautiful, discuss the particular character of her appearance, distinguish what was praiseworthy from what was open to criticism, all that with the sagacity of an artist. Lately two letters in which he speaks of Shakespeare, and in particular of Macbeth, have been published; his judgment evinces that sort of delicacy and soundness of taste that would honor a great literary critic. He had formed himself by the difficult and powerful process of lonely meditation. During his rough and humble life he had had constantly with him two books which the Western settler always keeps on one of the shelves of his hut—the Bible and Shakespeare. From the Bible he had absorbed that religious color in which he was pleased to clothe his thoughts; with Shakespeare he had learned to reflect on man and passions. In certain respects one can question whether that sort of intellectual culture be not more penetrating than any other, and if it be not more particularly suited in the development of a gifted mind to preserve its native originality.

These reflections may serve to explain Mr. Lincoln's talent as an orator. His incisive speech found its way to the very depths of the soul; his short and clear sentences would captivate the audiences on which they fell. To him was given to see nearly all his definitions pass into daily proverb. It is he who, better than anyone, stamped the character of the war in these well-known words, spoken some years before it broke out: "A house divided against itself cannot stand; this government cannot continue to exist half free and half slave."

It would not be true to say that he was a man gifted with creative faculties; he was not one of those rare

and terrible geniuses who, being once possessed of an idea, apply it, curbing and sacrificing other men to the imperious instinct of their will. No; but, on the other hand, he knew better than anyone the exact will of the American people. Amid the noisy confusion of discordant voices which always arises in a free country at moments of crises, he would distinguish with marvellous acuteness the true voice of public opinion. He had, however, nothing in common with these politicians, ever on the track of what seems to them to be popular caprice. His firm will, his exalted nature, above all, his inflexible honesty, always kept him aloof from those lamentable schemes; yet he well understood that he was the people's agent, and that his duty obliged him to stand by his principal; for he was well aware of that close union which must exist in a free democracy between the authority representing the nation and the nation itself.

If he was guided by like general considerations, if his conduct depended on them, so to speak, it cannot be doubted, however, that the tendencies of his mind were all liberal. To him slavery seemed unquestionably unjust, and for that reason he hated it. He had found in the Declaration of Independence the principles of liberty and equality for all men, and already, long before his elevation to the Presidency, in a celebrated controversy, he had openly declared his firm adhesion to these principles. The emancipation proclamation, which assures the immortality of his name, was, therefore, not a concession made to the aroused feelings of the moment, or a measure of war destined to stab the enemy in the heart; no, it corresponded to the generous tendencies of his mind and realized the yearnings of his soul.

Such a nature was admirably constituted to direct through the vicissitudes of an heroic struggle a people proud enough to prefer a guide to a chief, a man commissioned to execute its will to one who would enforce his own.

And when success had at last crowned so many bloody efforts, it was impossible to discover in Mr. Lincoln a

single sentiment, I shall not say of revenge, but even of bitterness, in regard to the vanquished. Recall, as soon as possible, the Southern States into the Union, such was his chief preoccupation. When he encountered contrary opinion on that subject, when several of those who surrounded him insisted upon the necessity of exacting strong guarantees, at once on hearing them he would exhibit impatience. Although it was rare that such thoughts influenced his own, he nevertheless would evince, on hearing them expressed, a sort of fatigue and weariness, which he controlled, but was unable to dissimulate entirely.

But the one point on which his mind seemed most irrevocably made up was his action in regard to the men who had taken part in the rebellion. Clemency never suggested itself more naturally to a victorious chieftain. The policy of pardon and forgiveness appeared to his mind and soul an absolute necessity.

In our presence he received a despatch from General Grant announcing for the 10th or 11th of the month the final defeat and surrender of the whole army of Virginia. The Lieutenant-General added, that possibly he might capture at the same time Jefferson Davis and his cabinet.

This possibility thus announced troubled greatly Mr. Lincoln, and in a few remarks, full of force, he pointed out to us the extreme difficulty in which this unfortunate capture would place the government.

One of the persons present, who enjoyed the privilege of speaking freely before him, said: "Don't allow him to escape the law; he must be hung."

The President replied calmly, by that quotation from his inaugural address: "Let us judge not, that we be not judged." Pressed anew by the remark that the sight of Libby Prison forbade mercy, he repeated twice the same biblical sentence he had just quoted.

On foreign questions I found him a fervent advocate of peace. I questioned him several times regarding the good relations existing between France and the United States, then imperilled

by our Mexican expedition. He always answered me: "There has been war enough. I know what the American people want, but, thank God, I count for something, and during my second term there will be no more fighting."

Possibly Mr. Lincoln was mistaken in his plans for immediate reconstruction of the South; but what was this first impression, if not the generous impetus of the victor prone to forgiveness? The space of time, so short, that elapsed between April 3d, the date of the taking of Richmond, and the dreadful catastrophe which, only twelve days later, was to change the course of events, deserves special attention on the part of historians. On the day of triumph the whole North appeared magnanimously to forget that it was the victor. The morrow's preoccupations, the intricate problems, the impending solutions of which remained, did not present themselves at first to it in all their magnitude. It seemed to rely upon the vanquished for the achievement of its work. The only sentiments then expressed were those of forgiveness, forgetfulness, and clemency.

In the life of nations there exist solemn hours during which animosities seem to fade away and silence to drown conflicting passions. The word on every lip is that of magnanimity! France, at an early stage of her revolutionary history, was permitted to feel once or twice the pure effects of such inspirations. She seemed suddenly to forget the course of events, to pour water over the flaming passions; then her children appeared reconciled to one another and to lay the foundations of a new and more perfect friendship. Unfortunately, such hours pass quickly away; but, however rare and fleeting, they are none the less memorable.

The sentiments which then animated Mr. Lincoln were echoed throughout the American Union. The very words that fell from his lips I have heard uttered at the bedside of the wounded; I have heard them expressed by a Massachusetts colonel, who, I remember, had just gone through the amputation of one of his legs. Not only did he for-

give, but he wished the United States to forgive those who, five days before, in the affray of Plank Road, had shattered him with their bullets.

To this general outline of the policy and character of Mr. Lincoln I shall limit myself in this narrative. Certainly I have had a close insight into his family life; but when to a stranger is given the privilege of lifting a corner of that sacred veil, he must, out of respect, let it fall again, lest he be tempted to express that which he has been allowed to see.

We were to leave City Point on Saturday, April 8th. A few hours prior to our leaving, the military band came from the headquarters on board the *River Queen*. We assembled to hear it. After the performance of several pieces, Mr. Lincoln thought of the "*Marseillaise*," and said to us that he had a great liking for that tune. He ordered it to be played. Delighted with it, he had it played a second time. "You must, however, come over to America," said he to me, "to hear it." He then asked me if I had ever heard "*Dixie*," the rebel patriotic song, to the sound of which all their attacks had been conducted. As I answered in the negative, he added: "That tune is now Federal property; it belongs to us, and, at any rate, it is good to show the rebels that with us they will be free to hear it again." He then ordered the somewhat surprised musicians to play it for us.

Thus ended that last evening; at ten o'clock our boat steamed off. Mr. Lincoln stood a long while looking at the spot we were leaving. Above us were these hills, so animated a few days ago, now dark and silent; around us more than a hundred ships at anchor were silent proofs of the country's maritime strength, testifying to the great efforts made. Mr. Lincoln's mind seemed absorbed in the many thoughts suggested by this scene, and we saw him still pursue his meditation long after the quickened speed of the steamer had removed it forever from him.

On Sunday, April 9th, we were steaming up the Potomac. That whole day

the conversation dwelt upon literary subjects. Mr. Lincoln read to us for several hours passages taken from Shakespeare. Most of these were from "Macbeth," and, in particular, the verses which follow *Duncan's* assassination. I cannot recall this reading without being awed at the remembrance, when *Macbeth* becomes king after the murder of *Duncan*, he falls a prey to the most horrible torments of mind.

Either because he was struck by the weird beauty of these verses, or from a vague presentiment coming over him, Mr. Lincoln paused here while reading, and began to explain to us how true a description of the murderer that one was; when, the dark deed achieved, its tortured perpetrator came to envy the sleep of his victim; and he read over again the same scene.

Evening came on quickly. Passing before Mount Vernon, I remember saying to him: "Mount Vernon and Springfield, the memories of Washington and your own, those of the revolutionary and civil wars; these are the spots and names America shall one day equally honor." This remark appeared to call him to himself. "Springfield!" answered he. "How happy, four years hence, will I be to return there in peace and tranquillity!"

Arrived at the Potomac wharf, our party was forced to disperse. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Senator Sumner, and myself drove home in the same carriage. We were nearing Washington when Mrs. Lincoln, who had hitherto remained silently looking at the town a short distance off, said to me: "That city is filled with our enemies." On hearing this the President raised his arm and somewhat impatiently retorted, "Enemies! We must never speak of that." This was on the evening of April 9th.

On the following day, the 10th, all the papers were announcing victorious news. General Grant had written to General Lee:

"The result of the last weeks must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this

struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate army known as the Army of Northern Virginia."

Several letters were then exchanged between the two generals, letters more glorious for Grant than his most successful battles, for they place him among those rare chieftains who, after having wielded their country's sword, have known how to increase the lustre of victory by magnanimity toward the vanquished. At the close of this correspondence General Lee signed his capitulation, and is credited with these words on putting down the pen which had written his name: "Now you can march all through the South as in this room; you will encounter no further resistance."

Thus the war was nearing its end. All minds seemed electrified by these great events. On Monday, April 10th, began a long series of public rejoicings which were to last until the following Sunday. The first days of the week the joy of the American people manifested itself in varied and tumultuous ways.

At this solemn moment of his life, Mr. Lincoln could, with satisfaction, look back upon the past and find in the consciousness of duty fulfilled, and in the unrivalled part he was justly entitled to claim in the general success, a well-deserved compensation for the troubles and anxieties of his first term in office.

His war policy was now justified. It was he who had called the American people to the country's defence, and the immense armies created at his call were now on the point of returning to their homes after having saved the Union. His selection of persons was equally justified. He had intrusted the Department of War to Mr. Stanton, and in spite of many enmities and attacks preferred against him, Mr. Lincoln had stood by him against all. Mr. Stanton, whose name America now utters with pride, had armed and equipped a million men. As was said of a Frenchman of our revolutionary period, "he

had organized victory." It was again Mr. Lincoln who had discerned in the modest colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois the future victor of Donelson, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and Richmond.

His emancipation policy was also successful. In the midst of hesitations, ignorant prejudices, and animosities, Mr. Lincoln had seen the decisive moment and had evoked from the calamities of war the pure glory of slavery's abolition. Despite all this, however, no successful man was ever more modest and retiring.

On the morrow of Lee's surrender, when the war was practically terminated, sealing irrevocably the freedom of the negro race, as a portion of the population of Washington came to congratulate Mr. Lincoln, these were the modest words he spoke :

"We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness, of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, and the surrender of the principle insurgent army, give hope of a righteous and speedy peace, whose joyous expression cannot be restrained. In the midst of this, however, He from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten. A call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared and will be duly promulgated. Nor must those whose painful efforts give us the cause of rejoicing be overlooked. Their honors must not be parcelled out with others. I myself was near the front, and had the sincere pleasure of transmitting much of the good news to you ; but no part of the honor, for plan or execution, is mine. To General Grant, his skillful officers, and brave men all belongs."

The remainder of this speech is devoted to the development of his plan of reconstruction for the rebel States, or rather to the making known his first impressions regarding the same.

Then, as I have since done, I do not hesitate to say that that plan for reorganization was quite insufficient. On that day Mr. Lincoln seemed to limit his view to the horizon of a material restoration ; he did not seem to see that an entire moral and social transformation of the South was the only safeguard for a peaceful future.

I only see in that enunciation of ideas an effort made to fathom the depths of public opinion, with a view perhaps to awake contradiction. On that day the President was simply repeating the question as it had been formulated three months prior to the close of the war ; he was, so to speak, summing up facts, and before deciding upon his own line of conduct, awaited the people's answer to his words. I do not in that speech find Mr. Lincoln's personal ideas expressed fully. They seem to me far better summed up in a letter he wrote in 1864 to General Wadsworth, one of the victims of the civil war, in which he said :

"The restoration of the rebel States to the Union must rest upon the principle of civil and political equality of both races ; and it must be sealed by general amnesty." Words truly worthy of him who declared, in 1863, at Philadelphia, in the very hall in which the Declaration of Independence had been elaborated, that all his political opinions originated from careful meditation on the sentiments first expressed in that hall, which have since become the world's inheritance.

The morning of April 14th seemed to prophesy a happy day for Mr. Lincoln. On it General Grant arrived at Washington to prepare the disbanding of a portion of the Union armies ; on it also Mr. Lincoln welcomed home his eldest son, Captain Robert Lincoln, who was returning to his studies, and whose coming seemed to his father a sure sign of peace.

At half after four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Stanton called at the White House ; he had just received a communication from Thompson and Sanders, two rebel agents in Canada, whose names have since then become sadly notorious, asking leave to pass through the Union States. Mr. Stanton was opposed to granting this leave. But after a moment's thought, Mr. Lincoln said : "Let us close our eyes, and let them pass unnoticed."

The President afterward drove out with Mrs. Lincoln. He seemed unusually animated ; his wife was almost frightened on noticing this, and said :

"I have seen you thus only once before ; it was just before our dear Willie died." This allusion made to his son's death saddened him a moment, but a while after his spirits rose again. He spoke of the future, of the easy task that was left him to perform, and of the happy days so many signs seemed to announce.

That Friday evening, April 14th, was entirely given up to rejoicing ; many houses were illuminated ; torch-light processions were in the streets, and the sound of music passing was heard in the distance. But to the eye of the keen observer that public gladness was far from being unanimous throughout the city of Washington.

On the day of the taking of Richmond I had seen among other things a "gentleman" purchase a newspaper which contained one of the first telegrams announcing the capture of the town, then crumple it, and throw it violently to the ground. Many infallible signs indicated that the city contained a large number of inhabitants who regretted slavery and who sided with the slaveholders.

It was in the early part of the evening, and at that very moment near the rejoicing groups, that a few miserable wretches, filled with the sanguinary passions which slavery had lighted within them, were giving the last touch to what they termed "The Confederacy's Revenge." For four years past had the thought of assassination germinated and developed in the South. The President's murder had become a topic of common conversation. Many spoke of it in the camps, many spoke of it through the streets of Richmond. And all these cowardly passions, all this blood-thirstiness, had found their exponents in that band of assassins. In Tenth Street they were posted to await their victim ; they stood close by the happy crowd which passed before them, and whose triumphant shouts doubtless seemed to them so many goads to vengeance, if they yet hesitated to strike.

At about nine o'clock that evening Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln entered the Tenth Street Theatre. At half-past ten a man passed into the Presidential box unno-

ticed, approached Mr. Lincoln from behind, applied a pistol to his ear, fired his shot, then leaped upon the stage and escaped, informing the spectators that he had slain him whom he dares call a tyrant.

Mr. Lincoln fell forward seemingly lifeless. He was at once carried over to one of the neighboring houses opposite the theatre.

Instantly the news spread through the city. At eleven o'clock I was myself standing before the house in which Mr. Lincoln was lying. The crowd was rapidly increasing ; squads of soldiers were coming, too, and soon formed in line on the pavement. At that moment all were silent, and no one exactly knew what had happened. Suddenly I heard Booth's name muttered by the crowd : he was the assassin, it was said. A few minutes later we heard that Mr. Seward had been murdered at his house, and soon after rumors were current of similar deeds perpetrated upon Mr. Stanton and General Grant. Then the aspect of the crowd changed all of a sudden. Until then it had seemed panic-stricken ; all at once it became infuriated. Everyone thought himself in the presence of mysterious enemies hidden in the darkness of night, and from whose murderous steel it became incumbent to save those who were yet alive.

The first floor of the house where Mr. Lincoln had just been carried was composed of three rooms, opening on the same corridor. It was in the third, a small room, that the dying man lay.

His face, lighted by a gas-jet, under which the bed had been moved, was pale and livid. His body had already the rigidity of death. At intervals only the still audible sound of his breathing could be faintly heard, and at intervals again it would be lost entirely. The surgeons did not entertain hope that he might recover a moment's consciousness. Judge William T. Otto, a thirty years' friend of Mr. Lincoln's, was standing at the bedside holding his hand ; around the bed stood also the Attorney-General, Mr. Speed, and the Rev. Mr. Gurney, pastor of the church Mr. Lincoln usually attended.

Leaning against the wall stood Mr.

Stanton, who gazed now and then at the dying man's face, and who seemed overwhelmed with emotion. From time to time he wrote telegrams or gave the orders which, in the midst of the crisis, assured the preservation of peace. The remaining members of the Cabinet and several Senators and generals were pacing up and down the corridor. Thus the night passed on. At last, toward seven o'clock in the morning, the surgeon announced that death was at hand, and at twenty minutes after seven the pulse ceased beating.

Everyone present seemed then to emerge from the stupor in which the hours of night had been spent. Mr. Stanton approached the bed, closed Mr. Lincoln's eyes, and drawing the sheet over the dead man's head, uttered these words in a very low voice : "*He is a man for the ages.*"

On that same Saturday morning, April 15th, at ten o'clock, Chief Justice Chase went over to the hotel where Vice-president Johnson had taken up his residence, and there, in a small chamber, administered the oath of office to Mr. Lincoln's successor.

In the midst of such tragical events the transmission of supreme power took place in a perfectly natural manner. Mr. Johnson, unknown or hated yesterday, received to-day the support of the

entire North. Hardly had he come into power, when he found himself in possession of an authority almost irresistible. The unanimous regrets bestowed upon his noble predecessor, did not impede for one moment the exercise of his function.

Nothing revealed to me more clearly the true greatness of America. The voice of public opinion was already placing the man who had governed during the civil war beside the man who had commanded during the struggle for independence ; the honest and pure liberator of slaves beside the one whose sword had made the nation free—Lincoln beside Washington ; and already the people was wending its way toward its destiny, which no one can fathom without being convinced of its greatness.

Thus while I stood motionless and awed with sadness before Mr. Lincoln's bloody remains, his country had already recovered self-possession. I then understood and realized that a nation may place her confidence in a chief without giving herself wholly to him ; and that room still is left for great characters and great virtues in a people proud enough to believe that however pure, honest, and noble those to whom it intrusts governmental honors may be, itself remains greater yet than they.





THE POOR IN NAPLES.

By Jessie White V^a. Mario.



THE old saying *Vedi Napoli poi morir* may be translated "See misery in Naples to learn what misery means"—to realize what amount of hunger, nakedness, vice, ignorance, superstition, and oppression can be condensed in the caves, dens, and kennels unfit for beasts, inhabited by the poor of Naples. In 1871 it was affirmed by the "authorities" that, of the entire population of the city, two-thirds had no recognized means of livelihood; no one knew how more than a quarter of a million human beings lived, still less where they passed their lives of privation, pain, and wretchedness; or how, when death ended all, their bodies were flung down to rot together in foul charnel holes, far away and apart from the holy ground where the upper third were laid to rest that—

"From their ashes may be made
The violets of their native land."

Five years later, in 1876, when misery, gaunt and stark, reared its head for the first time defiantly in every city, town, and village of Italy—the grinding tax, proving the proverbial feather on the too patient camel's back, "inquiries into distress, its causes and possible remedies," were proposed by some of the old makers of Italy, who maintained that the aim of the revolution had been to create a country for all the Italians and not for a privileged few. The government sanctioned the propos-

al, and the agricultural inquiry was set on foot and carried out in every province by special commissioners. It revealed such depths of misery in the rural districts as could never be imagined or believed in by those who still apostrophize:

"Thou Italy, whose ever golden fields,
Ploughed by the sunbeams only, would suffice
For the world's granary."

In Lombardy, Mantua, and Venetia, all fertile wheat-producing provinces, it was found that the patient, toiling, abstemious peasant, fed upon maize exclusively, tasting white bread only at gleanings time, rarely touching wine, washing down his unsavory *polenta* with impure, fetid water, was affected with *pellagra*. This awful disease—now, alas, become endemic and hereditary—after wasting the body by slow degrees, affects the brain and lands the victims raving maniacs in the male and female mad asylums of Venice and of Milan. It is now being successfully grappled with in the first stages, by the parish doctors who, in many communes, are authorized to administer white bread, wine, and even meat; in the second, by special establishments where patients are received and treated, *i.e.*, well fed until they recover *pro tem.*; while for the poor wretches who have reached the third stage, there is no help but in the grave, no hope save in a speedy release.

But a worse state of things was revealed in Naples by private studies and researches set on foot by Pasquale Vil-

lari* and the recruits he pressed into the service of his native city. The facts and figures set down in unvarnished prose in his "Southern Letters," convinced the authorities "that something must be done if only to protect the 'upper third' from the possible upheaval of the seething masses below, increasing ever in numbers, terribly disproportioned to the means of accommodation provided for them."

Heart-rending as were the descriptions given of the misery of the masses by Villari, Fucino Renato, Fortunato Sonnino, and others, they by no means prepared me for the actual state of things which I heard, saw, and touched in Naples, accompanied alternately by priests, policemen, and parish doctors, and always by old friends and comrades of the campaigning days when all believed that the overthrow of despots, the ousting of the foreigner, the abolition of the temporal power, when Italy should be one in Rome, would find bread and work for all as the result of liberty and the ballot.

I spent hours and days, later, weeks and months, in the lower quarters of Porto, Pendino, Mercato, and Vicaria, in the *fondaci*, the cellars, caves, grottoes, brothels, and *locande* (penny-a-night lodging-houses) where the *miserables* congregate. Sickening were the sights by day, still sadder the scenes by night as you passed church steps, serving as

the only bed for hundreds; under porches where you stumbled over, without awakening the sleepers, who also occupied the benches of the vendors of fish and other comestibles in Basso Porto, while in fish-baskets and empty orange-boxes, curled up like cats but without the cat's fur coat, were hundreds of children of both sexes who had never known a father and rarely knew their mother's name or their own. It was a farce to talk of statistics of births and deaths in these quarters. "The existence of the boys is known to the authorities," writes an eminent physician, now (Assessore d'igiene) Sanitary Officer in the Municipality of Naples, "when they are taken up for theft or a *piccola mancanza*; of the girls when they come on the brothel registers" (abolished, humanity be praised! in 1889). Of what use was it to take stock of vice, disease, and crime, save to hold it up as the legitimate outgrowth of the foul dens in which the "masses" herd? In the first report made by the corporation it was shown that 130,000 lived in the *bassi e sotterranei*, in cellars, caves, and grottoes. No mention was then made of the *fondaci*, which the Swedish physician, Axel Munthe,† stigmatizes as "the most ghastly human dwellings on the face of the earth."

Let the American reader take that wonderful book, "How the Other Half Lives," and look at the photograph of Hell's Kitchen and Sebastopol (page 6). Imagine such a building, but with blank walls all round, no windows in any, entered by a dark alley leading to a court where the common cesspool fraternizes with the drinking-water well, where, round the court, are stables for cows, mules, donkeys, and goats—while in the corners of the same court, tripe, liver and lights vendors prepare their edibles, or stale-fishmongers keep their deposits—and they will have the framework and exterior of a *fondaco*. Then let them construct in their mind's eye one single brick or stone staircase leading up to inner balconies—up, up, three, four, or five stories. Fifteen or twenty rooms are entered from each balcony, which serves for door and window,

* The present writer was among the recruits, but for a long time declined to write of misery in Naples for the Italian press, believing that the state of the poor in London was even worse than in Naples. Professor Villari, the well-known author of the lives of Savonarola and Machiavelli, now Minister of Public Instruction, undertook to go to London and see for himself, and on his return we received a long letter from which the following is an extract:

"I assure you, on my honor, that the poor in Naples are infinitely worse off than the poor in London. Furnished with an order from the chief of police in London, I have visited with detectives in plain clothes the worst quarters of the city—the Docks, the East End, saying always: 'Show me all that is most horrible in London. I want to see the dwellings of the most wretched and miserable inhabitants.'"

"Great and widespread is misery in London; but I do not hesitate to declare, with profound conviction, that those who say that the conditions of the poor in London are worse than those of the poor in Naples, have either never seen the poor in London or have never visited the poor in Naples. If it happens that cases of death from starvation are more frequent in London than in Naples, the cause lies in the climate of London. If in Naples we had the climate of London a very large number of our poor would find peace in the grave and cease to live a life that is worse than death."

"PASQUALE VILLARI.

"FLORENCE, March 30, 1876."

After the receipt of this letter we published, in 1877, a book entitled *La Misera di Napoli*.

† See Letters from a Mourning City.



ENGRAVED BY ETTORE TITO

An Exiled Family of Neapolitans

ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

there being no other aperture: each corner room on each story being absolutely dark even at mid-day, as each balcony is covered with the pavement

then, irritated by the taunts that they were living in houses built for the poor, inscribed on the front of the block, "The houses of the Co-operative Society are

not poor-houses!" Again, in 1879, a loan was raised for demolishing the worst *fondaci* and grottoes, cellars, and caves, and for the erection of airy, healthy tenements for the people, and in 1880 the writer was invited by the mayor to inspect these. Capital houses they were! built on the spot where last I had seen the *fondaci* — Arcella, Castiglione, Conventino, San Camillo, Cento Piatti, Piscavino S. Felice, Miroballo—and after due admiration of the spacious court, wide street, decent ingress, outer balconies, etc., I ventured to ask: "Where are the *funnachère*? These clean, well dressed people, with their pianos and excellent furniture, are not the poor creatures we used to visit here."

"Of course they are not," said the contractor, "what are they to us?" while a vice-syndic said: "This is my section, I know that my

riione is redeemed, that we have got rid of the plebs: what care we where they are gone? Let them burst, it would be better for them. *Crepino pure, che sarà meglio!*"*

As I was turning from the spot in silent despair, an old man came up and said: "I can tell you where some of the poor creatures are gone. They were turned out into the streets, many of them went into the *fondaci* that remain, two families, and even three in a room; the price of these has been raised as the numbers grow less, and many of them are in the grotto at the Rampa di Brancaccio. With a newspaper man, sceptical of "the misery of the poor in Naples," and an English and a German lady, I walked along the splendid Corso Vittorio Emanuele, whence you have

* I quote from a letter printed in the *Pungolo*, of Naples, on the day of the visit.



A Girl of the People.

of the upper one. Put a hole between each two rooms for the public performance of all private offices; shut out from the top story such light as might gleam from the sky, by dint of poles, strings, ropes, and cords laden with filthy rags—and you have a more or less accurate idea of the interior of the *fondaco* of Naples.

All of these I have visited at intervals during the last seventeen years, finding their numbers diminished at each visit, but never till this year have I found a new tenement inhabited by the evicted *funnachère* for whom they were ostensibly built.

In 1877 the municipality made a grant of land to a co-operative society for the purpose of building houses for the poor. As soon as these were finished, small shop-keepers, civil servants, etc., secured all the apartments;

the finest view of Naples, of Vesuvius and the sea, and suddenly :

“ Out of the sun lit glory
Into the dark we trod — ”

literally dropping down into the grotto del Brancaccio, where, at first, absolute darkness seemed to reign.

hundred human beings, some forty families ; their apartments being divided by a string where they hung their wretched rags. The families who had the “ apartments ” by the grating that served for window, paid ten, nine, eight, seven lire per month each. These poor creatures subscribed among themselves



An Old Street in the Poor Quarter being Metamorphosed.

It was a cavern with mud for pavement, rock for walls, while the water dripped from the ceiling, and one sink in the centre served for the “ wants of all.” Here were lodged more than two

two lire so that a poor old man should not be turned out, but allowed to sleep on straw by the common sink, and they fed a poor woman who was dying, with scraps from their scant repasts. This

grotto yielded its owner a monthly rent, always paid up, far exceeding that paid by the inhabitants of the new tenements and decent houses, and he continued to

In order to convince the sceptic still further that there was no exaggeration in the accounts of the horrors, we invited him to accompany us to what was



Gossip in Pendino Street Naples.

so "grind the faces of the poor" until 1884, when King Cholera carried off his tenants, and the grotto was closed as was the charnel-house to which the inmates were carried to their last abode.

then the only cemetery for the poor of Naples. It is an immense square with three hundred and sixty-five holes, each covered with a huge stone, with a ring in each for uplifting. On the first of Jan-

uary, hole No. 1 was opened and all the poor who died on that day were brought up in great pomp of funeral car and trappings, with priests and tapers, etc. The first to be thrown in was a corpse with shirt and trousers. "He is a private," said La Raffiaella, the poor woman who used to take charge of the child corpses, kiss each of them so that they might take the kiss to "limbo." "He died at home and his people had dressed him." He was placed in the zinc coffin, the crank swung this over the hole, you heard a fall, then the coffin came up *empty*; next were flung down the naked corpses of the inhabitants of the poor-houses and charitable institutions, then the little children. Last came up the car of the Hospital Degli Incurabili, with the scattered members swept from the dissecting table. Then the hole No. 1 was closed not to be reopened until next year. On the morrow, over hole No. 2 the same horrors were re-enacted. The victims of King Cholera in 1884 were the last buried in these charnel-holes; the cemetery was closed when he was dethroned, and a new cemetery for the poor opened just opposite the monumental cemetery of the rich at Foria.

It was in the summer of that year that the cholera reappeared and its swift and sudden ravages compelled attention to the "where" and "how" its numerous victims lived and died. In these same quarters of Porto Pendino, Mercato, and Vicaria, 20,000 died of cholera in 1836-37; an equal number in 1854-65, 1866, and 1873, while the higher quarters of Naples were comparatively free from the scourge. In 1884, from the 17th of August to the 31st, the cases were not more than three every twenty-four hours. On the 1st of September 143 were attacked, 72 succumbed

on the 10th of the same month; 966 cases, 474 deaths, are given as the official statistics; the sum total of deaths is variously stated at eight, nine, and ten thousand. But official bulletins are never trustworthy in these cases, the authorities strive to abate panic, and it is a well-known fact that numbers of cases were never reported to the municipality, the dead being carried off in carts and omnibuses to the special cholera cemetery and charnel-house, without any possible register. Dr. Axel Munthe, who lived and worked among the poor during the entire time, gives it as his belief, supported by others, that during "not one but four or five days there were about one thousand cases per diem." So markedly was the disease confined to the poor quarters that for many days it was impossible for the municipal authorities to do any-



Begging Hands

How little for a wage!

thing to alleviate its ravages; the poor, ignorant, superstitious plebs being firmly convinced that the cholera had been introduced among them for the express purpose of diminishing their numbers.

Hence the refusal to go to the hospital, to take the medicines sent, to allow disinfectants to be used, to abstain from fruit, vegetables, and stale fish, even when good soup and meat were offered

instead. Then it was that King Humbert went to Naples and visited in person the stricken patients in their *fondaci* and cellars, in the caves and slums, and this, his first experience of actual misery, save as the result of war or a

and devoted in Italy, and worked as nurses, cooks, helpers of the living, even as porters of the dead. The poor people, ever grateful, gentle, docile, yielded to these "kind strangers," and allowed themselves to be taken to the hospitals

or tended in their own dens where, by the white cross band alone, assistance was furnished to 7,015 cases. Of the volunteer nurses, Lombards, Tuscans, Romans, some ninety in all, several were attacked but only three succumbed, all adhering strictly to the rules laid down as to diet and the specifics to be used in case of seizure. The cholera, at its height between the 10th and 18th of September, abated gradually from that day until the 9th of October, when suddenly, on the 10th and 11th, 122 were attacked and 37 succumbed. This 10th of October is the first of the famous *ottobre*, when the poorest of the poor manage to get a taste of the new wine which is still fermenting, and that year it is very probable that they toasted with unwonted zeal the disappearance of the cholera, which on the 9th had not made a single victim. The luscious blue figs, the bread and watermelons which could in that cholera year be had for a song, were also unusually abundant. The regulations at last enforced by the authorities had been relaxed; the sale of rags recommenced, and to



"Hunger," a Sketch in the Poor Quarter.

sudden catastrophe, made such a profound impression on his mind that he promised the poor people there and then that they should have decent houses built expressly for them. Even now they will tell you that *Oo Re* kept his word, but that the *Signori* have taken the *palaces* all for themselves.

The royal example was speedily followed; bands of students and workmen under the white cross proffered their services, and the Neapolitan citizens who had not all fled, enlisted under the doctors, who are ever brave

and all these causes may doubtless be owing in part the reappearance of the foe supposed to be vanquished.

But fortunately for poor Naples, the cholera found in King Humbert an adversary determined to resist its intrusion for the future; and men of science, doctors, students, were encouraged to study the causes of the disease even more diligently than the cure for it, when in possession. When the sudden reappearance filled the city with fresh alarm, and the poor, wretched people were soundly abused in the newspapers



DRAWN BY ETTORE TITO.

Cheap Bathing

ENGRAVED BY C. M. DELL'ORIVE.

for their "orgies," more than one professor affirmed that the real cause must be traced to the sudden change of temperature, to the southwest wind, *sirocco*, which prevents the sewers from discharging their contents into the sea

sea, the cholera diminished and for three years returned no more. Then came the narrations in the newspapers of the actual state of the habitations of the poor—how human beings and beasts were crowded together, how the stables

were never cleaned, how the sinks filtered into the wells—twelve hundred and fourteen of these being foul but "possibly cleansible," while sixty-three were ordered to be filled up and closed. It was shown that these quarters were more densely populated than any other portion of Europe, London included; while the insalubrious trades were carried on in the most populous portions of the over-crowded quarters, there being no less than two hundred and thirty-five large and small rag and bone stores in the midst, while decayed vegetables, the entrails of beasts, stale fish were left where flung, scavengers and dustmen confining their labors to the quarters of the "upper third."

All these accounts King Humbert read attentively, and to old Depretis, then prime minister, said: "Italy must redeem Naples at any cost." And the old statesman answered: "Yes, Naples must be disembowelled." *Bisogna sventrare Napoli*. A bill was presented to the Chamber for the gift of fifty millions of lire, and the loan of other fifty millions for the sanitation

of the unhealthy quarters of the city, and for the decent housing of the poor, and the sums were voted without a murmur, so great was the sympathy felt for the victims of the cholera and their survivors, whose misery was portrayed with heart-rending eloquence. The senate approved, and the king set his seal to the decree on January 15, 1885.

As studies for the amelioration of



On the Steps of Santa Lucia.

and drives the refuse back to the streets and shores, which, in the quarters of Pendino and Porto, are almost on a level with the sea; and to the condition of the water under ground which, swelled by the tremendous rainfalls, carried more putrid matter than usual into the drinking-wells and streams. Certain it is that as soon as the *tramontana* (north wind) began to blow, and the low tides allowed the impurities to put out to

the poor quarters and the sanitation of Naples had been carried on, and paid for, and the authors of plans decorated during the last ten years, it was supposed that (the financial question solved) the work would be commenced there and then, but two more years were wasted in finding out "how not to do it."

Until 1850 Naples had always been reckoned one of the healthiest cities in Italy. Typhus and diphtheria were rare; no one had ever heard of a Neapolitan fever. True, when the rains were heavy the city in many parts was inundated with flowing streams called *lave*, and wooden bridges were erected over several streets, otherwise traffic would have been impossible. Once the so-called *lava dei vergini* carried away a horse and carriage in its impetuous course. To remedy this state of things the government of King Bomba ordered a system of sewers which, either

but the water from sinks, all the contents of the cesspools, were supposed to flow. But in seasons of drought nothing flowed; all remained in the sewers. Often the sewers were so badly constructed that instead of carrying off the contents of the cesspools they carried their own contents into the drinking-wells. Hence the stench often noticed in some of the best streets of Naples. Some of the conduits are almost on a level with the street; many of them have burst. One of the best modern engineers of Naples writes: "If you uncover the streets of our city ditches of putrid matter most baneful to health will reveal themselves to the eye of the indiscreet observer." He quotes one special spot, *Vicolo del Sole*, "where cholera, typhus, every sort of lung disease had reigned supreme." This "Sun alley," where the sun never shines, was closed, and the health of the neighborhood became normal. But



Where Street Arabs Sleep.

owing to the ignorance of the engineers or the jobbery of the contractors, rendered the last state of Naples worse than the first.

Into these sewers, which had insufficient slope, not only the rain water,

when a number of people were ousted from their houses for the excavation of the *corso reale*, the *Vicolo* was again inhabited, and out of seventy-two inhabitants, the cholera carried off sixty. Every time that excavations were made

in any part of the low quarters of Naples typhus or diphtheria, or the newly invented Neapolitan fever, broke out—and, to quote official statements, "if one case of fever broke out in a house where the cesspool communicated with the drinking-well, all the families who drew water from that well were laid low with the same fever. Again, these horrible sewers when they

When the southwest wind blew the high tide prevented the sewerage from going out to sea, so all the matter brought down remained strewed along the shore. The best hotels were closed owing to the fever that prevailed, and are now nearly all replaced by others built in the higher quarters, the Rione Amadeo, Corso Vittorio Emanuele, etc.

Hence the first thing to be thought of for the sanitation of Naples was the renovation and purification of the drains. The fewest possible excavations, the greatest possible extent of *colmata* (raising the level), was clearly indicated; and as this "silting up" the lower quarters has to be done, not as in Lincolnshire fens by allowing water to leave its own sediments, but by material imported, it was and is a very costly proceeding.

Alas! that the lessons taught by the former attempts at redeeming the slums should have been forgotten, or rather deliberately neglected. "Don't begin at the end instead of at the beginning," said G. Florenzano, in 1885. Don't begin by pulling down the old houses until you have built new ones for the evicted tenants of the *fondaci*, grottoes, etc. If you go on the old system the poor creatures who now have a roof over their heads will have to crowd the remaining *fondaci* even as did those of Porto when you beautified the Via del Duomo, or they will crowd into the cloisters of S. Tommaso di Aquino, where the cholera mowed down so many

victims. You can pull down houses in a week, but it takes a year to build them, and another year must elapse before they are habitable." The discussions and commissions went on for two years and a half. There was the question of whether the municipality



Interior of a Poor Quarter

succeeded in emptying themselves, did so in the most populous quarters of the city, so that the Riviera became a putrid lake, and in the best quarters of Chiaia the stench at eventide was so horrible that the people used to call it the *matura di Chiaia* (bad hour of).

should expropriate, demolish, and rebuild on its own account. The majority were against this, urging that public bodies are the worst of all workers. Then should the whole contract be giv-

talists; "in the long run they will be found to pay, but in any case they must be built."

As usual the *cor clamante* resounded in the desert only. In 1888, the munic-



One of the New Blocks of Tenements in Naples.

en to one society or to several? And here the war of the "one lot" or "lot of lots" raged fiercely. "Whoever gets the contract, however few or many be the contractors," said Villari, from his seat in the Senate, and other 'sentimentalists,' "let them be bound over to build healthy houses for the poor who will be evicted from the slums, on a site not so far from their old homes as to prevent them from carrying on their daily employments, and at rents certainly not higher than those they pay at present."

To this, practical people answered that: "No building society would build at a loss, and that healthy houses in healthy sites in the populous quarters of Naples could not be erected for the letting price of five lire per room."

"Then let the municipality first deduct from the hundred millions given for the poor of Naples such sums as are necessary for building these houses without profit," retorted the sentimen-

ality entered into a contract with a building society of Milan for the entire work of expropriation, demolition of old houses, the construction of new ones, and the all-important work of laying down the sewers and paving the streets above. The laying down of gas and the canalization of the water of the Serino in the new quarters was alone retained in the hands of the municipality and separately contracted for. The contract itself, to use the words of the minority of the "communal councillors," represented a direct violation of the spirit of the law passed by the Italian parliament in the interests of the community and for the sanitation of Naples, while the commission of inquiry delegated by the council to examine and report on the works, affirmed that "Private speculation, substituted for the superintendence of the commune and the State, naturally ignored the philanthropic impulse of the law,



Fig. 92. *Fig. 92.*

DRAWN BY ETTORE TITO.

The Pharaohs of Egypt.

ENGRAVED BY F. A. FETTER.

allowing industrial calculation and bankers' rings to boss the enterprise especially planned for the benefit of the poorest classes and to sanctify the lowest quarters of the city." So much for the spirit of the contract.

Coming to its execution, the municipality neither armed itself with sufficient powers for compelling the contractors to perform their work properly, nor did it put such powers as were reserved into execution. Consequently expropriations which, by the terms of the contract, ought to have allowed three months to elapse between the notice to quit and the actual departure, were often carried out within a week of the notice given. Availing themselves of the law which sanctions expropriations at a fixed price for public benefit, the society bore hard on many small proprietors, whose houses they took without any immediate need, and these, until the time comes for their demolition, are underlet to the worst class of usurers, who have evicted the tenants and doubled the rent. Then the first houses were jerry built. One fell while building and killed several workmen. Again, the contract bound the society to build houses only three stories high, to avoid the overcrowding so complained of in the old quarters. They built them of four stories. The courtyards were to occupy one-sixth of the whole area of each tenement—they were found to occupy barely one-seventh or even one-eighth. Finally (and this raised a popular outcry at last), in no single tenement built by the society could the evicted poor find a room, because they were all about twice the price of their former ones, and so far removed from the scene of their daily labors that it was very doubtful whether they could inhabit them at all. It is neither edifying nor interesting to seek out who were the chief culprits; certainly the municipal authorities, who took no thought for the poor for whom the money was voted, were the original sinners. But when the hue and cry was raised the money was spent and it was no use crying over spilt milk. The municipality was bankrupt. Besides inheriting the debts and deficits of its

predecessors, it had squandered vast sums on useless works, given three millions to the society which built the King Humbert Gallery—a capital building for the cold and uncertain climate of Milan; quite a superfluity in sunny Naples, where everybody lives in the open air, and where you can hardly yet get sellers and buyers to use the new covered market-place instead of the street pavements.

So the municipality was dissolved by the government and a Royal Commissioner sent to take the affairs of the commune in hand. When I came here last October affairs seemed past praying for, the state of overcrowding in the poorest quarters was worse than ever. I found houses condemned as unsafe and propped up with shores, without a window-pane or door on hinges, crowded to excess—the *fondaci* left standing with double their old numbers of inhabitants; the cellars full, and at night the streets turned into public dormitories. True, the water from the Serino had been brought into Naples, and this is a priceless boon which can only be appreciated by those who remember the bad old days when even at the best hotels you dared not drink a glass of unboiled water; when the poor people had to purchase water at one or two sous per litre, those who could not do so going athirst. Then the old charnel-house is actually closed, and the new cemetery is as beautiful as a cemetery need be. Though it has only been open two years it is already nearly full. The poor have the graves and a parish coffin gratis, but after eighteen months the "bones are exhumed to make room for the fresh corpses." The families who can afford to do so pay for a niche in which to deposit the "bones," while the remains of those who have no friends able to do so are placed in a huge *cistern* outside the cemetery. At any rate the poorest have now for a time a grave to themselves and need not say with envy as they used to do when accompanying some *signore* to the monumental cemetery, "*O Mamma mia, curria muri pe staccà!*" "Mother mine, I would die to stop here."

Then Naples as a city is undoubtedly

renovated and beautified; always *bella*, ever *dolce*, it is now one of the most commodious cities in the world. Trams take you from Posilipo to the royal palace, from the Via Tasso to the *Reclusoria*. New palaces, new houses rise up to the east and west of the city.

Besides the demolitions and reconstructions of the famous Società di Risanimento, another society has built largely at the *Rione Vasto* at *Capuana*, *case economiche* and *edifici civili* which we should call workmen's houses and houses for well-to-do people. Even so in the *Rione Arenaccia Orientale*, in the *Rione S. Efreml Vecchio Ottocalli Ponti Rossi*. In the *Rione Vomero-Arenella* the Banca Tiberina has built enormously; constructed two *funicolari* (cable railways), and in two years the population of that quarter has increased from 751 to 3,991; but there are no *funnachère* among them.

In the favorite quarter of foreign artists, Santa Lucia, where the oyster and "fruits of the sea" mongers and their wives, the sulphur-water vendors, fryers of *polipi* and *peperoni*, congregate, these *luciani* also inhabit *fondaci* not quite as filthy as those of Porto and Pendino, nor are they nearly as docile. They strongly objected to the tramway as an invasion of their rights, and laughed to scorn the builders of the new houses on the shore of the Castello Dell' Uovo and of the new *loggie* for the shell-fish vendors. "The first high wind," they say, would carry stalls and fish into the sea, and as for the new houses, they *pizzicano* (are too dear), *non jamme 'n terra* (they shall not demolish our houses), they tell you, and as yet no one has dared to tackle them. The new houses are divided into charming little apartments with a kitchen and convenience in each, but the kitchen and one room cost 15 lire, others 20, 30, even 35 lire.

With a budget of thirty million lire and a huge deficit, little margin was left to the Royal Commissary, who had to cut down estimates, retrench in every department, "economize to the bone," but as winter approached, the cry of the people became audible in high places. It was one thing to camp out in the summer, but quite another to use the

streets for bed and the sky for roof in the months of December, January, and February, while the new commission of engineers and medical men pronounced many of the hovels still inhabited to be "dangerous to life and limb," and ordered the society to repair or close them at once. The society chose the latter alternative, thus reducing still further the scant accommodation—but the Royal Commissary was not a "corporation." He had a soul, or at least a heart. "For six months," he writes, in his report to the government at the close of his mission, "a famished mob, *turba famelica*, have thronged the stairs of the municipality; children of both sexes, utterly destitute, who must of necessity go to the bad; mothers clasp- ing dying babies to their milkless breasts; widows followed by a tribe of almost naked children; aged and infirm of both sexes, hungry and in tatters—and this spectacle, which has wrung my heart, reveals but a small portion of the prevalent destitution. One can but marvel at the docile nature of the lower orders of Neapolitans, who bear with such resignation and patience their unutterable sufferings. One cannot think without shuddering of this winter, which overtook whole families without a roof over their heads, without a rag to cover them, without the slightest provision for their maintenance."

To remedy this awful state of things in some degree, this royal extraordinary commissary, in Naples for six months only (Senator Giuseppe Saredo), gave it to be understood that the society *must* find means of lodging the evicted poor in some of the new tenements at the old prices. He even consented to a compromise, by which, leaving all the work of laying down drains and filling up low places intact, he consented to the delay in certain buildings which ought to have been completed in the third *biennio*, on the conditions that the society should cede tenements capable of housing fifteen hundred people, no single room to cost more than five lire per month. The first great exodus took place in December; unfortunately, the housing schedules were not all given to people who could not afford to pay more than five lire; and when I visited

the tenements the brass bedsteads and mahogany chests of drawers told tales of past homes in quite other places than in the slums. But in many rooms we did find our *funacchère*; the thin end of the wedge was inserted, and when the Royal Commissary's term of office came to an end the new Syndic repeated the experiment, and arranged with the society for other tenements capable of housing other two thousand of the poorest. This time the vice-syndics have had a warning that if they give schedules to any but the houseless poor their offices and honors will be transferred. At first the idea of removing the poor costermongers, porters, coal-heavers, fish, snail, and tripe vendors so far from their old slums and haunts seemed impractical and even cruel; but having revisited those haunts and the slummers in their new homes, seen the shops opened on the ground floors of the new dwellings, turned on the water tap which is in each room or apartment, inspected the closets which are perfectly scentless, I can only express a feeling of thankfulness that the axe has been laid at the root of the tree at last.

It is not only a question of health and longevity—the poor people in the *fondaci* cellars and underground dens were entirely at the mercy of the *camorra* which, however the police and the authorities may flatter themselves, has never been killed and very slightly scotched. These poor creatures, crowded in one spot, are the terrified victims of the *camorrist*, that “unclean beast of dishonest idleness” of yore, who now has cleaned himself up a bit, but is as bestial, dishonest, and idle as ever. With the dispersion of the slummers and the allotment to each of a room or rooms with doors that lock, and windows that open, the *camorrist*'s reign is over, especially as the society, though compelled to charge only five lire per room, has no help from the municipality in collecting rents, and therefore selects for porters (*concierge*) men who attend to their interests and not to those of the *camorra*.

What is now wanted in the new quarters are infant schools, elementary and industrial schools, of all of which Naples

possesses some of the most perfect that I have ever seen in Italy or in England. Naples, a city of contrasts in all respects, is especially so in the management of her public and private institutions.

Of charitable institutions belonging to the poor by right, Naples has enough and to spare, with two hundred edifices and over eight or ten millions of annual income. But these edifices and this income serve every interest save that of the poor. Administrators, priests, governors, electors, deputies, councilors and their clients get thus the lion's share. The *Albergo dei Poveri*, with an income of over a million and a half, maintains a family of employes exceeding seven hundred, while the poor, many of whom are merely protégés of the rich, have dwindled down to two thousand. The children have scarcely a shirt to change; the school for deaf and dumb boys has been so neglected for years that only now has the new director been able to form a class. The girls in charge of the *figlie della carità*, French nuns, are kept so hard at work at embroidery and flower making that their health is ruined, and the agglomeration of old men and women, young boys and girls under one roof is by no means conducive to order, discipline, or morality. One “governor” succeeds to another. One sells 5,000 square metres of land to a building society for eleven lire per metre, at a time when in certain portions of the city land is worth three and four hundred lire. His successor brings an action against the purchaser and the costs are enormous. Another has farmed out the rents to some collector at far too low a price; another action is brought. The chemist is proved to have substituted flour for quinine, Dover's powders without opium, and is suspended. But the *corpo delicto*, i.e., the analyzed medicines, have disappeared; the chemist will come off triumphant and the *Albergo dei Poveri* will have to pay costs and damages, and possibly to meet an action for libel. Of course there is a deficit in the budget; and this will continue to increase, whoever may be governor, as long as the system remains and as long as places are created for

protégés of Senator A, Deputy B, or Counsellor C.

The enormous hospital of the *Incurabili*, where also a royal commissioner presides, was found to be in a most deplorable state. The number of patients reduced from one thousand to seven hundred; the meat of inferior quality to that prescribed. Despite the 25,000 lire which appear in the budget for linen, there were not sufficient sheets to change the beds of the sick, yet there was an accumulated deficit of 869,030 lire, and for last year alone 200,000 lire. As the present special commissioners have really reduced the expenditure, while increasing the number of patients admitted, diminished the enormous number of servants, and by supplying food to those on guard deprived them of the temptation to steal the rations of the sick; as they have thoroughly cleansed the hospital from garret to cellar, constructed water-closets, etc., we hope they will be allowed to remain in office sufficient time to render a return to former abuses impossible.

Some improvement there is, we notice, in the Foundling Hospital, which was in a wretched state, the mortality among infants amounting to ninety-five and even one hundred per cent. The system adopted of giving them out to be nursed by poor families in the city and country round Naples, answers admirably, as the poor people here regard them as the "Virgin's children"—*figlie della Madonna*. Still there are over three hundred big, lazy girls in the establishment who ought to have been put out to earn their living long ago.

The *Casa di Maternità*, lately added to the establishment, is admirably conducted, and the secrets of the poor girls or women who demand admission are religiously kept.

The famous convent of the *Sepolte Vive* of Suor Orsola Benincasa, which created such a sensation in the newspapers a year since, is now completely reformed; the few surviving nuns are pensioned off and allotted a residence in some distant portion of the enormous edifice, while the income of 100,000 lire is applied to the education of

poor children. There are also classes for the children of parents who can pay, a normal school, and a kindergarten.

As the reformed law of charitable institutions is only two years old, and the government and municipal authorities are doing their best to apply it in spite of the clergy and the vested interests of innumerable loafers, we may hope that in time to come the poor and the poor alone may profit by this their own and only wealth. How such wealth may be profitably applied is shown by the numerous establishments founded and maintained by private charity. The children's hospital, *Ospitale Lina*, founded and maintained by the well-known philanthropist, Duchessa Ravaschiera, is a perfect gem. There are eighty beds, each occupied by a poor child for whom a surgical operation is necessary. All the first surgeons and doctors of Naples give their services. The Duchess herself, who founded the hospital in memory of her only daughter, Lina, superintends it in person, often living and sleeping there, and the delight of the children when "*Mamma Duchessa*" enters the wards is very touching.

The asylum for girls orphaned during the cholera of 1884 is another example of how much can be done, with comparatively small sums, under personal supervision. Here 285 boarders and 250 day scholars are maintained at a cost of little over 100,000 francs, subscribed by individuals, by the Bank of Naples, the Chamber of Commerce, etc. All the children frequent the elementary schools, and are each taught a trade, dressmaking, plain needlework, making and mending—*maglieria* (machine knitted vests), stockings, petticoats, etc., artificial flowers, embroidery, and lace making. At the Exposition of Palermo there was a beautiful collection of the work done by the girls of this school; we could wish that they were not compelled to toil so many hours a day, but necessity knows no law, and the administration of the superintendent, Baron Tosti, is above all praise. There are two educational and industrial schools for boys in Naples which may serve as models to the other provinces of Italy and to other nations.

The *Instituto Casanova** for boys who have attended the infant schools was founded in 1862 by Alfonso della Valle di Casanova. Elementary schools and workshops were opened under the same roof and carried on privately with great success until 1880; then recognized as a *Corpo Morale* by the government, which assigned a large building with open spaces for gymnastics and recreation, surrounded by eleven new workshops. Industrial schools generally are a failure, owing to the expense incurred by the payment of directors of workshops, the purchase of machines, tools, instruments, and raw material. In this establishment the workshop alone is given rent free to the master—blacksmiths, carpenters, tailors, boot-makers, brass-workers, cameo, lava workers, workers in bronze, sculptors, ebonists, wood-carvers, and printers—with whom a regular contract is signed, for a certain number of years, by which, on “November 1st, directors A, B, and C shall open a workshop, furnishing it with all such machines and instruments as are necessary for carrying on and teaching his trade to a fixed number of pupils.” In case of bankruptcy the master must at once quit the workshop. The boys for the first two years, that is until they are nine, attend the elementary schools exclusively; then they or their parents choose their trade, and as soon as their work becomes profitable, they are paid a certain sum fixed by the master-workman and the director of the establishment, who receives the pay of the boys weekly and gives half to them, half to the establishment. At first the boys were compelled to place all their portion in postal savings banks, but as all are day scholars and are housed and fed by their parents, it was found that these, being too poor to maintain them, removed them from the school before they were proficient in their respective trades. From the report up to March 6, 1892, we find 559 “present,” 104 pupils who had quitted the establishment as skilled workmen, all of whom are eagerly sought by the directors of

workshops in this city. The income of the institute does not exceed 72,000 francs, of which 22,000 is paid to school-masters and servants; the remainder goes in buildings, prizes to the pupils, etc. The *Casanova* opera also has a beautiful department at the Exposition at Palermo, where albums and pamphlets show its whole history from the beginning.

A similar institution, much rougher, but even more meritorious, is the working school in the ex-convent of S. Antonio a Tarsia. The boys collected here are the real waifs and strays taken from the streets—gutter sparrows, literally. The founder is Giovanni Florenzano, ex-member of parliament and at the present moment (*assessore*) officer of public instruction in the municipality of Naples. It is conducted on the same principles as that of Casanova, but, alas! not with equal funds. There is a workshop for carpenters, ebony-workers, wood-carvers, and gilders, for blacksmiths, workers in bronze, for the manufacture of iron and steel instruments, and a large printing-office. The boys gathered there number from two hundred and fifty to three hundred. Unfortunately the impecuniosity of the municipality has deprived this school of four thousand francs annually.

Signor Florenzano, who has done much for popular instruction in Naples, in 1883 opened a Sunday-school for recreation in a large hall with a pretty garden in the Vico Cupa a Chiara, where seven hundred children, all under separate patronage of benevolent men and women, were clothed, and on every Sunday taught choral singing, gymnastics, and military exercises. Alas! both the hall and garden have been demolished by the pickaxe of a building society, and, at the present moment the children are dispersed. This idea of placing every boy in the working school under the protection of some well-to-do person is excellent. A few more such industrial schools as these of Casanova and Tarsia would be the making of the next generation of Neapolitan boys. These private institutions also form a striking contrast with the so-called reformatories, penitentiaries, and correctional establishments with which

* An American lady, well known in Boston for her work in prison reform, said to us, as we were taking her over these schools: “We have nothing so good as this in America.”

Italy, and especially Naples, abounds. In three of these which we visited lately, we may say, without fear of contradiction, that there are no reforms, and no penitents in any of them. In one of these, where each boy costs three francs per day, *discoli*, merely naughty boys and boys sent by their own parents to be disciplined, are mixed up with culprits who have been condemned once, twice, and thrice, for whom "paternal discipline" is a derision, who break down the doors of their cells, kick the jailors, and yet are fed on coffee and milk in the morning, meat at mid-day, soup at night, and wine three times a week.

We have not space for even a brief reference to prison discipline in Italy, but we may say as a general rule that delinquents and criminals alone are housed, fed, clothed, and cared for by the State; that the greater the crime, the more hardened the criminal, the better does he lodge, dress, and, till yesterday, fare!

We must not close this story of the poor in Naples without a reference to two other institutions dedicated to the poor alone. The one is the school for the blind at Caravaggio, which, with the boarding-house and school founded by Lady Strachen, offer a pleasant contrast to the blind institute at S. Giuseppe, dependent on the *Albergo dei Poveri*. The blind institute, now called Prince of Naples, founded by the brothers Martucelli, is admirable. The blind boys and girls read, write, print, and play various instruments, are shoemakers, carpenters, basket and Venetian blind-makers. The correspondent of the London *Times*, on seeing the department of this school at the Palermo Exhibition, could hardly believe that the work was done by blind children.

The Froebel Institute, now called the Victor Emanuel International Institute, was founded by Julia Salis Schwabe, an enthusiastic admirer of Garibaldi, who, in 1860, appealed to women to open popular schools for the education of the poor in the southern provinces. Professor Villari took it under his especial protection, and the old medical college at S. Aniello was assigned for the purpose, so that poor girls taken from

the streets could be housed, fed, and educated. At present the boarding-school has been much reduced, but the day, infant, and elementary schools are simply perfect. Side by side with the classes for poor children, are paying classes for the well-to-do, who are taught to find pleasure in bringing clothes and boots for their poorer companions. The "haves" pay seven lire a month, which suffices to give a capital soup every day to about four hundred children of the "have nots." The establishment serves also as a training-school for teachers of this Froebelian, or as it ought to be called, Pestalozzian system, certainly the most admirable yet invented for keeping children bright, happy, and active, and while placing no undue strain on their intellectual faculties, disciplining and preparing them for the age when these can be exercised. It is a school such as this which I long to see opened in the new quarters where the children taken from the *fondaci* cellars and slums in general are now housed. Very dismal they look, shut up in the respective rooms, seated upon the window-sills, longing for the open street, of *basso porto*, the filthy courtyards, where there were goats and rats to play with, any amount of dirt for the "makin' o' mud pies," and the chance of a stray *pizza* or *frazaglia*, the gift of kindly foodmongers. Now, of course the porters forbid the leaving open the doors of the "apartments," the squatting on staircases, the congregating in the courtyards where no "wash-pools" have been erected, "expressly to prevent the slummers from reducing the new tenements to the state of the old *fondaci*." All this is highly proper, but very forlorn for the little ones.

By degrees it is to be hoped that the inhabitants of Naples, rich and poor, will be induced to go and live in the suburbs. At present there is a population which has increased from a little over four hundred thousand to nearly six hundred thousand, crowded over eight square kilometres; deduct the space occupied by churches and public buildings, and there is little more than seven square kilometres. And this is the first greatest misfortune for the

poor in Naples. The problem of housing them solved, it will be, after all, but the alpha of the business. There is neither "bread nor work" for the masses, who increase and multiply like rabbits in a warren. On this point they are extremely sensitive. Finding a lad of eighteen for whom we were trying to get work just married to a girl of sixteen, we ventured to remonstrate, asking how they were to keep their children? "*Volete anche spegnere la razza dei pezzenti*"—"Do you want even to extinguish the race of miserables?" the husband asked, indignantly.

Hitherto the surplus population of the provinces has swarmed off to Brazil and the United States. From the former country many of them return with sad tales of whole families swept away by yellow fever, of hard labor hoeing coffee with insufficient remuneration, and the impossibility of obtaining proper nourishment. And now comes the natural but sad report from

the United States, accentuated by Mr. Chandler, in the *Forum*, that republican citizens are tired of the poor, meek, feckless, unclean offshoots of royal courts and aristocratic institutions who extract a livelihood from New York's ash-barrels; who contract for the right to trim the *ash-scows* before they are sent out to sea, whereas a few years ago men were paid a dollar and a half a day for the said "trimming;" who keep the stale beer dives and pig together in the "bend;" who used at home to receive but five cents per day and "witals" that dogs refuse, undersell their labor abroad, and thus lower the wages of the natives.

We cannot wonder that the cry is: "Send them back—here they are encumbrances."

But when this safety-valve is closed some new outlet will have to be found to prevent an explosion, and the "upper third" will do well to devise the ways and means while yet there is time.

AN OLD LOVE-LETTER.

By Margaret Crosby.

THE flying years, the silent years,
Swept o'er this safely hidden page,
Till Time, that deep-sunk mystery clears,
Gives me the dateless heritage.

Where beat the heart, where burnt the brain,
That all this pain and passion felt?
On leaves defaced by mould and stain,
The secret of a life is spelt.

Why rashly lift, why rudely rend,
The softening veil that Death and Time,
Conspiring Life with Art to blend,
Have hung between her soul and mine?

Enough to know, enough to feel
That one immortal bliss endures;
The love these ardent words reveal
May haply mirror mine—or yours.



THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL:

A MEMORY OF THE MIND OF A CHILD.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

PREFACE.



I SHOULD feel a serious delicacy in presenting to the world a sketch so autobiographical as this if I did not feel myself absolved from any charge of the bad taste of personality by the fact that I believe I might fairly entitle it "The Story of *any* Child with an Imagination." My impression is that the Small Person differed from a world of others only in as far as she had more or less imagination than other little girls. I have so often wished that I could see the minds of young things with a sight stronger than that of very interested eyes, which can only see from the *outside*. There must be so many thoughts for which child courage and child language have not the exact words. So, remembering that there was one child of whom I could write from the inside point of view, and with certain knowledge, I began to make a little sketch of the one I knew the best of all. It was only to be a short sketch in my first intention, but when I began it I found so much to record which seemed to me amusing and illustrative, that the short sketch became a long one. After all, it was not myself about whom I was being diffuse, but a little unit of whose parallels there are tens of thousands. The Small Person is gone to that undiscoverable far-away land where other Small Persons have emigrated—the land to whose regretted countries there wandered, some years ago, two little fellows, with picture faces and golden love-locks, whom I have mourned and longed for ever since, and whose going—with my kisses on their little mouths—has left me forever a sadder woman, as all other mothers are sadder, whatsoever the dearness of the maturer creature left behind to bear the same name and smile with eyes not quite the same. As I might write freely about them, so I feel I may write freely about her.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

MAY, 1892.

CHAPTER I.

THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL.

I HAD every opportunity for knowing her well, at least. We were born on the same day, we learned to toddle about together, we began our earliest observa-

tions of the world we lived in at the same period, we made the same mental remarks on people and things, and reserved to ourselves exactly the same rights of private personal opinion.

I have not the remotest idea of what she looked like. She belonged to an era when photography was not as ad-

vanced an art as it is to-day, and no picture of her was ever made. It is a well authenticated fact that she was auburn-haired and rosy, and I can testify that she was curly, because one of my earliest recollections of her emotions is a memory of the momentarily maddening effect of a sharp, stinging jerk of the comb when the nurse was absent-minded or maladroit. That she was also a plump little person I am led to believe, in consequence of the well-known joke of a ribald boy cousin and a disrespectful brother, who averred that when she fell she "bounced" like an india-rubber ball. For the rest, I do not remember what the looking-glass reflected back at her, though I must have seen it. It might, consequently, be argued that on such occasions there were so many serious and interesting problems to be attended to that a reflection in the looking-glass was an unimportant detail.

In those early days I did not find her personally interesting—in fact I do not remember regarding her as a personality at all. It was the people about her, the things she saw, the events which made up her small existence, which were absorbing, exciting, and of the most vital and terrible importance sometimes. It was not until I had children of my own, and had watched their small individualities forming themselves, their large imaginations giving proportions and values to things, that I began to remember her as a little Person, and in going back into her past and reflecting on certain details of it and their curious effects upon her, I found interest in her and instruction, and the most serious cause for tender deep reflection on her as a thing touching on that strange, awful problem of a little soul standing in its newness in the great busy, tragic world of life, touched for the first time by everything that passes it, and never touched without some sign of the contact being left upon it.

What I remember most clearly and feel most serious is one thing above all: it is that I have no memory of any time so early in her life that she was not a distinct little *individual*. Of the time when she was not old enough to formulate opinions quite clearly to herself I have no recollection, and I can remem-

ber distinctly events which happened before she was three years old. The first incident which appears to me as being interesting, as an illustration of what a baby mind is doing, occurred a week or so after the birth of her sister, who was two years younger than herself. It is so natural, so almost inevitable, that even the most child-loving among us should find it difficult to realize constantly that a mite of three or four, tumbling about, playing with india-rubber dogs and with difficulty restrained from sucking the paint off Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japhet, not to mention the animals, is a *person*, and that this person is ten thousand times more sensitive to impression than one's self, and that hearing and seeing one, this person, though he or she may not really understand, will be likely, in intervals of innocent destruction of small portable articles, to search diligently in infant mental space until he or she has found an explanation of affairs, to be pigeon-holed for future reference. And yet I can most solemnly declare that such was the earliest habit of that "One I knew the best of all."

One takes a fat, comfortable little body on one's knee and begins to tell it a story about "a fairy" or "a doggie" or "a pussy." And the moment the story begins the questions begin also. And with my recollection of the intense little Bogie whom I knew so well and who certainly must have been a most every-day-looking little personage, giving no outward warning of preternatural alertness and tragic earnestness, my memory leads me to think that indeed it is not a trifle to be sufficiently upright and intelligent to answer these questions exactly as one should. This first incident, which seems to me to denote how early a tiny mind goes through distinct processes of thought, is a very clear memory to me.

I see a comfortable English bedroom, such as would to-day seem old-fashioned without being ancient enough to be picturesque. I remember no articles of furniture in the room but a rather heavy four-posted carved mahogany bed, hung with crimson damask, ornamented with heavy fringe and big cords and tassels, a chair by this bedside—I think it was

an arm-chair covered with chintz—and a footstool. This was called “a buffet,” and rhymed with Miss Muffet eating her curds and whey. In England Miss Muffet sat on “a buffet,” on the blood-curdling occasion when

“There came a big spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.”

This buffet was placed upon the hearth-rug before the fire, and a very small being was sitting upon it, very conscious, in a quiet way, of her mamma lying on the crimson-draped bed, and the lady friend who was sitting in the chair by her, discussing their respective new babies. But most of all was the Small Person on the buffet conscious of their own personal new baby who was being taken care of by a nurse just near her.

Perhaps the interest of such recollections is somewhat added to by the fact that one can only recall them by episodes, and that the episodes seem to appear without any future or any past. Not the faintest shadow of the new baby seems to appear upon the camera, up to this moment, of the buffet, and I have no remembrance of any mental process which led to the Small Person's wishing to hold it on her knee. Perhaps it was a sudden inspiration.

But she did wish to hold it, and notified as much, apparently with sufficient clearness, to the nurse.

The shadow of the nurse has no name and no special individuality. She was only a figure known as “The Nurse.”

But she impresses me in these days as having been quite definite in her idea that Persons not yet three years old were not to be trusted entirely with the new-born, however excellent their intentions were.

How the Small Person expressed herself in those days I do not know at all. Before three years articulation is not generally perfect, but if hers was not I know she was entirely unaware of her inadequacies. She thought she spoke just as other people did, and I never remember her pronunciation being corrected. I can recall, with perfect distinctness, however, what she *thought* she

expressed and what her hearers *seemed* to understand her to say.

It was in effect something like this:

“I want to hold the New Baby on my knee.”

“You are too little,” said the Nurse.

“No, I am not too little. The New Baby is little, and I am on the buffet, and I will hold her tight if you will put her on my knee.”

“She would slip off, I am afraid.”

“No, I will hold her tight with both arms, just like you do. Please give her to me.” And the Small Person spread her small knees.

I don't know how long the discussion lasted, but the Nurse was a good-natured person, and at last she knelt down upon the hearth-rug by the buffet, holding the white-robed new baby in her arms and amiably pretended to place it in the short arms and on the tiny knees, while she was really supporting it herself.

“There,” she said. “Now she is on your knee.” She thought she had made it all right, but she was gravely mistaken.

“But I want to hold her *myself*,” said the Small Person.

“You are holding her,” answered the Nurse, cheerfully. “What a big girl to be holding the New Baby just like a grown-up lady.”

The Small Person looked at her with serious candor.

“I am *not* holding her,” she said. “You are holding her.”

That the episode ended without the Small Person either having held the New Baby, or being deceived into fancying she held it, is as clear a memory to me as if it had occurred yesterday, and the point of the incident is that after all the years that have passed I remember with equal distinctness the thoughts which were in the Small Person's mind as she looked at the Nurse and summed the matter up, while the woman imagined she was a baby not capable of thinking at all.

It has always interested me to recall this because it was so long ago, and while it has not faded out at all, and I see the mental attitude as definitely as I see the child and the four-post bed with its hangings, I recognize that she was too young to have had in her vo-

cabulary the *words* to put her thoughts and mental arguments into—and yet they were there, as thoughts and mental arguments are there to-day—and after these many years I can write them in adult words without the slightest difficulty. I should like to have a picture of her eyes and the expression of her baby face as she looked at the Nurse and thought these things, but perhaps her looks were as inarticulate as her speech.

"I am very little," she thought. "I am so little that you think I do not know that you are pretending that I am holding the new baby, while really it is you who are holding it. But I do know. I know it as well as you, though I am so little and you are so big that you always hold babies. But I cannot make you understand that, so it is no use talking. I want the baby, but you think I shall let it fall. I am sure I shall not. But you are a grown-up person and I am a little child, and the big people can always have their own way."

I do not remember any rebellion against an idea of injustice. All that comes back to me in the form of a mental attitude is a perfect realization of the immense fact that people who were grown up could do what they chose, and that there was no appeal against their omnipotence.

It may be that this line of thought was an infant indication of a nature which developed later as one of its chief characteristics, a habit of adjusting itself silently to the inevitable, which was frequently considered to represent indifference, but which merely evolved itself from private conclusions arrived at through a private realization of the utter uselessness of struggle against the Fixed.

The same curiosity as to the method in which the thoughts expressed themselves to the small mind devours me when I recall the remainder of the bedroom episode, or rather an incident of the same morning.

The lady visitor who sat in the chair was a neighbor, and she also was the proprietor of a new baby, though her baby was a few weeks older than the very new one the Nurse held.

She was the young mother of two or

three children, and had a pretty sociable manner toward tiny things. The next thing I see is that the Small Person had been called up to her and stood by the bed in an attitude of modest decorum, being questioned and talked to.

I have no doubt she was asked how she liked the New Baby, but I do not remember that or anything but the serious situation which arose as the result of one of the questions. It was the first social difficulty of the Small Person—the first confronting of the overwhelming problem of how to adjust perfect truth to perfect politeness.

Language seems required to mentally confront this problem and try to settle it, and the Small Person cannot have had words, yet it is certain that she confronted and wrestled with it.

"And what is your New Baby's name to be?" the lady asked.

"Edith," was the answer.

"That is a pretty name," said the lady. "I have a new baby, and I have called it Eleanor. Is not that a pretty name?"

In this manner it was—simple as it may seem—that the awful problem presented itself. That it seemed awful—actually almost unbearable—is an illustration of the strange, touching sensitiveness of the new-born butterfly soul just emerged from its chrysalis—the impressionable sensitiveness which it seems so tragic that we do not always remember.

For some reason—it would be impossible to tell what—the Small Person did *not* think Eleanor was a pretty name. On strictly searching the innermost recesses of her diminutive mentality she found that she *could* not think it a pretty name. She tried, as if by muscular effort, and could not. She thought it was an *ugly* name; that was the anguish of it. And here was a lady, a nice lady, a friend with whom her own mamma took tea, a kind lady, who had had the calamity to have her own newest baby christened by an ugly name. How could anyone be rude and hard-hearted enough to tell her what she had done—that her new baby would always have to be called something ugly? She positively quaked with misery. She stood quite still and looked

at the poor nice lady helplessly without speaking. The lady probably thought she was shy, or too little to answer readily or really have any opinion on the subject of names. Mistaken lady: how mistaken, I can remember. The Small Person was wrestling with her first society problem, and trying to decide what she must do with it.

"Don't you think it is a pretty name?" the visitor went on, in a petting, coaxing voice, possibly with a view to encouraging her. "Don't you like it?"

The Small Person looked at her with yearning eyes. She could not say "No" blankly. Even then there lurked in her system the seeds of a feeling which, being founded on a friendly wish to be humane, which is a virtue at the outset, has increased with years, until it has become a weakness which is a vice. She could not say a thing she did not mean, but she could not say brutally the unpleasant thing she did mean. She ended with a pathetic compromise.

"I don't think," she faltered—"I don't think—it is—as pretty—as Edith."

And then the grown-up people laughed gayly at her as if she were an amusing little thing, and she was kissed and cuddled and petted. And nobody suspected she had been thinking anything at all, any more than they imagined that she had been translating their remarks into ancient Greek. I have a vivid imagination as regards children, but if I had been inventing a story of a child, it would not have occurred to me to imagine such a mental episode in such a very tiny person. But the vividness of my recollection of this thing has been a source of interest and amusement to me through so many mature years that I feel it has a certain significance as impressing upon one's mind a usually unrealized fact.

When she was about four years old a strange and serious event happened in the household of the Small Person, an event which might have made a deep and awesome impression on her but for two facts. As it was, a deep impression was made, but its effect was not of awfulness, but of unexplainable mystery. The thing which happened was that the father of the Small Person died.

As she belonged to the period of Nurses and the Nursery she did not feel very familiar with him, and did not see him very often. "Papa," in her mind, was represented by a gentleman who had curling brown hair and who laughed and said affectionately funny things. These things gave her the impression of his being a most agreeable relative, but she did not know that the funny things were the jocular remarks with which good-natured maturity generally salutes tender years. He was intimately connected with jokes about cakes kept in the dining-room sideboard, and with amiable witticisms about certain very tiny glasses of sherry in which she and her brothers had drunk his health and her mamma's, standing by the table after dinner, when there were nuts and other fruits adorning it. These tiny glasses, which must really have been liqueur glasses, she thought had been made specially small for the accommodation of persons from the Nursery.

When "papa" became ill the Nursery was evidently kept kindly and wisely in ignorance of his danger. The Small Person's first knowledge of it seemed to reach her through an interesting adventure. She and her brothers and the New Baby, who by this time was quite an old baby, were taken away from home. In a very pretty countrified Public Park not far away from where she lived there was a house where people could stay and be made comfortable. The Park still exists, but I think the house has been added to and made into a museum. At that time it appeared to an infant imagination a very splendid and awe-inspiring mansion. It seemed very wonderful indeed to live in a house in the Park where one was only admitted usually under the care of Nurses who took one to walk. The park seemed to become one's own private garden, the Refreshment Room containing the buns almost part of one's private establishment, and the Policemen, after one's first awe of them was modified, to become almost mortal men.

It was a Policeman who is the chief feature of this period. He must have been an amiable Policeman. I have no doubt he was quite a fatherly Policeman,

but the agonies of terror the One I knew the best of all passed through in consequence of his disposition to treat her as a joke, are something never to be forgotten.

I can see now from afar that she was a little person of the most law-abiding tendencies. I can never remember her feeling the slightest inclination to break a known law of any kind. Her inward desire was to be a good child. Without actually formulating the idea, she had a standard of her own. She did not want to be "naughty," she did not want to be scolded, she was peace-loving and pleasure-loving, two things not compatible with insubordination. When she was "naughty," it was because what seemed to her injustice and outrage roused her to fury. She had occasional furies, but went no further.

When she was told that there were pieces of grass on which she must not walk, and that on the little boards adorning their borders the black letters written said "Trespassers will be prosecuted," she would not for worlds have set her foot upon the green, even though she did not know what "prosecuted" meant. But when she discovered that the Park Policemen who walked up and down in stately solitude were placed by certain awful authorities to "take up" anybody who trespassed, the dread that she might inadvertently trespass some day and be "taken up" caused her blood to turn cold.

What an irate Policeman, rendered furious by an outraged law, represented to her tender mind I cannot quite clearly define, but I am certain that a Policeman seemed an omnipotent power, with whom the boldest would not dream of trifling, and the sole object of whose majestic existence was to bring to swift, unerring justice the juvenile law-breakers who in the madness of their youth drew upon themselves the eagle glance of his wrath, the awful punishment of justice being to be torn shrieking from one's Mamma and incarcerated for life in a gloomy dungeon in the bowels of the earth. This was what "Prison" and being "taken up" meant.

It may be imagined, then, with what reverent awe she regarded this supernatural being from afar, clinging to her

Nurse's skirts with positively bated breath when he appeared; how ostentatiously she avoided the grass which must not be trodden upon; how she was filled with mingled terror and gratitude when she discovered that he even descended from his celestial heights to *speak* to Nurses, actually in a jocular manner and with no air of secreting an intention of pouncing upon their charges and "taking them up" in the very wantonness of power.

I do not know through what means she reached the point of being sufficiently intimate with a Policeman to exchange respectful greetings with him and even to indulge in timorous conversation. The process must have been a very gradual one and much assisted by friendly and mild advances from the Policeman himself. I only know it came about, and this I know through a recollection of a certain eventful morning.

It was a beautiful morning, so beautiful that even a Policeman might have been softened by it. The grass which must not be walked upon was freshest green, the beds of flowers upon it were all in bloom. Perhaps the brightness of the sunshine and the friendliness of nature emboldened the Small Person and gave her giant strength.

How she got there I do not know, but she was sitting on one of the Park benches at the edge of the grass, and a Policeman—a real, august Policeman—was sitting beside her.

Perhaps her Nurse had put her there for a moment and left her under the friendly official's care. But I do not know. I only know she was there, and so was he, and he was doing nothing alarming. The seat was one of those which have only one piece of wood for a back and she was so little that her short legs stuck out straight before her, confronting her with short socks and plump pink calf and small "ankle-strap" shoes, while her head was not high enough to rest itself against the back, even if it had wished to.

It was this last fact which suggested to her mind the possibility of a catastrophe so harrowing that mere mental anguish forced her to ask questions even from a Minion of the law. She looked at him and opened her lips half a dozen

times before she dared to speak, but the words came forth at last :

"If anyone treads on the grass must you take them up?"

"Yes, I must." There is no doubt but that the innocent fellow thought her and her question a good joke.

"Would you have to take *anyone* up if they went on the grass?"

"Yes," with an air of much official sternness. "*Anyone*."

She panted a little and looked at him appealingly. "Would you have to take *me* up if I went on it?" Possibly she hoped for leniency because he evidently did not object to her Nurse, and she felt that such relationship might have a softening influence.

"Yes," he said, "I should have to take you to prison."

"But," she faltered, "but if I *couldn't* help it—if I didn't go on it on purpose."

"You'd have to be taken to prison if you went on it," he said. "You couldn't go on it without knowing it."

She turned and looked at the back of the seat, which was too high for her head to reach, and which consequently left no support behind her exceeding smallness.

"But—but," she said, "I am so little I might fall through the back of this seat. If I was to *fall* through on to the grass should you take me to prison?"

What dulness of his kindly nature—I feel sure he was not an unkindly fellow—blinded the Policeman to the terror and consternation which must in some degree have expressed themselves on her tiny face, I do not understand, but he evidently saw nothing of them. I do not remember what his face looked like, only that it did not wear the ferocity which would have accorded with his awful words.

"Yes," he said, "I should have to pick you up and carry you at once to prison."

She must have turned pale; but that she sat still without further comment, that she did not burst into frantic howls of despair, causes one to feel that even in those early days she was governed by some rudimentary sense of dignity and resignation to fate, for as she sat there, the short legs in socks and small black

"ankle-straps" confronting her, the marrow was dissolving in her infant bones.

There is doubtless suggestion as to the limits and exaggerations of the tender mind in the fact that this incident was an awful one to her and caused her to waken in her bed at night and quake with horror, while the later episode of her hearing that "Poor Papa" had died seemed only to be a thing of mystery of which there was so little explanation that it was not terrible. This was without doubt because, to a very young child's mind, death is an idea too vague to grasp.

There came a day when someone carried her into the bedroom where the crimson-draped four-post bed was, and standing by its side held her in her arms that she might look down at Papa lying quite still upon the pillow. She only thought he looked as if he were asleep, though someone said: "Papa has gone to Heaven," and she was not frightened, and looked down with quiet interest and respect. Seven years later the sight of a child of her own age or near it, lying in his coffin, brought to her young being an awed realization of death, whose anguished intensity has never wholly repeated itself; but being held up in kind arms to look down at "Poor Papa," she only gazed without comprehension and without fear.

CHAPTER II.

THE LITTLE FLOWER-BOOK AND THE BROWN TESTAMENT.

I do not remember the process by which she learned to read or how long a time it took her. There was a time when she sat on a buffet before the Nursery fire—which was guarded by a tall wire fender with a brass top—and with the assistance of an accomplished elder brother a few years her senior, seriously and carefully picked out with a short, fat finger the capital letters adorning the advertisement column of a newspaper.

But from this time my memory makes a leap over all detail until an occasion when she stood by her Grand-

mamma's knee by this same tall Nursery fender and read out slowly and with dignity the first verse of the second chapter of Matthew in a short, broad, little speckled brown Testament with large print.

"When—Jesus—was—born—in—Bethlehem—of Judea," she read, but it is only this first verse I remember.

Either just before or just after the accomplishing of this feat she heard that she was three years old. Possibly this fact was mentioned as notable in connection with the reading, but to her it was a fact notable principally because it was the first time she remembered hearing that she was any age at all and that birthdays were a feature of human existence.

But though the culminating point of the learning to read was the brown Testament, the process of acquiring the accomplishment must have had much to do with the "Little Flower book."

In a life founded and formed upon books, one naturally looks back with affection to the first book one possessed. The one known as the "Little Flower book" was the first in the existence of the One I knew the best of all.

No other book ever had such fascinations, none ever contained such marvelous suggestions of beauty and story and adventure. And yet it was only a little book out of which one learned one's alphabet.

But it was so beautiful. One could sit on a buffet and pore over the pages of it for hours and thrill with wonder and delight over the little picture which illustrated the fact that A stood for Apple-blossom, C for Carnation, and R for Rose. What would I not give to see those pictures now. But I could not see them now as the Small Person saw them then. I only wish I could. Such lovely pictures! So like real flowers! As one looked at each one of them there grew before one's eyes the whole garden that surrounded it—the very astral body of the beauty of it.

It was rather like the Brown Testament in form. It was short and broad, and its type was large and clear. The short page was divided in two; the upper half was filled with an oblong black background, on which there was a

flower, and the lower half with four lines of rhyme beginning with the letter which was the one that "stood for" the flower. The black background was an inspiration, it made the flower so beautiful. I do not remember any of the rhymes, though I have a vague impression that they usually treated of some moral attribute which the flower was supposed to figuratively represent. In the days when the Small Person was a child, morals were never lost sight of; no well-regulated person ever mentioned the Poppy, in writing for youth, without calling it "flaunting" or "gaudy;" the Violet, without laying stress on its "modesty;" the Rose, without calling attention to its "sweetness," and daring indeed would have been the individual who would have referred to the Bee without calling him "busy." Somehow one had the feeling that the Poppy was deliberately scarlet from impudence, that the Violet stayed up all night, as it were, to be modest, that the Rose had invented her own sweetness, and that the Bee would rather perish than be an "idle butterfly" and not spend every moment "improving each shining hour." But we stood it very well. Nobody repined, but I think one rather had a feeling of having been born an innately vicious little person who needed laboring with constantly that one might be made merely endurable.

It never for an instant occurred to the Small Person to resent the moral attributes of the flowers. She was quite resigned to them, though my impression is that she dwelt on them less fondly than on the fact that the rose and her alphabetical companions were such visions of beauty against their oblong background of black.

The appearing of the Flower book on the horizon was an event in itself. Somehow the Small Person had become devoured by a desire to possess a book and know how to read it. She was the fortunate owner of a delightful and ideal Grandmamma—not a modern grandmamma, but one who might be called a comparatively "early English" grandmamma. She was stately but benevolent; she had silver-white hair, wore a cap with a full white net border, and carried in her pocket an antique

silver snuff-box, not used as a snuff-box, but as a receptacle for what was known in that locality as "sweeties," one of which being bestowed with ceremony was regarded as a reward for all nursery virtues and a panacea for all earthly ills. She was bounteous and sympathetic, and desires might hopefully be confided to her. Perhaps this very early craving for literature amused her, perhaps it puzzled her a little. I remember that a suggestion was tentatively made by her that perhaps a doll would finally be found preferable to a book, but it was strenuously declared by the Small Person that a book, and only a book, would satisfy her impassioned cravings. A curious feature of the matter is that, though dolls at a later period were the joy and the greater part of the existence of the Small Person, during her very early years I have absolutely no recollection of a feeling for any doll, or indeed a memory of any dolls existing for her.

So she was taken herself to buy the book. It was a beautiful and solemn pilgrimage. Reason suggests that it was not a long one, in consideration for her tiny and brief legs, but to her it seemed to be a journey of great length—principally past wastes of suburban brick-fields, which for some reason seemed romantic and interesting to her, and it ended in a tiny shop on a sort of country road. I do not see the inside of the shop, only the outside, which had one small window, with toys and sweet things in glass jars. Perhaps the Small Person was left outside to survey these glories. This would seem not improbable, as there remains no memory of the interior. But there the Flower book was bought (I wonder if it really cost more than sixpence); from there it was carried home under her arm, I feel sure. Where it went to, or how it disappeared, I do not know. For an æon it seemed to her to be the greater part of her life, and then it melted away, perhaps being absorbed in the Brown Testament and the more dramatic interest of Herod and the Innocents. From her introduction to Herod dated her first acquaintance with the "villain" in drama and romance, and her opinion of his conduct

was, I am convinced, founded on something much larger than mere personal feeling.

CHAPTER III.

THE BACK GARDEN OF EDEN.

I do not know with any exactness where it was situated. To-day I believe it is a place swept out of existence. In those days I imagine it was a comfortable, countrified house, with a big garden round it, and fields and trees before and behind it; but if I were to describe it and its resources and surroundings as they appeared to me in the enchanted days when I lived there, I should describe a sort of fairyland.

If one could only make a picture of the places of the world as these Small Persons see them, with their wondrous proportions and beauties—the great heights and depths and masses, the garden-walks which seem like stately avenues, the rose-bushes which are jungles of bloom, the trees adventurous brothers climb up and whose topmost branches seem to lift them to the sky. There was such a tree at the bottom of the garden at Seedly. To the Small Person the garden seemed a mile long. There was a Front Garden and a Back Garden, and it was the Back Garden she liked best and which appeared to her large enough for all one's world. It was all her world during the years she spent there. The Front Garden had a little lawn with flower-beds on it and a gravel walk surrounding it and leading to the Back Garden. The interesting feature of this domain was a wide flower-bed which curved round it and represented to the Small Person a stately jungle. It was filled with flowering shrubs and trees which bloomed, and one could walk beside them and look through the tangle of their branches and stems and imagine the things which might live among them and be concealed in their shadow. There were rose-bushes and lilac-bushes and rhododendrons, and there were laburnums and snowballs. Elephants and tigers might have lurked there, and there might have been fairies or gypsies, though I do not think her mind formu-

lated distinctly anything more than an interesting suggestion of possibilities.

But the Back Garden was full of beautiful wonders. Was it always Spring or Summer there in that enchanted Garden which, out of a whole world, has remained throughout a lifetime the Garden of Eden? Was the sun *always* shining? Later and more material experience of the English climate leads me to imagine that it was not *always* flooded and warmed with sunshine, and filled with the scent of roses and mignonette and new-mown hay and apple-blossoms and strawberries all together, and that when one laid down on the grass on one's back one could not always see that high, high world of deep sweet blue with fleecy islets and mountains of snow drifting slowly by or seeming to be quite still—that world to which one seemed somehow to belong even more than to the earth, and which drew one upward with such visions of running over the white soft hills and springing, from little island to little island, across the depths of blue which seemed a sea. But it was always so on the days the One I knew the best of all remembers the garden. This is no doubt because, on the wet days and the windy ones, the cold days and the ugly ones, she was kept in the warm nursery and did not see the altered scene at all.

In the days in which she played out of doors there were roses in bloom, and a score of wonderful annuals, and bushes with gooseberries and red and white and black currants, and raspberries and strawberries, and there was a mysterious and endless seeming alley of Sweetbriar, which smelt delicious when one touched the leaves and which sometimes had a marvellous development in the shape of red berries upon it. How is it that the warm, scented alley of Sweetbriar seems to lead her to an acquaintance, an intimate and friendly acquaintance, with the Rimmers's pigs, and somehow through them to the first Crime of her infancy.

The Rimmers were some country working-people whose white-washed cottage was near the Back Garden. Rimmer himself was a market gardener, and in his professional capacity had some connection with the Back Garden itself

and also with the gardener. The cottage was very quaint and rural, and its garden, wherein cabbages and currant-bushes and lettuces, etc., grew luxuriantly, was very long and narrow, and one of its fascinating features was the pig-sty.

A pig-sty does not seem fascinating to mature years, but to Six-years-old, looking through an opening in a garden hedge and making the acquaintance of a little girl pig-owner on the other side, one who knows all about pigs and their peculiarities, it becomes an interesting object.

Not having known the pig in his domestic circles, as it were, and then to be introduced to him in his own home, surrounded by Mrs. Pig and a family of little Pink Pigs, squealing and hustling each other, and being rude over their dinner in the trough, is a situation full of suggestion.

The sty is really like a little house. What is he thinking of as he lies with his head half-way out of the door, blinking in the sun, and seeming to converse with his family in grunts? What do the grunts mean? Do the little Pink Pigs understand them? Does Mrs. Pig really reply when she seems to? Do they really like potato and apple parings, and all sorts of things jumbled together with buttermilk and poured into the trough?

The little girl whose father owns the pigs is very gifted. She seems to know everything about the family in the sty. One may well cherish an acquaintance with a person of such knowledge and experience.

One is allowed to talk to this little girl. Her name is Emma Rimmer. Her father and mother are decent people, and she is a well-behaved little girl. There is a little girl whose mother keeps the toll-gate on the road, and it is not permitted that one should converse with her. She is said to be "a rude little girl," and is tabooed.

But with Emma Rimmer it is different. She wears a print frock and clogs, and speaks in the Lancashire dialect, but there seems to be no serious objection to occasional conversation with her. At some time the Small Person must have been taken into the narrow

garden, because of a remembrance of luxuries there revealed. A yard or so from the door of the cottage there was a small wooden shed, with a slanting roof protecting a sort of table or counter, with toothsome delicacies spread upon it for sale.

They were refreshments of the sort which the working classes patronize during their Sunday walks into the country. Most of them are purchasable for one penny, or one halfpenny, in coin of the realm. Pieces of cardboard in the cottage window announce:

"Pop. A penny a bottle.
Ginger beer
Sold here.
Also Nettle beer."

On the stall there are, "Real Eccles Cakes. One penny each." "Parkins. A halfpenny." There are glass bottles with "Raspberry Drops" in them, and "Bulls Eyes," and "Humbugs"—beautiful striped sticky things which taste strongly of peppermint. If one is capitalist enough to possess a halfpenny, one can spend half an hour in trying to decide what luxury to invest it in.

There was in those days in the air a rumor—for which Emma Rimmer was responsible—a sort of legend repeated with bated breath and not regarded with entire confidence—of a female Monte Christo of tender years, who once had spent a whole sixpence at a time. But no one saw her. She was never traced and could not have belonged to the neighborhood. Indeed there was an impression in the small person's mind that she was somehow connected with someone who worked in factories—perhaps was a little factory girl herself. No well-regulated little girl, with a nurse's eye upon her, would have been permitted to indulge in such reckless, even vulgar, extravagance.

Through the nearness of these temptations Crime came. The Serpent entered the Back Garden of Eden. The Serpent was innocent little Emma Rimmer.

There was a day on which the Small Person was playing with Emma Rimmer. Perhaps the air was sharp and hunger-creating, perhaps she had not

eaten all her bowl of bread-and-milk at her Nursery breakfast that morning. Somehow she was not in the Back Garden, but in the road outside the big gates which opened into the carriage-way. Why she was without her Nurse is not explained. She seemed to be jumping about and running in a circle with Emma Rimmer, and she became suddenly conscious of a gnawing sense of vacancy under the belt of her pinafore. "I am so hungry," she said; "I am so hungry." Emma looked at her and then continued to jump up and down.

Something unusual must have been in the situation, because there seemed to be none of the usual methods to fall back upon in the way of going in search of bread-and-butter.

"I wish I had a halfpenny," she continued. "If I had a halfpenny I would get you to go to your cottage and get me a halfpenny parkin." A parkin is a spicy thing made of molasses and oatmeal and flavored with ginger. It can only be found in Lancashire and Yorkshire.

Emma stopped jumping and looked sharply reflective. Familiarity with commerce had rendered her daring.

"Why does'na tha' go an' get a parkin on trust?" she said. "My mother'd trust thee for a ha'p'ny."

"Ah!" gasped the Small Person.

The boldness of the suggestion overwhelmed her. She had never dreamed of the possibility of such a thing.

"Aye, she would," said Emma. "Tha' could just get thy parkin an' pay next toime tha' had a ha'p'ny. A moit o' people does that way. I'll go an' ax Mother fur thee now."

The scheme seemed so gigantic, so far from respectable, so fraught with peril. Suppose that one got a parkin "on trust," and *never* got a halfpenny, and one's family were consequently involved in eternal dishonor and disaster.

"Mamma would be angry," she said; "she would not let me do it."

"Tha' needn't say nowt about it," said Emma.

This was not actual duplicity, I am convinced. Her stolid rusticity retained its red cheeks like rosy apples, and she hopped about like a cheerful sparrow.

It was doubtless this serene and mat-

ter-of-fact unconsciousness of any serious aspect of the matter which had its effect upon the Small Person. There is no knowing how long the discussion lasted, or in what manner she was finally persuaded by prosaic, practical argument that to make an investment "on trust" was an every-day commercial affair. The end of the matter was that stress of the moment prevailed and Emma went for the parkin.

But the way of the infant transgressor is hard. The sense of proportion is as exaggerated in regard to mental as to physical objects. As lilac and rhododendron bushes form jungles, and trees reach the sky, so a nursery law defied assumes the stature of a crime, and surrounds itself with horror. I do not think there is a defalcator, an absconding bank president, a criminal of any degree, who is beset by such a monster of remorse as beset the Small Person, when her guilt was so far an accomplished fact that the brown and sticky cake was in her hand.

The incident is nothing, but its effect, in its illustration of the dimensions facts assume to the contemplative mind of tender years, has its interest. She could not eat the "parkin." Her soul revolted against it after the first bite. She could not return it to Mrs. Rimmer with a semi-circular piece taken out of its roundness, and the marks of small, sharp teeth on the edge. In a situation so fraught with agony and so clouded with infamy she could confide in no one. I have never murdered anyone and had the body of my victim to conceal from the public eye, but I know how a murderer suffering from this inconvenience feels. The brown, sticky cake with the semi-circular bite taken out of it, was as awful and as difficult to manage. To dispose of it involved creeping about on tiptoe, with beating heart and reeling brain. It involved looking stealthily for places where evidences of crime might be concealed. Why the Small Person hit on a specially candid shelf in a cupboard in an undisguised sideboard in the dining-room, as a good place, it would be difficult to say. I comfort myself by saying that this indicated that she was naturally unfitted for crime and under-

handed ways, and was not the least clever in stealth.

How she separated from her partner in iniquity I do not remember. My chief memory is of the awful days and nights which followed. How many were there? She thought a thousand—it is probable there were two or three.

She was an infant Eugene Aram, and the body of her victim was mouldering in the very house with her. Her anguish, however, did not arise from a fear of punishment. Her Mamma was not severe, her Nurses were not allowed to slap her. It was a mental affair altogether. She felt that she had disgraced her family. She had brought ignominy and dishonor upon her dearest relatives. She was very fond of her relatives, and her conception of their moral and mental altitude was high. Her Mamma was a lady, and her little daughter had gone and bought a halfpenny parkin "on trust." She would have felt it not the least an undue thing if a thunderbolt had struck her dead in the Back Garden. It was no longer the Back Garden of Eden. A degraded criminal defiled it with her presence.

And the Body was mouldering in the sideboard, on the second shelf in the little cupboard.

I think she would have faded away and perished with the parkin, as witch-stricken victims perish with the waxen figure which melts—but there came relief.

She had two brothers older than herself, and so to be revered, as representing experience and the powerful mind of masculinity. (Being an English little girl she knew the vast superiority of the Male.) The younger of the two was a combative little fellow with curly hair, a belted-in roundabout, a broad white collar, and two broad white front teeth. As she was only a girl, he despised her in a fraternal British way, but as she was his sister he had a kind of affection for her, which expressed itself in occasional acts of friendly patronage. He was perhaps seven or eight years old.

In some moment of severest stress of anguish she confessed herself to him. It is so long ago that I cannot describe the manner or the occasion. I can only remember the magnificence of his

conduct. He must have been a good-natured little fellow, and he certainly had a lordly sense of the family dignity, even as represented or misrepresented by a girl.

That he berated her roundly it is not unlikely, but his points of view concerning the crime were not as disproportionately exalted as her own. His masculine vigor would not permit her to be utterly crushed, or the family honor lost. He was a Man and a Capitalist, as well as a Man and a Brother. He had a penny of his own, he had also a noble and Napoleonic nature. He went to the cottage of Mrs. Rimmer (to his greater maturity was accorded the freedom of leaving the garden unaccompanied by a nurse) *and paid for the parkin*. So the blot was erased from the escutcheon, so the criminal, though still feeling herself stained with crime, breathed again.

She had already begun to have a sort of literary imagination, and it must in some way have been already fed with some stories of heroic and noble little boys whose conduct was to be emulated and admired. I argue this from the fact that she mentally and reverently compared him to a boy in a book. What book I cannot say, and I am not sure that she could have said herself, but at that time he figured in her imagination as a creature too noble to be anything but a creation of literature—the kind of boy who would refuse to steal apples, and invariably gave his plum-cake to beggars or hungry dogs.

But there was a feature of the melting away of this episode which was always a mystery to her. Her Mamma knew all, so did her Grandmamma, so did the Nurses, and yet she was not treated as an outcast. Nobody scolded her, nobody reviled her, nobody seemed to be afraid to leave her with the Baby, for fear she might destroy it in some mad outburst of her evil instincts. This seemed inexplicable. If she had been branded on the brow, and henceforth kept under the custody of a strong escort of policemen, she would not have been surprised. And yet she was allowed to eat her breakfast bowl of bread-and-milk at the Nursery table with innocent children, and to play in the Back Garden as if her presence would not

blight the gooseberries, and the red currants would not shrivel beneath her evil eye.

My opinion is that, hearing the story from the Capitalist in the roundabout, her Mamma and her Grandmamma were privately immensely amused, and felt it more discreet to preserve a dignified silence. But that she was not swept from the earth as she deserved, did not cause her to regard her crime as less. She only felt the wonderfulness of mercy as embodied in one's Grandmamma and one's Mamma.

CHAPTER IV.

LITERATURE AND THE DOLL.

WHETHER as impression-creating and mind-moulding influences, Literature or the Doll came first into her life it would be most difficult to decide. But remembering the rôle the Doll played, and wherein its fascination lay, I see that its way must have been paved for it in some rudimentary manner by Literature, though their clearly remembered existences seem to have begun at one and the same time. Before the advent of literary influence I remember no Doll, and, curiously enough, there is, before the advent of the Doll, a memory of something like stories—imperfect, unsatisfactory, filling her with vague, restless craving for greater completeness of form, but still creating images for her, and setting her small mind at work.

It is not in the least likely she did not own dolls before she owned books, but it is certain that until literature assisted imagination and gave them character, they seemed only things stuffed with sawdust and made no special impression.

It is also certain that she cannot have been told stories as a rule. I should say that she did not hear them even as the exception. I am sure of this because I so well recollect her desperate efforts to wring detail of any sort from her nurses.

The "Slaughter of the Innocents" seems to me to have been the first story impression in her life. A little illustrated scripture history afforded a picture of

Jewish mothers rushing madly down broad stone stairways clasping babies to their breasts, of others huddling under the shadow of high walls clutching their little ones, and of fierce armed men slashing with swords.

This was the work of Herod the King. And "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning. Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not."

This was the first story, and it was a tragedy—only made endurable by that story of the Star in the East which led the way to the Manger where the little Child lay sleeping with a light about his head—the little Child before whom the wise men bent, worshipping and offering gifts of frankincense and myrrh. She wondered greatly what frankincense and myrrh were, but the wise men were beautiful to her, and she could see quite clearly the high deep dome of blue which vaulted the still plain where the Shepherds watched their flocks at night, when the angel of the Lord came to them and glory shone round about and they were "sore afraid," until the angel said unto them, "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

This part of the story was strange and majestic and lovely, and almost consoled her for Herod the King.

The Nurse who was the unconscious means of suggesting to her the first romance of her life, must have been a dull person. Even at this distance I find myself looking back at her vague, stupid personality with a sense of impatience.

How could a person learn a couple of verses of a song suggesting a story, and not only neglect to learn more, but neglect to inquire about the story itself.

And oh, the helpless torture of hearing those odd verses and standing by that phlegmatic person's knee with one's yearning eyes fixed on her incomprehensible countenance, finding one's self unable to extort from her by any cross-examination the details!

Even the stray verses had such wonderful suggestion in them. They opened up such vistas. At that time the Small Person faithfully believed the song to be called "Sweet Alice Benbolt"—Miss

Alice Benbolt being, as she supposed, the name of the young lady described in the lines. She was a very sensitive young lady, it appeared, from the description given in the first verse:

"Ah, don't you remember Sweet Alice Benbolt,
Sweet Alice with hair so brown,
How she wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?"

It did not then occur to the Small Person that Miss Benbolt must have been trying in the domestic circle; she was so moved by the tender image of a brown-haired girl who was called "Sweet Alice" and set to plaintive music. Somehow there was something touching in the way she was spoken of—as if people had loved her and were sorry about her for some reason—the boys who had gone to the school-house "under the hill," connected with which there seemed to be such pathetic memories, though the Small Person could not comprehend why they were pathetic. But there was a pathos in one verse which broke her heart when she understood it, which she scarcely did at first.

"In the little churchyard in the valley Benbolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Sweet Alice lies under the stone."

"Why does she lie there?" she asked, with both hands on the Nurse's knee. "Why does Sweet Alice lie under the stone?"

"Because she died," said the Nurse, without emotional compunctions, "and was buried there."

The Small Person clung rather helplessly to her apron.

"Sweet Alice," she said, "Sweet Alice with hair so brown?"

(Why was the brown hair pathetic as well as the name? I don't know. But it was.)

"Why did she die?" she asked. "What did she die for?"

"I don't know," said the nurse.

"But—but—tell me some more," the Small Person gasped. "Sing some more."

"I don't know any more."

"But where did the boys go?"

"I don't know."

"What did the schoolmaster do?"

"The song doesn't tell."

"Why was he grim?"

"It doesn't tell that either."

"Did Sweet Alice go to school to him?"

"I dare say."

"Was he sorry when she died?"

"It does not say."

"Are there no more verses?"

"I can't remember any more."

Questioning was of no use. She did not know any more and she did not care. One might implore and try to suggest, but she was not an imaginative character, and so the Small Person was left to gaze at her with hungry eyes and a sense of despair before this stolid being, who *might* have known the rest and would not. She probably made the woman's life a burden to her by imploring her to sing again and again the stray verses, and I have no doubt that at each repetition she invented new questions.

"Sweet Alice Benbolt," she used to say to herself. "Sweet Alice with hair so brown." And the words always called up in her mind a picture which is as clear to-day as it was then.

It is a queer little picture, but it seemed very touching at that time. She saw a hillside covered with soft green. It was not a high hill and its slope was gentle. Why the "school-house under the hill" was placed on the top of it, would be difficult to explain. But there it was, and it seemed to look down on and watch benignly over something in a corner at the foot of it. The something was a slab of the granite so gray lying among the soft greenness of the grass.

"And Sweet Alice lay under the stone."

She was not a shadow—Sweet Alice. She is something far more than a shadow even now, in a mind through which thousands of shadows have passed. She was a tender thing—and she had brown hair—and somehow people loved her—and she died.

It was not until Literature in the form

of story, romance, tragedy, and adventure had quickened her imagination that the figure of the Doll loomed up in the character of an absorbing interest, but once having appeared it never retired from the scene until advancing years forced the curtain to fall upon the exciting scenes of which it was always the heroine.

That was the truth of the matter—it was not a Doll, but a Heroine.

And some imagination was required to make it one. The Doll of that day was not the dimpled star-eyed creature of to-day, who can stand on her own firm little feet, whose plump legs and arms can be placed in any position, whose attitudes may be made to express emotions in accordance with the Delsarte system, and who has parted lips and pearly teeth, and indulges in features. Not at all.

The natural advantages of a doll of that period confined themselves to size, hair which was sewn on a little black skull-cap—if it was not plastered on with mucilage—and eyes which could be jerked open if one pulled a wire which stuck out of her side. The most expensive and magnificent doll you could have was merely a big wax one, whose hair could be combed and whose eyes would open and shut. Otherwise they were all the same. Only the face and neck were of wax, and features were not studied by the manufacturers. All the faces were exactly the same shape, or rather the same shapelessness. Expression and outline would have been considered wanton waste of material. To-day dolls have cheeks and noses and lips and brows, they look smiling or pensive, childlike or sophisticated. At that time no doll was guilty of looking anything at all. In the middle of her smooth, round face was a blunt excrescence which was called a nose, beneath it was a line of red paint which was meant for a mouth, on each side of it was a tight-looking black or blue glass eye as totally devoid of expression and as far removed from any resemblance to a real eye as the combined talents of ages of doll manufacturers could make it. It had no pupil and no meaning, it stared, it glared, and was only a little more awful when one pulled the wax lid

over it than it was when it was fixed and open. Two arches of brown paint above it were its eyebrows, and all this beauty was surmounted with the small black cap on the summit of which was stretched a row of dangling curls of black or brown. Its body was stuffed with sawdust which had a tragic tendency to burst forth and run out through any hole in the white calico which was its skin. The arms and legs were like sawdust-stuffed sausages, its arms were covered with pink or blue or yellow or green kid, there being no prejudice caused by the fact that arms were not usually of any of these shades; its legs dangled painfully and presented no haughty contours, and its toes invariably turned in.

How an imagination, of the most fervid, could transform this thing into a creature resembling anything human one cannot explain. But nature is very good—sometimes—to little children. One day, in a squalid London street, I drove by a dirty mite sitting upon a step, cuddling warmly a little bundle of hay tied round the middle with a string. It was her baby. It probably was lily fair and had eyes as blue as heaven, and cooed and kissed her again—but grown-up people could not see.

When I recall the adventures through which the Dolls of the Small Person passed, the tragedies of emotion, the scenes of battle, murder, and sudden death, I do not wonder that at times the sawdust burst forth from their calico cuticle in streams, and the Nursery floor was deluged with it. Was it a thing to cause surprise that they wore out and only lasted from one birthday to another? Their span of life was short but they could not complain that existence had not been full for them. The Doll who, on November 24th, begins a checkered career by mounting an untamed and untamable, fiercely prancing and snorting steed, which, while it strikes sparks from the earth it spurns with its disdainful hoofs, wears to the outward gaze the aspect of the mere arm of a Nursery Sofa covered with green baize—the Doll who begins life by mounting this steed, and so conquering its spirit that it responds to her touch and leaps the most appalling hedges and

abysses, and leaves the lightning itself behind in its career; and having done this on the 24th, is executed in black velvet on the 25th as Mary Queen of Scots, besides being imprisoned in the Tower of London as someone else and threatened with the rack and the stake because she will not “recant” and become a Roman Catholic—a Doll with a career like this cannot be dull, though she may at periods be exhausted. While the two little sisters of the Small Person arranged their doll’s house prettily and had tea-parties out of miniature cups and saucers, and visited each other’s corners of the nursery, in *her* corner the small person entertained herself with wildly-thrilling histories, which she related to herself in an undertone, while she acted them with the assistance of her Doll.

She was all the characters but the heroine—the Doll was that. She was the hero, the villain, the banditti, the pirates, the executioner, the weeping maids of honor, the touchingly benevolent old gentleman, the courtiers, the explorers, the king.

She always spoke in a whisper or an undertone, unless she was quite alone, because she was shy of being heard. This was probably an instinct at first, but it was a feeling intensified early by finding out that her habit of “talking to herself,” as others called it, was considered a joke. The servants used to listen to her behind doors and giggle when they caught her, her brothers regarded her as a ridiculous little object. They were cricket-playing boys, who possibly wondered in private if she was slightly cracked, but would have soundly thumped and belabored any other boy who had dared to suggest the same thing.

The time came when she heard it said that she was “romantic.” It was the most crushing thing she had ever experienced. She was quite sure that she was not romantic. She could not bear the ignominy of the suggestion. She did not know *what* she was, but she was *sure* she was not romantic. So she was very cautious in the matter of keeping to her own corner of the Nursery and putting an immediate stop to her performance the instant she observed a silence, as if anyone was listening. But

her most delightful life concentrated itself in those dramatized stories through which she "talked to herself."

At the end of the entrance hall of the house in which she lived was a tall stand for a candelabra. It was of worked iron and its standard was ornamented with certain decorative supports to the upper part.

What were the emotions of the Small Person's Mamma, who was the gentlest and kindest of her sex, on coming upon her offspring one day, on descending the staircase, to find her apparently furious with insensate rage, muttering to herself as she brutally lashed with one of her brother's toy whips, a cheerfully hideous black gutta-percha doll who was tied to the candelabra stand and appeared to be enjoying the situation.

"My dear, my dear!" exclaimed the alarmed little lady, "what *are* you doing?"

The Small Person gave a little jump and dropped at her side the stalwart right arm which had been wielding the whip. She looked as if she would have turned very red, if it had been possible for her to become redder than her exertions had made her.

"I—I was only playing," she faltered, sheepishly.

"Playing!" echoed her mamma. "What *were* you playing?"

The Small Person hung her head and answered, with downcast countenance, greatly abashed.

"I was—only just—*pretending* something," she said.

"It really quite distressed me," her Mamma said, in discussing the matter afterward with a friend. "I don't think she is really a *cruel* child. I always thought her rather kind-hearted, but she was lashing that poor black doll and talking to herself like a little fury. She looked quite wicked. She said she was 'pretending' something. You know that is her way of playing. She does not play as Edith and Edwina do. She 'pretends' her doll is somebody out of a story and she is somebody else. She is very romantic. It made me rather nervous the other day when she dressed a baby-doll in white and put it into a box and covered it with flowers and buried it in the front garden. She was

so absorbed in it, and she hasn't dug it up. She goes and strews flowers over the grave. I should like to know what she was 'pretending' when she was beating the black doll."

Not until the Small Person had outgrown all dolls, and her mother reminded her of this incident, did that innocent lady know that the black doll's name was Topsy, but that on this occasion it had been transformed into poor Uncle Tom, and that the little fury with the flying hair was the wicked Legree.

She had been reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin." What an era it was in her existence. The cheerful black doll was procured immediately and called Topsy, her "best doll," which fortunately had brown hair in its wig, was Eva, and was kept actively employed slowly fading away and dying, while she talked about the New Jerusalem, with a hectic flush on her cheeks. She converted Topsy, and totally changed her gutta-percha nature, though it was impossible to alter her gutta-percha grin. She conversed with Uncle Tom (then the Small Person was Uncle Tom), she cut off "her long golden-brown curls" (Not literally. That was only "pretended." The wig had not ringlets enough on it.) and presented them to the weeping slaves. (Then the Small Person was all the weeping slaves at once.) It is true that her blunt-nosed wax countenance remained perfectly unmoved throughout all this emotion, and it must be confessed that at times the Small Person felt a lack in her, but an ability to "pretend" ardently was her consolation and support.

It surely must be true that all children possess this right of entry into the fairyland where *anything* can be "pretended." I feel quite sure they do and that if one could follow them in the "pretendings," one would make many discoveries about them. One day in the Cascine in Florence a party of little girls passed me. They were led by a handsome child of eleven or twelve who, with her head in the air, was speaking rapidly in French.

"Moi," she said to the others as she went by, and she made a fine gesture with her hand, "Moi je suis la Reine; vous—vous êtes ma suite!"

It set one to thinking. Nature has the caprice sometimes, we know, to endow a human thing at birth with gifts and powers which make it through life a leader—"la reine" or "le roi," of whom afterward others are always more or less "la suite." But one wondered if such gifts and powers in themselves had not a less conscious and imperious air than this young pretender wore.

The green-covered sofa in the Nursery was an adventurous piece of furniture. To the casual observer it wore a plain old-fashioned, respectable exterior. It was hard and uninviting and had an arm at each end under which was fitted a species of short, stiff green bolster or sausage. But these arms were capable of things of which the cold unimaginative world did not dream. I wonder if the sofa itself dreamed of them and if it found them an interesting variety of its regular Nursery life. These arms were capable of transforming themselves at a moment's notice into the most superb equine form. They were "coal-black steeds" or "snow-white palfreys," or "untamed mustangs;" they "curvetted," they "caracoled," they pranced, their "proud hoofs spurned the earth." They were always doing things like these, while the Doll "sprang lightly to her saddle," or sat "erect as a dart." They were always untamable, but the Doll in her character of heroine could always tame them and remain smiling and fearless while they "dashed across the boundless plain" or clawed the heavens with their forefeet. No equestrian feat ever disturbed the calm hauteur of the Doll. She issued triumphant from every deadly peril.

It was Sir Walter Scott who transformed the sofa-arms to "coal-black steeds," G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth who made them "snow-white palfreys," and Captain Mayne Reid whose spell changed them to "untamed mustangs" and the Nursery into a boundless prairie across which troops of Indian warriors pursued the Doll upon her steed, in paint and feathers, and with war-whoops and yells, having as their object in view the capture of her wig.

What a beautiful, beautiful story the

"War Trail" was—with its white horse of the prairie which would not be caught. How one thrilled and palpitated in the reading of it. It opened the gateway to the world of the prairie, where the herds of wild horse swept the plain, where buffaloes stampeded, and Indian chieftains, magnificent and ferocious and always covered with wampum (whatever wampum might be), pursued heroes and heroines alike.

And the delight of Ainsworth's "Tower of London." That beloved book with the queer illustrations. The pictures of Og, Gog, and Magog, and Xit the Dwarf, Manger the Headsman, the crafty Renard, the Princess Elizabeth with Courtenay kneeling at her feet, and poor embittered Queen Mary looking on.

What a place it was for a Small Person to wander through in shuddering imaginings, through the dark, dank subterranean passages, where the rats scurried, and where poor mad Alexia roamed, persecuted by her jailer. One passed by dungeons where noble prisoners pined through years of dying life, one mounted to towers where queens had waited to be beheaded, one was led with chilling blood through the dark Traitors' gate. But one reached some time or other the huge kitchen and servitors' hall, where there was such endless riotous merriment, where so much "sack" and "Canary" was drunk, where there were great rounds of roast beef, and "venison pasties," and roast capons, and even peacocks, and where they ate "manchets" of bread and "quaffed" their flagons of nut-brown ale, and addressed each other as "Sirrah" and "Varlet," and "Knave" in their elephantine joking.

Poor little Lady Jane Grey! Poor handsome, misguided Guilford Dudley! Poor anguished, terrified, deluded Northumberland!

What tragic, historical adventures the Doll passed through in these days; how she was crowned, discrowned, sentenced, and beheaded, and what horror the Nursery felt of wretched, unloved, heretic-burning Bloody Mary! And through these tragedies the Nursery Sofa almost invariably accompanied her as palfrey, scaffold, dungeon, or barge from which

she "stepped to proudly, sadly, pass the Traitors' Gate."

And if the Nursery Sofa was an endeared and interesting object, how ungrateful it would be to ignore the charms of the Green Arm Chair in the Sitting-room, the Sitting Room Cupboard, and the Sitting-Room Table. It would seem simply graceless and irreverent to write the names of these delightful objects, as if they were mere common nouns, without a title to capital letters. They were benevolent friends who lent their aid in the carrying out of all sorts of fascinating episodes, who could be confided in, as it were, and trusted never to laugh when things were going on, however dramatic they might be.

The sitting-room was only a small one, but somehow it had an air of seclusion. It was not the custom to play in it, but when nobody was there and the nursery was specially active it had powerful attractions. One could go in there with the Doll and talk to one's self when the door was shut, with perfect freedom from fear of listeners. And there was the substantial sober-looking Arm Chair—as sober and respectable as the Nursery Sofa, and covered with the same green stuff, and it could be transformed into a "bark" of any description from a pinnace to a gondola, a canoe, or a raft set afloat by the survivors of a sinking ship to drift for weeks upon "the trackless ocean" without water or food.

Little incidents of this description were continually taking place in the career of the Doll. She was accustomed to them. Not a hair of her wig turned at the agreeable prospect of being barely rescued from a burning ship, of being pursued all over the Indian Ocean or the Pacific by a "rakish-looking craft," flying the black flag and known to be manned by a crew of bloodthirsty pirates whose amusement of making captives walk the plank was alternated by the scuttling of ships. It was the head pirate's habit to attire himself almost wholly in cutlasses and pistols, and to greet the appearance of any prepossessing female captive with the blood-curdling announcement. "She shall be mine!" But the Doll did not mind that in the least, and it only made it

thrilling for the hero who had rescued her from the burning ship. It was also the opinion of the Small Person that no properly constituted pirate chief could possibly omit greeting a female captive in this manner—it rather took, in fact, the form of a piratical custom. The sitting-room floor on these occasions represented mid-ocean—the Pacific, the Indian, or the Mediterranean Sea, their waters being so infested with sharks and monsters of the deep (in order that the hero might plunge in and rescue the Doll, whose habit it was to fall overboard) that it was a miracle that it was possible at all to steer the Green Arm Chair.

But how nobly and with what nautical skill it was steered by the hero! The crew was necessarily confined to the Doll and this unconquerable being—because the Green Arm Chair was not big.

But notwithstanding his heroic conduct, the cold judgment of maturer years has led me to believe that this young man's mind must either have been enfeebled by the hardships through which he had passed, or that the ardor of his passion for the Doll had caused his intellect to totter on its throne. I am led to this conviction by my distinct recollection of the fact that on the occasion of some of their most perilous voyages, when the Doll had been rescued at the peril of his noble life, the sole article which he rescued with her, as being of practical value upon a raft, was a musical instrument. An indifferent observer who had seen this instrument in the hand of the Small Person might have coarsely supposed it to be a tin whistle—of an order calculated to make itself specially unpleasant—but to the hero of the raft and to the doll it was known as "a lute." Why, with his practical knowledge of navigation, the hero should have felt that a rescued young lady on a raft, without food or water, might be sustained in moments of collapse from want of nutrition by performances upon the "lute" only persons of deep feeling and sentiment could explain. But the lute was there and the hero played on it, in intervals of being pursued by pirates or perishing from starvation with appropriately self-sacrificing sentiments.

For myself I have since thought that possibly the tendency the Doll developed for falling into the depths of the ocean arose from an unworthy desire to distract the attention of her companion from his musical rhapsodies. He was, of course, obliged to lay his instrument aside while he leaped overboard and rescued her from the sharks, and she may have preferred that he should be thus engaged. Were my nature more hardened than years have as yet made it I might even say that at times she perhaps thought that the sharks might make short work of his lute—or himself—and there *may* have been moments when she scarcely cared which. It *must* be irritating to be played to on a lute, when one is perishing slowly from inanition.

But ah! the voyages in the Green Arm Chair, the seas it sailed, the shores it touched, the enchanted islands it was cast upon! The Small Person has never seen them since. They were of the fair world she used to see as she lay upon her back on the grass in the Back Garden of Eden, and looked up into the sky where the white islands floated in the blue. One could long for a no more perfect thing than that, after the long years of wanderings on mere earth, one might find them again, somewhere—somewhere. Who knows where?

How surprised the governess would have been, how amused the mamma, how derisive in their ribald way the brothers, if they had known that the Sitting Room Cupboard was a temple in Central America—that the strange pigmy remnants of the Aztec royal race were kept there and worshipped as gods, and that bold explorers, hearing of their mysterious existence, went in search of them in face of all danger and difficulty and with craft and daring discovered and took them away. All these details were in a penny pamphlet which had been sold at the hall of exhibition where the two Aztec dwarfs had been on view, the object of the scientific explorer having apparently been to make a good thing of them by exhibiting them at a shilling a head, children half price.

The Small Person had not been taken to see them; in fact, it is possible that

the exhibition had not belonged to her time. But at some time, some member of her family must have been of their audience, for there was the pamphlet, with extraordinary woodcuts of the explorers, woodcuts of the Aztecs with their dwarfed bodies and strange receding profiles, and woodcuts of the temple where they had been worshipped as the last remnant of a once magnificent, now practically extinct, royal race.

The woodcuts were very queer, and the Temple was apparently a ruin, whose massive broken and fallen columns made it all the more a place to dwell upon in wild imaginative dreams. Restored, in the Sitting Room Cupboard, it was a majestic pile. Mystic ceremonials were held there, splendid rites were solemnized. The Doll took part in them, the Small Person officiated. Both of them explored, both discovered the Aztecs. To do so it was necessary to kneel on the floor with one's head inside the cupboard while the scenes were enacted, but this in no wise detracted from the splendor of their effect and the intensity of their interest. Nothing could. The Sitting Room Table must have been adorned with a cover much too large for it, or else in those days table-covers were intended to be large. This one hung down so far over the table that when one sat on the floor underneath it with the Doll, it became a wigwam. The Doll was a squaw and the Small Person a chief. They smoked the calumet and ate maize, and told each other stories of the war-trail and the happy hunting-grounds. They wore moccasins, and feathers, and wampum, and brought up papposes, and were very happy. Their natures were mild. They never scalped anyone, though the tomahawk was as much a domestic utensil as the fire-irons might have been if they had had an Indian flavor. That it was dark under the enshrouding table-cloth made the wigwam all the more realistic. A wigwam with bay windows and a chandelier would not have been according to Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper. And it was so shut out from the world there, one could declaim—in undertones—with such freedom. It seemed as if surely *outside* the wall of the table-cloth there was no world at all—no real world

—it was all under the Sitting Room Table—inside the wigwam. Since then I have often wondered what the grown-up people thought, who, coming into the room, saw the table-cloth drawn down, and heard a little voice whispering, whispering, whispering, beneath its shadow. Sometimes the Small Person did not know when they came or went, she was so deeply absorbed—so far away.

Ah, the world went very well then. It was a wonderful world—so full of story and adventure and romance. One did not need trunks and railroads; one could go to Central America, to Central Africa—to Central Anywhere—on the arm of the Nursery Sofa—on the wings of the Green Arm Chair—under the cover of the Sitting Room Table.

There is a story of the English painter Watts which I always remember as a beautiful and subtle thing, though it is only a brief anecdote.

He painted a picture of Covent Garden Market, which was a marvel of picturesque art and meaning. One of his many visitors—a lady—looked at it long and rather doubtfully.

"Well, Mr. Watts," she said, "this is all very beautiful, of course, but I know Covent Garden Market and I must confess I have never seen it look like this."

"No?" replied Watts. And then, looking at her thoughtfully. "Don't you wish you could!"

It was so pertinent to many points of view.

As one looks back across the thousand years of one's life, to the time when one saw all things like this—recognizing how far beyond the power of maturer years it is to see them so again, one says with half a smile, and more than half a sigh:


"Ah, does not one wish one could!"

(To be continued.)

IMPRESSIONS OF A DECORATOR IN ROME.

By Frederic Crowninshield.

FIRST PAPER.



SO great and incessant have been the vicissitudes in the "Eternal City" from the misty days of Romulus to the twentieth of September, 1870, when the Italian soldiery poured over the breach at Porta Pia, and so marked and rapid ever since, that a mere chronicling of the topographical changes of any epoch must always prove interesting, and none more so than those of the last twenty-one years. Yet, stupendous as have been these objective mutations, they have not outstripped the subjective evolution of the sight-seer. A quarter of a century has witnessed the transformation of artistic methods and æsthetic canons. Mr. Murray may importune us to admire the "macchinisti," the "tenebrosi," and all of that ilk, or try to fix our wandering attention on his big-lettered gods by ex-

cerpts from the poets—still it will wander. The following sheets have been indited by one who loves the beautiful, and has been much interested in monumental decoration, not from a historical or an archaeological point of view. Art and archæology frequently meet on common ground, but each has its distinctive province. It has long been my opinion that Rome is the richest treasure house of artistic precedents in the world. Other places may be more opulent in certain departments. The so-called "Gothic" is notably lacking. Paris, Dresden, London, Florence, Venice, or Madrid may be better endowed with easel-pictures—though there are not a few master-pieces in the Roman galleries. But as a whole, the Italian capital knows no rival. She has more over her specialties. Her frescos are

incomparable, the Cosmati work unique, the *opus alexandrinum* abundant; nor can any city illustrate with more splendid examples the evolution of mosaic from the time of the ancients to the age in which we now live.

In these days of what may be termed the Greek "fad," it is the fashion to sneer at everything Roman. It would be superfluous to say that no intelligent person, with a jot of artistic feeling or training, can fail to revere the sweet and pure simplicity of the matchless Greek forms, be they embodied in the graceful Lekythos, a coquettish Tanagra, a beardless Ephebos of the Phidian school, or the perfectly proportioned edifices of the Acropolis. Yet this worshipful attitude need not preclude a sincere admiration for the colossal buildings of Rome. If anyone wants to experience the joys of pure construction, let him stand in the Pantheon. Degraded as it now is with false decoration, the mere form, the splendid aerial concavity sends a shiver down the spine. Nor must it be taken for granted that Roman decoration of the best epoch is a thing to be scoffed at. Such colored stucco-work as we find in the lately excavated Teverine villa, or on the Palatine, and particularly in the tombs on the Via Latina, are marvels of refinement, invention, and execution. When we speak of Roman art, we must do so with reserve. There never has been, strictly speaking, an original, indigenous art. The political and ecclesiastical supremacy of Rome drew unto herself, in all ages, the artistic *élite* of the world. Greek artists were supreme in imperial days long after their political independence had been forfeited. Renaissance Rome attracted the very flower of Tuscany. Moreover, her great traditions, her vast and suggestive ruins, amplified the Florentine manner, gave it a "bigness," if I may be allowed the term, it never would have acquired on its native soil. For several centuries individuals, societies, and governments have recognized the artistic importance of a sojourn in Rome, and time has justified their attitude. It is to be hoped that we, too, who are not backward in generous aid to promising youth, may so concentrate and regulate our somewhat dif-

fused and independent benefactions as to enable our young architects, painters, and sculptors to add something to their valuable but insufficient Parisian experiences, and follow the example of the French themselves, by consulting original documents in the great archives of Rome. The vision of an American Villa Medici is indeed entrancing.

In order to present in a condensed form a concrete idea of numberless incoherent and ill-assorted impressions, the diarial method has been adopted, because its informality licenses an abruptness of transition from one topic to another, and quickens the interest in subjects that have been exhaustively treated in an endless series of pedantic and somniferous works.

June 12, 1890.—It was about half-past five A.M., when I awoke in the express from Paris, which was nearing Palo, a small station on the Mediterranean, about an hour's distance from Rome. The cool, refreshing "ponente" was blowing in from the sea, and the yielding, pale grass was glistening in the dazzling light of morning. Many years ago I had first entered Rome by this same route, and was on the *qui vive* of expectancy to catch a glimpse of the familiar landmarks. Would they have lost their charm after more than a decade's stern life of American realities? The gorgeous poppies glowing scarlet against the gray brick ruins, the grand sweep of the middle distance—a vast amphitheatre—exquisitely varied by the undulations of the soil and perspective of aqueducts, the shadow-flecked forms of the Alban and Sabine hills, and the sculpturesque silhouette of more distant Leonessa, soon dispelled any doubts. There is nothing comparable to this unique Roman Campagna. To convey an adequate idea of its ineffable beauties, its lovely tones, and perfect lines through the medium of words is a hopeless task. It must be seen and *felt*—for there are those who cannot feel it, and deem it a *triste*, unsightly waste. One is often prone to gauge the artistic sensibilities of a person by the degree of their impressibility to its subtle charms. Unlike most of our own scenery (east of the Mississippi, at least) it has an anat-

omy. Form cannot be slighted by its pictorial interpreter, who in spite of his inclinations must for the nonce turn classicist. As for me, I never weary of chanting its changing glories, changing with the seasons, with the skies, with the hot blasts of the moist, white *scirocco*, or the cold waves of the clear, blue *tramontana*. One is almost inclined to assert that landscape plays the protagonist's rôle here, notwithstanding the allurements of countless artistic treasures. Pure heroism is needed at times to drag the resisting body and reluctant soul out of their lovely environments into the sombre abodes of the chefs-d'œuvre. To put it humbly, it goes against the grain to "do the sights." 'Tis so much more delectable to loaf away the hours under the sombre green ilexes of a stately villa, if the temperature be high, or bask in the sunshine of a garden or piazza, if it be cool, than exercise the legs and brains in a round of duty. . . .

The train sweeps around S. Giovanni in Laterano, passes Minerva Medica, and we are in Rome.

June 13, 1890.—My friend Lanciani piloted me about the city, for verily there had been such a shifting of landmarks, a guide was necessary. Conservative love for a past, vainly regretted by the impossible, irreconcilable æsthetes, and their captious aggressiveness against the present, freely ventilated in print, had prepared me for the very worst, so that the pleasurable surprise produced by the first glimpse of the new city was almost too reactionary. Roma Nuova proved to be no eyesore, while those parts of Roma Vecchia through which we drove seemed to be much the same as in the days of Pio Nono. A feverish and unwarranted speculation, not peculiar to Italy, which ruined many a princely house, and enriched many an obscurity, impoverished those who incontinently bought, and made the fortunes of those who judiciously sold, metamorphosed stately villas and sequestered gardens into blocks of cheap, perishable, and unnecessary constructions, some of which were abandoned before they were roofed in. Only a very few of those buildings which were necessitated by the legitimate and urgent

demands of a newly established government, as well as by the sudden increment of the population to considerably more than twice its former number, satisfy the artistic or practical eye. *Per contra*, they are well grouped in the healthiest sections of the city, separated by broad, clean, well-paved streets, or effectively massed about a piazza. From a sanitary point of view they form a striking contrast to the low-lying, damp, dingy, and over-crowded lanes of old Rome, of which some of the most pestiferous sections, such as the Ghetto, have been remodelled without detriment to the precious monuments of antiquity. It can scarcely be expected that a paternal government should jeopard the lives of its subjects to gratify the whims of travelling æsthetes. Possibly, if the population of the too densely inhabited quarters of the city were evenly distributed over the newer and healthier, the untenanted houses would be occupied to the great advantage of all concerned. But here am I, an artist, dilating on the distribution of the population! Let us at once return to the fine arts. The modern Italian seems to have an inborn and ineradicable "hankering" after plaster. To do him justice, he makes good plaster. He slakes his lime and preserves it in pits, where it lies for an indefinite period in store. He never uses it till it has lain there for at least a year, and the prudent frescoist will insist on a duration of two years. Consequently it is thoroughly slaked, will not blister nor flake. The artisan handles his plaster with consummate manual skill. He imitates the more precious materials with an astounding facility, inspired apparently by the mere joy of counterfeiting in a compliant medium. Slender resources formerly suggested the substitution of plaster for stone, but years of falsification have so perverted the national taste that the sham has ceased to be offensive. Naturally this mortar veneer is quickly deflowered, its freshness lasting but a few years. The ravages of time and weather are occasionally vamped up, but not drastically enough to prevent a general air of shabbiness in the older constructions, pleasing and profitable to the aquarellist, but disagreeable to the tidy citizen. The

whole epidermis of the cheapest houses is plaster. Frequently the base courses and trimmings are of travertine, the rest coarse brick, tufa, or concrete, plastered. The color applied with a vehicle of milk, or glue and milk, with perhaps a touch of oil, is usually very agreeable. Pale tones predominate, such as light ochres, and reds, or browns, that harmonize admirably with the sky and with each other, producing a general air of cheerfulness. The uniformity is occasionally broken by a loggia brilliantly decorated in the Pompeian fashion, the cast shadows of roof and column toning down the garishness, and more frequently by a gay *sgraffito* façade of light-buff arabesques, on a cool gray or umber ground, which are sometimes grouped about centres of highly colored pictures executed "a buon fresco." On paper this sounds crude and noisy. In reality it is not. The vibrating air ties it all together, and the general concordance of tone and method permits emphasized color spots, and gains by them.

Truth compels me to state that there are not a few façades of genuine material, save at times the cornice. These are either of travertine, or a lovely combination of delicate rose, or buff brick, with travertine trimmings. The new Villa Ludovisi, for example, the recent additions to S. Giovanni in Laterano or the many nameless residences. With due circumspection it can be asserted that, for artistic effect, no mundane stone is comparable to travertine. From the hour it leaves the stone-cutter's hands to such as we see it to-day in the Flavian Amphitheatre after a lapse of eighteen hundred years, it thoroughly satisfies the eye. Unlike white marble, it does not perforce pass through a chill and unsympathetic novitiate before proving acceptable. It starts both with texture and tone. From a rich cream color when it is quarried, it runs through the gamut of ochres into a rich burnt-sienna, or deeper vandyke, and sometimes into soft markings of velvety black. Count Vespignani, architect to the Vatican, in answer to my question whether the finer qualities of this stone would resist the inclemencies of the American climate, replied that, though he could not speak from

personal experience, he saw no reason to doubt its ability to do so, seeing that on such fountains as the "Tritone" in the piazza Barberini, which alternately freezes and thaws during the colder winters, it had very successfully resisted for years the action of the weather. Travertine calls to my mind the curb-stones of that material, which constructively are very good. They are not merely juxtaposed as with us, but are mortised by means of semi-circular joints, producing a pleasing effect, as well as adding considerably to their stability.

While the general harmony of new Rome is enhanced by uniformity of tone and decoration, it is *assured* by the uniformity of architectural style, and that a simple one. There are no acrid transitions from Romanesque to Moorish, from Gothic to "Queen Anne." Eclecticism does not obtain. The architects work but in one vein, the classic, or that modification of it known as the "renaissance," and which, both in ancient and "revival" practice, is much freer and more elastic than many imagine. The classic is their legitimate heritage, well adapted to the natural conditions of the country. They act wisely in adapting a style, flesh of their flesh, to the modified environments of the nineteenth century, rather than inefficiently dabble with an exotic. The classic in its purest forms has always been synchronous with a refined and cultivated civilization, and its principles are in full sympathy with the thoughts and habits of to-day.

Picturesque grotesqueness is irreconcilable with our modern feeling. It is to be regretted that the modern Roman, with his easy access to the most perfect examples of the past—the reserved, elegant, and unobtrusive forms of the ancients, as well as the refined fancies of the quattro-centisti—should prefer the ponderous details of the "barocco," and vulgar taste of the decadence. Were the past veiled, with a few rare exceptions one would say that there was no taste. The Latin races seem for the moment to be infected with the barocco malady. Certain symptoms, as yet scarcely perceptible, leave me, however, to hope that, for the Italians at least, the cure is not far distant.

When we weigh the charges of vandalism preferred against the Italian Government with the positive benefits they have conferred on the world of art, we shall find that the latter preponderate. Time, the new order of things, and the exigencies of modern life have brought about certain unavoidable changes for which no one in particular is responsible. That the ubiquitous chimney should loom against the sky somewhat aggressively; that factories should be established in some of the less attractive environs; that, last and worst of all, certain temporary structures of a Coney Island-like order of architecture near the *Tor di Quinto* should mar the beautiful view from the *Acqua Acetosa* across the historic meadows of the Tiber, are disagreeable but patent facts. Yet as we drove through the Roman Forum I noticed that it had been greatly amplified. From the old, insignificant excavation around the column of *Phocas*, through the splendid expanse of uncovered ruin on either side of the Sacred Way, as far as *S. Francesca Romana*, there is visible testimony of a considerable outlay of money and intelligence by a government amply endowed with the latter, but much in need of the former. The necessary excavations for the very buildings which the irreconcilables so deeply deplore, have brought to light a countless mass of artistic and archaeological documents. Should anyone doubt the veracity of my statement, let him turn to the long lists in the monthly bulletins of archaeological discoveries made in the different provinces of regenerated Italy. Taking, then, both the official and unofficial excavations into consideration, the vast number of rare objects unearthed during the extension of the new city, the establishment of several museums, the severity of the laws protecting the so-called "national monuments," which often weigh heavily on the individual, and the rescuing of many precious relics from threatening disintegration, the lover of the fine arts has cause to rejoice rather than complain.

In contrast to all this, it must be remembered that, in comparatively recent papal times, restorations were freely made, well-intentioned no doubt, and

in accordance with the methods then in vogue, but to-day deemed barbaric. The interior, for instance, of *S. Agnese Fuori le Mura*, the sham mosaics on the exterior of the basilica of *S. Lorenzo*, the façade of *S. Pudentiana*, etc. Let those who have never yet seen the Eternal City be assured that it is still worthy of a pilgrimage.

July 10, 1890.—Visited *S. Giovanni in Laterano* to study the restorations, begun during the reign of *Pius IX.* by the father, and recently completed by the son, *Count Francesco Vespignani.* In order to enlarge the basilica, the choir has been lengthened by moving back the apse with its splendid mosaics, the work of a Franciscan monk, *Jacopo Torriti*, commenced during the pontificate of *Nicholas IV.* (1288–1292). The new side walls and ceiling have been treated to harmonize with the rest of the church, which is ultra barocco, tawdry, and restless. There were never, perhaps, such antitheses of taste as in Rome, such oppositions of the rare and vulgar. Priceless jewels of art have too frequently a setting of tasteless finery. A homogeneous ensemble is the exception. Unless the sight-seer be an expert, it is difficult to make the required abstractions. Without dwelling on the unsympathetic side-walls of the choir, or reopening the controversy touching the necessity, or propriety, of the restorations, but accepting them as an accomplished fact, it must be conceded that the circular termination of the choir, or apse proper, is one of the most successful, sumptuous, and well-composed decorative works of modern times, and possibly the most costly. Certainly I know of no other that vies with it in opulent, ringing effect.

Words never portray to the intelligence a satisfactory idea of the visual impression produced by art or nature. Photography and chromo-lithography, accessible to all, are much more eloquent; therefore I shall dispense with a detailed description of the apsidal decorations, merely signaling the different zones that girdle the domed semicircle. Four pointed windows, glazed with white bull's eyes, and red "cathedral" in the interstices, pierce the apsis about midway from the pavement to the

apex of the dome. The sills of these windows correspond to the boundary line between the old work and the new, while just above their heads the dome begins to spring. This semi-spherical surface is cut by a narrow band into

the barbarism—covered with tesserae.* This is in accordance with sound mosaic doctrine, giving great breadth and a certain soft richness to the decorated surface; everything being carpeted, as it were, with uninterrupted color of the



Mosaic on the Vaults of Santa Costanza

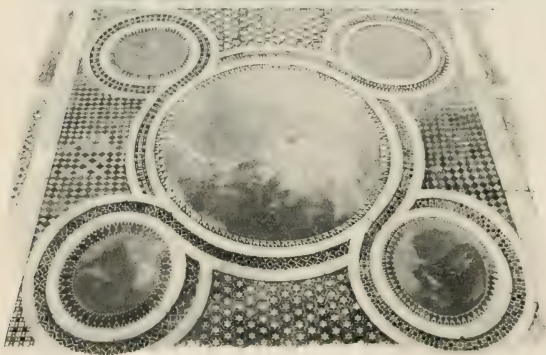
two unequal zones. In the upper, or narrower, is depicted the head of Christ with attendant angels, the ground being dark blue. On the lower are represented certain saintly personages, standing on a narrow strip of flowering meadow, and grouped processionally, on either side of the cross. The background is gold. Beneath this composition, and separated from it by a number of narrow fillets, is the zone intersected by the windows already referred to. On it are represented a number of the apostles, as well as the artist and his assistant, standing like the figures above on a flower-bedecked field. The background is gold. The figures in the zone above are, according to Gerspach, 13 feet 9 inches high. In this zone they are but 9 feet 2 inches, except the artists, who have represented themselves on a greatly diminished scale. The reveals of the windows are richly ornamented with conventionalized floriated designs, on alternate blue and gold grounds. There are no architraves of foreign material, the transitions from the reveals to the walls being effected by a necessarily rounded angle—if one may be permitted

same quality. All below the windows is modern. First, a broad dark-blue band with a dedicatory inscription in gold (what an impressive thing, subjectively and objectively, is an inscription!), then a superb girdle of floriated forms on a deep-red ground. Here the mosaic ceases. Beneath these bands there is a lofty dado of white marble, the white being almost obliterated by incrustations of colored stones, symmetrically arranged in circles or rectangles, and framed by that peculiar kind of glass mosaic known as "Cosmati" work, which is supposed to have originated, or rather to have been developed, in Rome, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, by the Cosmati family. Of this work the city offers many splendid examples—the ambones, or pulpits, of Ara Coeli, for instance, the basilica of S. Lorenzo Fuori le Mura, the church of SS. Nereo ed Achilleo, the cloisters of S. Giovanni in Laterano, and S. Paolo Fuori, etc. The chancel is paved with large pieces of highly colored polished marble, geometrically grouped about the arnis of Leo

* Tesserae are the small blocks, or cuboids, with which the mosaic is composed.

XIII. in order to harmonize with the contiguous pavement of the transept: otherwise it is to be presumed *opus alexandrinum*, the usual accompaniment of thirteenth century mosaic. While the arrangement of the principal picture is similar to most apsidal compositions, being processional, the majestic proportions of the vault, and the preponderance of lustrous background, produce a greater feeling of space than usual without in the least offending by emptiness, but, on the contrary, heightening by opposition the intricacy of the closer work below. The composition is not so original and opulent as that by the same artist in S. Maria Maggiore, which, by the way, has apparently suffered much less at the hands of the restorers. Like many

openness so dear to the modern heart. Its general tonality is blue-green, heightened by an abundant use of gold, and a very moderate use of red. From the suppression of classic decorative canons, down to their rehabilitation in the beginning of the sixteenth century after the excavations in the baths of Titus, this blue-green-gold tonality generally obtains for vaults and ceilings. Red is used merely as a foil, and with great reserve. The classic scheme for vault or pavement—and most of the extant mosaics are pavements—was a white ground brilliantly flecked with color, the white usually predominating, or at least, framing the colored motives. The simple combination of black and white, of course, then as in all times, was freely used for the floor. In the earliest Chris-



Mosaic, F1 or (Opus Alexandrinum) Santa Maria in Cosmedin

other apsidal mosaics, however, the latter is so ill-lighted, that without a special staging it would be difficult to appreciate its technical qualities. What the S. Giovanni composition (which is brilliantly illuminated) loses in originality and wealth of massed story, and loaded decorative forms, it gains in

tian mosaics, as in the catacomb frescos, classic traditions still predominate. The mosaics on the vaults of S. Costanza (fourth century) are but little more than antique decorations rebaptized. The mosaic picture in the apsis of S. Pudenziana, of the same century, is still imbued with classicism. The drawing is infinitely



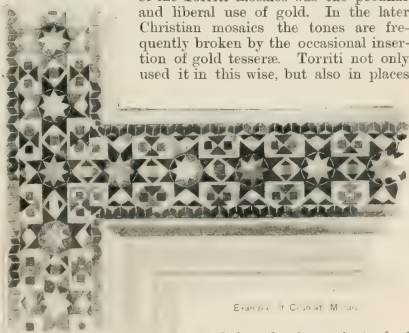
Mosaic Pavement, Ostia.

superior to anything that followed it for centuries, infinitely superior even to that of Jacopo Torriti, but infinitely *inferior* in color-splendor. Though the art of delineation degenerated with the centuries following the obliteration of the Roman Empire, till the human form became a mere grotesque conventional-ity; color, through the development of glass mosaic, took upon itself a solemn splendor the ancients never dreamed of. The antique mosaics were exquisite and appropriate in their way, a light, graceful, scholarly way, but the times had changed, and new thoughts, new tastes, and new creeds, demanded more sombre, richer, and, if you will, more barbaric impressions. As far as pure decorative execution is concerned, it seems to me that the mosaics of the thirteenth century, and

especially those of Torriti, surpass all others, and may well claim the attention of those who are interested in the propagation of this splendid art.

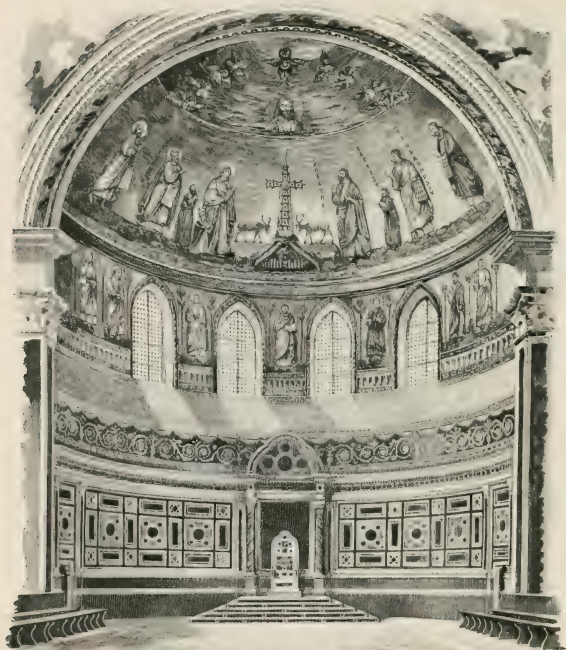
Several conditions operate against an adequate appreciation of the technical methods employed by the early mosaicists; their frequent great height from the spectator, the obscurity in which they are enveloped, and worst of all, their frequent restorations

—if some of the barbaric manipulations to which they have been subjected can be so dignified. Occasionally, I suspect, they have even been painted. Nor is it always easy to differentiate concisely, though one may feel it, the method of an epoch from that immediately preceding or following it, so gradual is the evolution of mosaic technique. Yet I should say that the distinctive feature of the Torriti mosaics was the peculiar and liberal use of gold. In the later Christian mosaics the tones are frequently broken by the occasional insertion of gold tesserae. Torriti not only used it in this wise, but also in places



Example of Christian Mosaic.

to define the forms instead of emphatic dark lines, which have



Apse of San Giovanni in Laterano.

been employed with great moderation and, from below at least, are scarcely visible. In the Chigi Chapel mosaics (Santa Maria del Popolo) by Luigi di Pace, after the designs of Raphael, masses of gold are most infelicitously used to express the high-lights on the drapery, while in San Giovanni it is more delicately and evenly distributed, producing a richer, but less harsh and garish effect.

Like all cunning mosaicists, Torriti has enhanced the value of his color, and "cleaned up" his work by a moderate use of pure white. The surface of these mosaics, both in the old parts and in the new, is exceedingly rough. Consequently the vitreous tessere glisten marvelously, even the opaque cubes radiating a certain amount of light. Nor are they placed close together, the interstices be-

ing filled with the grayish-white cement in which they are set, a technical detail that contributes potently to the harmony of the whole. In the sacristy of Santa Maria in Cosmedin there is an interesting mosaic said to have been presented to St. Peter's by John VII., in 705 A.D., and brought hither from the old basilica. That it is a very ancient mosaic is evident. It bears no marks of restoration, is wonderfully fresh, is conveniently placed on a level with the eye, and well lighted. It offers, therefore, favorable conditions for study. Among other things I noted that the surface was very rough; that the tesserae were so far apart that, viewed closely, the forms were unintelligible, though perfectly distinct from a distance of several yards; that the cement, or rather plaster, was almost dead-white; that the blue-greens and red were made up of glass tesserae, while a white robe was composed of stone cubes, with here and there shining bits of white opaque glass; that the whole was sprinkled with occasional tesserae of gold; and finally, that the forms were outlined not with black, but usually with a darker shade of the circumscribed tone.

The old mosaicists work directly on the wall from the cartoon which they designed themselves. There can be no doubt that this method, when possible, is the best, not only for mosaics, but for all mural decoration. At the world-famed mosaic factory of the Vatican, the mother of all governmental works, I was informed that this direct method would be too costly and lengthy, a statement one cannot gainsay without personal experience. It is likely enough that, for equal quantities of work executed in the shop and on the wall, respectively, a greater expense would be incurred for the latter; but I hold that much less work would be necessary were the wall attacked directly, under the personal supervision of the artist. Superfluous labor would be at once apparent, and therefore eliminated. Be this as it may, the process adopted for the modern parts of the S. Giovanni mosaics, as well as for all the Vatican mural work in this material, are excellent, and inferior only to the direct system. The work is executed in compartments in the ate-

lier, and thence transferred to the wall. These compartments are not prepared after the Murano, or Venetian, method—a method they deem too indirect, and even perishable, and which consists in gluing the tesserae *face downward* to a paper design. The Roman mosaicist, by inserting his tesserae into sand *face upward*, and afterward gluing paper over the whole, sees what he is about, and can work more effectively.

As before observed, everything below the windows in the apse of S. Giovanni is modern, the dedicatory band, arabesque zone, and panelled dado of Cosmati work. In all these both the style and technique of the thirteenth century have been scrupulously observed. I have already characterized the floriated zone as "splendid." This is a very temperate expression, for in verity it is the most beautiful as well as opulent mosaic border of modern times that I, at least, have seen.

In answer to my very practical question, what was the value of such work per square metre, Count Vespignani said that he thought it would cost in round numbers from 80 to 100 liras, or, translated into equally round American figures, from \$1.50 to \$2 per square foot. Due recognition, however, must be taken of the fact that the Vatican controls one of the best equipped, if not the very best, mosaic factories in the world. Nothing can exceed the elaboration of the Cosmati incrustations on the dado and the episcopal throne. The back of the latter, which no one can see without passing through the narrow passage between it and the delicately carved door of the episcopal waiting-room, is as profusely decorated with fine mosaics as the front. Indeed, there is an excessive elaboration of detail, if expense is to be considered. But expense has not been considered, the work costing even here, where labor is cheap and the facilities great, about four million lire, this sum including the architectural works necessitated by the lengthening of the choir. It is probable that a similar undertaking in America would cost at the very least two million dollars. Three million would probably come nearer to the mark. The elaboration of detail in no wise compromises the breadth of the

ensemble, seeing that the canons of good decoration, as practised by the Cosmati, have been faithfully followed, namely, subordination of detail to mass, a just equilibrium between the plain and ornamented spaces, the firm framing of the latter by bands of the former, and by the facile apprehension of the main or dominant decorative motives when distance has suppressed the details. It may be objected with reason that the lower part of the apse, or Cosmati work, seems hard and new. Yet this newness is unavoidable, unless one has recourse to the very doubtful expedient, certainly reprehensible when one builds for posterity, as in the present case, of feigning age. At all events, we should be deeply grateful to our artistic progenitors for not crushing all the life out of their precious materials, in which we know they gloried. Had they done so, we should never have been witnesses to the splendor of their works.

January 11, 1891.—Clear, ringing *tramontana* weather. Dazzling lights and intense skies above, below the cold dark shadows and damp pavements of narrow streets. F. and I dropped into the narrow, chilling interior of S. Prassede. The mosaics here are of a degraded epoch, art having pretty nearly touched bottom. Those of the tribune are almost identical with the apsidal mosaics of S. Cecilia, and the "Navicella." All were executed during the pontificate of Paschal I. (817–824 A.D.), who figures conspicuously in each with the square nimbus, signifying that he was then living. The figures in the mosaics of this epoch have been described as "utter caricatures," and deservedly. From a certain point of view, the academic, or even realistic, they are ridiculous. From another, the decorative, they are very successful. The composition of these mosaics is uniformly good, the color deep, splendid, impressive, and the ensemble both solemn and monumental. On the vault of S. Prassede, Christ in the centre, and saints on either hand, stand rigidly against a dark-blue ground. Their garments in the main are light, one all gold. The forms of the flesh as well as those of the draperies and accessories are rudely in-

dicated by dark lines. White is effectively, if somewhat naively, used for the high-lights of the features, besides being knowingly distributed throughout the picture. Below these figures, on a blue ground, there is a broad belt of gold (with an intervening fillet or two), on which are represented the customary emblematical twelve lambs, six on either side, advancing toward the thirteenth in the centre, bearing the cross. The motive of the whole is very simple. Blue above, on which are projected lighter figures, gold below, relieved by the whitish lambs. In these early Christian mosaics, the blue of the sky is not graded to imitate nature, nor is it a dead, even tone. The mosaicist broke it with cognate colors, not enough to destroy the unity of the blue, but sufficiently to break its monotony and give it life. These broad expanses of color may be likened to the wash of a skilful aquarellist, who constantly breaks it either by the introduction of other tones, or by increasing or diminishing its intensity, in order to give it artistic quality.

The little chapel in S. Prassede, called "orto del paradiso," is literally carpeted with mosaics of the same epoch as those of the apse. It is a marvel of dusky richness, and well deserves its appellation "garden of paradise." With all their barbarisms of expression, and linear solecisms, these products of a degraded era are decoratively superior to the far-famed, but too-small-in-scale and raw-toned mosaics of the Chigi Chapel from Raphael's designs, to the richer ones after Baldassare Peruzzi in S. Croce in Gerusalemme, to the excellent, if too pictorial, composition in the Abbazia delle Tre Fontane by F. Zucchio, or to those of our own day by Burne-Jones in the late Mr. Street's American church on the Via Nazionale. It is not my intention to weigh Mr. Burne-Jones's talent as a designer, nor to tax him with the faults of execution; yet I deem it a duty to observe that a greater waste of time, money, and energy than has been lavished in the grading of the sky which covers the vault (not to mention other places), and from which every iota of shimmering life has been scrupulously eliminated, it is difficult to conceive. And this in

Rome, with its stores of eloquent precedents! In the same apsis there is a little band near the pavement, executed on the spot by a clever workman, which technically is worth the whole composition above.



EXPERIENCE.

By Edith Wharton.

I.

LIKE Crusoe with the bootless gold we stand
 Upon the desert verge of death, and say:
 "What shall avail the woes of yesterday
 To buy to-morrow's wisdom, in the land
 Whose currency is strange unto our hand?
 In life's small market they have served to pay
 Some late-found rapture, could we but delay
 Till Time hath matched our means to our demand."

But otherwise Fate wills it, for, behold,
 Our gathered strength of individual pain,
 When Time's long alchemy hath made it gold,
 Dies with us—hoarded all these years in vain,
 Since those that might be heir to it the mould
 Renew, and coin themselves new griefs again.

II.

O, Death, we come full-handed to thy gate,
 Rich with strange burden of the mingled years,
 Gains and renunciations, mirth and tears,
 And love's oblivion, and remembering hate,
 Nor know we what compulsion laid such freight
 Upon our souls—and shall our hopes and fears
 Buy nothing of thee, Death? Behold our wares,
 And sell us the one joy for which we wait.
 Had we lived longer, life had such for sale,
 With the last coin of sorrow purchased cheap,
 But now we stand before thy shadowy pale,
 And all our longings lie within thy keep—
 Death, can it be the years shall naught avail?

"Not so," Death answered, "they shall purchase sleep."

THE WANDERINGS OF COCHITÍ.

By Charles F. Lummis.



That unique racial chess-playing of the Pueblos, whereof the board was half the size of Europe and the chessmen were stone cities, there is one foremost example—the Quéres pueblo of Cochití. Other towns may very possibly have moved more (and we know of several movings of each one); but of it we have the clearest and fullest itinerary—a record of eight distinct consecutive moves, beginning many centuries before history, and ending with the Spanish reconquest in 1694. In that time the Cochiteños successfully occupied the most commanding “squares” along a fifty-mile line of one of the most weirdly, savagely picturesque checker-boards in all North America, and one of the least guessed by Caucasians. When we shall have become a little less a nation of mental mistletoes, American tourists and American writers and artists will find, in the wonderful wilderness between the Puyé and the present Cochití, fascinations for eye and pen and brush not inferior to those of the superannuated Mecca abroad. If we could but have had Hawthorne or Ruskin among those noble *potreros* and dizzy gorges! How either would have interpreted the gray romance of those grim, far days of the cave-house and the town-moving! For, with all the nobility of the landscape—which is entirely characteristic, and in its kind not surpassed anywhere—its strongest appeal is to the “human interest.” How the first Americans lived and loved and toiled and watched and fought and endured here!

The Cochití upland is a vast and singular plateau in the centre of northern New Mexico, some fifty miles west of Santa Fé. Its average altitude is over seven thousand feet; and along the west it upheaves into the fine Valles range of eleven thousand. Between

these peaks and the Río Grande, a distance of twenty miles, lies the plateau proper—a vast bench, approximately level to the eye, furred with forests, peculiarly digitated by great cañons. It is a characteristically Southwestern formation; and yet it is distinct from anything else in the Southwest. It is our only country of *potreros*. It is difficult to diagram; but perhaps the best idea of its ground-plan is to be had by laying the two hands side by side upon a table, with every finger spread to its widest. The Río Grande flows about north and south through the line of the knuckles, in a gorge over two thousand feet deep. The spread fingers represent the cañons; the wedge-shaped spaces between them are the tall *potreros*. These vast tongues of volcanic rock—some of trap, some of lava, some of dazzling pumice—a dozen or more miles long, eight to ten in width nearest the mountains, taper to a point at the river, and there break off in columnar cliffs from one thousand to twenty-five hundred feet in height. From the river, the western side of its dark gorge seems guarded by a long, bright line of gigantic pillars. As always, the Spanish nomenclature was aptly descriptive. Among the noblest of these cliff-pillars are the beetling Chapéro, over whose dire precipices the Cochiteños used to drive their game in the great communal round-hunts; the Potrero del Alamo, a terrific wedge of creamy rock, whose cliffs are nearly two thousand feet tall; and the wildly beautiful Potrero de las Vacas. It is a region of remarkable scenic surprises. Every approach is of enormous roughness; of alternate descent into savage chasms and toiling up precipitous *cumbres*, whose crest flings a sudden and ineffable vista against the eye. At one's feet, and far below, is the Plan del Río—the yawning gulf of the Río Grande—guarded by its western phalanx of *potreros*. To the east and north are the blackened

leagues of the Santa Fé plateau, with its small volcanic cones, over which peep the snow-peaks of the coceyx of the Continent—the ultimate vertebræ of the Rockies. To the southeast the jagged peaks of the Ortiz range prick the sky, and the horizon hangs on the round shoulders of the giant Sandia. South are the dim wraiths of the Ladrões, and the silver beads of the river amid its lower fields and cotton-woods. The west is lost behind the dark ranks of the Valles giants, captained by the lonely pyramid of Abiquiú. It is a wonderful picture, and withal an awesome one. Here was the Coliseum of volcanic gladiators. Trap, basalt, lava, pumice, scoræ—all is igneous. And this arson of a landscape has a startling effect. Superb as is the scenery, with its shadowy abysses and sunlit crags, there is awe in those black-burnt wastes, those spectral rocks, the sombre evergreen of those forests.

From the side cañons clear brooklets sing down to the hoarse and muddy river. The heights purr with dense juniper and piñon and royal pine; the cañons whisper with cottonwoods and willows. It is alone as death. In nearly four thousand square miles there is not a human being. Where once were the little corn-patches and the tall gray houses and the dimpled naked babes of thousands of the Acadians of the Southwest, the deer, the puma, the bear, and the turkey lord it again. Even the Indians seldom visit it, and not a dozen white men have seen its wonders. Yet it contains the largest village of artificial caves in the world, the only great stone "idols" in the United States, and many another value—including the scene of one of the most remarkable stormings in military history.

When the Hero Twins had led forth man from the inner wombs of earth to light through Shi-p'a-pá, the Black Lake of Tears; and the Winter-Wizards had frozen the infinite mud so that there could be going; and the First Men had fallen out and fallen apart, a wandering band of the Quéres halted in this digitate wilderness. Here was water, here was timber. Above all, here was

safety. And here they sat down. It was their own wilderness, and away from its incomparable area they have never since cared to rove. It is identified with them—with their hopes and fears, their loves and wars, and wanderings.

Their first town was in the noble cañon of the Tyú-on-yi, now also known as the Rito de los Frijoles, in the northern part of this plateau. Here the Quéres drew a pre-historic diagram which would have saved a vast amount of foolish theorizing, if science had earlier poked its nose out of doors in pursuit of fact.

The fable of the so-called Cliff-builders and Cave-dwellers as a distinct race or races, has been absolutely exploded in science. The fact is, that the cliff-dwellers and the cave-dwellers of the Southwest were Pueblo Indians, pure and simple. Even a careless eye can find the proof in every corner of the Southwest. It was a question not of race, but of physical geography. The Pueblo cut his garment according to his cloth, and whether he burrowed his house, or built it of mud-bricks or stone-bricks or cleft stone, atop a cliff or in caves or shelves of its face, depended simply upon his town-site. The one inflexible rule was security, and to gain that he took the "shortest cut" offered by his surroundings. When he found himself—as he sometimes did in his volcanic range—in a region of tufa cliffs, he simply whittled out his residence. In the commoner hard-rock cañons, he built stone houses in whatever safest place. In the valleys, he made and laid adobes. He sometimes even dovetailed all these varieties of architecture in one and the same settlement.

The Tyú-on-yi, the first known home of Cochití, is one of the unique beauties of the Southwest. As a cañon, it is but five or six miles long, and at the widest a quarter of a mile across. Its extreme depth does not exceed two thousand feet. There are scores of greater cañons in this neglected land; but there is only one Tyú-on-yi. At the *Bocas*, where it enters the gorge of the Rio Grande, it is deepest, narrowest, grimmest. A few hundred yards

above these savage jaws was the town-site. A ribbon of irrigably level land a few rods wide, threaded by a sparkling rivulet, hemmed with glistening cliffs of white pumice-stone fifteen hundred feet tall, murmurous with stately pines and shivering aspens, shut on the west by the long slope of the Jara, on the east by the pinching of its own giant walls—that is the Tyú-on-yi. That, but more. For along the sheer and noble northern cliff crumble the bones of a human past—a past of heroism and suffering and romance. In the foot of that stone snow-bank new shadows play hide and seek in strange old hollows, that were not gnawed by wind and rain, but by as patient man. It is an enchanted valley. The spell of the Southwest is upon it. The sun's white benediction, the hush of Nature's heart, the invisible haunting of a *Once*—that utmost of all solitudes, the silence that *was* life—they wrap it in an atmosphere almost unique. It is an impression of a lifetime. The great cave-villages of the Pu-yé and the Shú-fin-né, in their white castle-buttres thirty miles up the river, are not to be compared with it, though they are its nearest parallel in the world. It is not only a much larger village than either of them, but with a beauty and charm altogether peerless.

It was a large town for the pre-historic United States—a town of fifteen hundred to two thousand souls. The latter figure was never exceeded by any aboriginal "city" of the Southwest. The line of artificial cave-rooms is a couple of miles long, and in tiers of one, two, and three stories. With their "knives" of chipped volcanic glass for sole tools, the Cochiteños builded their matchless village. First, they hewed in the face of the cliff their inner rooms. These were generally rectangular, about six by eight, with arched roofs; but sometimes large, and sometimes circular. Some were sole houses and had tiny outer doorways in the rock, and as tiny ones from room to room within—a plan which has given rise, in ruins oftener seen by the theorizer, to the fable of cliff-dwelling pigmies. The builders, in fact, were of present Pueblo stature, and made these wee doorways

simply for security. The man of the house could afford time to enter edge-wise on hands and knees; an enemy could not. Some rooms combine cave and masonry, having an artificial outer wall. And some, again, were merely cave-storehouses and retreats back of a stone-brick house. Outside, against the foot of the cliff, is the chaos of fallen masonry. The builders adopted a plan peculiar to this plateau. With their same flakes of obsidian they sawed the tufa into large and rather regular bricks, and of these exclusively laid their masonry in an excellent mortar of adobe. A restoration of the Tyú-on-yi would show a long line of three-story terraced houses of these tufa-blocks against the foot of that weird cliff; the rafters inserted into still visible mortises in its face; without doors or windows in the ground floor, and abristle with the spar-like ladders by which the upper stories were reached, and back through their rooms, the caves. None of the outer houses are now standing—the best of their walls are but four or five feet high—but the dim procession of centuries that has toppled them to ruin has dealt kindlier with the caves. The caked smoke of the hearth still clings—half fossil—on the low-arched roofs and around the tiny window smoke-holes. The very plastering of the walls—for the home had already reached such painstaking that even the smooth rock must be hidden by a film of cement—is generally intact. The little niches, where trinkets were laid, are there; and in one house is even the stone frame of the pre-historic hand-mill. In several places are cave-rooms with their fronts and partitions of tufa masonry still entire; and one lovely little nook, well up the cañon, has still a perfect house unlike any other pre-historic building in America—walled cave, wood-framed door and windows, and all. In this climate wood is almost eternal. Timbers that have been fully exposed since 1670 in the "Gran Quivira," have not even lost their ornamental carvings; and beams of vastly greater age are still sound. Here and there down the slope, toward the brook, are the remains of the circular subterranean estufas wherein the male village dwelt; and in a strangely

scalloped swell of the cliff is still the house of the Cacique—a very fair hemisphere of a room, cut from the rock, with a floor diameter of some fifteen feet. Not far away, beside the rivulet, are the ruins of a huge communal house—one of the so-called “round” ruins. Exploration always shows that these alleged circles are merely irregular polygons. There never was a round pueblo; though the estufas were very generally round and there were other small single buildings of the same shape. The usual stone artifacts are rarely to be found here, for roving Navajos have assiduously stripped the place of everything of aboriginal use. Only now and then a rude obsidian knife, an arrow-point, or a battered stone axe rewards the relic-seeker—beyond the innumerable fragments of ancient pottery.

So exceptionally complete are the links in a story which may very well go far back of William the Conqueror, that we even have legendary hints of the subdivisions of this immemorial village; and in a cave-room of the cluster which has suffered most from the erosion of the cliff, I once stumbled upon gentle José Hilario Montoya, the now Governor of the new Cochití, wrapped in his blanket and in reverie. He had stolen away from us, to dream an hour in the specific house that was of his own first grandfathers.

We have no means of knowing just how long the strange white town of the Rito has been deserted, but it has been many, many centuries; for its hunted people built successive towns, and farmed and fought and had a history in each of six later homes before the written history of America began. Though eternally harassed by the Navajos, the Tyú-on-yi held its own, we are told, until destroyed by its own brethren. The conditions of life there (and in all prehistoric pueblos) and the interwarring of the various tribes, are drawn with photographic accuracy of detail in that little-read but archaeologically precious novel, “The Delight-Makers.”

The survivors of the final catastrophe abandoned their ruined town in the Rito, and moving a day's march to the south, established themselves upon the table-top of the great Potrero de las

Vacas. They were now seven or eight miles west of the chasm of the Rio Grande, and on the summit of the tongue-plateau between two of its principal side-cañons. They were a mile from water—the sparkling brooklet which flows past the Cueva Pintada—and therefore from their farms. But feeling this inconvenience little so long as it gave safety, they reared among the contorted junipers a new town—essentially unlike the quaint combination-pueblo of the Rito, but like to a more common pattern. It was the typical rectangular stone box of continuous houses all facing in. Here on the grim mesa, amid a wilderness of appalling solitude, they worried out the tufa blocks, and builded their fortress-city, and fended off the prowling Navajo, and fought to water and home again, and slept with an arrow on the string. How many generations of bronze babies frolicked in this lap of danger; and rose to arrowy youth that loved between sieges; and to gray-heads that watched and counselled; and to still clay that cuddled to the long sleep in rooms thenceforth sealed forever, there is no reckoning—nor when was the red foray, whereof their legends tell, of an unknown tribe which finished the town of the Mesa of the Cows. But when the decimated Quéres left that noble site, they left, beside their fallen home, a monument of surpassing interest. The Nahuatl culture, which filled Mexico with huge and hideous statues chiselled from the hardest rock, was never paralleled within the United States; for our aborigines had no metal tools whatever until after the Conquest. New Mexican work in stone (aside from the making of implements and beads) was confined to tiny fetiches which were rather worn than carved to shape, and to a few larger but very crude fetiches of softer rock. The only examples of life-size carving, or of any *alto relieve*, ever found in the enormous range of the Pueblos, are the four astonishing figures which were, and are, the homotypes of the chase-gods of wandering Cochití.

A few hundred yards up the dim trail which leads from the ruined town of the Potrero de las Vacas toward the near peaks, one comes suddenly upon a

strange aboriginal Stonehenge. Among the tattered piñons and sprawling cedars is a lonely enclosure fenced with great slabs of tufa set up edgewise. This enclosure, which is about thirty feet in diameter, has somewhat of the shape of a tadpole; for at the southeast end its oval tapers into an alley, five feet wide and twenty long, similarly walled. In the midst of this unique roofless temple of the Southwestern Druids are the weathered images of two cougars, carved in high relief from the bedrock of the mesa. The figures are life-size; and even the erosion of so many centuries has not gnawed them out of recognition. The heads are nearly indistinguishable, and the fore-shoulders have suffered; but the rest of the sculpture, to the very tips of the outstretched tails, is perfectly clear. The very attitude of the American lion is preserved—the flat, stealthy, compact crouch that precedes the mortal leap. Artistically, of course, the statues are crude; but zoologically, they bear the usual Indian truthfulness. As to their transcendent archaeologic value and great antiquity, there can be no question. The circumstantial evidence is conclusive that they were carved by the Cochiteños during the life of the town of the Potrero de las Vacas.

The cougar, puma, or "mountain-lion"—*mo-keit-cha*, in the Quéres tongue—is to the Pueblo the head of animate creation. In this curious mythology, each of the six like groups of divinities, "the Trues," which dwell respectively at the six cardinal points, includes a group of deified dumb animals. They are Trues also, and are as carefully ranked as the higher spirits, or even more definitely. The beasts of prey, of course, stand highest; and of them, and of all animals, the puma is *Ka-béy-de*, commander-in-chief. Under him there are minor officials; the buffalo is captain of the ruminants; the eagle, of birds; the *crotalus*, of reptiles. There are even several other animal gods of the hunt—the bear, the wolf, the coyote—but he is easily supreme. The hunter carries always a tiny stone image of this most potent patron, and invokes it with strange incantations at every turn of the chase. But it was re-

served for the Cochiteños to invent and realize a life-size fetich—therefore, one nearer the actual divinity symbolized, and more powerful. And from that far, forgotten day to this incongruous one, the stone lions of Cochití have never lost their potency. Worshipped continuously for longer ages than Saxon history can call its own, they are worshipped still. No important hunt would even now be undertaken by the trustful folk of Cochití without first repairing to the stone pumas, to anoint their stolid heads with face-paint and the sacred meal, and to breathe their breath of power.

But now the town of the lions had fallen, and a second migration was imperative. In this new move to check-mate the tireless aggressor, the Cochiteños took a sort of "knight's leap." They dropped fifteen hundred feet from the mesa's top to the cañon, and thence at a right angle three miles down the brook, namely, to the Cueva Pin-tada. The site of this, their third known town, which they called *Tsó-ki-a-tán-yi*, was far ahead in safety and in picturesqueness of the second. In both these qualities it somewhat recalls the peerless Rito. The cañon is wider and not so deep, but of similar formation, and similarly wooded and watered. As always, the wanderers chose its noblest point. There the northern cliff of white pumice is five hundred feet high, and in its face is a great natural cave like a basin set on edge, fifty feet above the ground. Along the foot of this fine cliff they hewed out their cave-rooms and built their tufa masonry, and in the arch of the great natural cave itself they hollowed other chambers, attainable only by dizzy toe-holes in the sheer rock. The painted cave seems to have had some of the uses of a shrine, and along the crescent of its inner wall may still be traced prehistoric pictographs (along with more modern ones) done in the red ochre which abounds farther up the cañon. There are figures of the *Kô-sha-re*, the delight-makers, and of the sacred snake whose cult—once universal among the Pueblos—has still such astounding survival at Moqui; and of the round, bright house of the Sun-Father and of the morning and even-



DRAWN BY IRVING B. WILES.

Entrance of the Ayon-yéscoti—Present Port of Call.

ing stars, and many other precious symbols.

At last the turn of Tsé-ki-a-tán-yi came too, and there was a day when they who had burrowed in its gray

fifth stone town they built in the Cañada de Cochití, twelve miles northwest from the present pueblo, and named it Cuá-pa. There was, and is, a lovely thread of a valley, just widening from



José Hilario Montoya, Governor Pueblo of Cochití

cliffs must bid it farewell. The cause of this migration is not certain. It may have been moral or military; omen of divine displeasure, or merely an overdose of Navajo—for the whole region was ceaselessly harried by this most powerful race of desert pirates. At all events, the beset Quéres had finally to abandon their third town and seek a fourth. This time they moved south a short march and built Rá-tya, whose ruins are now known as San Miguel. Here again they dwelt and suffered and made history; and from here again they were at last compelled, by supernatural or hostile pressure, to move on. Their

the dark jaws of the cañon which splits the Potrero Viejo from its giant brother to the north.

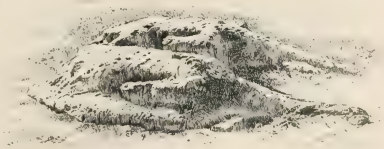
Halfway back on the trail to the Cueva, atop the almost inaccessible Potrero de los Idolos, Bandelier—who was also the discoverer of the Rito, the Cueva Pintada, and the Potrero de las Vacas with its wonderful images—found two other stone cougars. They are life-size, but of different design from those of the northern potrero; less weathered, and evidently of later, though still prehistoric, origin. They, also, were carved in high relief from the bedrock with obsidian knives; they,



The Tyú-on yi—Caciques.

likewise, faced south and were surrounded by a fence of tufa slabs. But they have not been as undisturbed. When I was there, I had been preceded by that unknown genius against whose invasion no shrine is sacred—the vandal whom it were libel to call a brute, and flattery to dub a fool. Finding these gray old images crouching on and of the monumental rock—a rock larger than any three buildings in America—his meteoric intellect at once conceived that there must be treasure under them—"Montezuma's treasure," of course. And forthwith he drilled beside them, and applied giant powder, and blew up twenty feet; and then gophered a tunnel below. It is to be regretted that his bones were not left in his mine. The explosion shattered one of the lions to fragments; but the other, providentially, was lifted up with a slab of its base, and lies uninjured at one side of the hole. Though

life-size, it is not so long as its brethren above the Cueva Pintada, since the tail is curled up along the spine. Nor does it seem to have been quite so well done—that is, it is a trifle more conventionalized. But it is equally unmistakable, not merely to the archaeologist, but even to anyone who has ever seen the greatest cat of the Western Hemisphere. There has been a proposition by someone to cut these lions free from the mother-rock and transport them to Washington. Of course, the fact that their archaeological value would be gone if they were thus shorn of their surroundings,



The Stone Pumas of the Potrero de las Vacas.

was lost sight of; as was the further fact that they are the property of citi-

zens of the United States. The Cochiteños would resist the removal with their last drop of blood; and in such a cause they shall not be without allies.

Cochití Above—and their most impregnable. Nowhere save by the three ver-tiginous trails is it possible to scale that aerial fortress; and we may pre-



The Entrance—Walled Cave-Room.

Plaster models would give all that science needs, or has legal or moral right to take.

Driven in time from the Cañada, as they had been driven from four previous towns, the Quéres climbed the seven-hundred-foot cliffs of the Potrero Viejo, which overhangs the Cañada. Here was their sixth town—Há-nut Cochití, or

sume that here at last they were able to defy their savage neighbors. With time, however, the difficulties of farming and watering at such long range seem to have induced them to remove to the banks of the Río Grande, just where it emerges from its gruesome gorge to the widening vales of Peña Blanca. Here they raised their seventh

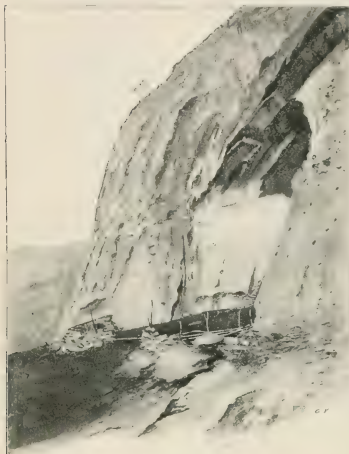


The Tyú-on-yi—Second and Third Story Caves, and Mortises for Rafters of the Outer Houses

pueblo, this time largely of adobe; and here they were when the history of America began. There is nothing to indicate that the Cochiti which has been known now for three hundred and fifty years, has been longer occupied than was any one of the six towns which preceded it; though of course the presumption is that it has. Here the Spanish world-openers found the town, and here the Cochiteños voluntarily became vassals of Spain and were baptized into the Church of the new God. Here, too, nearly a century and a half later, they helped to brew that deadliest insurrection which ever broke on United States soil; and on that red August 10, 1680, their warriors were of the swarthy avalanche that befell the undreaming Spaniards. They had a hand in the slaying of the three priests of their parish, who were stationed at Santo Domingo; and were among the leading spirits of all those bloody years of the Pueblo Rebellion. The only

fight in which they are known to have figured largely, however, was at the Reconquest. When Diego de Vargas, the *Reconquistador*, came, they abandoned Cochiti and went back to their long-ruined citadel on the Potrero Viejo. This seventh town-moving did not save them; for in the spring of 1694 Vargas and his "army" of one hundred and fifty men stormed that aboriginal Gibraltar. In the desperate but short assault only twenty-one Indians were slain. Indeed, the decimation of the Cochiteños was due not at all to the Spaniards, but to their one-sided wars with the Navajos and with other Pueblos; to epidemics, and to racial centrifuge—for the legendary hints are strong that not only Cochiti, but *all* the Quéres Pueblos originated in the Tyú-on-yi. If this be true, the six present Quéres Pueblos to the south and west of Cochiti, with their pre-historic predecessors—for each had its town-movings—were doubtless founded

by early rovers from the Rito, until all were gone from the first nest save the eighth time, returned to their present



The Cueva Pintada

pueblo, where they have ever since remained. It is seldom that any of them visit the old homes. Only when there is to be a ceremonial hunt do they trudge away to their ancient Chase-Fetiches to drink the mighty breath of Mokeitcha. The trails are so fearfully rough that one can go all the way to the Rito much sooner afoot than on even the tireless Indian pony; and they are lonely now, and grown very dim. The ankle-deep wee crystals of the potrero-tops outsparkle the Valley of the Rocks, unscuffed by passing feet. The wild turkey drinks unscared from the Rito de los Frijoles, and blinks at its sun-bewildered walls. The tawny puma purrs in the white light beside his gray stone prototypes on the Potrero de las Vacas or the Potrero de los Idolos. And Cochiti, at rest at last, dreams on its sunward gravel-bank along the swirling Rio Grande,

later wanderers whom we have been following

After the Reconquest the Cochiteños abandoned their second town on the

and tills its happy fields, and goes to its Christian mass, and dances unto the Trues, and forgets that ever there was war and wandering.





LOS CARAQUEÑOS.

By F. J. Stimson.



PAGANISM was the avowal of life; Christianity the sacrifice of it. So the Church of Rome, as nearest in time to Paganism, has recognized, through all its inquisitions, human hearts; the Sects have sought to stifle them; the Puritans have posed to ignore them. Thus cruelty may be the crime of priests; hypocrisy has been the vice of preachers. But in far-off Venezuela, so late as the time of this story, the Middle Ages lingered and the Roman Church still ruled.

There are two things in the little city of Carácas that go back to the time when the Spanish empire made a simulacrum of the Roman, round the world: One is the great round-arched Spanish bridge, spanning the deep arroyo on the mountain slope above the present town—useless now, for the earthquake-clefts are deeper on either side than this gorge of the ancient river of the city, and have drained its stream away—and the other the Casa del Rey—a great stone fortress in the centre of the present town, with walls eight feet thick, its windows like tunnels cut through to the iron unglazed casement—for this was the only house that was left standing on the evening of the great earthquake; and so the modern city clusters timidly about it, its houses a modest one- or double-story, and, on the clay slope where the older city was, the cactus grows, and the zenith sun burns the clay banks red, and the old “gold-dust road,” over the Cordillera to the sea, now but a mule-path of scattered cobblestones, winds lonely and narrow across

the splendid bridge, among the great fissures that the earthquake left. And both bridge and house still bear the sculptured blazonry, the lions and the castles, and the pious inscription to the greater glory of the Virgin.

And there is a story about this Casa Rey—the story of Dolores, Marquesa del Torre y Luna, almost the last of the old Spanish nobility of Carácas, called la doña sola de la Casa del Rey—as we should say, the lonely lady of the house of the King—for she lived there, married and widow, five-and-sixty years, and left no child to inherit the thick-walled city house, four square about its garden, and the provinces of coffee-trees, and, what she prized more and we prize less, the noble blood of Torre and of Luna, now run dry.

Carácas lies in a plain, like the Vega of Granada, only green with palms as well as poplars; but through its rich meadows a turbid mountain torrent runs, and south, and west, and east are mountains; and north the mighty Silla lifts almost to the snows, half breaking the ceaseless east wind of the sea; trade-wind, it has been called in history; slave-wind were better. And by the little city is the palm-clad Calvareo, the little hill gay with orchids and shaded by tree-ferns, in whose pleasant paths the city people still take their pleasure (for the name of Calvary but means the view, not any sadness), and took their pleasure, fifty years since, when this story begins. And one evening, in the early years of the century, there walked alone, or with but a nurse for her dueña, a girl whose beauty still smiles down through sad tradition and through evil story, to lighten the dark streets of the old Spanish town, whose



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF

He bowed ceremoniously and touched her hand to his lips. Page III.

stones for fifty years her feet had ceased to press. And the memory of the old Casa Rey, the castle, all is hers; and the people of the town, the Caraqueños, still see her lovely face at the window; first at one, and then at the other, but mostly at the grated window in the round tower of the corner, that projects and commands the two streets; for there her sweet, pale face used to show itself, between the bars, and watch for the cavalry her noble husband led, returning from the wars. For then were wars of liberation, when freedom was fought for, not possessions and estates; and the Marquis Sebastian Ruy del Torre led in all. And days and days she would watch for him returning, after battles won, sitting with her golden needle-work at the corner window, her night-black hair against the iron bar (for there are no glass window-panes in Carácas), her strange blue eyes still watching down the street. So she sat there, and broidered chasuble or altar-cloth for the holy church of Santa Maria de las Mercedes, where she prayed each dawn and evening, yet cast her eyes down either street between each stitch, to watch the coming of him she loved on earth. And the people of Carácas used to gather her glances to their hearts, like blue flowers, for of herself they ever saw no more.

And her husband, from their wedding-day, never saw her more. For fifty years she sat at this window, working chasuble and stole, and always, when the distant trumpet sounded, or the first gold-and-scarlet pennon fluttered far down the street, she would drop her work and rise. And then she would wave her hand, and her husband would wave his hand, at the head of his column far away. And then she would go from the window; and be seen there no more while he stayed at Carácas. But those that were beneath the window used to say (for the husband was too far off then to see) that before she left the window, she would cast a long look down the street to that distance where he rode, and those that saw this glance say that for sweetness no eye of mortal saw its equal, and the story is, it made little children smile, and turned old bad men good, and even women loved her face.

Then she vanished from the tower, and they saw her no more. During all the time that might be the Marquis's stay, no more she came to the window, no more to the door. State dinners were given there in the King's house; banquets, aye, and balls, where all that was Castilian in Carácas came; but the custom was well known, and no one marvelled that the *châtelaine* came not to meet them; the lovely Lady Dolores, whom no one ever spoke of or saw. Some *dueña*, some relation, some young niece or noble lady, cousin of either the del Torre, was there and did the honors. And of the Marquesa no one ever spoke, for it was understood that, though not in a convent, she was no longer in the world—even to her husband, it was said; at first with bated breath, then openly.

For the servants told, and the family, and it was no secret, how days and weeks before her lord returned the lady would busy herself with preparations. And their state suite of rooms, and their nuptial-chamber (into which, alas! she else had never come!) were prepared by her, and made bright and joyous with rich flowers, and sweet to his heart by the knowledge of her presence, and the touch of her dear hand. Then, when all was done, and one white rose from her bosom in a single vase (and in a score of years this white rose never failed), she darkened the rooms and left them for his coming, and went back to her seat in the stone-floored tower rooms, and sat there with her gold and silver broidery, and so watched for him. And while he stayed in his palace, she lived in those cold, bare rooms; for they alone had not been changed when they were married, but had been kept to serve as a prison, and my lady Dolores loved them best; but she came not to the window, lest their eyes might meet.

II.

So fifty years she lived there; and that is why the old Spaniard of Carácas still points out the house, and young men and maidens like to make their trysting-places of its gardens, which are public and where the band plays even-

ings—if that can be called trysting to our northern notions, which is but a stolen mutual glance in passing. But hearts are warm in Catholic Spain, and they dare not more; right hard they throb and burn for just so much as this—aye, and break for the lack of it. I say, fifty years—fifty years she lived there, but thirty she lived alone, for at the end of twenty years he died; and the manner of her living and his dying is what I have to tell.

But after that still thirty years she lived on alone. Now she no longer worked at the window, and she came there but rarely. It seemed she came there for compassion, that the people, whom she felt so loving, might see her smile. For her smile was sweet as ever, only now it bore the peace of heaven, not the yearning love of earth. Yet never went she out her doors. And when she died—it is only some years since—they buried her upon Good Friday, and she sleeps in her own church, beneath the great gold shrine she loved and wrought for, of Mary, Mother of the Pities. And all the people of the city saw her funeral; and there is, in the church, a picture of the Virgin, that is really her, painted by a dying artist that had seen her face at the window many years before.

And did they not, the Caraqueños, wonder and ask the cause of this? What was it?—They do not know—But did they not ask the story of the lonely lady, so well known to them?—They asked, many years since; but soon gave over; partly that the secret was impenetrable, partly for love of her. For they had, the poorest peasant of them, that quick sympathy to stanch heart's wounds that all the conventions of the strenuous North must lack. God gives in all things compensation; and even sins, that are not meau or selfish, have their half-atoning virtues. Their silence was soothing to her sorrow; they never knew. But the priest?—The Church of Rome is cruel, but it keeps its secrets. And only it and Heaven know if their lives were one long agony of misguidance, as many lives must be on earth—perhaps sometime the priest-confessor may help in such affairs; if so, God speed the Jesuits. But one thing is sure: in all their

lives, after their marriage, they never met. She died old, in gentle silence; he still young, upon a bloody field; and now their eyes at last met in Heaven, “her soul he knows not from her body, nor his love from God.”

And we may, harmless, venture to tell what the people of Carácas say—with reverent memory, and loving glances at the old stone house; the hearts that inhabited it are cold; but its Spanish arms above the door still last, clear-cut as on the day the pride of this world's life first bade the owner place them there.

III.

IN the Calvareo that evening the Doña Dolores walked alone, with only old Jacinta, the black nurse; black she was called, but her hair alone was black—blue-black; her face was of that fiery brown that marks the Venezuelan Indian; she was not fat, as most nurses, but stood erect, with fierce lurid eyes, her hair in two tight braids, and was following and watching her gentle charge. Jacinta had things to do in our story; her race has nothing of the merry sloth, the gross animality of the negro; what things Jacinta found to do, were done. She was scarce a dozen years older than her mistress, and her form was still as lithe, her step as firm and quick as that of that boy of hers, now twelve, in the military school, training under the *soutane'd* Jesuits for the service of the Church—or Bolívar. And in the Calvareo also that evening were two men—nephew and uncle, both cousins of Dolores—and not, of course, walking with her or speaking to her, save by reverent bows; and, on the nephew's part at least, by looks of fire. Yet the uncle might, perhaps, have walked with her, even in Carácas; for he, whom men called the General, despite his prouder titles, was not her cousin only, but her guardian.

Dolores and her maid have traversed the spiral path to the summit of the little hill; there is a little pool and fountain that the Moors, generations back, had taught these people's ancestors to build; and from a bench among the orchids and the jasmine, and the

charming amaryllis lily, standing nobly by her like a band of spearmen, sees Dolores the lovely valley, purple in the first shadows of the short tropic day, and, on the southern mountain, the white walls of the Archbishop's new convent; to the north, and higher, the little mountain fort guarding the road to the coast, and, as she looks, it dips its colors to the sunset, which are the yellow and red—the blood and gold—of Spain, and the booming of its little cannon echoes down the valley and the Angelus replies. Then she turns, and touches tenderly (not plucks) a marvelous flower that lonely blooms beside her. It is the *Eucharis Amazonica*, the lily of the Amazon, but known to her only as the *Flor del Espiritu santo*—the flower of the Holy Ghost. One moment, it seems that she will be disturbed. The younger man has left the older on his walk—for they are not always together, and gossip has made him suitor for his cousin's hand—and he stands a moment watching her, behind a group of tree-ferns. No lovelier a girl had surely even his eyes ever rested on, as she sat there stilly, though her wonderful eyes were lost to him, following the sunset. And she was the greatest heiress in all the Spanish Main.

He might have stepped forward, into the open, to her, and no one but Jacinta would have known. Perhaps he was about to do so; but suddenly there appeared, on the hilltop beside them, a tall figure dressed in a purple gown, with hood and trimmings of bright scarlet, looking like a fuchsia flower; on his head was a little black velvet covering, shaped half like a crown. It was the young Jesuit, the Archbishop of the Guianas. Dolores rose and kissed his hand, bending the knee respectfully; he sat down beside her.

IV.

THE Condesa de Luna, the orphan daughter of dead parents who represented both branches of a famous old Gothic family, already known about the capital for her beauty, was known far and wide as the richest heiress in all

Venezuela and Guiana; her prairies stretched from the ocean to the Apure, her herds so countless that they roamed wild upon pampas which were hers, hunted by peons who were hers. The old stone castle with the Spanish arms was hers, and another like it stood empty for her in far Madrid. Her guardian, the Marquis del Torre, was a poor man beside her; and his nephew, Don Ramon, poorer still.

Dolores was brought up as follows: At five she rose, and went, with Jacinta, to early mass; nearly always to a different church, as is the seemly custom in Carácas, lest young men should take advantage of it and take position behind the chairs of their adored ones in church, where they could not be repelled; for, of course, no young gentleman, however madly in love, would insult his lady by accosting her in the open street. After mass, at six, being the time of sunrise and by comparison safe, Jacinta would take her charge for a walk, usually on the Calvareo, then deserted. At seven they would be home, and then in the great court-yard, under the palms and rose-red orchids, Dolores would take her lessons—French, English, music—all from priests. At eleven, bath; at twelve, breakfast; then reading, perhaps a siesta in a hammock made of birds' plumage. So she passed her days, all in the half-light of the great court-yard; only toward sunset again would she see the open sky, driving with one of her two governesses in the state carriage down the broad valley to where the wheel road stopped, and back again; or more rarely, as on this night, venturing on another walk. And all the youth of Carácas would gaze after her carriage; the young men driving out too, by themselves, in carriages, who had passed their days more in gambling or cock-fighting than with books and music; never, indeed, at mass. For here the lords of creation vent their authority in ordaining their wives and sisters to the Church and goodness, themselves to evil. But the most hardened duellist among them could no more than look at Dolores; only her reckless cousin Ramon would venture to ride athwart her carriage, and presume upon his cousinship to bow.

Yet intercourse is possible always betwixt young people who seek each other out ; and all Carácas gave Ramon to her for her lover. And to-night even, as he stood and glowered at the Archbishop from behind the tree-ferns, he had another chance. For there is, and was, one more strange custom in this strange city : at the sunset hour the young ladies of Carácas, all in their gayest dresses, sit in the great open windows and look upon the street—a curious sight it is to see the bright eyes and white throats thrust, like birds from a cage, through the iron bars of the sombre stone windows. (For no wind or cold ever needs a window of glass in that perpetual perfect weather. The high sun never makes a shutter needful in the narrow streets.) And there they sit, unoccupied ; and the young men of the city, dressed also in their best, walk by as slowly, and look as lingeringly, as they dare ; and perhaps, if the dark shadow of mamma or the dueña does not come out too quickly from the inner room, a few quick words are spoken, and a flower left or given. And what says the old proverb of the Caraqueños ?

“ Better two words in secret than a thousand openly.”

Sebastian Ruy, Marquis del Torre, too, was bred as a young nobleman of oldest lineage should be, or should have been, in that early eighteenth century that still lingered in the Andes. But this took him to Madrid and to Paris in the years VII. and VIII. ; and the eighteenth century, as one knows, ended in those wee small numbers. Torre came back to plunge his country in a revolution which lasted intermittently, like one of its own volcanoes, for more than twenty years. The young Parisian étudiant began his first émeute in Carácas itself, with a barricade, after the orthodox fashion of the years I. and II. This being quickly suppressed—partly that there were no pavements, and partly that each house was an impregnable fortress—but mostly that the city was of the governing class and stood with Spain—Torre had had to leave the capital for the pampas, where, for over twelve years, he maintained discursive warfare with a changeable command

of Indians and peons, which, however, on the whole, increased in number, officered by a few young gentlemen, under himself. His marquisate he forgot, and sought to make others forget it. He was, throughout Venezuela, The General. He had never been back within the walls of Carácas ; and, at nearly forty, he learned of his only aunt's death following his uncle's, and of the little girl they left, and of his guardianship.

A little girl she appeared to his imagination on the pampas ; when he got to Carácas, she was a young woman. The General's locks were already grizzled and his face weather-beaten with ten years' open life on the plains ; his face was marked, beside the eye, with the scar of a sabre. He had one interview with Dolores, saw her nurse, her instructors, her father confessor ; heard stories about his nephew Don Ramon, which troubled him, went back to camp. There intervened a brief campaign in the mountains of the Isla Margarita ; Torre went there to take command. This is the famed old island of pearls ; they lie there in the reefs amid the bones of men and ships ; Torre found no pearls, but he defeated the royal troops in the first engagement resembling an open battle he had ventured to fight. This matter settled, he lay awake at night, and thought about his new ward. Further tidings reached him from Carácas, of his nephew. It was said young Ramon boasted he would marry her. Then the King, as is the royal way after defeat in battle, made further concessions to the “ Liberals,” as the revolutionists were called ; and in the coaxing amity of the time, Torre was permitted, nay, invited, to return to the capital. He did so, and was immediately tendered a banquet by the royal Governor, and a ball at which his ward was present. The royal Governor and his lady sat beneath a pavilion, webbed of the scarlet and gold of Spain. The Countess Dolores came and curtsied deeply to them ; then she rose the taller for it, and as she turned haughtily away they saw that she was almost robed in pearls ; three strands about her neck and six about her waist ; and the ribbon in her mantilla was pale green, white, and red.

El Gobernador only smiled at this, the liberal tricolor, and made a pretty speech about it; but the vice-regal lady made some ill-natured reference to the pearls, as spoils from Margarita. Don Ramon was standing by and heard it. The General saw it not.

After the formal dance the General went up to compliment his ward. This was the first time he had seen her; for even he could not call, save in the presence of the family; and she had no other family than himself. He could not call on her until—unless—he married her. He said, "I am glad my lady Countess is kinder to our colors than my nephew." He watched her as he said this; she started, and at the end of the sentence, blushed. He saw her blush. Then he bowed, as if to retire.

"The pearls," she said, hastily, "are all I have; see!" And the Marquis, bowing, saw that the neck-strands were not a necklace, but, after passing thrice around her neck, descended to be lost in the laces of her dress.

The Marquis ended his bow, and went back to camp. Next week there came an Indian soldier to Dolores with a box of island pearls; they were large as grape-shot, and went thrice about her waist. But the General no longer contradicted her engagement to his nephew.

V.

THE General had never known women; he had only known what men (and women, too) say of women. At Paris, and Madrid, he had seen his friends with dancers, actresses; he did not confound other women with these, but he had known none other. Of girls, in particular, he was ignorant. A man of Latin race never sees a girl; in America—North America—it is different, and one sometimes wonders if they justify it.

Some weeks after the General got back to his camp (which was high up amid the huge mountain that fends the Gulf of Paria from the sea), he was astounded by the appearance of no less a person than his nephew Ramon. He had broken with the royal cause, he said,

and came to seek service beneath his uncle. He did not say what statement he had left behind him in Carácas—no explanation was necessary in the then Venezuela for joining any war—but how he had justified his delaying his coming nuptials with Dolores. For he loved her, this young fellow; yet he said—allowed it to be said—that in the process *de se ranger*, in the process of arrangement for his bride, that she might find her place unoccupied, certain other arrangements had been necessary which took time.

He did not tell this story to his uncle, who took him and sought to make a soldier of him. Not this story; but he told him that he loved Dolores; and his uncle—was he not twenty years younger?—believed him. Twenty years, or fifteen; 'tis little difference when you pass the decade.

But the General found him hard material to work up. He was ready enough at a private brawl; ready enough, if the humor struck him, to go at the enemy; but not to lead his men there. And his men were readier to gamble with him than to follow him; though brave enough, in a way.

Yet the gentleman Marquis blinded his faults—aye, and paid his debts—for when he lost at "pharaon" a certain pearl he wore, the uncle bought it back for him, with a caution to risk his money, not his honor; at which the young captain grit his teeth, and would have challenged—any but a creditor. And when a certain girl, a Spanish woman, followed him to camp, Del Torre knew of it, and helped Ramon to bid her go; and if the General thought the worse of him, he did not think Dolores loved him less; for was not Sebastian himself brought up on that cruel half-truth that some women still do their sex the harm to make a whole one? that women love a rake reformed. Then came a battle, and both were wounded, and more concessions from his Catholic Majesty; and in their wake the wounded gentlemen went back to Carácas.

The General's hair was grayer, and in that stay he saw Dolores only once, and that was in church—at mass. (High mass, *Te Deum*, for the Catholic Majesty's concessions.) Don Ramon stood

behind her chair ; and Del Torre saw them from a pillar opposite, and again the girl-countess blushed. And after mass the new Archbishop met him in the street, and talked—of him, and of his ward, and of Don Ramon.

"He is a graceless reprobate," said this peon-priest.

The Marquis sighed. "A soldier—for a brave man there is always hope."

The Archbishop eyed him.

"She loves him?"

"She loves him."

"He is poor!"

"She is rich."

"You should marry her," said the Archbishop, and shrugged his shoulders.

A week after he met them all again ; and this was that evening in the garden.

VI.

Now this arch-priest had been a peon, and a soldier in Del Torre's army ; and then he had left it, and had seen the viceroy and been traitor to the rebels, and so became a priest ; and then, heaven and the vice-queen knew how, bishop ; and but that his archiepiscopal credentials were now fresh from Rome, Del Torre, still a Catholic, had called him traitor ! Yet he could not like the man, though he stood between him and God ; and he knew that disliking must be mutual ; and he marvelled, simple soldier ! that the intoxicating message came from him. But he put this cup of heaven from his lips.

For Del Torre, from his fierce August of war, had learned to love this April maiden with all his heart and with all his life and his strong soul. Were not his hairs gray, and his face so worn and weather-beaten ? And his heart—he had none fit for this lady of the light. Enough that it was his pearls that clasped her slender waist.

The Archbishop, too, had seen his gray hairs ; yet he thought that it was best ? He had said so. Perhaps he wanted her possessions for the Church. His nephew, Don Ramon, cursed the Archbishop for sitting there that night, and saying to her—What ? Novitiate

and convent, perhaps, or his own sins. For the lady Dolores was devout as only girls can be who have warm hearts and noble souls, and are brought up in cloisters.

Del Torre stood on the other side of the Calvary hill, where the sunset lay, and looked at it, dimly—for his heart was breaking. The Archbishop kept close his converse with Dolores ; perhaps he saw her fiery younger lover lurking in the branches. She rose—she and Jacinta—and the priest walked home with them. He talked to her of nephew Ramon and his crimes—not his sins with women, for the priest, too, was a crafty man, and did her sex no honor—but of his gambling, his brawling, his unsaintliness. He said Ramon was a coward ; and when Dolores's pale cheek reddened, he marked it again ; and when she broke at this, he told her a trumped-up story of his last battle under his grave uncle. For Dolores, noble maiden, had not yet confessed her love to herself—how then to her confessor ?

The Archbishop walked slowly home with her, Jacinta just behind, and left her under that old stone scutcheon on the door. Del Torre and Don Ramon lingered behind ; and when they had passed her window, she was sitting there, looking weary. The old General passed by, sweeping off his hat, his eyes on the ground. He had been talking to the youth of all the duties of his life and love ; but Ramon was inattentive, watching for her. As they passed her window he lingered, daring a word to Dolores through the iron bars. He asked her for a rose she wore. She looked at him a moment, then gave it to him, with a message. The Marquis saw her give the rose ; he did not hear the message. Don Ramon did ; and his face turned the color of a winter leaf. As he walked on he crushed the rose, then threw it in the gutter.

That night he intoxicated himself in some tavern brawl. He had a companion with him, not of his own sex ; and when another officer reproached him with it, for his cousin, he swore that he would marry her, and that she had been—Then they fought a duel, and both were wounded.

VII.

THE General heard of it the next morning, and it was even the Archbishop brought him the news. The priest besought Del Torre to marry his ward, but he was obdurate; the crafty priest wrestled with the soldier's will all through that day, and neither conquered. But the General's face looked worn; he argued, only sadly, of the hot blood of youth, of the hope in her love for the nephew, and of his bravery. Then late in the day came the young officer, wounded, the bandage on his breast half stanching the heart's blood he had shed for her, and besought the general not to give her to Don Ramon. Del Torre stood as if at bay. "You love her too?" he cried.

"Ay, and would save her," said the young man, faintly.

"You must protect her from this libertine," then said the priest. For he wished her to marry the one she loved not.

"She loves him!"

"You must save her——"

"I will live with her, and guard her as my own——"

"You may not," said the priest.

"I am her guardian——"

"You may not—you must marry her."

"I am old and she is young——"

"The holy Church demands it!"

"I love her not—I——" the lie stuck in his lips.

Late in the afternoon Del Torre went to see Dolores. She was at vesper service, and he waited until she came back, pale. He began to speak. "I have heard all," she interrupted; "Jacinta told me." And again he saw her blush.

Del Torre groaned; he turned aside. Then he strode back to her, his sabre clanking as he walked. "God forgive me if I err. Dolores, you may not marry this man—you—you must—Señorita Condesa, will you marry me?"

Dolores looked up; she had been red, she was now pale. So blushes lie.

"Santissima Maria," she said, below her breath.

"The Church—the Archbishop—demands it," Del Torre hurried on, not looking at her, for he heard her excla-

mation. "I love you—well enough—to wed you." The soldier's voice broke, too feeble now to cry a charge. He never saw her look at him. God pardon him for looking down.

"You love me—well enough to wed me——" She had turned red again, and her voice was low. He looked, and saw it.

"I will keep you, and watch over you, Dolores, with my life. The Church demands it—I am but a soldier—will you marry me?"

Her dark head was bowed, and the purple of her eyes he saw not.

"Yes," she said; but, oh, so gravely, so coldly!

He bowed ceremoniously, and touched her hand to his lips; then he turned and left the stone-walled tropic garden. And as his sabre clanked in the passageway, she threw herself on the hammock in a flood of tears.

And that is how they were affianced.

VIII.

THE love of a man for a girl is perhaps different from any other passion our souls on earth are tempered with. Daphnis and Chloe are pretty, natural, charming to paint and write *vers de société* about; but so simple as to be shallow, so natural as to be replaceable. To Daphnis we know that any other Chloe will be Chloe too. And they are really selfish; they seek the consummation of their wishes: he his, she hers. It may be the same human energy; but in the fierce, almost blasphemous, self-abnegation of the man's love, it seems as different a manifestation as the earth-rending power of freezing water from the swelling of a bud at spring. The man can renounce his love; but he desires her well-being with a will to which murder is an incident and the will divine but an obstacle to be overcome.

The Archbishop had told Del Torre that his nephew had been married already—secretly, but married—married to the woman who came to seek him out at the camp. Against this wall Del Torre's will had been beating before his own betrothal to Dolores was announced. With a fierce suspicion he

received his friends' congratulations at his club and camp. Among his officers no other look or accent mingled with an unaffected joy. But in the city, he fancied—he was ever ready to fancy—among the young men, a shade of irony in their congratulations on his happiness. Was he not so old!

Don Ramon heard of it from Jacinta. Jacinta was with the younger man. She looked upon Del Torre's gray hairs with fierce eyes. Ramon's liquid voice and peachy lip had fascinated this supple creature of the forest. Don Ramon heard; and his own answer was characteristic:

"The old fool!"

Jacinta nodded impatiently. She asked him for a message back. He took pen and paper and wrote:

"SEÑORITA CONDESA: Thou lovest me. On the morning thou shalt wed Don Sebastian I kill him.

"RAMON DEL TORRE."

He read it over; then he stopped and thought. He was not all tiger; something of the serpent lay within the handsome youth.

"I will send it this evening," he said to Jacinta. And in the evening this is what he wrote:

"SEÑORITA CONDESA: The Archbishop is my enemy and makes my uncle marry you. Have you confessed to him? Surely, you have loved me? On the day he marries you he shall kill your

"RAMON."

This letter he sent. This was Thursday, March 19, 1813. The marriage was set for the 26th. Ramon went to the club, the café which served as club to the aristocracy of Carácas, and announced publicly that his uncle was forcing his ward to marry him against his will. The General, when this story was brought to him, winced, but only replied: "My nephew knows I cannot fight him; I must leave my honor to the kind opinion of my friends." This speech was repeated—"to the kindness of my friends;" and that night a dozen young gentlemen called upon the Mar-

quis and asked to be permitted to provoke Don Ramon. The General refused it to all, with one wave of his hand. "I marry my ward for family reasons; my nephew must be permitted to make what criticism he chooses."

Don Ramon then announced his uncle a coward, and promised to prevent the marriage by force. Del Torre took no notice. Jacinta had taken the letter to Dolores, but Ramon got no reply. After his last threat, however, he secured a call from a Jesuit priest, who was sent by the Archbishop and hinted of the Inquisition. Then the young man was silent for two days, and in devouring his rage he produced this letter to Dolores:

"DOLORES: Hast thou confessed? And why no answer to me?

"For death (*para la muerte*),
"RAMON."

To this Jacinta brought back a line:

"I shall confess upon my wedding-day. My answer to my husband, with the message that your Honour" (V., only, in Spanish) "did not give.

"DOLORES, CONDESA DE LUNA."

For Ramon had never given the message that went with the rose.

All this was in Holy Week. Palm Sunday passed; the Wednesday came; Holy Thursday was the day fixed for the wedding—by the Archbishop's special will.

Now, it must be remembered that in all this time Del Torre had spoken with Dolores face to face three times, and three times only. Each time he had seen her he had mentioned his nephew's name, and each time she had changed color. He would have married her to Don Ramon could he have done so; even now he had dared but for Ramon's own conduct. But all this time Del Torre was in an agony of doubt, through which even Ramon's insults could not penetrate. He would have sent Dolores to a convent, but the Archbishop forbade it; the priest feared not Don Ramon against Don Sebastian; perhaps, however, he feared him at the convent doors. But all this time

Del Torre had seen Dolores twice a day, at mass, where he went and gazed upon her, dim through incense.

IX.

ON Wednesday morning the Marquis del Torre had a last interview with his bride. She was to go to her last maidenly confession on that day; and he called early in the morning, in his uniform as General of the Liberal army. When he came upon her she was all in white and girt about with pearls. Pearls were in her dark hair, pearls in the folds of her white dress, pearls in her neck, no other color about her save the magic amethystine in her eyes. Her face was pale.

Del Torre bowed over her hand, then stood beside her. After the greeting, he said :

"Señorita Dolores, I am still your guardian—I would only marry you to make you happy. Do you think I can?" His lips were paler than hers, and his voice sounded cold. She only answered :

"Quite sure, señor."

"And the rose I saw you give my nephew—is it dead?"

Again the rush of color to her face; but, after a start, she answered, "It is dead." She stammered slightly, trying to say more; to relieve her embarrassment he rose and left her. "*Hasta mañana!*"

"*Mañana por la mañana,*" she answered, forcing brightness in her voice. The Marquis went out into the sunlight; he felt his heart as cold as hers.

But again Dolores burst into tears; then, quickly drying them, she wrote a letter and sealed it. Then she called Jacinta.

The Indian nurse came quickly, and as she stood looking at Dolores a dog's love was in her eyes. "This letter—the Marquis must have it in the morning," said the Countess.

"He shall have it—in the morning," answered Jacinta. Then Dolores went to her confessor. And Jacinta could not read the letter; so she took it to Don Ramon first, and asked him what it was.

X.

THE soldiers in Carácas march to mass, and the service is performed at beat of drum. At the muffled tap of a march the regiment files in to fill the nave, and kneels, ringing their bayonets upon the stones; the people fill the sides, and stand behind the columns on the aisles. The General was there, as usual, but he could not see Dolores; she was kneeling at a shrine upon one side, a shrine of Mary, Mother of Pity. All the pictures and gold images were heavily draped in crape, for it was Holy Week. The brazen trumpets of the military band sounded through the Kyrie Eleison; the church was dark, for every woman was in black until Good Friday, and the crape hangings shrouded close the walls. Del Torre stood erect in his green uniform, but, save for his figure, the nave was a mass of red and gold and glittering steel. He looked for her; he looked back to the doors which were thrown back inward; from the dark, shrouded church he looked through into the empty square, blazing with the zenith sun of the equinox. Again a muffled drum-beat, and the regiment knelt, with a rattle of their bayonets, upon the stones; it was the elevation of the host, and he, too, knelt and crossed himself.

When mass was over, the soldiers filed out first; as Del Torre followed, he met the wounded captain again, with bloodless cheeks. "You are too pale to be out, sir," said the General, almost lovingly, his hand resting lightly on the other's shoulder.

"Don Ramon is outside," he answered.

"I have no fear—the youth is mad," said Del Torre.

It is the custom in Spanish America, now forgotten in old Spain, to lead the holy images of the Church about the streets, with a slow processional, before Good Friday. As Del Torre spoke, they found themselves behind one of these. In this Church of Santa Teresia is a famed old image of Christ bearing the Cross, brought two centuries before from Spain. It is especially venerated by the merchants of Carácas; large sums are subscribed by them each

Easter time to dress it up, thousands of dollars and doubloons. Behind this image now they found themselves. Eight chanting priests in mourning, black and lilac, bore it on either side, but the image was gay with beaten gold, borne in a canopy of costly lace, a hundred tall wax candles upon either side. The priests move very slowly, scarce a step a minute, making stations at each shrine, so that to bear these images from one church to another may take half a day. Del Torre and the wounded officer could not, of course, pass it; so that it was half an hour when they reached the open air, and the square nearly emptied of the worshippers; Del Torre heard the distant band of the army down the mountain slope.

As they came out into the heat, he felt a slight shudder, like a quiver of the earth, and thought it was the shock of seeing his nephew. Don Ramon del Torre spoke loudly, disregarding the presence of the bystanders, pressing rudely by the sacred shrine.

"There stands the old man that will wed my cousin."

"Mention not her name," said General del Torre.

"I would kill him first, but that his old blood dare not spill itself for her."

"Mention not her name," said Del Torre.

"My cousin Dolores de Luna, that has been my mistress——"

That night a Jesuit priest, leaving the King's House, where he had confessed Dolores, ran hastily to the Archbishop's. While he was there, another frightened messenger brought the news that Don Sebastian and his nephew had been fighting on Calvario. But Jacinta, crying, brought the news to the Countess earlier, how Don Sebastian and Don Ramon at last had met, and how the nephew lay full of wounds upon the Calvary, literally cut in pieces, killed at his own uncle's hands.

XI.

DOLORES spent the night before the wedding kneeling in the little chapel of her dwelling. So we read that Eastern

Catholics "lay all that night in the form of a cross." She was praying for her husband that had been to be—perhaps praying that he might be still, praying for light to see if there were sin in it. Perhaps she had remorse of her own. She had known the dead man he had killed as a boy, bold, reckless, wild; I suppose she had looked at him once or twice. A Southern maiden's glances return to torture her when they have led to blood; prudent maids of other climes are chary of them for tradition of some such reason.

Dolores never wept, but knelt there, dry-eyed, praying. In intervals she thought, "Would he be well enough to come?" as she knew that he was gravely wounded; but somehow she felt sure he would; and that if this marriage-bond were sin, he would venture it for her sake. A woman's conscience rules her heart, even in Spain; but a man, even Roman Catholic, will risk his own perdition to save her sorrow, that no sin be hers. She must save him, she must be the judge. And sunrise found her pale but decided. Then she called Jacinta to her side, and asked her if she had carried to her husband (so she called him) her note.

Jacinta looked at her fiercely; but at the word "Husband," started. Then she said she had torn it up.

At the Countess's look she quailed, and lied again. She had it still, she said. Dolores bade her give it to him as he came from early mass.

Then Jacinta cried and told the truth. She admitted that she had given it to Don Ramon.

Dolores heard this with the blood about her heart, but sate there silent, while the Indian woman grovelled at her feet. It was her note, then, that caused the duel.

Then mine, too, is the sin, she thought, not his alone; and this thought gave her joy. But where was he? was he strong enough to come? She took her writing-case and wrote an exact copy of her other note; and this was what she had said, and Ramon had read, and then had fought his uncle:

"SEÑOR: The rose you asked of yesterday I gave Don Ramon; but the

message that went with it was given him for you.

"MARIA JOSEPHA DOLORES, CONDESA DE
"LUNA."

As she finished writing, the General was announced. His face was bloodless, but his wounds had been carefully dressed, so that the bandage could not be seen. He knelt over her hand, though the kneeling set them bleeding once again. But Dolores, timid only in her love, still saw but remorse and duty in his eyes. With him he brought his own priest, a priest from the Liberal army. "Pobra," he said, "we must be married early—early and privately."

She sought his eyes timidly and tried to say it; to say what words her note said in her hand. But she could not. She could only say, "I know—I have heard," and she clenched the letter closer in her hand. She could not give it to him.

Del Torre's face could not turn whiter. But he said: "Forgive me—only your forgiveness I can ask. At noon, then?"

"At noon." She saw him leave the house; then, then she turned and cried to Jacinta: "Run, run, and give him this letter—at the Cathedral."

And again, upon her wedding-morning, Dolores went to pray. She was interrupted by a visit from the Archbishop. Some presentiment made her rise in apprehension; and as she stood erect, she saw, through the priest, the man. And she saw he had her secret.

"This marriage must not be," said he.

"Holy Father, I have confessed yesterday."

"This marriage must not be. You loved Don Ramon."

Dolores's lip curled. "I confessed, yesterday. I see you have been told."

"Yesterday 'twas a duty—to-day it is a sin. Thou lovest Ramon."

Then Dolores rose to her full height and her blue eyes flamed like ice. "Sebastian, the Liberador, him I love, in this life and the next; God knows it, and now may you, and soon, please God, shall he!"

All forewarned that he was, the priest started at her vehemence. Fool that he had been!

"He has murdered his nephew—and thou art the cause."

The Countess was silent. All Catholic that she was, she had resolved to appeal from his judgment to God's.

"Thou wilt not obey?" said the priest.

Her lips half formed the word no.

"Then on thee and on him, on thy house I pronounce the curse of God. Thy family shall have cause to remember this day, this Holy Thursday, until it and both thy names shall have vanished from the earth."

Scarcely had the Archbishop left the house when Del Torre came. She saw that he had not been to the church. But she was married to him without another word. "If he has not my note," she thought, "he shall have it soon."

But before that night Jacinta, with the note in her hand, was buried with ten thousand others behind the closed cathedral doors.

XII.

ON Holy Thursday, March 26, 1813, while the services of the Hours of Agony were being celebrated in the great cathedral, in the presence of ten thousand people, the mountains trembled and the earth opened. The multitude pressed for the doors, but they opened inward, and the thronging masses pressed them fast. At the second shock the walls opened and the roof fell in. The Archbishop and many priests were buried at the altar. Thirty thousand people are said to have perished. Many were swallowed in the chasm that opened on the mountain-side, like rents in a bulging sail bursted in a gale. No stone house in Caracas more than one-story high was standing on that night—except the old Spanish castle where, in the tower-room, Dolores sat watching for her husband.

Through all that night Del Torre worked amid the ruins. At dawn he was brought home insensible, fainting from his labors, bleeding at his opened wounds. Dolores met him at the door, and led the bearers to the room that should have been their bridal-room. There he was laid, and lay delirious

many weeks with fever. Dolores never left his side.

The Archbishop was known to have been killed. Jacinta, the bride knew must have perished too. The priest that had married them stayed with her; but Dolores, though brave enough to sin, was not false to her faith. The overwrought heart of the poor girl and great noblewoman connected all that had happened with what she deemed her sins—firstly, that she had caused her cousin's death, her husband's crime, but chiefly that she had braved the Church, and the curse its head, now dead, had launched upon her and upon Carúcas. That their house alone was standing seemed only to mark them guilty.

Dolores was a noble heart, and did not falter in her course. She had followed love, she had married him she loved; his wife she was, his wife she would remain. But she sought no soothing palliation from the friendly priest. She went to no confession; in all her life she never would confess herself, seek absolution, again. Excommunicated she would live, that the curse might rest on her and not on him.

But ah, how ardently she watched for Sebastian's consciousness to come! for his eyes to rest on hers again! She felt sure the coldness in them now was gone. Delirious, he raved of her and of his love; he that never called her but by titles in his life, now cried Dolores, Dolores, and she held his hand and waited.

She bade the doctors tell her when his recovery was likely to come. And then, when one evening his hands moved, and he closed his eyes and slept, she sat there trembling, not daring to be beside him, but her face turned away. That yearning cry—Dolores, Dolores, had been stilled for hours; but the night passed and still he was asleep. Then, when it was broad sunlight, she heard a sudden movement by the nurse, and the priest began to pray in Latin, and her heart stood still. He sat up; she retreated in the shadow, toward the door. His voice spoke; but oh! how low, how weak—not as it had been in his dreaming; alas! this was now his right mind. He saw not her; his eyes looked sanely out the window,

through the crowded city. "It was a sin to marry her," he said.

She was carried fainting to her room within the tower, and there again she waited. "Has he asked for me?" she ventured to ask, at night.

He had asked for my lady, and they had told him she was ill. And the next day again; and they had told him she was in her suite about the tower. She dared not seek him now. And flowers came to her from him, but no further speech. Thrice he sent his homage to her. He could not walk yet, but he sent his homage to her. She asked to know when he could walk; and they told her they would let her know. So, one afternoon, they told her he might walk the next day; and all that night she passed in prayer.

The next day, she waited for his step upon the stone floor. It came not; to her tears and prayers, it came not. Jacinta's dead hand still held close the note. She prayed—was it wrong to pray when so unshrived?—to Maria Vergen de las Mercedes, but still it came not. Her haughty Spanish breeding forbade her showing sorrow to her servants, and they were cold and deferential to her. Jacinta? She was dead—Dolores knew, but thought that she had given him her letter. She had sinned, yes, but he was her husband.

The next day she asked the servant. The Señor General was gone. Gone? without seeing her even? He had had to go to the wars; he had not ventured to disturb my lady; he left a letter. A letter? she tore it open, read it. It sent his respectful worship to "the Marquesa;" it apologized for his illness; it prayed forgiveness from her for having married her; it was done to save her name. It said no word of love; and Sebastian Ruy del Torre was a gentleman: his love appeared not in his letter. If she loved him not, he would not wound her by showing his. It said no word of guilt. He would neither wound her by requiring love nor by suggesting blame; but to Dolores's morbid fancy it had a sense of blame. It closed by speaking of his duty at the wars; of his country's freedom; perhaps, a hint of hers. Dolores clasped the white paper to her breast, and, to

immortal eyes its color was of blood. She read it once again ; and Del Torre, had he been there, could have seen her heart die in her eyes.

XIII.

WE must remember that Maria Josepha Dolores, Condesa del Torre y Luna, was a lonely young girl, educated but from books, devoutly believing in a faith we like to think superstitious. Remember, please, also, that she loved, and braved her Church for love, and had not, so she thought, won his. She deemed her soul was damned ; she knew her heart was broken. Not that there were no days when she did not dare hope ; no days in which she tried to frame a theory by which it still might seem he cared for her ; but she believed he was borne down by their great guilt, and she resolved his soul, at least, would not be lost for hers. "My lady Marquesa would have her apartments in all the house," the letter said. "My lady had but to command. A small room in the tower was enough for him—he could but rarely be home from the wars. He trusted, if his presence was painful, she would not see him," etc., etc. And, after many months, when the General came back—his wife met him not. The rooms of state were carefully prepared for him, and all his suite ; flowers, banquets were ready ; all his retinue and hers, in their joint blazonry, were in attendance. Only, strangely enough, just that little tower room was the one my lady Marchioness preferred. Would he kindly yield it to her ?

Of course, and the General sent her a rope of pearls. They almost broke her resolution ; but she met him not. The General only sighed ; this was all as he had known. The evil nephew, done to death by his own hand, still had her heart. He sighed and his hair grew whiter. One rending memory came over him, of the last time he had seen her eyes.

He could not know, as he rode homeward up the street, after his first state visits, straining his eyes up to that tower window frowning so blankly, how late

her own had left it—those eyes of purple-gray that every beggar in Caracas soon knew well, save only he. Before the next return his glory blazed abroad, and Bolivar came back with him. Bolivar, the Liberator. All thoughtful preparation, all courtly care, all a Spanish grandee's splendor was spread forth to receive him in the Casa Rey ; but the châteline was never seen. It was not necessary to explain her absence ; such things get quickly known ; it was, of course, thought she had loved the cousin. And the strange, Old-world Gothic pride made her bearing, the honor of the house, Del Torre's silence, only too easily intelligible to them. So the Marquis del Torre never saw his bride on his returning home.

But, had he known it, he never opened a door that she had not vanished through it. He never touched a flower she had not placed for him. He never looked in a mirror her gray eyes had not just left. He never touched a wine-glass to his lips that her lips had not kissed it. The very missal that he read from had been warmed within her bosom.

O ghosts and mediums, and vulgar spirits of air ! and stupid tables, mirrors that are flattered with tales of second sight ! Why did you not hold a look of hers one moment longer ? why did not the roses keep a second longer her lips' breath for him ? Poor tremor of vision in the air, that could not draw the image of her eyes to his as he rode up the street scarce a hundred mortal bodies' breadths away ! But they never did ; he never saw her, she saw him only as he rode away upon his horse ; and so for many ? nay, not many (such poor slight power has heaven)—not for many years. And as his horse bore him away, she came to the tower window and watched him go—and there she sat weeks, months, until the pennons flashed or the trumpet's note announced to her, waiting, that he was come again. For he always came in such guise, announced with ceremony. And he did not dream her eyes had been at the tower window ever since. For their eyes never met.

But the people knew, and so they called her "Our Lady of the Tower." And nuestra Doña del Torre, is she

called there still. And thus they lived there alone within that great house, each for pity of the other in courage, each for awe of love in silence ; each so loving, so brave, so silent, that the other never knew.

XIV.

"NUESTRA DOÑA DEL TORRE" — by that title, I fancy, she is known in heaven. For in that city all the good that was worked was hers ; after the earthquake, then through siege and civil war, her heart directed her handmaidens, ladies loving her did her soft work. Her own life was but a gentle message. For she never but for the convent left her tower-room. Thither, however, poor old men, children, troubled girls, would come to see her.

All this time Bolivar was battling with the might of Spain, and Del Torre (Del Torre y Luna now he always called himself, liking, at least, to link his name with hers ; but she had dropped her own name and called herself Del Torre alone—Maria Dolores del Torre) was Bolivar's captain. Years the war lasted. Once our General was captured in the city ; he came to Carácas at a time of war, when it was legal for the Governor to capture him ; he had heard some rumor that his wife was ill. He would have been shot but that he escaped from gaol, and this so easily that the prison-doors seemed to turn of themselves. No youth, or woman, or child in all Carácas, but would have turned a traitor for our lady.

Del Torre's face looked old—Dolores knew it not. She never saw him—except, perhaps, a distant figure on a horse. When he was out, she roamed the house ; when he came back she shut herself within her apartments. He never returned, from the shortest absences, a walk or a mass, without making formal announcement. He wondered only at the flowers ; the perfection of his banquets, the splendor of his household, were for his guests and as it should be. At first Del Torre had hoped to see at least a handkerchief fly from her window, a greeting or a wave of the hand, on his return. But it was always black and blank when he

saw it. At first, this cost him tears : a greeting seemed so little—only courtesy ! But afterward he only sighed ; no man should repine that events fulfil his expectations rather than his hopes.

Their money grew apace. With part of hers Dolores built a church at Los Teques, a property that had been her mother's, not far from the city. Half her time she spent there ; and it stands there still, and is called after the Virgen de las Mercedes—Our Lady of Pity—to whom alone Dolores dared to pray. But the Church took her treasure and it kept her secret.

One's heart beats quick to think what might have happened had she ventured to confession—the priest who married them still was with her, in the household, an honest priest, who loved Del Torre, too. But Rome, which knows how to be gentle as a mother, can also be as cruel as the grave. So Dolores went on in building churches, and Don Sebastian offered his brave heart wherever he saw a bullet fly for liberty. The best work of the world is done by broken hearts.

One time that he came home, he found a medallion by his plate. It was set with pearls, in tricolor enamel. He opened it, and it was a miniature of her. Then once a rush of human blood bore all his barriers of honor, duty, resolves of conduct, far away. He hastened through the house to the tower, where she lived. Her maid opened—not Jacinta, but Jacinta's daughter, now a woman. My Lady Marquesa had gone to the convent at Los Teques for some weeks' prayer.

XV.

AFTER this, Del Torre's body grew broken, with his heart.

It was the last campaign of liberation. The final battle was fought not far from Los Teques, where the convent was ; and the wall of the church of the Virgen de las Mercedes was scarred with balls. The fight was over, the country was free. And the General at last was killed.

Bolivar himself went with Del Torre's body to Carácas ; our General's *corps d'armée* were his pall-bearers. The

news, of course, had been sent to the city; the Governor had fled; the General's tri-color now, the red-white-green of Colombia, was floating over the Capitol. All the town was gay with banners, merry with song. It had forgotten the earthquake, and was now rebuilt, though lower down. The Casa Rey now stood at the head of the principal street, which sloped from it down the mountain side. And as the regiment escorting his body debouched into this avenue, and turned upward (as its dead leader had so often done before), and the town came in view, there was a great hush upon the people. For lo! Now, at last, the window of the tower was wide open and the house bore all no black, but was festooned with laughing tri-color. And the window of the tower was open, and there within stood our Lady Dolores, in her white wedding laces, waving her hand.

She met them at the great door. Bolivar, and the officers who had been with our General, started. For, as she stood there in her slender satin gown, her eyes upon them, she was like a young girl. And her girlish waist was bound about with pearls.

The fact was, she was seven-and-twenty. They placed his bier first in the great room; but she would have it in hers, so in the tower-room they placed it, with burning candles standing sentry now where she had stood; and by its side were lilies—the flower of the Holy Ghost—and then they left her. Then first, since her wedding-day, she

looked upon him, face to face, his eyes now dead to see. Their eyes so met. And outside, from the city now again joyous, came the carillon of freedom bells.

XVI.

THIS is the life story of Don Sebastian Ruy Jose Maria, Marques del Torre y Luna; and of Maria Josepha Dolores del Torre, Condesa de Luna, his wife; and of the old stone castle that alone the earthquake left standing in the pleasant city of Carácas.

The Holy Catholic Church had alone their secret; and she kept it; and now she has, laid up on earth, their treasure too. No longer such grim motives vex their country; if she battles with herself, it is for money or acres of wide coffee land. Such cruel tales cannot be found there now. But, perhaps, withal, some touch of noble life is vanished, with that flag of blood and gold. Good cannot grow bravely without evil in this world.

You may see the Casa Rey still standing in the sombre street, and the empty tower window there. The Marquesa del Torre y Luna died, quite old, a score of years ago. Her blue eyes are no longer there. Perhaps they are in heaven, and now at last, "know not their love from God." The people of Carácas think so. Her eyes

"Even than on this earth tenderer—
While hopes and aims long lost with her,
Stand round her image side by side,
Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
About the Holy Sepulchre."





HISTORIC MOMENTS: THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

September 8, 1855.

By William Howard Russell, LL.D.



AM about to describe what I remember of the closing scenes of that Siege of Sebastopol on which the attention of the civilized world was fixed for nearly twelve long months. A generation has passed away since the Crimean War began, and there are few men now living who could give an exact account of the causes of that war. The objects each of the Allied Powers had in view were not identical by any means, but ostensibly the armies of the brand new Emperor of the French and of the ancient monarchy of England were employed for the purpose of arresting the march of Russians upon Constantinople, delivering the Danubian Provinces from Russian occupation, and ultimately, as the best way of securing the dominions of the Sultan, destroying the magnificent arsenal of his inveterate foe which protected the Black Sea fleet that had already destroyed the Turkish Navy at Sinope, and which constituted a perpetual menace to Stamboul.

Early in September, 1854, 27,000 English, under Lord Raglan; 26,000 French, under Marshal Arnaud, who also had attached to him a Turkish division 7,000 strong, sailed from Varna. They landed in the Crimea on September 14th, fought and won the Battle of the Alma on September 20th, invested the south side of Sebastopol on the 26th, and on October 17th opened fire on the place. They were

attacked in the rear on October 25th, at Balaclava, and on November 5th were assailed at Inkerman by 60,000 Russians whom they defeated after a long and bloody struggle. The Siege went on through a terrible winter, through the spring and the early summer of 1855. Sebastopol sustained a bombardment from the two most powerful fleets in the world, and the French and English batteries, without result—five general bombardments and batterings from the works, each time augmented in the number and power of mortars and guns; constant cannonading from the allied trenches and from the sea; and made frequent and sanguinary sorties and repulsed desperate assaults; but toward the end of July, 1855, it became evident that unless help came from without her days were numbered. Despite the genius and resources of the great engineer Todleben, whose name will be forever associated with the Siege, the assailants surely if slowly gained ground and indented the line of the defences. Every week sap and trench were pushed nearer and nearer to the place. From September, 1854, to August, 1855, the Russian loss amounted to 134,000 men—their stores were exhausted—their best ordnance dismounted or rendered useless. The Russians lost their advanced redoubts, the Mamelon, the White Works, and the Quarries on June 7th, inflicted a severe defeat on both the French and the English, and repulsed a general assault

on Sebastopol with a loss of 5,000 men to the Allies,* June 18th (the anniversary of Waterloo), but all the same the defence was agonizing! So a final attempt was made to raise the Siege.

On August 16th the Russian army outside the place—50,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 236 guns—made an ill-concerted and badly conceived attack on the French and Sardinian forces, covering the line of the Tchernaya, and was utterly defeated, losing 3 generals, 66 officers, and 2,300 men killed, 160 officers and 4,000 men wounded, 31 officers and 1,700 men missing, while the French lost 1,500 and the Sardinians only 200 men in the action.

When Prince Gortschakoff returned to the city from the battle-field of the Tchernaya, he found widespread death and ruin around him—hospitals overflowing, gorged ambulances in every street. He made preparations to abandon the south side—he threw a great bridge across the roadstead, he barricaded the streets and laid mines under the forts which defended the roadstead, the harbor, and docks—he sent his sick and wounded to the other shore. But he could not bring himself to give the word to retreat. He lingered till it was too late.

By way of answer to the attack on the Tchernaya, the Allies opened a heavy fire on Sebastopol after the battle, which put from 800 to 900 men of the garrison *hors de combat* every 24 hours. Still Gortschakoff held on. But on September 5th, the prelude to the grand assault commenced—cannonade by day, bombardment by night. For 72 hours the fire never ceased. In that time the English threw 12,721 bomb-shells and 89,540 shot into Sebastopol. Everything went down before that infernal tempest save the courage of the garrison. Ramparts, houses, stone-walls, were pounded into rubble, guns were dismounted, gabionades and parapets were levelled, batteries were laid open from the front to the rear. But in the midst of the storm of iron and fire the Russians, stolid and indomitable, massed in the fetid holes excavated in the reverse face of the

works miscalled “casemates,” awaited the columns of assault and with splendid resolution prepared to defend all that was left of Sebastopol.

I have thought this brief summary of the situation necessary to enable you to understand the “Historic Moment” of the fall.

We have now come to the evening of September 7, 1855. My quarters were in rear of the hillock called Cathcart's Hill; the zinc hut of which I became the happy possessor toward the close of the Siege was within range of the plunging shot fired from Sebastopol to annoy our camps and the groups of officers assembling on Cathcart's Hill. I was very glad indeed when the intensity of the bombardments shut up the “whistling Dicks,” as they were called, and their screaming congeners, and gave us respite from their annoyance and occasional mischief. It only took a few minutes to walk to Cathcart's Hill, which commanded the terrain covered by our camps between the sea on the left and the Valley of the Tchernaya on the right. Off the harbor to the southeast lay the fleets, a short distance inland began the French trenches, opposite the Curtain, the Central Bastion, and the Flag-Staff Bastion, which were continued to the ravine in which they dipped to join the English Left Attack—which was directed against the Barrack Batteries and the Redan. The Woronzow Ravine, in which the road to the city ran, separated our two attacks. The English trenches were continued to the right (I am looking at Sebastopol from Cathcart's Hill) to the “Valley of Death,” where they connected with the left of the French Right Attack.

After the Battle of Inkerman the French moved round to our right and took up the ground which had been occupied by the Guards and the Second Division, so that the British had to resign the position in front of the Malakhoff which our Engineer, Sir John Burgoyne, declared to be the key of the position as it proved to be. The flanks of the English were now covered by their allies, but I am not sure that they were grateful for the protection thus afforded them.

* Eyre's Brigade carried the Russian positions below the west flank of the Redan, and occupied them till it was withdrawn next morning by order—the only success of the day.

I spent some hours at Cathcart's Hill watching the effect of the fire from the allied batteries which for five miles between the French left to the west, and their right at Inkerman were plying the Russian works on September 7th.

It was a raw, blustery day; toward evening it became worse. An exceedingly strong wind, bitterly cold for the time of year, blew in our faces right from the city, driving before it dense clouds of blinding dust with a sickly smell of burning. This fierce wind lasted all the night and next day. Our batteries had completely defaced the parapets of the Redan and had smashed the walls and barracks behind, sending stones and timbers flying in the air. The Russians endured the fearful *vacarme* of shot and shell in silence.

The French Marshal and General La Marmora had attended a Council of War at which our Generals of Division, the Allies' Engineer and Artillery chiefs were present at our head-quarters at noon, and orders were sent, after the Council broke up, to the Medical Officers to prepare the ambulances and hospitals for next day.

I rode over to our head-quarters camp about 4 o'clock—the farm-house where Lord Raglan died—now a scene of unusual animation. Aides-de-camp galloping, saddled horses parading up and down before the staff officers' huts, orderlies coming and going, everyone busy and important, no one able or willing to impart information about the assault, which I knew from many scraps picked up here and there on my way was intended for to-morrow. As I was returning to Cathcart's Hill I met General (then Colonel) Rose, afterward Lord Strathnairn, our Commissioner with the French, on his way to General Simpson with communications from Pelissier. He told me "Pelissier was determined to stand no nonsense! He was going to launch 30,000 men with ample reserves to do his share of the business." "And when will the assault be delivered may I ask?—at daybreak?" Rose looked at me for a moment, and said, "If I knew I dared not tell any one! Exactly! But not at daybreak I think! Adieu!" and rode off on his errand.

When I reached Cathcart's Hill again the sun was declining in a blood-red haze of smoke and dust. In the roadstead the hull of a man-of-war was blazing fiercely, steamers were busy towing vessels near it to the north side. A stream of men and vehicles was pouring over the floating bridge, in the same direction. The great dock-yard shears was on fire.

Among the officers on the Hill were Windham and Crealock. As I drew near I was greeted with the usual question, "Well, what news have you?" It was supposed that I, who was told nothing, must know everything! Oftentimes when we were turned out at night by heavy firing in the trenches and everyone was asking, and no one was answering, what it was all about, I heard some one say, "We will know about it when the *Times* arrives!" I was forever divided between the business of riding about camps, visiting quarters, gathering news, seeing what was to be seen, and putting what I saw and heard down upon paper. On the present occasion I was unusually fortunate, for my friends actually knew something. They were "on duty" to-morrow. What I learned from them made me feel very dubious about our success. "It is all a d——d patchwork business," said Windham, "all wrong, no sense in it! Why not let the Guards and old Colin Campbell's Highlanders, who have done nothing all the winter, spring, and summer, go in at the Redan. There are lots of regiments longing to make up for their ill-fortune in being late for Alma and Inkerman—eight or nine fine regiments burning for a chance! It's a selection of the unfitest." It surely was not the survival of many of them, poor fellows!

General Simpson was about to send against the Redan detachments of regiments many of which had taken part and had lost heavily in the unsuccessful assault of June 18th.

At sunset the cannonading gradually slackened, but the lull was speedily broken by outbursts along the line from all the mortars. As if recovering their spirits in the gloom, the Russians began to throw bouquets of shells, vertical grape, fire-balls, and *carcasses* into the nearest trenches.

When I left Cathcart's Hill there was a fiery glow through the clouds of smoke over the city, an ominous glare as from some great furnace—flights of shells were scoring the darkness with curving lines of fire. The thundering noise of the mortars sounded like the muffled roll of giant musketry.

I tried to sleep, but I could only doze fitfully. Every gun fired in the battery below me shook the zinc walls of my hut, and the sleeping flies on the ceiling fell down in swarms on my stretcher-bed and crawled over my face.

As the wind wafted the sounds of our "*Reveille*" and of the French "*Diane*" over the camps on the morning of September 8th, I roused up to my breakfast of biscuit and milkless coffee. The cannonade had reopened soon after sunrise all along the front with extraordinary vehemence. It seemed to gather force and fury every moment. "There's going to be hard work to-day, sir, I hear," quoth my servant. "The boys expect to be in Sebastopol for dinner, they say! It's little of that some of them will be wanting, I'm thinking." As I had not the least idea when the assault would take place, I sallied out for Cathcart's Hill, but the smoke and dust blown back on our camp obscured the scene so that I could scarcely make the Russian works, familiar as they were. There was no unusual gathering of troops in our trenches, but in the rear of the French trenches every yard of ground screened from the enemy was packed with men. I had a pass for the trenches and I walked to the Second Parallel. But there was even less to be seen there than there was from the higher ground in the rear. The cannonade still went on, and there was an incessant rattle and crackle of musketry.* It was evident there was to be no assault in the early morning, so in an hour or so I returned by the covered way, mounted my horse, which was in readiness at the rear of Cathcart's Hill, and rode to our head-quarters, which I drew blank. General Simpson, accompanied by his staff, had already gone to the front. The General, an elderly Scotchman of

long service, had gained some reputation in India, but had never handled a considerable body of troops in his life. Honest, amiable, modest, and brave, he was entirely destitute of force of character and of commanding ability. He never grasped the consequences of British failure and of French success that day! Simpson followed the evil precedent of June 18th. It was, as Windham said, "a patchwork business." There was a covering-party of different regiments of the Second Division. There was a scaling-party of different regiments. There was one column of four different regiments, and two weak brigades in reserve. This for one face of the Redan. A similar disposition was made for the assault on the other face—fragments of regiments without cohesion—the men of one corps not caring for the officers of the other—the influences of personal association minimized—the best troops in reserve instead of at the front. The only reason I ever heard given for our arrangement was that the General thought it right to give a share in the honors of the day to as many regiments as possible, especially to those that had failed.

The French General set to work in a very different style. For the assault on the Central Bastion and Flagstaff Bastion he told off two divisions with two divisions in support, and a reserve of 10,000 men. For the attack on the Malakhoff he assigned a division under MacMahon with a reserve of a brigade under de Wimpfen (the same who succeeded to the command of the French army when MacMahon was wounded at Sedan), and of two battalions of Zouaves of the Guard. Another division with a reserve of a brigade and of a battalion of Chasseurs was to storm the Little Redan. Another division with a reserve of four regiments was to attack the Curtain—Guards, Chasseurs, Voltigeurs, Zouaves, at least 30,000 men, the flower of the French army.

I cannot at this distance of time carry the details of figures and names in my head. Some parts of the picture of September 8th on my mind are blurred and indistinct. But I have the records of what I saw made at the time. I find the entry "Saturday, Sep. 8th, 11 A.M.,"

* To prevent the Russians repairing the works and mounting guns, the French guards were ordered to keep up an incessant fire on the embrasures, and expended about 150,000 rounds every night and morning.

to a letter written the forenoon of the day of the assault. In those days the idea of telegraphing a despatch was not born.

I had a hint that the assault would be delivered at noon. I had time to write the postscript dated "8th Sep., 11 A.M.," and hasten back to Cathcart's Hill before the time arrived. The armies had by this time a large train of camp-followers. Jew dealers and Christians had opened provision-shops and drinking-booths. Oppenheim, Crockford, Mother Seacole, etc., did a roaring trade. There were many "T. G's.," as they were called—"Travelling Gentlemen"—who had come out "to see the fun" and their friends. Whenever "anything was up" or was "going on" in front, there was a rush from the rear, very inconvenient and troublesome—for the crowds of sight-seers on the rising grounds aroused the attention, and drew the fire, of the enemy. To obviate this the Generals ordered a line of sentries to be posted early in the morning in rear of the plateau to stop all comers without papers. Another line of cavalry was posted before the camps and in rear of the trenches to prevent persons passing outside the lines. I was told afterward that the Russians saw the line of pickets and at once inferred that the assault was imminent. At 10.30 A.M. the detachments of the regiments of the Light Division and Second Division destined to attack the Redan as soon as the French were in the Malakhoff, were moved quietly into the advanced parallels. The Highlanders under Campbell, and the Guards, were in reserve; so was one brigade of the Fourth Division and the whole of the Third Division. The French had found out that the enemy, in order to diminish loss of life from our fire, relieved their garrisons a little before 12 o'clock in the day, and that there was an interval between that hour and the arrival of the reliefs during which the batteries were almost denuded of defenders; that was found to be the case. The fatal blot was hit! In ten minutes more it would be twelve. Curiously enough, I found myself beside the Duke of Newcastle, the War Minister who had been driven from office with the Government

of which he was a member, because of the excitement and indignation created by the accounts of the sufferings of the army during the winter and by the mismanagement of the war. "You turned out the ministry, Mr. Russell," he said to me when I met him a day or two before (Lord Stratford de Redcliffe used the same words). And he spoke of the impossibility of extracting information from Lord Raglan. "I'm told he was always writing. He wrote very little to me, at all events." Our conversation was brief, our attention was fixed on the trenches. Pelissier was in the Mamelon on our right front. General Simpson, General Airey, and Sir H. Jones, our senior engineer, took post in the Second Parallel of the Left Attack.

I looked at my watch—it wanted a few minutes of noon. Just at that moment an officer exclaimed, "By Jove, there go the French at the Malakhoff!"

There was not more than fifty or sixty feet between the parapet of the Malakhoff and the nearest French trench. We saw the Zouaves, like autumn leaves drifting before the wind, already swarming across the ditch and crowding over the parapet ere the Russians fired a gun. Once in, the clatter of musketry and smoke showed that the enemy had recovered from their surprise. Desperate fighting ensued, but the whole hill was covered with Frenchmen making for the salient and flanks, and a veritable battle raged within. That famous work, the capture of which gave to France that day the supreme glory of the taking of Sebastopol and to Pelissier the title of Duke, was originally a round stone tower of the kind called Martello, the caprice of a private citizen before the war. It was built on a conical hill which commanded a masterful sweep of the ground. It looked into the Redan on its proper right—the Karabelnaia, the dockyards, the anchorage and roadstead, the suburbs of the city, the plateau intersected by ravines on which the Allies had pitched their tents, the slopes on which they had opened their trenches. Todleben pounced upon that tower at once and converted it into a veritable fortress some 350 yards long and 150 yards broad, with enormous

parapets pierced with shelter caves and massive traverses running across. There was one mistake: it was closed at the gorge!

We strained our eyes but the smoke was dense. "See!" shouted another officer in great excitement, "There is a flag flying at the salient! Two flags by Jove! the Tricolor and the Union Jack! It's our turn now!" That was the signal agreed on for the British to assault the Great Redan. Every glass was now directed toward our Fifth parallel into which indeed we could see without field-glasses. Our hearts bounded as we beheld the chequered line of scarlet infantry leap over the parapet and advance at a run up the sloping ground toward the Redan. But the instant the columns appeared in the open, the flanks of the Redan burst into fire and smoke. The attack on the Malakhoff had aroused the Russians all along the line. Their guns belched out grape and canister from unsuspected embrasures suddenly thrown open, and rolling volleys of musketry covered the parapets with smoke. In less time than it takes to read these lines, most of the leading files of the stormers were killed or wounded. The leading officers fell to a man! Ladder parties, Sappers and Miners, Riflemen, covering parties, went down before tremendous *mitraille* from the flanking works of the Redan and the auxiliary batteries. The columns advanced indeed. But they left the ground behind them covered with the dead and dying, over whose bodies the supports pressed onward. The supports following the first columns from the trenches suffered terribly. They had to march over their fallen comrades, and we could see the wounded and the Hospital litter-bearers going in crowds to the rear. The supports could not fire toward the front. Many halted with the men on the outer parapet and ditch. But still the red and green wave rolled upward. We saw, so to speak, the foam of it mount up the salient, and flow in through the embrasures on the left flank of the Redan with infinite delight, secure that the work was our own. Alas! It was not to be! Over the parapet of the Redan as over that of the Malakhoff,

the smoke rising in dense clouds told of a long struggle within. Many, very many men were lying in the open—some hundreds were fighting inside. But outside and on the edge of the ditch of the Redan we could see many lying down and firing without advancing. With all-absorbing anxiety we scanned the advanced parallels expecting every moment to see the fine regiments we knew to be there issue forth and save the fortunes of the day now in the balance. It seemed to be hours since the attack began.

Our men remained crowded in the salient. The Russians behind the traverses reinforced every minute by hundreds and by the fugitives from the Malakhoff, poured in a converging fire. Then burst out a storm of angry exclamations and wild apostrophes, "Where are the reserves? There are some of our people actually coming back! They are dropping into the ditch and running out of the salient!" "Oh! where are the reserves?" "We shall lose the Redan!" "My God! what a miserable business!" And though the front of Sebastopol was now belching out smoke from every firelock right and left and every gun, and the combat inside the Malakhoff raged more fiercely than ever, we had only eyes for that dreadful sight—the retreat of our own soldiers! Several officers were sent by Windham, who was now senior, to ask for help. They never returned! They were all wounded or slain! At last Windham went himself. That proceeding has been severely censured; but those who knew him—and I am one—do not believe the ignoble motive assigned for it. Windham walked straight down the slope of the Redan to the nearest parallel, and standing erect on the parallel implored Sir E. Codrington, who was in command of the whole force, for "men in formation, to charge at once, officers in front, and the Redan is ours." Codrington offered the Royals then in the front parallel. But while they were parleying the end came. As they were speaking they saw—and to our horror so did we—the red coats pouring out of the embrasures and over the salient into the ditch! The Russians followed them, firing into the

ditch and pelting the fugitives with grape-shot and cannon balls from the parapets. The Russians thronged the top of the Redan, cheering and waving their caps! But a sudden end was put to their rejoicing. As soon as our men were out of the Redan all the British batteries burst into an angry cannonade; the Redan was silent at once. But that was little consolation. We lost in an hour and a half out of the small force engaged 153 officers, 2,447 men killed, wounded, and missing. But we lost far more—the honor of sharing with the French the crowning glory of the fall of the place! True, that in every other assault on the works they too had been driven back with cruel slaughter. Before the Central Bastion on the left, the brigades of Trochu and Couston were repulsed by Semiakine. On the right (proper left of the Malakhoff) St. Pol, Bourbaki, and Marolles led their brigades against the Curtain and the Little Redan under the direction of Bosquet, but after some measure of success were driven out with great loss. St. Pol, Marolles, and three other generals were killed. Bosquet, Bourbaki, and Mellinet were wounded. All along the line the assault was repulsed, save at the one crucial point, the Malakhoff. There the French, though they were assailed again and again for four long hours, made good their prize. Out of the 199 officers and 4,500 men who attacked the Malakhoff, 29 officers and 292 men were killed, and 89 officers and 1,729 men were wounded—in all 3,038. The Russian loss was 12,913. The loss of the French was 7,567 men—a total for the day's work, including the loss of the British, of 22,751 officers and men killed and wounded. And "Oh! the pity of it!" For us to know that once more we had covered the slopes and the glacis of the Redan with our bravest and our best in vain!

As the musketry ceased everywhere except inside the Malakhoff I left Cathcart's Hill and made my way to the Left Attack through dense trains of men—some wounded, some carrying litters to the rear. A French orderly officer, radiant with the triumph of the day, was inquiring for General Simpson. He was charged to inform the English

general that Marshal Pelissier was secure in possession of the Malakhoff and to ask what his English colleague intended to do. General Simpson was not then able to renew the attack but he intended to send the Guards, Highlanders, and Third and Fourth Divisions at the Redan the following morning at five o'clock. I saw him returning to head-quarters about five o'clock accompanied by his generals and staffs, a very care-worn, despondent group. Once more I went up to Cathcart's Hill—the batteries on both sides were nearly silent. Bentinck, who commanded the Guards, and other officers, glasses in hand, were intently looking toward the north side where heavy columns of infantry, visible by the waning light, battalion after battalion, were marching over the bridge across the roadstead. Suddenly a brisk fire of musketry opened along the Russian front toward the allied trenches. "There are plenty of them left, it seems, for us to deal with to-morrow at all events!" said Crealock. "I'll turn in, and I advise you to be stirring at daybreak! We can't afford to let a day go without another try for the Redan." I returned, calling in at the hospitals and ambulances, gathering sad stories as I went of losses of friends through camps full of wounded men.

I ate a camp dinner, read over my notes, wrote a few lines, and laid down in my boots, quite worn out by the excitement of that dismal day of 16 hours, and I was soon asleep. At 11 o'clock the hut was shaken as by an earthquake, a great roar like a salvo of artillery followed. "It is only a magazine," said I to myself, and so to sleep again. But at midnight there was a shock more violent than before. That was followed by another! and another! I made for Cathcart's Hill. Fires were burning inside Sebastopol, casting large circular patches of orange on the clouds of smoke and dust still borne on the wind toward the camps. But the musketry had ceased—all was silent in the trenches. About this time a soldier of the Highland Brigade, thinking that the silence was rather strange, crept up the glacis of the Redan and mounting the parapet found the work deserted. The

Redan was indeed left in charge of the dying and the dead. But it was believed that the work was mined, and the officers waited for orders. I went back to my uneasy couch, about two o'clock, but I was speedily aroused by an awful explosion. I hastened to my look-out post again. The flames were spreading all over the city. It was an ocean of fire. At 4 a.m. the camps, from sea to valley, were aroused by an awful shock—the destruction of some great magazine behind the Redan. In quick succession one, two, three, four explosions followed. At 4.45 a.m. the magazines of the Flagstaff Bastion and Garden Batteries exploded. The very earth trembled at each outburst, but at 5.30 a.m., when the whole of the huge stone fortresses, the Quarantine and Alexander, were hurled into the air almost simultaneously with appalling roars, and the sky was all reddened by the incessant flashes of the bursting shells, the boldest held their breath and gazed in awe-struck wonder. It was broad day. The Russian fleet was gone, the last of their men-of-war was at the bottom—only the steamers were active, towing boats and moving from place to place on mysterious errands. Thirty-five magazines in all were blown up, and through all the night of the 8th and the morning of September 9th the Russians were marching out of the south side. We could see the bridge covered with them still. At 6.45 a.m., the last body of infantry crossed the bridge and mounted the opposite bank. Yes, the south side was left to the possession of the Allies at last! Sebastopol, the city, the docks, and the arsenal, was ours. In half an hour more the end of the bridge itself was floated away by some invisible agency from the south side, and in less than an hour the several portions of it were collected at the further side of the roadstead. Meantime the fires, fed by small explosions, spread till the town seemed like one great furnace vomiting out columns of velvety black smoke to heaven. Soon after seven o'clock, columns of smoke began to ascend from Fort Paul. In a minute or two more flames were seen breaking out in Fort Nicholas. The first exploded with a stupendous roar later in the day; the mines under the latter did not take fire.

The retreat of Gortschakoff was effected with masterly skill. An hour before sunset on the 8th, he directed the last great effort to oust the French from the Malakhoff, and then when it failed he gave orders for the evacuation, for which measures had been some time previously arranged with consummate ability. Covering his rear by the flames of the burning city and by the awful explosions which paralyzed every offensive movement, he led his army in narrow columns across a deep arm of the sea, in the face of the fleets of the two greatest navies in the world. He paraded them in our sight, he blew up his forts, and sank his ships without trouble and hindrance from a victorious enemy, and carried off all his most useful stores and small arms, his standards and field artillery.

I visited the ruins of the city early next day. The memory of the horrors I witnessed saddened many an hour of my life long afterward, and it remains with me now in dreadful distinctness, after the lapse of 37 years, during which it has been my lot to witness many scenes of carnage and to stand on many memorable battle-fields.

Many things have happened since that war was brought to an end: the war between France and Austria in Italy in 1859; your own great war, 1861–65; the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866 (because of the quarrel over the spoils of Denmark in 1864); the war between France and Prussia in 1870–71; the downfall of the Second Empire, the rise of the Third Republic, the resuscitation of the German Empire and the admission of the hereditary hegemony of the Hohenzollerns; the war between Russia and Turkey in 1879, the formation of Kingdoms and Principalities out of the Turkish Provinces on the Danube—not to speak of Russian conquests in Asia, of wars with China and Japan, of adventurous expeditions and entangling enterprises in Africa, north, south, east and west.

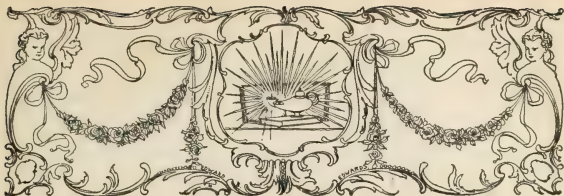
Moldavia and Wallachia, Servia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Kars are lost to Turkey forever! The flanks of the Sultan's Asiatic possessions lie open to his watchful, vigilant enemy; the clauses of the Treaty of Berlin, which limited the naval and military power of Russia in the

Black Sea, have been torn up and the fragments flung in the faces of France and England by Prince Gortschakoff. What then can be said of the results of the Crimean War? Emphatically this—that it secured the peace of eastern Europe for a quarter of a century, and arrested the invasion of the Cossack for a generation.

The Allies, it is true, paid a terrible price for the temporary possession of the south side of Sebastopol—England lost 22,000 men, made a substantial addition to her national debt; France lost, it is said, nearly four times as many soldiers as her ally. The Sardinian Contingent, which Cavour boldly despatched to the Crimea as a rung in the ladder up which Italians were to mount to national existence, suffered a little; the Turks fell by tens of thousands in battle-fields in Asia and in Europe, at Kars, Oltenitza, Rassowa, Rustchuk, Silistria, Eupatoria, Balaklava. The destruction of life by cholera and sickness of all kinds was prodigious. Unnumbered camp-followers, Croats, Bulgarians, Tartars, Bashibazouks perished, even Austria added her quota to the sum total of deaths, for her corps of observation on the frontier were decimated by malaria. But Russia bled at every pore—the fatal drain of treas-

ure and of blood was felt at the farthest extremity of her vast dominions. In a remote angle of her huge empire she resisted the utmost efforts of the two great Western Powers and the forces of Turkey and Sardinia. From March to August, 1855, upward of 80,000 Russians fell in and around Sebastopol. From September, 1854, to February, 1855, Russia lost 240,000 men in the field. Her total loss throughout the war is incalculable—it has been estimated at 500,000 men. Her transport was used up, her supplies exhausted, her fields laid waste, man, horse, and carriage all swallowed up in the war! And yet for all that the eye of the stranger rests to-day on the young Queen of the Euxine, enthroned in greater strength than before her fall, on the sea which is all her own and close to the beautiful votive chapel, "*in æternam rei memoriam*," "The Necropolis of the Hundred Thousand" will recall for years to come the fortitude of the poor soldiers of the Czar who gave their lives in defence of the Crimean stronghold, which would have never been attacked but for the lust of power of the Autocrat hastening to seize his share of the Sick Man's heritage.





THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE present plight of the novel called historical is rather interesting. No literary mode has enjoyed a higher prosperity than it. Yet all along its prosperity has lain largely in a misapprehension. Latterly it has come somewhat into disfavor; and the disfavor seems to lie for the most part in a misapprehension too.

There needs no deep boring into history to discover that the historical novel makes very free with the facts. In addition to the slips through deficient information and false interpretation, to which the historical novelist is liable in common with the historian, and which the most painstaking cannot wholly avoid, some deliberate twistings of the truth are imposed upon him by necessities peculiar to his craft. However much better in other respects the former times may have been than these, for the provision of well-rounded stories from real life they were probably as bad as any. No doubt in vigorous or violent incident their real life was richer than ours is; but, for a complete, dramatic story, it is found, the incidents and characters of the past have to be grouped and fitted in by artifice, just as the incidents and characters of the present do. Consequently, the most excellent historical novel, received simply as an historical chronicle, is bound to be more or less misleading.

But, though it might be never so accurate in its historical detail and coloring, the historical novel has still a disadvantage as an historical chronicle, in that, to maintain its character as a novel, it must deal mainly with personal and domestic affairs. The foremost benefit to be derived from the

study of pure history is insight into matters social and political. In other words, the book of history has one service to render; the book of story, whether it treat of the present or of the past, quite another.

For all this, the high respectability of the historical novel is due in no small part to a fancy that it is a sufficient substitute for the historical chronicle.

While few people read for anything but momentary diversion, few are the readers who can take their ration of fiction without a pang of conscience. And, apparently, the most gluttonous are the most scrupulous. People whose reading is chiefly of other sorts, and to whom the common run of tales is nothing but a bore, are apt to read fiction, when they do read it, with as unbroken a sense of virtue as if they toiled through the mystifying labyrinth of a "Critique of Pure Reason." But those who can read little else seem often to have taken the distinction between light reading and serious peculiarly and indissolubly to heart, and to be constantly under an oppressive consciousness of it. To such what more flattering unction than the historical novel? A good three-fourths of all of its admirers, one dare guess, are persons who have discovered in it an easy means of settling accounts with conscience. While sacrificing few or none of the delights of a tale, they are, they fancy, extracting from it all the riches of mining into the toughest history. And this is the misapprehension wherein the prosperity of the historical novel has so largely lain.

But, from being extravagantly esteemed as a history that had the grace to be also a

good tale, the historical novel now begins to be condemned as a tale on the ground of its insufficiency as a history. Those unavoidable historical inaccuracies already alluded to are cited as proof of its conflict with the canon of taste which says that the highest art is the exactest reproduction of nature and truth. And here again, one ventures to believe, the historical novel is the subject of a misapprehension.

Neither the notion that the historical novel is a history, nor the notion that it ought to be one, could have arisen but from a lurking delusion that a work of art is only a cart (rather more richly painted than most carts, possibly, but still a cart) to convey lumps of dusty information and dump them into the bins of the brain, whence they may be drawn at need to boil pots and warm toes. It is difficult to see how, if one were well persuaded that the value of a novel, as of any other work of pure imagination, lay not in its instructions but in its inspiration, any peculiar price should be set on its merely historical properties, or a complete discredit be visited upon it for its merely historical errors. As for the latter disposition, it should seem to be a pretty dear purchase of accuracy, if all that part of creative talent which works with ease and warmth only on a theme far off in time and place were forced to employ itself on uncongenial tasks. Yet this must follow if, to save accuracy, an end were made of all historical romance.

MAN is the only laughing animal—at least I have been given to understand by naturalists that the monkey laughs but from the teeth outward, the hyena's laugh is an expression of impatience or rage, and that other members of the brute world do not laugh at all—and seems often at singular pains not to let this valuable faculty of his lie torpid. I am rather interested in laughing; most people are interested in things they have a gift for, and my friends tell me that my sense of humor, if not quite a mental deformity, is none the less abnormal and exceptionally developed. I read with equal voracity and pleasure the (alleged) funny columns in the newspapers, I am fond of humorous anecdote (that is, of other people's anecdotes, not merely of my own), I delight in parody, no matter

how exalted the thing parodied may be. I am not sure that this is a virtue; indeed I fancy some of my acquaintances are quite right when they tell me that my fondness for parody often passes rational bounds, and indicates an incomplete sense of humorous proportion. I simply give the above-mentioned facts as vouchers that I can be made to laugh with tolerable ease, and that, in the matter of subjects for fun, I am not at all fastidious.

What annoys me is, not that many people I have met look with sublime contempt upon the things I can laugh at, declaring them to be far-fetched, flimsy, or silly, but that I find my faculty of laughter singularly, and to me unexplainably, limited in one direction. I would so like to be able to laugh at anything any one else laughs at! But I cannot. There is one whole class of jokes to which my sense of humor is absolutely impervious; if I laugh, or seem to laugh at them, it is purely from vanity and false shame, so as not to let people think that I am the only one in the party who does not see the fun. These are what I would call, for lack of a better term, "jokes by popular acclamation," certain current witticisms or would-be-humorous sallies at which it seems agreed that every one shall laugh consumedly, even in the face of endless repetition and a total lack of comprehension. Do not think that, when I say "total lack of comprehension," I am not speaking by the book; time and time again have I taken especial pains to ask the most exuberant laughers at the kind of joke I mean, what they were laughing at and where the fun came in? The answer has been in every case that they did not know; they did not know whence the joke came, what it was about, what the point of it was, whether it even had a point at all, but that they could not help laughing at that joke, that "everybody laughed at it!" It was the joke of the season.

What I mean by "jokes by popular acclamation" are those singular catch-words, or catch-phrases, that are accepted as a sort of temporary appendix to the slang vocabulary of the day, and are quoted with side-splitting glee in connection with the most various and irreconcilable topics of conversation, *à propos de tout et de rien*. The meaning, relevancy, humorous gist, often

even the origin of these phrases is admittedly problematical. No doubt some of them come from the minor drama, are catch-words in popular farces, or burlesques. Indeed I succeeded in tracing the first one I ever met with to this source. It was not here in America, but in Germany. During the winter of 1858-59 all Berlin rang with "*Wat ik mich davor koofe?*" (Berlin dialect for "*Was ich mir dafür kaufe?*"—"What good does that do me?"). I managed to trace this phrase to a then popular one-act vaudeville running at a very minor theatre, entitled: "*Berlin wie es hustet und niest*" ("Berlin as it Coughs and Sneezes"). Everybody would quote this phrase in connection with every possible remark one might make in conversation on every possible subject; and everybody laughed as if it had been the quintessence of humor. Yet all admitted freely that they had not the slightest idea why they were laughing! In 1869-70 I happened to be in Berlin again; and, wishing to show that an absence of eleven years had not faded quite all the local color of my German, I seized the first opportunity to come out boldly with a "*Wat ik mich davor koofe?*" Not a soul laughed; I am not sure the people did not think me rather rude. The phrase was out of date, and had lost all its savor. Its place had been usurped by another, viz.: "*Dus war er früher nicht!*" (He didn't use to be so!). Now the entire population of Berlin—men, women, and children—would laugh themselves to within an inch of apoplexy at this; and every man of them admitted that, to save his life, he could not tell what he was laughing at! I forgot to ask any of the women or children. Some years ago a similar phrase drove all Paris wild with laughter: "*On dirait du veau!*" ("It looks like veal"). Let a man but say this, with any expression of face he pleased, he was sure of a sympathetic guffaw from all who heard him; but, if he asked where the joke was, whence it came, or what allusion was meant, no one could tell him! Explain this who can.

I need not bring up here the numerous American phrases of this sort that have successively made the trade of amateur humorist easy for my compatriots during the last twenty years or so; any one can call half a dozen of them to mind without effort. I

do not happen to know any English ones; but it seems to me that the English laughing public must be peculiarly amenable to this kind of stimulus to merriment—I do not know quite why, but it does somehow seem probable. But, as I said to begin with, what troubles me is my inability to join my friends in their laughter, to share in the delights of the "joke by popular acclamation." It hardly seems likely that an entire community should have taken the trouble to pass round the word secretly that this or that otherwise unmeaning phrase was to be found execrably funny, and that every one must pretend to laugh at it—and have left me out of the secret. But then, how explain the curious fact that these popular catch-phrases leave me wholly unmoved to laughter, me who laugh fit to burst even over the London *Punch*?

WHEN, in 1834, Honoré de Balzac settled down at No. 13 Rue des Batailles for the purpose of secluding himself from the world of Paris, and especially from that part of "the world" to which he owed his remarkable and tremendous debts—real and imaginary—the paying off of which gave the world some of the best treasures in French literature, while it cost the debtor his life—he gave positive orders to admit no one whose name was not on a small list which he made his servant learn by heart and repeat to him every night and morning. One day there came to the house a young man of slight figure and a strangely expressive face. He wore his hair long, and his coat—a long black one, lacking three or four buttons—was threadbare and shiny. The door was shut in his face. Such visitors are common to all great authors. But the next day he came again, and he continued to come, until the servant sorely troubled what to do, explained the matter to his master.

"Ha!" said the author of one hundred and forty-five volumes, "he comes every day, does he? Has been here for the past fortnight? Well, to-morrow when he comes, admit him. Such persistency should have its reward."

The next day the young man came as usual. He was apparently not surprised at his reception, but took it as a matter of

course. His name, he said, was Felix Arvers; he was born in 1806, at Paris; he had received a careful education at the hands of his father, who was a lawyer; now he was without money or relatives; he believed that he had some genius in writing verses; and he drew from under the long black coat a pile of manuscript, which he presented to his host.

"Ha!" said Balzac, "you have some of your work with you? Very good; come to-morrow and we will talk it over. I am busy now."

On the morrow the young man found his manuscript, but no Balzac. Across the first page was written, in the minute hand of the great author: "I have read some of this; there is absolutely nothing in it."

Balzac, however, was not the only one to whom Felix Arvers paid a visit. There were many others—authors, poets, dramatists, journalists—but they all treated him the same way. He was no poet, and never could be one. In the meantime he wrote quantities of rhyme that nobody seemed to care to read, and that no one would publish.

Perhaps, after his first failures, he found a friend or at least a patron, for the next year a small edition of poems, called "*Mes Heures Perdues*," appeared in print. The principal pieces were a tragedy, "*La Mort de François I.*," and a light comedy, "*Plus de Peur que de Mal*." The book was remorselessly jumped upon by the critics, and its luckless author was so broken-hearted that, having meditated suicide and lacking the vanity to kill himself, he was thrown into a fever and taken to the hospital of Saint Louis, where for a month and more he hung between life and death. He at length recovered.

A story is told of his struggle for life in the hospital; how his courage was strengthened and his fears allayed by the Sister who was his nurse; and how, at length, he found there was much in life after all, for her tender, loving care had made life very dear to him. And it is said that when he left the hospital his heart was in the keeping of the sweet Sister, who, without pausing or faltering, continued her errand of mercy. It was a pretty picture, the poet lying in the silent, white ward, watched over by a Madonna; but it faded quickly as Felix Arvers returned to the world, met with indifferent success, be-

came known as a successful imitator of Scribe, and wrote rollicking verses for the *Théâtre Français*. Dying in 1851, he would have been forgotten in a week, if his fame had rested on what the world already possessed of his work. But of all the lines of forgotten poetry from his pen, there was one little sonnet that no eye had ever seen save his own. It was found among his papers after his death. They say it has made its author immortal. And, at the time, M. Jules Janin, the critic, wrote these words: "*Dites-moi s'il n'est pas dommage que ces choses-là se perdent et disparaissent comme des articles de journal? La langue est belle, la passion est vraie; il faut y croire; l'auteur est mort au moment où il allait prendre sa place au soleil.*"

And so, after all, the picture in the hospital of Saint Louis, the poet near to death, the sweet face of the Sister, her devotion to him as a suffering creature of God, his silent love for her as a noble, tender woman, may be true. You can believe that it is when you read the sonnet:

Mon âme a son secret, ma vie a son mystère,
Un amour éternel en un moment conçu;
Le mal est sans espoir, aussi j'ai dû le taire,
Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais rien su.

Hélas! j'aurai passé près d'elle inaperçu,
Toujours à ses côtés, et pourtant solitaire;
Et j'aurai jusqu'au bout fait mon temps sur la terre,
N'osant rien demander et n'ayant rien reçu.

Pour elle, quoique Dieu l'ait faite douce et tendre,
Elle ira son chemin, distraite, et sans entendre
Ce murmure d'amour élevé sur ses pas.

A l'austère devoir pieusement fidèle,
Elle dira, lisant ces vers tout remplis d'elle:
"Quelle est donc cette femme?" et ne comprendra pas.

Some years later, an American, whose name is as unknown to his contemporaries as that of Arvers was to his, gave the following interpretation of the fourteen lines:

My soul has its own secret, life its care,
A hopeless love, that in one moment drew
The breath of life. Silent its pain I bear,
Which she who caused it, knows not, never knew.

Alas! by her unmarked my passion grew
As by her side I walked—most lonely there.
And long as life shall last I am aware
I shall win nothing, for I dare not sue.

While she, whom God has made so kind and sweet,
Goes heedless on her way with steadfast feet,
Unconscious of love's whisper murmured low.

To duty faithful as a saint, some day,
Reading these lines all filled with her, she'll say:
"Who was this woman?" and will never know.



DRAWN BY A. G. FROST.

"A REGULAR TRAINER"

—See *Stories of a Western Town*, page 209.

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FROM VENICE TO THE GROSS-VENEDIGER.

By Henry van Dyke.

I.



HERE is no evident connection between the city of Venice, which does not contain even a small hill, and the huge snow-clad mountain in the Tyrol,

which they call "the Big Venetian." You cannot see the mountain from the city; nor is the city visible from the mountain-top. But that fact did not seem to me any barrier to an attempt to join them in my own experience by a little journey. On the contrary, a great deal of the pleasure of life lies in bringing together things which have no connection. That is the secret of humor—at least so we are told by the philosophers who explain the jests that other men have made—and in regard to travel I am quite sure that it must be illogical in order to be entertaining. The more contrasts it contains, the better.

But apart from the philosophy of the matter, which I must confess to passing over very superficially at the time, there were other and more cogent reasons for wanting to go from Venice to the Big Venetian. It was the first of July, and the city on the sea was becoming tepid. A slumbrous haze brooded over canals and palaces and churches. It was difficult to keep one's conscience awake to Baedeker and a sense of moral obligation; Ruskin was impossible, and

a picture-gallery was a penance. We floated lazily from one place to another and decided that, after all, it was too warm to go in. The cries of the gondoliers, at the canal corners, grew more and more monotonous and dreamy. There was danger of our falling fast asleep and having to pay for a day's repose in a gondola by the hour. If it grew much warmer we might be compelled to stay until the following winter in order to recover energy enough to get away. All the signs of the times pointed northward; and due north lay the Big Venetian, wrapped in his robe of glaciers.

II.

THE first stage on the journey thither was by rail to Belluno—about four or five hours. It is a sufficient commentary on railway travel that the most important thing about it is to tell how many hours it takes to get from one place to another. We arrived in Belluno at night, and when we awoke the next morning we found ourselves in a picturesque little city of Venetian aspect with a piazza and a campanile and a Palladian cathedral, but surrounded on all sides by lofty hills. We were at the end of the railway and at the beginning of the Dolomites.

Although I have a constitutional aversion to scientific information given by unscientific persons, such as clergymen and men of letters, I must go in that direction far enough to make it

clear that the word Dolomite does not describe a kind of fossil, nor a sect of heretics, but a formation of mountains

composition; but even if this be true it need not prejudice any candid observer against them. For the simple

and fortunate fact is that they are built of such stone that wind and weather, keen frost and melting snow and rushing water have worn and cut and carved them into a thousand shapes of wonder and beauty. It needs but little fancy to see in them walls and towers, cathedrals and campaniles, fortresses and cities, tinged with many hues from palest gray to deep red, and shining in an air so soft, so pure, so cool, so fragrant, under a sky so deep and blue and a sunshine



Church of the Trinity, Cortina, and Peak of Sarpis in the Distance.

lying between the Alps and the Adriatic. Draw a diamond on the map, with Brixen at the northwest corner, Lienz at the northeast, Belluno at the southeast, and Trent at the southwest, and you will have included the region of the Dolomites, a country so picturesque, so interesting, so full of sublime and beautiful scenery that it is equally a wonder and a blessing that it has not been long since completely overrun with tourists and ruined with railways. There are, indeed, no enormous glaciers or snow-fields; the waterfalls are comparatively few and slender, and the rivers small; the highest peaks are but little more than ten thousand feet. But, on the other hand, the mountains are always near, and therefore always imposing. Bold, steep, fantastic masses of naked rock, they rise suddenly from the green and flowery valleys in amazing and endless contrast; they mirror themselves in the tiny mountain lakes like pictures in a dream.

I believe the guide-book says that they are formed of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia in chemical

composition; but even if this be true it seems like the happy union of Switzerland and Italy.

The great highway through this region from south to north is the Ampezzo road, which was constructed in 1830, along the valleys of the Piave, the Boite, and the Rienz—the ancient line of travel and commerce between Venice and Innsbruck. The road is superbly built, smooth, and level. Our carriage rolled along so easily that we forgot and forgave its venerable appearance and its lack of accommodation for trunks. We had been persuaded to take four horses, as our luggage seemed too formidable for a single pair. But in effect our concession to apparent necessity turned out to be a mere display of superfluous luxury, for the two white leaders did little more than show their feeble paces, leaving the gray wheelers to do the work. We had the elevating sense of travelling four-in-hand, however—a satisfaction to which I do not believe any human being is altogether insensible.

At Longarone we breakfasted for the

second time, and entered the narrow gorge of the Piave. The road was cut out of the face of the rock. Below us the long lumber-rafts went shooting down the swift river. Above, on the right, were the jagged crests of Monte Furlon and Premaggiore, which seemed to us very wonderful, because we had not yet learned how jagged the Dolomites can be. At Perarolo, where the Boite joins the Piave, there is a lump of a mountain in the angle between the rivers, and around this we crawled in long curves until we had risen a thousand feet and arrived at the small Hotel Venezia, where we were to dine.

While dinner was preparing the Good Man and I walked up to Pieve di Cadore, the birthplace of Titian. The house in which the great painter first saw the colors of the world is still standing, and they show the very room in which it is said that he began to paint. I am not one of those who would inquire too closely into such a legend as this. The cottage may have been rebuilt a dozen times since Titian's day; not a scrap of the original stone or plaster may remain; but beyond a doubt the view that we saw from the window is the same that Titian saw. Now, for the first time, I could understand and appreciate the landscape - backgrounds of his pictures. The compact masses of mountains, the bold, sharp forms, the hanging rocks of cold gray emerging from green slopes, the intense blue aerial distances — these all had seemed to me unreal and imaginary — compositions of the studio. But now I knew that, whether Titian painted out-of-doors, like our modern enthusiasts, or not, he certainly painted what he had seen, and painted it as it is.

The graceful brown-eyed boy who showed us the house seemed also to belong to one of Titian's pictures. As

we were going away, the Good Man, for lack of copper, rewarded him with a little silver piece, a half-lira, in value about ten cents. A celestial rapture of surprise spread over the child's face, and I know not what blessings he invoked upon us. He called his companions to rejoice with him, and we left them clapping their hands and dancing.

Driving after one has dined has always a peculiar charm. The motion seems pleasanter, the landscape finer than in the morning hours. The road from Cadore ran on a high level, through sloping pastures, white villages, and bits of larch forest. In its narrow bed, far below, the river Boite



Fresco from the Hotel Anna Mary Cortes.
(Painted by the innkeeper's son.)

roared as gently as *Bottom's* lion. The afternoon sunlight touched the snow-capped pinnacle of Antelao and

the massive pink wall of Sorapis on the right; on the left, across the valley, Monte Pelmo's vast head and the wild crests of La Rochetta and Formin rose dark against the glowing sky. The peasants lifted their hats as we passed and gave us a pleasant evening greeting. And so, almost without knowing it, we slipped out of Italy into Austria, and drew up before a bare, square stone building with the double black eagle, like a strange fowl split for broiling, staring at us from the wall, and an inscription to the effect that this was the Royal and Imperial Austrian Custom-house.

The officer saluted us so politely that we felt quite sorry that his duty required him to disturb our luggage. "The law obliged him to open one trunk; courtesy forbade him to open more." It was quickly done; and,

Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph, we rolled on our way, through the hamlets of Acqua Bona and Zuel, into the Ampezzan metropolis of Cortina, at sundown.

The modest inn called "The Star of Gold" stood facing the public square, just below the church, and the landlady stood facing us in the doorway, with an enthusiastic welcome—altogether a most friendly and entertaining landlady, whose one desire in life seemed to be that we should never regret having chosen her house instead of "The White Cross," or "The Black Eagle."

"O ja!" she had our telegram received; and would we look at the rooms? Outlooking on the piazza—with a balcony from which we could observe the *Festa* of to-morrow. She hoped they would please us. Only come in; accommodate yourselves."

It was all as she promised; three little bedrooms, and a little salon opening on a little balcony; queer old oil-paintings and framed embroideries and tiles hanging on the walls; spotless curtains and board floors so white that it would have been a shame to eat off them without spreading a cloth to keep them from being soiled.

"These are the rooms of the Baron Rothschild when he comes here always in the summer—with nine horses and nine servants—the Baron Rothschild of Vienna."

I assured her that we did not know the Baron, but that should make no difference. We would not ask her to reduce the price on account of a little thing like that.

She did not quite grasp this idea, but hoped that we would not find the pension too dear



Peasants of Lienz

without having to make any contribution to the income of His Royal and

at a dollar and fifty-seven and a-half cents a day each, with a little extra for the salon and the balcony. "The English people all please themselves here—there comes many every summer—English bishops and their families."

III.

CORTINA lies in its valley like a white shell that has rolled down into a broad vase of malachite. It has about a hundred houses and seven hundred inhab-



Monte Navio, as seen from the Ap. Picol.

I inquired whether there were any bishops in the house at that moment.

"No, just at present—she was very sorry—none."

"Well, then," I said, "it is all right. We will take the rooms."

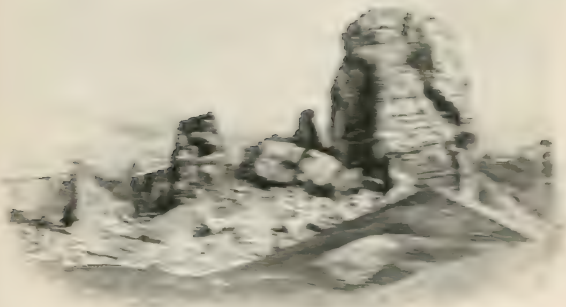
Good Signora Barbara, you did not speak the American language, nor understand it; but you understood how to make a little inn cheerful and home-like; yours was a very simple and genial art of keeping a hotel. As we sat in the balcony after supper, listening to the capital playing of the village orchestra, and the Tyrolean songs with which they varied their music, we thought within ourselves that we were fortunate to have fallen upon the Star of Gold.

itants, a large church and two small ones, a fine stone campanile with excellent bells, and seven or eight little inns. But it is more important than its size would signify, for it is the capital of the district whose lawful title is *Magnifica Comunità di Ampezzo*—a name conferred long ago by the Republic of Venice. In the fifteenth century it was Venetian territory, but in 1516, under Maximilian I, it was joined to Austria, and it is now one of the richest and most prosperous communes of the Tyrol. It embraces about thirty-five hundred people, scattered in hamlets and clusters of houses through the green basin with its four entrances, lying between the peaks of Tofana, Cris-

One of the most striking features of the coast is the presence of the "Great Sand Dunes," which are situated on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, and are the largest of their kind in the world. They are composed of fine sand, which is blown from the sea by the wind, and are situated on a low, sandy beach. The dunes are situated on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, and are the largest of their kind in the world. They are composed of fine sand, which is blown from the sea by the wind, and are situated on a low, sandy beach. The dunes are situated on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, and are the largest of their kind in the world. They are composed of fine sand, which is blown from the sea by the wind, and are situated on a low, sandy beach.

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Great Sand Dunes, Gulf of Mexico.

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The Great Pyramid of Giza

For the beauty of the landscape—strong
mountain, rocky peaks, heavy vegetation,
low and steep rocky hills—was not
enough to draw us from the mountains
on the left. There was a little river
backed by low rocky hills and some
low hills leading down to the sea.
There was an open hill, covered, and
some low hills leading down to the sea.
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walk through the light-green shadows of the larch-woods to the tiny lake of Giacina, where we could see all the four dozen trout swimming about in the clear water and catching flies; a drive to the Belvedere, where there are superficial refreshments above and profound grottos below; these were trifles, though we enjoyed them. But the great mountains encircling us on every side, standing out in clear view with that distinctness and completeness of vision which is one charm of the Dolomites, seemed to summon us to more arduous enterprises. Accordingly the Good Man and I selected the easiest one, engaged a guide, and prepared for the ascent. Monte Nuvolau is not a perilous mountain. I am quite sure that at my present time of life I should be unwilling to ascend a perilous mountain unless there were something extraordinarily desirable at the top, or remarkably disagreeable at the bottom. Mere risk has lost the attractions which it once had. As the father of a family I felt bound to abstain from going for pleasure into any place which a Christian lady might not visit with propriety. Our preparations for Nuvolau, therefore, did not consist of ropes, ice-irons, and axes, but simply of a lunch.

Our way led us, in the early morning, through the clustering houses of Lacedel, up the broad, green slope that faces Cortina on the west, to the beautiful Alp Pocol. Nothing could exceed the pleasure of such a walk in the cool of the day, while the dew still lies on the short, rich grass, and the myriads of flowers are at their brightest and sweetest. The infinite variety and abundance of the blossoms is a continual wonder. They are sown more thickly than the stars in heaven, and the rainbow itself does not show so many tints. Here they are mingled like the threads of some strange embroidery; and there again nature has massed her colors: so that one spot will be all pale blue with innumerable forget-me-nots, or dark blue with gentians; another will blush with the delicate pink of the Santa Lucia or the deeper red of the clover; and another will shine yellow as cloth of gold. Over all this opulence of bloom the larks

were soaring and singing. I never heard so many as in the meadows about Cortina. There was always a sweet spray of music sprinkling down out of the sky, where the singers poised unseen. It was like walking through a shower of melody.

From the Alp Pocol, which is simply a fair, lofty pasture, we had our first full view of Nuvolau, rising bare and strong, like a huge bastion, from the dark fir-woods. Through these our way led onward now for seven miles, with but a slight ascent. Then turning off to the left we began to climb sharply through the forest. There we found abundance of the lovely Alpine roses, which do not bloom on the lower ground. Through the wood the cuckoo was calling—the bird which reverses the law of good children, and insists on being heard but not seen.

When the wood was at an end we found ourselves at the foot of an alp which sloped steeply up to the Five Towers of Averau. The effect of these enormous masses of rock, standing out in lonely grandeur, like the ruins of some forsaken habitation of giants, is tremendous. Seen from far below in the valley their form is picturesque and striking; but as we sat beside the clear, cold spring which gushes out at the foot of the largest tower, the Titanic rocks seemed to hang in the air above us as if they would overawe us into a sense of their majesty. We felt it to the full; yet none the less, but rather the more, could we feel at the same time the delicate and ethereal beauty of the fringed gentianella and the pale Alpine lilies scattered on the short turf beside us.

We had now been on foot about three hours and a half. The half hour that remained was the hardest. Up over loose, broken stones that rolled beneath our feet, up over great slopes of rough rock, up across little fields of snow where we paused to celebrate the Fourth of July with a brief snow-ball fight, up along a narrowing ridge with a precipice on either hand, and so at last to the summit, 8,600 feet above the sea.

It is not a great height, but it is a noble situation. For Nuvolau is for-

tenately placed in the open water of the Dolomites, and so commanding a finer view than most, a higher mountain. Indeed it is not from the highest peaks, according to my expectations, that one gets the most complete prospects, but rather from those of no like height.

From the highest side of Aurina. Opposite to us was the enormous mass of Tofana, a pile of gray and pink and saffron rock. When we turned the other way we faced a series of mountains as rugged as the rocks at a base of forests, and behind them, loomed



Looking from the Aurina range.

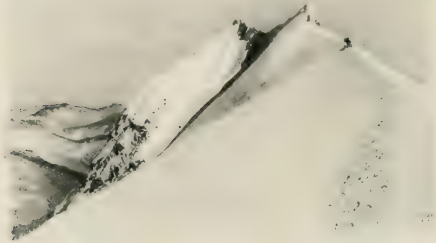
which are so isolated as to give a wide stretch of vision, and from which one can see both the valleys and the summits. Monte Rosa itself gives a less imposing view than the Gross-Grat. It is possible in this world to climb too high for pleasure.

But what a panorama Norway gave us on that clear, radiant summer morning—a perfect circle of splendid peaks. On one side we looked down upon the Five Towers, on the other a thousand feet below the Alps, dotted with the huts of the herdsmen, played

the silent lead of Pinna. Across the broad side of the Bernese Alps stood the little Saanen, like a complete bewitched collection of towns, and behind them the green pass of the Three Crosses. Through that opening we could see the forested peaks of the Bernese Alps. Steep and round in a rather wide form, that point we saw behind the Dürrenstein, the snow-capped peak of the Gross-Glockner; the various bastions of the Hohe Tauern appeared to the north, behind Tölg, then the main shapes that line the range above the Zellerthal; and, above the Gross-Glockner, like five fingers, stood the peaks behind that the distant Ortler, the Ortler Mountain and just a single glimpse of the highest peak of the

Ortler by the Engadine; nearer still we saw the vast fortress of the Sella group and the red combs of the Rosengarten; Monte Marmolada, the Queen of the Dolomites, stood before us re-

frugal lunch, we were glad that he had recovered his health, and glad that he had built the hut, and glad that we had come to it. In fact, we could almost sympathize in our cold, reserved Ameri-



Summit of the Gross-Venediger.

vealed from base to peak in a bridal train of snow; and southward we looked into the dark rugged face of La Civetta, rising sheer out of the vale of Agordo, where the Lake of Alleghe slept unseen. It was a sea of mountains, tossed around us into a myriad of motionless waves, and with a rainbow of colors spread among their hollows and across their crests. The rocks of rose and orange and silver gray, the valleys of deepest green, the distant shadows of purple and melting blue, and the dazzling white of the scattered snow-fields seemed to shift and vary like the hues on the inside of a shell. And over all, from peak to peak, the light, feathery clouds went drifting lazily and slowly, as if they could not leave a scene so fair.

There is barely room on the top of Nuvolau for the stone shelter-hut which a grateful Saxon baron has built there as a sort of votive offering for the recovery of his health among the mountains. As we sat within and ate our

can way with the sentimental German inscription which we read on the wall:

Von Nuvolau's hohen Wolkenstufen
Lass mich, Natur, durch deine Himmel rufen—
An deiner Brust gesunde, wer da krank!
So wird zum Volkerdank mein Sachsendank.

We refrained, however, from shouting anything through Nature's heaven, but went lightly down in about three hours to supper in the Star of Gold.

V.

WHEN a stern necessity forces one to leave Cortina there are several ways of departure. We selected the main highway for our trunks, but for ourselves the Pass of the Three Crosses; the Good Man and his wife in a mountain wagon and I on foot. It should be written as an axiom in the philosophy of travel that the easiest way is best for your luggage, and the hardest

way is best for yourself. All along the rough road up to the Pass we had a glorious outlook backward over the Ampezzo Val d', and when we came to the top we looked deep down into the narrow Val Buona behind Sorapis. I do not know just when we passed the Austrian border, but when we came to Lake Misurina we found ourselves in Italy again. My friends went on down the valley to Landro, but I in my weakness, having eaten of the trout of the lake for dinner, could not resist the temptation of staying over night to catch one for breakfast.

It was a pleasant failure. The lake was beautiful, lying on top of the mountain like a bit of the blue sky, surrounded by the peaks of Cristallo, Cadino, and the Drei Zinnen. It was a happiness to float on such celestial waters and cast the hopeful fly. The trout were there; they were large; I saw them; they also saw me; but, alas! I could not raise them. Misurina is, in fact, what the Scotch call "a dour loch," one of those places which are outwardly beautiful, but inwardly so depraved that the trout will not rise. When we came ashore in the evening the boatman consoled me with the story of a French count who had spent two weeks there fishing, and only caught one fish. I had some thoughts of staying over the other thirteen days to rival the count, but concluded to go on the next morning over Monte Pian and the Cat's Ladder to Landro.

The view from Monte Pian is far less extensive than that from Nuvolau; but it has the advantage of being very near the wild jumble of the Sexten Dolomites. The Three Shoemakers and a lot more of sharp and ragged fellows are close by on the east; on the west Cristallo shows its fine little glacier, and Rothwand its crimson cliffs; and southward Misurina gives to the view a glimpse of water without which, indeed, no view is complete. Moreover the mountain has the merit of being, as its name implies, quite gentle. I met the Good Man and his wife at the top, they having walked up from Landro. And so we crossed the boundary line together again, seven thousand feet above the sea, from Italy

into Austria. There was no custom-house.

The way down by the Cat's Ladder I travelled alone. The path was very steep and little worn, but even on the mountain side there was no danger of losing it, for it had been blazed here and there, on trees and stones, with a dash of blue paint. This is the work of the invaluable DÖAV—which is, being interpreted, the German-Austrian Alpine Club. The more one travels in the mountains the more one learns to venerate this beneficent society, for the shelter-huts and guide-posts it has erected, and the paths it has made and marked distinctly with various colors. The Germans have a genius for thoroughness. My little brown guide-book, for example, not only informs me through whose back yard I must go to get into a certain path, but it tells me that in such and such a spot I shall find quite a good deal (*ziemlichviel*) of Edelweiss, and in another a small echo; it advises me in one valley to take provisions and dispense with a guide, and in another to take a guide and dispense with provisions, adding varied information in regard to beer, which in my case was useless, for I could not touch it. To go astray under such auspices would be worse than inexcusable.

Landro we found a very different place from Cortina. Instead of having a large church and a number of small hotels, it consists entirely of one large hotel and a very tiny church. It does not lie in a broad, open basin, but in a narrow valley, shut in closely by the mountains. The hotel, in spite of its size, is excellent, and a few steps up the valley is one of the finest views in the Dolomites. To the east opens a deep, wild gorge, at the head of which the pinnacles of the Drei Zinnen are seen; to the south the Dürrensee fills the valley from edge to edge, and reflects in its pale waters the huge bulk of Monte Cristallo. It is such a complete picture, so finished, so compact, so balanced, that one might think a painter had composed it, if he had been inspired. But no painter ever laid such colors on his canvas as those which are seen here when the cool



swamp shadows have settled upon the valley, all away and across, while the mountains shine above in pure Alpine blue as if transformed with cloud fire.

There is another lake, about three miles north of Lienz, called the Tölscher See, and there I repeated the story of Misseron. The trout at the outlet, by the bridge, were very small, and while the old fishermen were conversing to catch some of them, as is now not, which would not work.

I pushed my boat up to the head of the lake, where the stream came in; the green water was amazingly clear; at the current kept the fish with their heads up stream; so that one could come up behind them near enough for long cast without being seen. As they lay there there and some gently came with the ripple, I saw the first shiner and rose and take it. A specimen of the first headless fish, and he died just as gently as a trout in my worse Long Island pond. How different the color, though, as he came out of the water. This fellow was all drab, with light pink spots on his sides. I took seven of his companions, a weight some four pounds and then stopped because the evening light was falling. How pleasant it is to fish in such a place and at such an hour. He novelty of the scene, the grandeur of the landscape, had a strange charm to the sport. But the sport itself is so neither that one feels at home—the motion of the rod, the feathery sweep of the line, the sight of the rising fish—it brings back a hundred happy memories, and thoughts of good fishing narratives, some far away across the sea and perhaps even now sitting around a forest camp-fire in Maine or Canada, and some with whom we shall keep company no more until we cross the center ocean into that better country whither they have preceded us.

VI.

INSTEAD of going straight down the valley by the high road, a drive of an hour, to the railway in the Pustertal, I walked up over the mountains to the east, across the Platzwiesen, and

as down through the Pustertal. In one lane of the deep St. Paul valley are the hills of Alt-Prags, famous as long ago as the fifteenth century for having saved the Countess of Gien of a violent execution. It is an antiquated establishment, and the guests, who were walking about in the dress of drinking their coffee at the railway, as I passed through, had a fifteenth century look about them—somewhat but elegant. But perhaps that was merely a romantic reason. All the women in the place were married. It is strange what an extraordinary effect this state of affairs has upon a politician who is set upon riding. I did not see one no delight in the scenery until I had walked about the valley farther, and sat down on the grass, beside a beautiful spring, to eat my lunch.

What is there in a little physical rest that has such power to restore the sense of pleasure? A few moments ago nothing pleased you—the blood was gone from the peak; but now it was come back again—your mother and father. Thus cheerful and contented I tramped up the right arm of the valley to the hills of Neu-Prags, less remarkable, but apparently more popular than Alt-Prags, and on beyond them, through the woods, to the superb Puster-Willen, a lake-plateau still waters, now that as suppers under the clear sky and now under a canopy under gray clouds, sleep controlled by mighty passions. Could anything be a greater contrast with Venice? There the woods drive with gardens and the open lakes bright with many-colored sails; here are hidden lake silent and lifeless, save when as Wordsworth wrote:

A leaping fish

Sent through the fern a noisy object.

Tired, and a little foot-sore, after nine hours' walking, I came into the big railway hotel at Tölsch that night. There I met my friends again, and parted from them and the Dolomites the next day, with regret. For they were "stepping westward," but in order to get to the Gross-Venediger I must make a detour to the east, through the Pustertal and come up through the valley of the Isel

to the great chain of mountains called the Hohe Tauern.

At the junction of the Isel and the Drau lies the quaint little city of Lienz, with its two castles—the square, double-towered one in the town, now transformed into the offices of the municipality, and the huge mediæval one on a hill outside, now used as a damp restaurant and dismal beer-cellar. I lingered at Lienz for a couple of days, in the ancient hostelry of the Post. The hallways were vaulted like a cloister, the walls were three feet thick, the kitchen was in the middle of the house on the second floor, so that I looked into it every time I came from my room, and ordered dinner direct from the cook. But, so far from being displeased with these peculiarities, I rather liked the flavor of them; and then, in addition, the landlady's daughter, who was managing the house, was a lady of most engaging manners, and there was trout and grayling fishing in a stream near by, and the neighboring church of Dölsach contained the beautiful picture of the Holy Family, which Franz Defregger painted for his native village. The peasant women of Lienz have one very striking feature in their dress—a black felt hat with a broad, stiff brim and a high crown, smaller at the top than at the base. It looks a little like the traditional head-gear of the Pilgrim Fathers exaggerated. There is a solemnity about it which is fatal to female beauty.

I went by the post-wagon, with two slow horses and ten passengers, fifteen miles up the Iselthal, to Windisch-Matrei, a village whose early history is lost in the mist of antiquity, and whose streets are pervaded with odors which must have originated at the same time with the village. One wishes that they also might have shared the fate of its early history. But it is not fair to expect too much of a small place, and Windisch-Matrei has certainly a beautiful situation and a good inn. There I took my guide—a wiry and companionable little man, whose occupation in the lower world was that of a maker and merchant of hats—and set out for the Pragerhütte, a shelter on the side of the Gross-Venediger.

The path led under the walls of the old Castle of Weissenstein, and then in steep curves up the cliff which blocks the head of the valley and along a cut in the face of the rock, into the long, narrow Tauerthal, which divides the Glockner group from the Venediger. How entirely different it was from the region of the Dolomites! There the variety of color was endless and the change incessant; here it was all green grass and trees, and black rocks, with a glimpse of snow. There the highest mountains were in sight constantly; here they could only be seen from certain points in the valley. There the streams played but a small part in the landscape; here they were prominent, the main river raging and foaming through the gorge below, while a score of waterfalls leaped from the cliffs above on either side and dashed down to join it. The peasants, men, women, and children, were cutting the grass in the perpendicular fields; the woodmen were trimming and felling the trees in the fir-forests; the cattle-tenders were driving their cows along the stony path or herding them far up on the hillsides. It was a lonely scene and yet a busy one; and all along the road was written the history of the perils and hardships of the life which now seemed so peaceful and picturesque under the summer sunlight.

These heavy crosses, each covered with a narrow, pointed roof and decorated with a rude picture, standing beside the path, or on the bridge, or near the mill—what do they mean? They mark the place where a human life has been lost, or where some poor peasant has been delivered from a great peril and has set up a memorial of his gratitude. Stop, traveller, as you pass by, and look at the pictures. They have little more of art than a child's drawing on a slate; but they will teach you what it means to earn a living in these mountains. They tell of the danger that lurks on the steep slopes of grass where the mowers have to go down with ropes around their waists, and in the beds of the streams where the floods sweep through in the spring, and in the forests where the great trees fall and crush men like flies, and on the icy

bridges where a slip is fatal, and on the high passes where the winter snow-storm blinds the eyes and benumbs the limbs of the traveller, and under the cliffs from which avalanches slide and rocks roll. They show you men and women falling from wagons and swept away by waters and overwhelmed in landslips. In the corner of the picture you may see a peasant with the black cross above his head—that means death. Or perhaps it is deliverance that the tablet commemorates—and then you will see the miller kneeling beside his mill with a flood rushing down upon it, or a peasant kneeling in his harvest-field under an inky-black cloud; or a landlord beside his inn in flames; or a mother praying beside her sick children; and above appears an angel, or a saint, or the Virgin with her Child. Read the inscriptions, too, in their quaint German. Some of them are as humorous as the epitaphs in New England graveyards. I remember one which ran like this:

Here lies Elias Queer,
Killed in his sixtieth year;
Scarce had he seen the light of day
When a wagon-wheel crushed his life away.

And there is another famous one which says:

Here perished the honored and virtuous
maiden,
G. V.
This tablet was erected by her only son.

But for the most part a glance at these *Marterl und Tafel*, which are so frequent on all the mountain-roads of the Tyrol, will give you a strange sense of the real pathos of human life. If you are a Catholic you will not refuse their request to say a prayer for the departed; if you are a Protestant, at least it will not hurt you to say one for those who still live and suffer and toil among such dangers.

After we had walked for four hours up the Tauerntal we came to the Matreier-Tauernhaus, an inn which is kept open all the year for the shelter of travellers over the high pass that crosses the mountain range at this point, from north to south. There we

dined. It was a bare, rude place, but the dish of juicy trout was garnished with flowers, each fish holding a big pansy in its mouth, and as the maid set them down before me she wished me "a good appetite," with the hearty old-fashioned Tyrolese courtesy which still survives in these remote valleys. It is pleasant to travel in a land where the manners are plain and good. If you meet a peasant on the road he says, "God greet you!" if you give a child a couple of kreuzers he folds his hands and says, "God reward you!" and the maid who lights you to bed says, "Good-night, I hope you will sleep well!"

Two hours more of walking brought us through Ausser-gschlöss and Inner-gschlöss, two groups of herdsman's huts, tenanted only in summer, at the head of the Tauerntal. Midway between them lies a little chapel cut into the solid rock for shelter from the avalanches. This lofty vale is indeed rightly named; for it is shut off from the rest of the world. The portal is a cliff down which the stream rushes in foam and thunder. On either hand rises a mountain wall. Within, the pasture is fresh and green, sprinkled with Alpine roses, and the pale river flows swiftly down between the rows of dark wooden houses. At the head of the vale towers the Gross-Venediger, with its glaciers and snow-fields dazzling white against the deep blue heaven. The murmur of the stream and the tinkle of the cow-bells and the jödeling of the herdsmen far up the slopes make the music for the scene.

The path from Gschlöss leads straight up to the foot of the dark pyramid of the Kesselkopf, and then in steep endless zig-zags along the edge of the great glacier. I saw, at first, the pinnacles of ice far above me, breaking over the face of the rock; then, after an hour's breathless climbing, I could look right into the blue crevasses; and at last, after another hour over soft snow-fields and broken rocks, I was at the Pragerhut, perched on the shoulder of the mountain, looking down upon the huge river of ice. It was a magnificent view under the clear light of evening. Here in front of us the Venediger with all his brother-mountains clustered about

him; behind us, across the Tauern, the mighty chain of the Glockner against the eastern sky.

This is the frozen world. Here the Winter, driven back into his stronghold, makes his last stand against the Summer, in perpetual conflict, retreating by day to the mountain-peak, but creeping back at night in frost and snow to regain a little of his lost territory, until at last the Summer is wearied out, and the Winter sweeps down again to claim the whole valley for his own.

VII.

IN the Pragerhut I found mountain comfort: a bed in a bunk with plenty of blankets; eggs and milk and canned meats and coffee; and a cheerful peasant-wife with her brown-eyed daughter to entertain travellers. It was a pleasant sight to see them, as they sat down to their supper with my guide; all three bow their heads and say their "grace before meat," the guide repeating the longer prayer and the mother and daughter coming in with the responses. I went to bed with a warm and comfortable feeling about my heart. It was a fit ending for the day. In the morning, if the weather remained clear, the alarm-clock was to wake us at three for the ascent to the summit.

But can it be three o'clock already? The gibbous moon still hangs in the sky and casts a feeble light over the scene. Then up and away for the final climb. How rough the path is among the black rocks along the ridge! Now we strike out on the gently rising glacier, across the crust of snow, picking

our way among the crevasses, with the rope tied about our waist for fear of a fall. How cold it is! But now the gray light of morning dawns, and now the beams of sunrise shoot up behind the Glockner, and now the sun itself glitters into sight. The snow grows softer as we toil up the steep, narrow comb between the Gross-Venediger and his neighbor the Klein-Venediger. At last we have reached our journey's end. See, the whole of the Tyrol is spread out before us in wondrous splendor, as we stand on this snowy ridge; and at our feet the Schlatten glacier, like a long white snake, curls down into the valley. But there is still a little peak above us; an overhanging horn of snow which the wind has built against the mountain-top. I would like to stand there, just for a moment. The guide protests it would be dangerous, for if the snow should break it would be a fall of a thousand feet to the glacier on the northern side. But let us dare the few steps upward. How our feet sink! Is the snow slipping? Look at the glacier! What is happening? It is wrinkling and curling backward on us, serpent-like. Its head rises far above us. All its icy crests are clashing together like the ringing of a thousand bells. We are falling. I fling out my arm to grasp the guide—and awake to find myself clutching a pillow in the bunk. The alarm-clock is ringing fiercely for three o'clock. A driving snow-storm is beating against the window. The ground is white. Peer through the clouds as I may, I cannot even catch a glimpse of the vanished Gross-Venediger.



PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES SUMNER.

By the Marquis de Chambrun.

IT was toward the end of February, 1865, that I first visited Washington, and it was there that I made Mr. Sumner's acquaintance. The last session of the 38th Congress was then at its close: a few days later Mr. Lincoln was to enter upon his second presidential term. The affairs of the Union presented at that moment a most interesting spectacle.

The Federal armies were on their way, preparing the last military evolutions which were to bring about the downfall of the Confederacy. Under General Grant, the army of the Potomac was commencing its attack upon Richmond, while Sherman, after having crossed through Georgia, and threatened Savannah, had taken a northerly direction through the Carolinas.

On the other hand, political events on the verge of fulfilment had also reached a climax of equal importance. Congress, with the required constitutional majorities, had just voted the amendments intended to wipe out slavery forever from American institutions. And thus, while abolitionist measures following one another in rapid succession, were day by day assuming a more radical character, the legislative power had placed in the President's hands the necessary resources, in men and finances, to enable him to conduct the war to a successful termination.

It was then, and in the midst of like events, that I saw Mr. Sumner for the first time. If he had good reason for being satisfied with the results derived from past events, still he was far from finding them sufficient, and he truly thought that the most arduous task imposed by the abolition of slavery was as yet hardly begun, much less achieved. To his mind, it was not enough to crush down armed resistance in the secessionist States; it was, above all, necessary to endow these commonwealths with an entirely new form and existence. But this opinion, as Mr. Sumner then frequently expressed it, was shared neither

by the majority in Congress, nor by the President of the United States. Mr. Lincoln, in fact, did desire to end hostilities, to force the recognition of the abolition of slavery in the vanquished States, and upon that sole condition, restore them to their former rights.

Although disturbed by this opposition to his views, and somewhat anxious regarding what the future held in store, Mr. Sumner, linked as he was to the Republican party by all possible ties, hoped by slow process to win over to his strong personal convictions that great political organization. He was then already preparing himself to fight for his favorite doctrines; and at the same time he had such implicit faith in the rectitude of his political ideas, that he did not even doubt but that he would win Mr. Lincoln himself over to them, and compel him to side with him.

But this plan demanded time, sustained efforts, skill in persuasion, and it was only in the most remote corner of the horizon that Mr. Sumner foresaw the end at which he aimed. Thus, although much was being said in the opposition press about the consequences which might result from difference of opinion, which no doubt then existed between Mr. Sumner and the President, the newspapers, nevertheless, greatly magnified its extent. Events, however, were following each other so quickly that they fairly seemed to rush.

I had not been in Washington over six days, when in rapid succession came the news of the decisive victories of the army of the Potomac, the fall of Richmond, and Sherman's entry into North Carolina.

Mr. Lincoln was then at City Point, on the James, where General Grant had for many months had his headquarters. Mrs. Lincoln, who was on the eve of starting off to join her husband, asked Mr. Sumner and a few friends to accompany her on her journey. It was probably at Mr. Sumner's request that

Mrs. Lincoln was kind enough to include me among her guests.

On April 4th we left Washington, and were able to visit Richmond the following day. What scenes, what surprises, do events prepare for men! After such long and laborious struggles against slavery, Mr. Sumner, for the first time in his life, found himself in that same Richmond, which the Confederacy had transformed into a citadel; where for a space of four years it had held its own against the Union's strongest armies! And in what condition did he find that city? Everywhere crumbling walls, houses still smoking, all the traces of destruction and fire! I followed Mr. Sumner through these many streets, often so filled with ruins that our carriage could hardly pass.

The shutters were closed on every house. Only one white inhabitant did we encounter during our drive, and that a child of about fifteen who ran away when she saw us. On the contrary, however, hordes of negroes, who, ignorant of what liberty meant, surrounded us on all sides and gazed at us with astonishment.

Everywhere the strangest contrasts met our eyes. But especially in the Capitol, where the assemblies of the Confederacy had met, were the most striking ones to be found. A few negroes were roaming through the abandoned halls, while others were playing bowls in the corridors, with Federal officers calmly looking on. Everything presented a most confused and desolate appearance.

In the second story of the building, however, in a room the access to which was forbidden, were accumulated the glorious memories of Virginia's history. The imprint left upon the final events of the last century and those of the early years of the present, by Washington, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, and so many others, were still to be seen in this room, filled as it was with the archives of that epoch; and Mr. Sumner, reared, as he had been, in the pure traditions of these great men, acquainted with the most minute details of their history, was contrasting in his mind that past and the present, which revealed itself to him in so poignant a manner.

But whatever were his sentiments or his forebodings in regard to what might one day spring from out these ruins, or blossom perhaps under the spur of a new generation, the advent of which he had beforehand hailed and prepared, I was none the less struck by the moderation he exhibited, nay, by the affectionate interest he took in the vanquished population. It was impossible to detect in him one bitter feeling, or a single revengeful thought. During his talk with Federal officers, I heard him inquire after several ex-United States Senators, whom events had placed on the adverse side. One of them, in particular, excited in him a strong interest. He was an eminent Virginian who had ranked among the leaders of the Federal Senate, holding there a prominent position, when in 1851, Mr. Sumner, almost unknown, had come to take his seat in that assembly, where he had been the first to raise the standard of Abolitionism. It can be readily understood what bitter feelings were aroused in the mind of this leader of the party then in power, by the efforts of this young man, who so audaciously expounded, in presence of himself and his colleagues, a doctrine so odious and repulsive to him and to them. But how radically all things had changed! This man, so highly considered at one time, nay, but yesterday standing in the first ranks of the Confederacy, had now taken flight, and Mr. Sumner, who had become in turn one of the most influential men of the United States, was now inquiring, with friendly interest, after this once powerful and now fallen personage.

The day passed in conversation upon the recent events; but in the midst of the anxiety they awoke in his mind, Mr. Sumner could not forget his love for letters and history. I heard him several times ask after the archives of the Confederacy; and when he expressed the earnest wish that they be carefully collected and kept, it was less from a wish to satisfy his own curiosity for retrospective revelations, than for the purpose of giving to history documents which properly belonged to it.

Toward evening we returned to the boat on board of which we were to re-

main until the morrow. Mr. Sumner and a few of the guests seated themselves at the bow, on the side facing Richmond. Slowly night came on, and as it grew darker, they could see the fire still burning in the outskirts of the town. Between these lurid masses and themselves stood the city, plunged in utter darkness. For a long while they listened; not a sound was audible in the distance. Nothing of the vague noise that ordinarily reveals the neighborhood of large agglomerations of houses and men could be heard. Richmond presented the aspect of a death-ridden town. What thoughts arose in Mr. Sumner's mind at the sight of so weird a scene? Filled with confidence in the future, convinced of the sanctity of the cause of which he was one of the most illustrious champions, he doubted not that from this night of apparent death would date the dawn of a new life.

On the day following we had left Richmond, and joined Mr. Lincoln at the headquarters. I was then at leisure to observe closely the existing relations between these two men, so different in origin and education, who represented opinions and convictions so distinctly apart, and who notwithstanding had found themselves bound to one another by the ties of a similar political faith, and united by a sentiment of mutual esteem. Their natures so straightforward, their unquestionable honesty, the true patriotism which guided both, seemed a sort of platform upon which they naturally met; they were therefore made to appreciate one another.

But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that their two minds were scarcely intended to agree. Mr. Sumner took pleasure in mentioning that he had studied the Summa of St. Thomas. I do not know if it was from that source that he had derived his reasoning methods; it is true, however, that in many respects his mind had been accustomed to the argumentative process of the Scholastics. Mr. Sumner reasoned as reasons a professor of theology. From the days of his youth he had felt that he had a calling in life; that he would devote his existence to opposing injustice everywhere. Hence slavery

being an absolute wrong, it must be his mission to obliterate it from the institutions of his country. In the beginning, no doubt, he intended opposing the enemy solely with persuasive arms, and he perhaps flattered himself that he might bring back the culprits into the right way without strife; but when by degrees obstacles arose on the reformer's path, when the fight became hotter, and, especially after the breaking out of the war, new horizons had opened to Abolitionism, Mr. Sumner had accustomed himself, in spite of his utter repugnance to such means, to consider fire and steel as indispensable. There might possibly be discovered in the history of the religious middle ages, examples which would explain by what process of reasoning this theoretic enemy of war had, in spite of such principles, reached such conclusions. But even at the moment when it could be said that he contributed so largely to the direction of the struggle, and when, better than anyone, he had been able to define its true character, there still remained in him no hatred of the enemy. To his mind the question was less the striking down of an opponent, than the bringing back of a sinner to the right path. Whence the sentiment which animated him. Slavery must not only be abolished, but in atonement the vanquished States must recognize total equality of rights for the emancipated slaves. These results of the Northern victories, which the South then considered with a feeling of horror, Mr. Sumner deemed inevitable. But, in his judgment, it sufficed that the culprit should accept them for his crimes to be expiated and forgiven.

In this manner is explained the strange contrast which stood for so many years before the eyes of the American people. Mr. Sumner's personality has long figured as a living embodiment of the most extreme political measures, and, notwithstanding, no one has ever been able to quote or recall a single word uttered by him in a spirit of vengeance; furthermore, those who lived in close intimacy with him can attest that no one among them ever heard him utter a bitter word against the Southern men, or even allude to

the personal violences of which he had been the victim.

In contrast to this character so marked, this nature so vigorous, to this scholar so formed by the most profound studies, stood Mr. Lincoln, the man of the people, of the humblest origin, moulded for State affairs by the practice of affairs themselves, having risen little by little through fatigue and toil, knowing from experience all the difficulties of life, whose disposition was sweet and sad more than persistent and audacious. He too had devoted himself to the triumph of his ideas of justice and emancipation, but he was accustomed to measure obstacles and to appreciate them. Gifted, furthermore, with an uncommon resisting power, he felt himself sufficiently strong to oppose by the sole force of his obstinacy all efforts made with a view to alter his opinions.

How could two such men agree? Had it not been owing to the mutual esteem that united them, incessant conflicts would have arisen between them. It must also be said that Mr. Lincoln had a manner of attending to affairs that rendered things singularly easy. His patience was such that he could always listen to his interlocutor, without interruption, or without allowing his own sentiments to be even suspected. Once the statement concluded, if the President did not feel convinced, he would answer in a vague way, or again, he might finish up with a joke, thus putting an end to the discussion.

In like manner, when Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Sumner met after we had left Richmond, and when the latter seized upon the first favorable opportunity to discuss the general state of affairs, the conversation took the following course :

Mr. Sumner insisted upon the necessity of bringing about an unconditional surrender of all the rebel armies. This result, he argued, once obtained, the President of the United States, by means of an official act, might make known his intention to establish civil and political equality between the two races. In the meantime, in order to furnish the disorganized communities with sufficient means for reconstruction, he would maintain martial law,

and entrust its administration to military governors.

But this plan Mr. Lincoln rejected with all his force. At the very moment, and while Mr. Sumner was expounding it to him, he was striving to further the execution of another, entirely different plan from that which was proposed, and to ward off any painful or strained discussion, the President confined himself to silence. It must, however, be said, that after the sad experiences of the past eight years,* a number of Southern men have come to think that the adoption of Mr. Sumner's plans, extreme as they undoubtedly seemed in 1865, might have spared the once secessionist States many of the mishaps that have fallen upon them since.

But home politics did not furnish the only questions which then engrossed the attention of the American Government. While Mr. Lincoln, seated at the headquarters, close by the telegraph operators, was sending off his personal orders to General Grant, and dictating to him the terms of Lee's surrender, the news of which was now expected at any time, he was in addition forced to consider the presence of the French flag on Mexican soil, and all the while to meditate the steps to be taken with respect to the British Government, guilty in the eyes of the United States of having well-nigh publicly aided the rebel cause.

Here, at least, Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Sumner's minds seemed in perfect accord. Both equally deprecated war. Mr. Sumner on that subject was animated with a strong belief, to which he was ever faithful; indeed, one of his constant preoccupations consisted in endeavoring to find a final substitute for the decisions of battle-fields in international arbitration. On the other hand, Mr. Lincoln also had an instinctive horror of war. The Quakers, from whom he descended, had transmitted to him with their blood their doctrines of peace.

Regarding the policy to be followed toward France and Great Britain, the sentiments of the President of the United States and those of Senator Sumner were in complete harmony. Both believed that the mere fact of the

* Written in 1874.

Union's reconstruction would amply suffice to overthrow Maximilian's throne and bring about the evacuation of Mexico by the French troops. They also thought that the victory of the United States over themselves, and the abolition of slavery, would exercise sufficient moral pressure to induce England to recognize her error.

It must be observed that at that moment, amid the first joy of triumph, the popular cry seemed to demand the intervention of the United States in Mexico. Masses of armed men showed themselves ready for a new campaign, which would doubtless have united under one flag the adversaries of the civil war. It needed all the moral fortitude of statesmen like Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Sumner to restrain such elements, ready to break loose. And this is possibly why it was then rumored, and perhaps not without some reason, that Mr. Lincoln, though personally opposed to Mr. Sumner's home policy, intended intrusting him with the conduct of foreign affairs, and that he thought of appointing him Secretary of State in place of Mr. Seward. But how futile are the designs of men! On April 9th, toward evening, the President and Mr. Sumner re-entered Washington City together; and five days later, Mr. Sumner was among the small group of friends called in haste, on that terrible night, around the bed where Mr. Lincoln lay dying.

With Mr. Johnson's elevation to the presidency, the attitude at first taken by radical republicans as regards the Executive was not to remain long unchanged. Convinced as was Mr. Sumner that the problem of reorganization of the South depended on the President, and that his power amply sufficed to solve its intricacies, he strove at first to make Mr. Johnson share his views. It is even probable that the latter went so far as to make promises, or at least allowed it to be understood that he would follow what was then termed the radical policy. At all events, when Mr. Sumner left for the summer vacation, he, who rarely suspected double dealing in others, felt certain of the President's co-operation.

But, supposing even that Mr. Johnson

had spoken to him in good faith, Mr. Sumner undoubtedly labored under an illusion, and attached too much importance to a few vague sentences. He thereupon carried with him to Boston hopes which did not remain long undeceived. In fact, the situation soon changed for Mr. Sumner. The chief help on which he counted failed him completely.

Mr. Johnson openly declared war against his principles. It became incumbent upon him to alter his plan—to fight the President and induce Congress, by means of popular pressure, to adopt and maintain doctrines which until then had been regarded unfavorably in both assemblies. If ever like enterprise was coupled with great difficulties, the then impending events and state of public opinion greatly aggravated those difficulties. The Federal armies, disbanded with all possible promptitude, were at that moment returning home, supplying the Northern States with the working hands they so sorely needed; commerce and industries were everywhere beginning anew; everyone desired rest, and the immense majority among the people, happy to enjoy again the benefits of peace, seemed well disposed toward the policy to which Mr. Johnson appeared more and more to commit himself. It was under such circumstances that Mr. Sumner, feebly backed by a small majority, prepared to fight a new battle.

I remember, one day, Mr. Sumner's communicating to me a letter which he strongly recommended me to read with attention. It was from Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, who had upheld in the House of Representatives very nearly the same principles of which Mr. Sumner had become the champion in the Senate; and both of them had found themselves in a powerless minority whenever they had attempted opposing Mr. Lincoln's policy. But Thaddeus Stevens now understood that the situation had changed. Gifted with an instinct which seldom mis-guided him; armed with political courage which nothing could daunt; able in turn to lead the House of Representatives, and remain firm when abandoned by it; strengthened by his own domineering sentiments; and filled with

confidence regarding his own ability, Mr. Stevens understood that the time had come when he could at last exercise that political sway which he had always deemed to be his calling. He was therefore urging upon Mr. Sumner not to allow himself to be hindered by any obstacles, and in the name of the Union's preservation, and in the interest of the freedmen, to declare war against President Johnson.

But while they were preparing for this new struggle, how different was the attitude of the two men whose fate it was to act the principal parts in it! Mr. Sumner, fatigued by the many political battles which he had fought for years past, was already struggling against the disease which was slowly undermining his powerful constitution. He felt a sort of general lassitude which was beginning to alter his features, and besides, controversies and debates were things painful to him; while accepting, or even while calling them forth at times, he only fulfilled what he deemed a duty. Mr. Stevens, on the contrary, although then over seventy-two years of age, was still filled with all the ardor of youth. In the midst of strife he seemed in his element. The hotter the fight, the more uncertain its issue, the greater became his daring, the more numerous the expedients which would suggest themselves to his mind. Of what immense value, therefore, was Mr. Stevens's co-operation to Mr. Sumner!

It was during the month of September, 1865, that Mr. Sumner delivered, before the Republican Convention of Massachusetts, the first speech in the course of which he plainly asserted his hostility to President Johnson, and expounded his personal views regarding the home policy to be followed in the future. The United States, he claimed, must exact guarantees for the future. They owed it to themselves not to abandon the race recently freed, or neglect anything in order to place it on an equal footing, political and social, with the white race. To stop at the point reached would be equivalent to an abandonment of the cause which had recently triumphed. At the same time, with a foresight which late events have proved to be wisdom, Mr. Sumner then

went on to state that the United States Government must keep up to all its pecuniary obligations and pay off all its debts, of whatever nature they might be.

Thus began the conflict which was destined to last well-nigh four years. During that long period Mr. Sumner remained ever foremost in the strife. The force of his character, his irresistible will, his indefatigable perseverance, at last convinced the Republican party in Congress and throughout the country. This strange leader, who acted almost always alone, and who took counsel only with himself, finally vanquished the most obstinate resistance.

However, it must be said that Mr. Sumner was in turn obliged to make some concessions to the majority of the Republican party. This accounts for his being forced to consent to the immediate readmission of the Southern States into the Union, which however did not take place without very violent discussions in Republican meetings and conventions. Mr. Sumner always thought that it was not necessary to hasten in this matter, but he gave in at last. Indeed, for this very reason perhaps, when impartial history shall describe the events of that period, and it shall be asked who was responsible for the sad consequences that followed the policy termed "the policy of reconstruction," it should long hesitate before throwing upon Mr. Sumner the whole responsibility.

It was during that part of his life, from 1865 to 1868, that Mr. Sumner strove to define what is a "republican form of government." And here it may be important to pause a moment and to examine what were, in the opinion of this statesman, the true conditions of life in a democratic and free people. Nurtured in the pure traditions of New England, having breathed in a measure the same atmosphere in which, a century before, had lived and toiled the founders of American liberty, Mr. Sumner had educated himself up to a respect approaching to worship of the patriots of that illustrious epoch. Constant meditation on the writings of that time had imparted to him this veneration for the fathers of liberty. The re-

public they had established seemed to him the most illustrious of American traditions. And thus this patrician, enamoured of the democratic institutions of his country; this faithful exponent of all that New England had noblest and best; this man of letters whose mind was cultivated by the widest knowledge; this statesman brought up, so to speak, in close intercourse with Otis and the Adamses, firmly believed that he was called upon to continue and perfect their work. It is not in any degree strange, therefore, that he sought first of all to prove that the origin of his ideal republic could be traced to the works of its founders; thence a constant effort to establish, beyond all possible doubt, that the authors of American independence had contemplated uniting in perfect equality all human beings residing upon the American continent. Furthermore, to Mr. Sumner's mind the declaration of independence and the bill of rights did not wholly rest upon a philosophical effort of thought. They had been evolved, he held, both of them, out of the very traditions of the country. Each article, in both these documents, had directly emanated from the controversies which arose, during the second half of the past century, between the colonies and the mother-country. It only remained, therefore, to define, in a more satisfactory manner, the sentiments which then prevailed. From this standpoint, if the rights of man and of the citizen, and political as well as civil equality of all races be claimed, it was only because long before the Declaration of Independence was ever written, Otis, Samuel Adams, and others had claimed the same rights.

Thus the ideal republic, the advent of which Mr. Sumner was striving to prepare, could not in his mind be considered as a new thing. He was convinced that he had found it described in the past, and he, who had so often been treated as a dangerous radical, firmly believed himself to be the representative of the purest American tradition. It seems, therefore, as though one were forced to admit that, notwithstanding the fact that this idealist often failed to consider sufficiently the conditions of

weakness which democracy imposes of itself upon our political societies, the plan he had conceived, the doctrines he professed, and the principles to the success of which he had devoted his life, were surely not wanting in greatness or in justice. If they could not wholly prevail here, on earth, if man's infirmity too often comes and convinces the noblest thinker that there is but little room for the realization of his schemes, it remains none the less true that even when he errs, he still stands upon a plane to which the crowd does not attain.

What Mr. Sumner wished was to make of the United States a model republic, which little by little should inspire all nations with the desire to imitate it. He was not one of those who pretend to convert other nations by force, and bring them, by means of a revolutionary propaganda or conspiracies, to the overthrow of their governments; he would have considered it unworthy of himself to join in such intrigues. It may be said even that this great American republican judged rather severely the men who in several countries of Europe parade under the name of republicans, and whose conduct prostitutes it, and harms the very cause which they pretend to serve. But having long reflected upon that influence which the declaration of American independence had exercised over the great French movement of 1789 at its inception, he felt assured that the restoration of the republic in America would serve as an example which the new continent would point out for Europe to follow.

While Mr. Sumner was multiplying his efforts to bring about reorganization in the United States according to the plan he had conceived, events in Europe were for a moment of such a nature as to strengthen his hopes.

Forced to abandon Mexico, and to retire as it were before the moral power of the United States; stricken, though indirectly, at Sadowa; threatened at home by the newly rising spirit of free discussion; the French Empire, which Mr. Sumner had ever considered to be the "incarnation of Caesarism and modern tyranny," was tottering and visibly

weakening. At a distance, one could readily believe that a new sentiment was manifesting itself in France, and over the entire older continent. Mr. Sumner's optical illusion in this respect can easily be understood. Deceived by apparent demonstrations, he thought that the moment was coming when republican institutions would triumph over the world.

How many times, and during how many hours, did we discuss together these questions! And although in my mind objections arose which did not shake the great believer's faith, I rarely left him without having felt that ascendancy which the firm believer always exercises over the man who doubts.

At last, the thunder peal of 1870 broke forth; the war declared by Emperor Napoleon against Germany filled Mr. Sumner with indignation. He expressed himself in a speech upon the subject. The Emperor, according to him, had committed the greatest of crimes. At this first instant, therefore, his sympathies were with Germany, which seemed to him assailed. He moreover deemed the Emperor responsible for the destruction of the European equilibrium, which had seemed to him favorable to the development of free and republican ideas; but soon after his sentiments changed.

I remember, in the autumn of that same year, after the catastrophe of Sedan, Mr. Sumner one day handed me a letter he had just received from his faithful friend Mr. Louis Agassiz. This time the illustrious geologist, whose loss Switzerland and the United States still mourn, wrote to him in French. He seemed to desire to speak again on that occasion the tongue he had spoken in the past, in order to express to his friend what he thought of the political and military events then on the verge of fulfilment in France.

I have seldom read a letter more truly sensible, more simply eloquent. In it Louis Agassiz appealed to Mr. Sumner, asking him to speak out publicly and withdraw from Germany the moral support he had at one moment lent her. It was no longer a war of conquest, said he; the spirit of usurpation was again blowing over Europe, was even

no longer taking pains to conceal itself under those democratic and revolutionary formulæ which the first Napoleon had so cleverly lent it. Old feudal Germany, as though made young again by recent scientific discoveries, was now embodied in the conquerors. After thus describing the true character of the invasion, Louis Agassiz pictured the sad consequences which would follow the triumph of such forces over Europe. And he concluded by saying that they would destroy, or at least impede, the ideas of liberty and progress.

Mr. Sumner was on the point of following this advice of his friend; he wished to find an opportunity of telling the American people what he thought; but even at that time work had become so difficult and painful to him, public speaking fatigued him so much, that he was forced to spare the little strength left him for the discussions in the Senate.

But if he enjoyed an hour of satisfaction during that period, it surely was when he learned that in the midst of the bloody ruins of France, M. Thiers, now chief of the executive, was striving to establish a republican form of government. How often have I heard him express his ideas upon this subject! While he admired the art of the great politician in the reconstruction of the power of his country amid such great and perplexing difficulties, he was above all interested in the progress which the statesman made in republican ways. It must be said that the hopes he then entertained regarding M. Thiers's policy bordered at times on illusion. Mr. Sumner did not fully realize the terrible blow which German invasion had struck at the spirit of liberty. He refused to see that the liberal party had been overthrown by the old feudal institutions revived and victorious. But where is the Frenchman who would consider erroneous the judgment of those who kept up their implicit faith in the future of liberal institutions in France?

Mr. Sumner did not confine his thoughts on foreign politics to the development of republican institutions throughout Europe. Faithful follower of American tradition as he was, he never departed one moment from the principles

of neutrality and non-interference which President Washington had caused to prevail, and which his successors have scrupulously applied. Nothing could have induced him to consent by his vote to contract an alliance with any great foreign power. Grateful to Russia for her favorable attitude toward the North—an attitude from which the Czar's policy never departed from 1861 to 1865—he neglected no opportunity to mention what he termed “the friendship between the two nations.” His good faith and candor caused him to think too well perhaps of the Russian sentiment as regards his own country; but whatever were his illusions upon this subject, he would never have consented to bind the United States to Russia by means of any diplomatic act.

In truth, Mr. Sumner, like most Americans of his time, had received too deep an impression from the civil war to be at all able to overcome it. Thence originated a sentimental foreign policy in which each European nation ranked according to the degree of sympathy exhibited by it at the time of the war for the Union's preservation.

How often, when I heard him deplore the uncertain and vacillating attitude of France toward the United States at the time of the crisis, have I regretted the fatal influences that weighed upon the decisions of the Imperial Government, giving to its policy an air of half-concealed hostility. How much better it would have been to conform with that time-honored tradition, born in the last years of our old monarchy, which was so ably continued by the first Consul, and which perished together with so many other excellent things at the close of Napoleon the Third's reign!

But especially toward Great Britain, Mr. Sumner felt his strongest, possibly his most bitter resentment. Reared in the study of her history, filled with respectful admiration for her great men, learned in all the details of her constitutional existence, sincere follower of the liberal school from which her greater glories spring, and, so to speak, enamoured of those abolitionists who, long before his day, had trodden the path upon which he had walked unflinchingly, Mr. Sumner, it may be said, felt, as

regards that nation which had well-nigh openly declared its hostility to the Union's cause, a sentiment of love betrayed.

How was it possible that Lord Russell, the impregnable bulwark of the abolitionist cause in England, had become in 1862 an opponent of American abolitionists? It was always with bitter sadness, though never angrily, that Mr. Sumner expressed himself regarding the existing relations between the United States and Great Britain. To his mind that nation was guilty of a great moral wrong, and owed those who had suffered therefrom a manifest atonement.

Such was the feeling which inspired his speeches, at times eloquently passionate, on the existing intercourse between the two Anglo-Saxon nations. On reading them one can readily understand what explosions such fiery words would provoke on the other side of the Atlantic. A challenge of war was thought to be concealed under them. The orator was even accused of exciting the worst of feelings and of appealing to the darkest hatreds. But in all this English public opinion was mistaken. Mr. Sumner only considered that Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and their colleagues had wronged the United States, and it was by appealing to higher sentiments that he demanded justice of their successors.

Never did the idea of armed retaliation suggest itself to Mr. Sumner's mind. This, indeed, might be called a new sort of diplomacy. The men of the old school might smile at it and regard the author of such passionate tirades as one who was lacking in practical good sense; and yet it was Mr. Sumner who this time was in the right, and saw more clearly than they. The moral force which he in a measure embodied, and by which he was sustained, was finally to triumph, as events have shown; it was in truth more potent than would have been the Union's fleets and armies. Senator Sumner lived long enough to see sitting at Washington commissioners from Great Britain, chosen among the two great political parties of England, come to an agreement as regards the general clauses which were to put an end to the pending difficulties between

the two nations. And he helped to obtain the ratification by the United States Senate of the treaty of Washington, the first article of which contained the sincere expression of regret which England made in atonement for her conduct during the American civil war. Strange negotiation indeed, if thus it can be termed, and strange results also ! Public opinion may discuss them, enthusiasts may exaggerate their importance ; professional diplomatists may wilfully belittle them ; but let at least everyone observe, by comparing dates, that the mixed commission was being assembled at the State Department of the United States, at the very moment when triumphant Germany was rending from her vanquished opponent the preliminaries of Versailles, and that the treaty of Washington was concluded by a few days before that of Frankfort.

Mr. Sumner had conceived, in regard to the foreign affairs of his country, a general theory ; as I have very often heard him state it, I shall here trace its principal outline. Disinterested regarding what might occur in Europe, the American Union has already witnessed the downfall of well-nigh all the old colonial system ; a few years more, and the last European standard will have disappeared from the American Continent. England's wise policy only prepares the advent of Canadian independence, and if until now a prudent hand has still maintained her domination over the Antilles, yet it is a question how long this *status quo* will last. But whatever may be the future of the British isles, at a small distance off lies that large Spanish dependency, Cuba,* where for years past blood has been flowing incessantly, and where at any moment an outbreak may occur that shall determine the overthrow of Spanish dominion. Thus with patriotic interest Mr. Sumner witnessed the evolution of political questions in Canada and in the Antilles.

But he did not neglect the daily study of American growth of power on the Pacific coast. It would be interesting to read over his speech delivered in 1867, on the purchase of Russian

America. It was necessary, said he in it, to increase national sway over that immense coast. The day would probably come when emigration with the flow of its tide from east to west, would establish on that yet hardly inhabited slope the centre of an immense empire. In Mr. Sumner's mind, it was in that direction that the United States would one day develop its power. But all the while, he did not cease warning his countrymen to proceed slowly, and to fear above all territorial annexations. His warnings in this respect amounted to personal resistance whenever the annexation of any of the Antilles or of the Mexican territories was spoken of. And it was precisely this political conviction which was to lead Mr. Sumner to sacrifice his own situation in that Republican party for which he had so long toiled, and which owed him so much. The very day President Grant signed a treaty with a view to the annexation of the Dominican Republic to the United States, Mr. Sumner found himself placed in a most painful position. Was he to sacrifice to his party, and to the Administration, one of his most profound convictions ? Or, on the contrary, by opposing the ratification of this diplomatic agreement, was he to obey what he considered to be a most imperious duty, at the risk of breaking political ties which seemed indissoluble, and of renouncing personal friendships which time had cemented ?

I was witness of the struggle that preceded his determination. "Why can I not," would he say at this moment of doubt and perplexity, "why can I not retire from political life ? Why have I yet so many sacred duties to perform, so many promises to keep regarding my poor darkies ? You see it, I cannot forsake my wards, and yet how happy I should be to go abroad and live, and there devote myself to a peaceful life and the culture of the arts."

However, Mr. Sumner, placed in presence of what he deemed to be his duty, resolved to perform it. He did so regardless of the peril he was incurring, and knowing well in advance that he was heaping up against himself implacable vengeance and wrath. But as soon as the old wrestler had resolved once

* This was written at the time of the Cuban insurrection.

more to enter the arena, he was again able to display all his power. The speeches he delivered on the San Domingo question may be classed among his best. Although he was forced to strain himself in order to give his voice its former fulness and vigor, yet seldom did he produce greater effect upon the large audience which then filled the Senate chamber. He attacked directly the President's policy regarding the Antilles, opposed with all his might the San Domingo annexation, and with profound emotion, although unflinchingly, he accused the official representatives of the United States of violating the rules of international law. This time again did Mr. Sumner triumph. He struck a death-blow to the annexation plan; the President himself was forced to retreat and abandon his cherished scheme.

But how dear was this victory to cost him who had forced the executive power to give way! This is not the place to relate the well-known events which ensued. Watching day by day their development, and following with anxious interest the painful incidents as they arose, I often thought whether the most despotic courts, whether the monarchies which have been the most declaimed against, have ever known anything more pitiful than the deeply hidden plots of which the greatest citizens of free republics may be the victims. While many supporters of the President, now interested opponents of Mr. Sumner, were pursuing him with their wrath, and were using against him all the weapons within their reach, the old leader, who had never known the force of intrigue, and who, owing to the idealistic turn of his mind, was totally unfit for an appreciation of base sentiments, still believed himself on his former pinnacle, while in truth he had been overthrown. What a awakening was his when the truth finally dawned upon him!

It was in the spring of 1872; he had protested in the most solemn manner against General Grant's second nomination for the presidency; he had expressed himself with unrelenting sincerity regarding the President's policy, and the Republican party, so long docile to his voice, chose General Grant

for a second term, thereby disowning its old chieftain. Mr. Sumner remained alone.

At that moment, as if joining in to aggravate his situation, his old illness, the same which had once before imperilled his life, attacked him again, and caused him most horrible sufferings. He had hoped, he wrote from Boston, to be able to assemble his fellow-citizens in Faneuil Hall, that venerable forum, in order to speak once more to them of the great questions that relate to the country's welfare; but painful symptoms warned him not to attempt this effort. The speech he wished to deliver was given to the press. Certain of its passages, though surely not to be compared with Mr. Sumner's powerful oratorical efforts, deserve notwithstanding to be quoted; the sentiments therein expressed will remain as the crowning work of his life, and will live also as an historical document. Casting his glance once more on the long-trodden path, the orator deemed, not without good reason, that his duty toward the enfranchised race was well-nigh fulfilled; and he made one last appeal for reconciliation to the parties that had so long fought against each other. Protesting against any imputation of bitter feelings, he thus summed up his public life:

"Such is the simple and harmonious record, showing how from the beginning I was devoted to peace, how constantly I longed for reconciliation, how with every measure of Equal Rights this longing found utterance—how it became an essential part of my life—how I discarded all idea of vengeance or punishment—how Reconstruction was to my mind a transition period, and how earnestly I looked forward to the day when, after the recognition of Equal Rights, the Republic should again be one in reality as in name. If there are any who ever maintained a policy of hate, I was never so minded; and now, in protesting against any such policy, I only act in obedience to the irresistible promptings of my soul."

At the same time Mr. Sumner, whom his personal friends were anxious to tear away from the troubles of his pol-

itical situation, and from the fatigue which endangered his life, consented to leave for Europe.

In December following he returned to Washington. But by what sad circumstances his return was attended! The Republican party publicly disowned him; the commonwealth of Massachusetts, that had ever remained faithful to him, in turn also abandoned him. Furthermore the legislature, assembled in Boston, grasping a miserable pretence, publicly censured him. On the other hand, his physical sufferings were so intense that they had altered the strong expression of his features, and nearly deformed his stately bearing. A sad state and time this was, of which but very few of his friends were witnesses. At certain moments it was to be feared that courage would forsake the old athlete; and yet his faith in the justice of his cause was so implicit, that even while stretched on his bed of suffering, where he was forced to pass most of his time, he would exclaim now and then: "I have but one enemy to contend with, and that is disease. Let it spare me a while, and I feel sure that soon it will become manifest that I was right."

But how could he defend himself now that his physical strength was so much exhausted that, during this whole sad winter, it was impossible for him to apply his mind to any constant work? He even seemed uninterested in politics. Hardly did he even allude to them when speaking. In this state, but one consolation was left him and but one pastime: French literature; that of our great epochs. "The Memoirs of St. Simon" awoke in him unceasing interest. The same with Voltaire, whose complete works he carefully reread. He even went so far as to attempt a new study of the "Anecdotal Memoirs" relating to our history of the last two centuries, the minute details of which he desired to study once more. In the early spring, however, his illness seemed to abate; and while a work of re-

pair was going on in his physical organism, which seemed still so vigorous, public opinion was already recovering from its hasty judgments. Mr. Sumner's vacant place had not been filled. The Senate missed in its discussions the presence of his great moral courage. The people of Massachusetts also began to regret its rash decisions; a visible change was taking place, and in spite of vile efforts the general sentiment of the honest masses was coming back to Mr. Sumner. He lived long enough to see the Massachusetts legislature rescind the resolutions that the former legislature had adopted against him. The illustrious senator, who was now unable to add further to his fame, had a right, if we may say so, to witness this act of reparation. Providence justly ordained that it should be so. It was on Monday, March 9, 1874, that the United States Senate received official notification of the annulling of the resolutions of censure. Mr. Sumner enjoyed the satisfaction of being present at this ceremony. Hardly was it over, when he left the Senate chamber—far from thinking that it was for the last time.

Two days later America learned that Charles Sumner was no more. On hearing the news, the whole country, which associated Mr. Sumner's name with those of his most renowned contemporaries and friends, felt a thrill of pain. How could the nation fail to recall at that moment, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Chase? How could it fail to understand that a great era was now closed?

And now* that Mr. Sumner's seat is vacant in the United States Senate, and that this last one of the great athletes of that epoch, after mourning for his former associates, has in turn followed them to the tomb, where the commonwealth of Massachusetts has just laid him, it remains to be seen whether the young generations shall bring forth men worthy to take his place.

* Written in 1874.



THE FLORENTINE ARTIST.

THE FLORENTINE ARTIST.

By E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.

IN these days of triumphant specialism, when brush and chisel, burin and aquafortist's tool perform feats that would have set the Renaissance agog; when a phalanx of French artists stand armed *cap-a-pie* with all the varied knowledge that the years have brought to *Ars Longa*; when art pours in from England, Sweden, Russia, Japan; when America has already started in the great torch race, sure to hold the light high (how high perhaps we hardly dare to dream), why is it that we turn again and again to the old masters, the men of Florence and of Venice, of the quiet galleries and palaces of a land older than our own?

They take us out of the bustle and struggle, and beckon us to their feet in the half light of the chapter-house, in the sun-dappled stillness of the cloister or the deserted chamber of state; they sit throned and tranquil, nowise toiling for recognition, so that we love them for their very peace. But better than all this, theirs was the springtime of art; they were in the gold of the morning and they had its golden touch; theirs was the high-hearted conviction

which has seen no disillusion. They had not even found out what they could *not* do, and their *naïf* fervor set a halo even upon their awkwardness; eternal youth was theirs and its sublime confidence and audacity; if we study them enough we shall find even in their lesser works "*detur amanti*," something to reward us, something of the glamour of the reawakening, of the joy of earnest endeavor, of the serenity of achievement, and amid all the science and all the perfected technique of modern painting, the hill-towns of Tuscany and Umbria will still rise as high altars of art; the lagoons of Venice will still shine for us with the opalescent color of Titian, and still hold the bituminous depths of Tintoretto.

But among them all Florence claims the highest place; for in that long period from 1300 to 1580, which covers the Italian Renaissance in its various phases, she was the focal point for at least two hundred years. This epoch of art evolution may be conveniently divided into four periods: that of the precursors, of Niccolo and Giotto; that of the early Renaissance, with the group

ment was his, and he walked out to see it uncovered, in a flutter of pleasant excitement, and quite prepared to fasten his epigram or his sonnet at its base. For all Florence became at once customer and *connoisseur*, and fairly went mad with enthusiasm over its new masterpieces. The Signori mingled

men's houses or cramped into prettiness to please a caprice; no carefully nurtured exotic, foreign to all its environment: it was democratic, municipal—"of the people, by the people, for the people"—stooping to the humblest offices: carving the public fountain, where goodwives washed their



with the business of grave embassies questions of decoration of public palaces, and art matters were treated like affairs of state. A daughter of the Republic, art's best service was given to the city—to the market-place, the town-hall, and the church: this was no courtly official art, shut up in palaces; no burgher art, withdrawn into rich

cabbages and filled their clashing metal buckets; and rising heavenward on the broad curves of Brunelleschi's dome. It was a deep-rooted, many-branched growth of the soil; an integral part of daily life; a need, a passion, and a delight at once.

It almost seemed as if art, Orpheus-like, held sway over nature. Rough



A. J. J. J.

crabs piled themselves up into palaces, iron bowed itself into hoody curves, and bronze filled the hollow moulds with fair shapes: chaste marble covered the base, fountains, sunflowers and laurel, oak and ivy, lilies and pomegranates twined around the church pillars, climbed to the cornice, and clustered about the deepest windows; now over choir stalls, and thrust themselves between the yellowed parchments of the choral books. With them came the birds to perch among the bronze twigs and nest in the marble foliage: the lions crawled from their lairs to crouch beneath church pillars; unicorns, griffins, and strange sea-monsters, blowing

the salt from from their nostrils, came at the magician's bidding, to support a shivering iron column. Night lent her stars to cast a lamp-light-hall the planets shone over the arches, and summer died on the painted wall while winter whistled the story outside.

And it was within the fold of this world of art, that the perturbed cities of the Renaissance found their neutral ground, where the shrill voice of controversy was hushed, and hatred dropped its dagger, where the old feud was forgotten, where Guelph and Ghibelline, Palladian and Bramante, met as friends united by common sympathy, swayed by a common delight.

Something of this was dimly understood, even by the little apprentices who ground the colors and kept the clay moist. They knew that the masters went and came unharmed through

ciation which quickens the pulse of the lover of beauty: all about us, the very stones, are eloquent, and if we would study the greatest of modern art epochs, and understand the environ-



harried country and hostile states; they saw the Magnifico buy the pictures of a follower of the Friar. Even civic strife spared the artist who worked for the glory of the town, and was therefore sacred to the man of the Renaissance, who, though he could hate fiercely and strike hard, loved his city as a mother, and adorned her like a bride.

The city so loved and so adorned was not very different from the fair town set in the hollow of the hills which we admire to-day; it has lost its proud zone of ramparts and the glow of mediæval color, but otherwise it is comparatively unchanged since Donatello lodged in the street of the Melon, and Benvenuto kept shop on the old bridge. Here we can walk arm-in-arm with Gossip Vasari: every turn brings us face to face with the memory of a world-famed master. The very name of a street suggests some great artistic achievement; a few lines of inscription on a house-front start a train of asso-

ment of the Renaissance artist—the conditions under which he lived and labored—we have but to look at the city upon which he set his seal, as a king stamps his effigy on the coin of the realm.

Four hundred years ago morning entered Florence much as it does to-day, slipping unchallenged through the ponderous gates, stealing like a gray nun through the narrow streets, glimmering faintly through the grated windows, and leaving the lower stories of the crag-like houses still dark and sombre, touched with light the dome of the cathedral and the crests of those stern towers which spring upward like unsheathed swords to guard the white and rosy beauty of our Lady of the Flower. As the dawn struggled through the leaded casements, or the deep arches of the workshop, it saw the artist already at labor. Sometimes it paled the light fixed to Michael Angelo's forehead, with which, "like a Cyclops," he worked through the long nights, or



DRAWN BY F. H. BLASFELD

(The Prince of Wales)



The Open-air Pulpit at Prato

surprised Master Luca patiently freezing his fingers over his new invention, the *terra incetrata*; or, maybe, it put out the lanterns which Ghiberti's workmen carried in their nightly walks from the furnaces in the Via Sant' Egidio to the Baptistery. Work began early for the Florentine artist: for the painter, sculptor, architect, worker in gold, iron, or wood, was first of all a handicraftsman with a handicraftsman's simple tastes and frugal habits. *Arte*, art, meant but craft or trade, and later, by

extension, guild of craftsmen, and was applied to the corporations of cloth-dressers and silk-weavers as well as to the associations of architects and sculptors.

"Then painters did not play the gentleman;" small distinction was made between the artist and the artisan; and, though now and then a banquet at the new house in the Via Larga, or a little junketing in Albertinelli's wine-shop, or a gay supper at the Pot Luck Club (*Compagnia del Pajuolo*), opposite

the Foundling Hospital, might tempt him to keep late hours, morning naps were exceptions; and the stone-mason, when he came through the dim twilight of the shadowed streets to his day's work on church or palace, found Brunelleschi or Gozzoli there before him. No wonder such men rose early; the whole world of art lay before them, unconquered, unexplored; the mysteries of nature were to be solved; the lost treasures of antiquity regained. The processes of technique, the media of artistic expression to be discovered; and for such achievement the days were all

too short, and the nights as well. If they would play the sluggard, the voice of Florence itself awoke them; for with the broadening day the bells of Giotto's tower began to ring the Angelus, filling the vibrating air with solemn melody, as one after another from the iron throats of San Lorenzo, of San Michele, and of Santa Felicità came answering peals; while on the circling hills, gray with olive or dark with pine, the bells of convent and chapel and parish church echoed faintly, greeting each other with the angelical salutation. There were few artists who did not



ALONG THE STREET

bow their heads and begin the day with the poetic orison, honoring "the Word that was made flesh, and dwelt among us;" and what better prayer could there be for men whose chief care lay in the portrayal of that same flesh, and who were "to paint man, man, whatever the issue."

Early as it was the city was astir, and the streets about the cathedral were thronged with people on their way to early mass; home-staying housewives were gossiping on the doorsteps as in Dante's day; long-gowned burghers, like Filippo Strozzi, who

them a fresh-faced girl or two of the Nencia type, "white as cream-cheese and round as a little sausage," were crowding into the Duomo to say a few aves before some favorite shrine; here and there, with ink-horn at his belt, a scholar passed—Pico or Poliziano—on his way to the Medici palace, or the still green gardens of the Academy. Knots of leather-clad craftsmen, bare-armed cloth-dressers from the Calimala, silk-weavers bound for San Biagio, goldsmiths, hurrying to their work in the Pellicceria, jostled each other in the narrow way. Here, too,

were matrons of the old school, austere wrapped in cloak and wimple, and blooming girls, whose pearl-wreathed hair and bare throats were hardly shaded by transparent veils, demurely conscious of the admiration they excited and not averse to letting a young painter's eyes enjoy their comeliness. Had not Ginevra dei Benci, one of the proudest beauties of Florence, sat for Messer Domenico Bigordi? and he who would see the fair wife of Francesco Pugliese limned to the life need only visit the little church outside the walls, where Filippino painted her as Madonna. What pretty girl was not ambitious to figure in a fresco, or pose for a saint, tricked out with halo and symbol? When did adoration ever come amiss? or when was a bold glance and a fervently whispered "*bella*" really resented?

Meantime she who hoped some day to see her own portrait as St. Catherine or Barbara or Lucy, behind

the blazing altar-tapers, dimmed with the cloud of fragrant smoke, enjoyed a somewhat grosser incense. In this town of tiny streets and thicket houses, whose inhabitants had grown up together in close quarters, generation af-



built palaces, bought rare Greek manuscripts, and bribed royalty, were abroad for their marketing—to chaffer over a couple of fowls or a handful of vegetables. Groups of sun-burned peasants, in their gayest gear, among



The Artist as Engineer

ter generation, where family loves and hatreds were matters of heritage and tradition, and where each man was as well acquainted with his neighbor's affairs as with his own, none of these young ladies were unknown to their admirers, who could estimate each fair one's dower to the florin. On the heads and hands of these pretty girls the passing goldsmith saw his own work in

wreath and ring; and when the whole parti-colored crowd swayed and bent like a field of wind-swept irises as a priest and a hurrying acolyte passed with the Viaticum, even while muttering a prayer for the soul about to pass away, he recognized with pride the silver pyx which had left his master's shop only a week ago. Perhaps it was hardly out of sight before the street began to



AT THE SIGN OF THE GARLAND

DESIGNED BY E. H. GLASBECK

resound with ringing hoofs and clashing steel, and a company bound on a mission to Siena, escorted by some thirty lances, scattered past: not a fact but that the workmen from Niccolò Caporali's forge could salute its pallant young captain, whose fine armor—decorated with masques and lions' heads—was their own handiwork. As the soldiers jangled by, the high houses joining their clangor tenfold, the sculptor modelling a St. George for the armorers, looked long and wistfully after their leader, who rode with shoulders well-squared, and pointed sollerets turned aggressively out, forcing the burgesses to flatten themselves against walls, or to retreat incontinently under loggie, and reminding more than one of that roaring young spark of the Adornari, whose iron elbows and steel toes wrought such havoc on Dante's neighbors.

These vividly costumed people of the Renaissance have gone forever from the streets; they have stepped into the gilded frames of altar-pieces, or faded into the frescoed walls of choir and cloister; they have climbed the palace-stairs and vanished into quiet galleries; they sleep in state in the canopied niches of Desiderio and Rossellino, and lie under the pictured stones of Santa Croce. But the background against which they moved is unaltered; the churches and palaces where painter and sculptor worked, the houses where they lodged, the shops where they sold and taught, the beautiful things they created are still there: the palaces of Brunelleschi and Michelozzo and Benedetto are yet drawn up in line. They bear a strange likeness to the mailed ancestors of their builders, as they stand facing each other like duellists with a perpetual menace, holding high their blazoned shields, peering distrustfully through their grated windows barred like the eyeholes of a helmet, thrusting out their torch-holders, defiant, unflinching, into the street, and flaunting their banners over the heads of the passers-by. The deep cornice shades their stern fronts like a hood drawn over a soldier's brows; and as the knight wore a scarf of brodered work, or a collar wrought with jewelled shells and flowers over his steel corse-

let, each rugged façade is softened into beauty by sculptured shrine or gilded escutcheon, cunningly forged lamp-iron and bridle-ring. Into the grim narrowness of each dark street lead some subtle path of quiet, some lot of exquisite ornament, and as the painter hurried to his shop in the morning or strolled at evening with his lute, he could see on every side the work of some brother artist. Close at hand was Donatello's stemma, where the lion of the Medici ranged about his arrow-field: under heavy wreaths of pale-tinted fruit a Florentine Madonna gleamed wisely; the huge gargoyle as torch-holder, at the corner, bristling with spikes like some weapon, was now forged by Nicholas the Bargain-Maker; the rough-hewn pulpit which darkened the side of a street, Benedetto di Majano did not live to finish; that window-grating Michael Angelo designed, bending the bars outward in beauty's service to hold the elbow cushion, or the caged nightingale, or the handful of spring flowers in their glassed pot of Faenza-ware; while behind the half-open iron-studded doors Michelozzo's columns rose between the orange-trees.

What our over-estimate the artistic value of such environment, the unconscious training of the eye, the education of the perceptive faculties, the keen stimulus and the wholesome restraint exercised by the constant presence of a universally recognized standard of excellence. The art student might draw from the antique in the garden of San Marco, or copy the frescoes of the Brancacci Chapel in good company, with Michael Angelo and Raphael at his elbow (running the risk of broken bones if he happened to be parted by the studio-bully Torrigiani); and under his master's orders might work up details in a panel, or even follow a cartoon; but the city itself was his real Academy.

All over this city the artists lived and worked; the places still exist. There are dark arches there, in spite of perpetual twilight, masterpieces grow into being, and there are stairways of heavy grey stone that have been polished and channelled by the shoes of masters who lived long ago.

In the Melon Street (now Via Riccardi) the memories thicken. There the long-gowned *trecentisti* have walked; Fra, who set the solemn mosaic upon the dome of the Baptistery, and with him his roguish pupil, Buffalmacco, whose greatest works of art were his monumental practical jokes. Giotto, too, the chief of them all, caped and hooded as we see him in the Portico of the Uffizi, had come a little later to make the "house of the five lamps" trebly illustrious. The lamps are still on the house-front, glimmering above the little shrine where the old painters often stopped to tell their beads before the image of our Lady, who had been a good friend to their craft ever since the day she sat for its patron, Saint Luke.

Perhaps they passed on thence to that garden of the Gaddi, in the little street not far away, to which the painter's pomegranate-trees gave the name of *Via del Melarancio*, which it wears even to-day. In the Calzaioi, just beyond the Bigallo, and on the same side with it, about a hundred years after Giotto, Donatello, and Michelozzo worked together like brothers, perfecting the art of sculpture," and hewing that tomb of Pope John in the Baptistery, which was the forerunner of all the lovely Tuscan-Renaissance tombal architecture. Later their mallets rang behind the cathedral at the corner of the Via dei Servi, while the minor music of goldsmith's hammer and miller's tool was heard from the shops of Pollajuolo and Finiguerra, in the Vacchereccia. Monasteries there are too, where famous artists once worked, convents where the sisters painted, like that Plantella Nelli, who had to make Herods and Judases of the novices, since no man might penetrate the walls. The convents are secularized now, but we still find them in all quarters of the city.

Ghiberti cast his gates in the Via Sant'Egidio; to-day the house shelters the quaint foreign grace of Van der Weyden's Flemish Madonna; and geraniums now flame in the garden of the Via della Pergola, where Benvenuto's furnaces once burned fiercely as the molten bronze became Perseus.

We visit Michael Angelo the boy in

the Via Anguillara, Michael Angelo the old man in the Via Ghibellina, and in Via Ginori are the stairs down which the young Raphael has often walked with his host. Andrea del Sarto with Franciabigio, had his shop in that southern angle of the Piazza O'San-Michele, where a dark vault gives entrance to a street so narrow that lovers might clasp hands across it from the windows corbelled out above, and here, too, the artists were next door to the palace of their arch-patrons, the merchants of the mighty guild of wool, with its blazon and loggia and battlemented parapet. Fra Bartolommeo got his nickname of Baccio della Porta, from the Roman Gate, near which he lived, and when later he took the tonsure and renounced his art for a time, his comrade, Albertinelli, discouraged by his loss, dropped palette and brushes and opened a wine-shop under those old houses of the Alighieri, where "naque il divino poeta." Il Rosso, with his apprentice Battistino and his ape (whom the chronicles leave nameless), made life merry for the monks of Santa Croce; and Cellini, born near the modern markets, and casting his bronze in the Street of the Bower, studied first with Bandini in the Furriers' Quarter, then under the new dispensation of Duke Cosimo, went with the other goldsmiths to that Ponte Vecchio where the apprentice lads were stationed to offer trinkets to the passing ladies, and to the very shop whence his bust now looks down upon his successors. So the tale runs; and the list is endless, for Florence remembers her famous men, and the archives beneath the picture gallery of the Uffizi are crammed with records that give house, date, and name, dry bones to which the chroniclers add life—the life of the crowded, narrow-streeted city, with its art, its industry, its busy hours, its leisure, and even its fun and jokes.

For the hard-worked painters found time for the latter, made time for them indeed. Woe to the man who was conceited, credulous, or lazy; his foibles are exploited by a dozen past-masters in the science of tormenting; Florentine tongues were proverbially sharp, and constant practice in the wordy warfare

of the studio gave them even a finer edge.

The reatest artists—Donatello, Brunelleschi, and early Buffalmacco—concocted elaborate *beffe* and *burle*, with no pity for their victims: the temptation was great the ages of faith had not passed away, many good folk accustomed to believe in miracles afforded golden opportunities to the practical joker; and if we may believe Sacchetti, Ser Giovanni, and Boccaccio, the wags were equal to the occasion. There was such a fund of credulity lying idle, it was so easy to make Calandrino believe that he was invisible, to persuade the Doctor that he might sup with Helen and Cleopatra, to convince Il Grasso that he had changed his identity, that we can hardly blame the painters for the excesses in which the whole town joined, even the good parish priest playing his part. This fun was rifest perhaps at the Monday hour, when Luigi Pulci takes us into that old market, around which the studios were set thickest, and which only three years ago stood just as it was then hungry industry, bent on dining, surged into the Mercato Vecchio, *Arco Minori* and *Maggiori* at once. Here artists great and small, masters and apprentices, dined; here was dinner enough for all Florence; and the irregular square, round which the tall, soot-stained houses crowded was a glutin's paradise, in which Margutte would have found all the articles of his *menu*—his tart and tartlet, his stuffed *cecce-fichi*, and his good wine. There were meals for all tastes and all purses: one could lunch on fruit and eggs and cheese with Donatello, or sup like a Magnifico on the boar that grinned from the butcher's shop, and only two days before was crunching the acorns of Valloibrosa; there was good eating in the grimy, black shops, where before a huge red spit revolved loaded with trussed owls and haunches of venison; and the *astrey-cook's* was not to be de-



Artists' Kitchen, Florence.

spised with its delicious scent of spices and warm pasties, just off the hot iron plates, set out in dainty white baskets—*ciambelli* and *cialdoni*—buns and wafers, the crisp *berlingozzi* that poor Visino thought worth all the kings and queens in Hungary, and those light, golden, sugar-sprinkled pastykins which the magnificent Lorenzo sang of. These delicacies were not for the apprentices, they brought their own empty flasks and canikins to the wine-shop, to be filled with white Trebbiano; they patronized the pork-butchers, buying whole strings of sausages, and the poulterers, whose neighborhood gave the famous nick-

name of Pollajuolo, and where one student at least bought the caged wild birds and set them free, while onlookers wondered at the queer caprices of young Leonardo da Vinci. Wine and bread, onions and sausages once consumed, whether before the shops or on the steps of Santa Maria in Campidoglio, the 'prentices went back to the shop. It was usually in the massive basement of a tall house, fronting some tiny piazza, or narrow street. The heavy iron-barred shutters, which at night closed its four arches, were raised and fastened to the wall, and even the ponderous door stood open, for light was precious to the workers within. The lower half of these arched openings was filled by counters of solid masonry, to which a couple of seats were often added on the outer side. Within the furnishing was meagre enough; a few heavy joint stools, hacked by generations of students, a strong box, a delicately wrought pair of bronze scales for weighing pearls, gold, silver, and precious colors; a carved and gilded triptych frame hanging on the wall waiting to be filled with the patron saints of its future purchaser; on one counter a small anvil, a goldsmith's hammer, graver, and pincers, and a goatskin bellows. A charcoal drawing or two was stuck on the wall; from a peg hung a fine jewelled girdle; and on a bracket over the door were some elaborately chiselled silver trenchers. At the back a door led into the studio lighted from the next street, where the students worked under the master's supervision, drawing, painting, modelling, and carving.

The life of these art students was divided into three sharply defined stages. The child of eight or ten, who was learning the rudiments of the craft, was called an apprentice; the youth who aided in the execution of important commissions an assistant (companion would be the literal translation of the Italian word), and the fully fledged young artist who had begun to fly alone a *maestro*, or master. The whole training was eminently practical; there were no medals, no exhibitions, no public awards. Now and then there was a great competition for some important civic monument

like the doors of the Baptistery or the façade of the cathedral, to which not only Italians, but artists from beyond the Alps were invited to send designs; but these were very rare, and by the end of the fifteenth century had practically ceased to exist. There were no academies, no public art schools, and no government appropriations for artistic instruction, no official institutions; but the state, while "ignoring art in the abstract, encouraged the individual artist." To produce something which somebody would want to possess, to turn his knowledge of the beautiful, his mastery of technical processes to some concrete end, was the object of the education of the future artist—a work-a-day genius ignorant of our modern formula of art for art's sake. Pietro Vanucci painted the Florentines on altar-curtains while waiting for the time when, as Perugino, he should work on the walls of the Sistine Chapel; Rodolfo Ghirlandajo "told sad stories of the death of kings" on the baldacchino draperies for All-Souls-Day; and Brunelleschi chased rings and set jewels while dreaming of antique temples and giant domes. Thus were executed not only the masterpieces we admire to-day in the churches and museums of Europe, but a whole series of minor works, which surround the pictures and statues of the Renaissance, like the fantastical bordering about the illuminated pages of the missal.

Art did not mean the production of pictures and statues only, it meant a practical application of the knowledge of the beautiful to the needs of daily life. So the bottega hummed and buzzed with the manifold business of the artist. If orders came in his absence the apprentices were to accept them all, even if for insignificant trifles; the master would furnish the design and the pupil would execute; not from greed of gain as with Perugino, but from the pure joy in creative work which made Ghirlandajo willing to decorate "hoops for women's baskets," and at the same time long for a commission "to paint the whole circuit of all the walls of Florence with stories;" and which enabled him, although

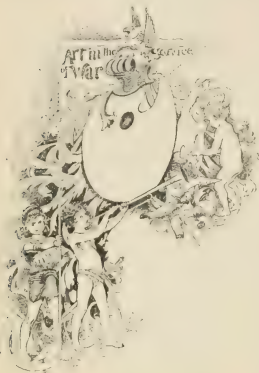
he died at the age of forty-nine, to leave behind him a second population of Florentines in the choirs and chapels of her churches.

And there were constant opportunities for the exercise of this creative faculty. Orders did not cease. Now it was a group of brown Carmelites who called master and men to their church, to be at once scene-setters, costumers, carpenters, and machinists during the Ascension-day ceremonies, and for the angel-filled scaffolding from which various sacred personages should mount to heaven. The Abbess of St. Catherine's came in state to order designs for embroideries to lighten the heavy leisure of the nuns; or some wealthy merchant, just made purveyor of Florentine goods to the most Holy Father, would put the papal escutcheon on the cornice of his house, and wished to know what the master might demand for his drawing, what for the *pietra-serena* or marble, what for the sculpture—where to the keys and tiara surmounting the arms of Rovere or Medici should be added, as supporters, some device of the painter's invention. Sometimes abbot or prior brought a great order for the decoration of a whole chapel or cloister, and the bottega palpitated with expectant enthusiasm, in spite of which the prudent master did not forget to specify in the contract that for the said sum he would furnish the paint, "except the gold and ultramarine," which must be supplied by the monks, for the brethren dearly loved these costly colors, and the painter well knew that without this important clause he should have the prior always at his elbow demanding "more and more of the blue." Even the imagination of a Pope Julius II., equal to the conception of a Saint Peter's and of a mausoleum as big as a church, could not rise above the monastic tradition, and he could say as he stood for the first time beneath the awful prophets and sibyls of the Sistine Chapel, "I don't see any gold in all this!" Again, there would come an embassy in gowns of state from some neighboring city, with armed guards and sealed parchments, bringing a commission for the painting of church

or town-hall; or a foreign trader from Milan or Genoa would step in to haggle over a portrait. Most welcome was a bridal party, for its manifold needs gave work to the whole studio, even to the ten-year old apprentices in the back shop.

"Chi prende moglie vuol quattrini"—he who takes a wife needs cash—runs the Florentine proverb, and we do not wonder at it when we realize what a quantity of fine things a bridegroom was expected to supply. There were the dower-chests—carved, gilded, and painted with triumphs of love or chastity; then the shrine with its picture of Madonna flanked by patron saints for the bride's chamber, and if the *sposo* was inclined to do things handsomely the painter could add the portraits of the future husband and wife in the inner side of the gilded shutters; a chased and enamelled holy-water basin, and sprinkler to hang beneath it of course; and for the tiring mirror, just arrived from Venice, the master must design a silver frame; then, while our hand was in, why not add a painted frieze of *puttini* on a blue ground to run between the wainscoting and the beamed ceiling? Next (for the list was a long one) came the *damigella's* book of Hours, wherein the tedium of long prayers was pleasantly enlivened by the contemplation of goodly majuscules and fair miniatures. Important, too, was the plate, no small item in days when a comfit salver or a tankard was signed Verrocchio or Ghiberti. Then, objects of momentous interest and of anxious consultation to the whole party, came the jewels and their settings. The buyers brought the raw material with them, pearls and balas-rubies, the precious convoy of a Venetian galley fresh from the far East; a big turkis engraved with strange characters, torn from the neck of an Algerian pirate by a Genoese sailor, and an antique cameo unearthed in a Roman vineyard only a week before. Each jewel was then examined, weighed, and entered in two account-books—the painter's and the owner's—to prevent any possibility of fraud or mistake. Afterward ensued a most animated and dramatic discussion of designs, details, and prices, during which artist and cus-

tomers vied with each other in fine histrionic effects, followed in due time by an amicable settlement and more entries in those "diurnal books" which still exist among the domestic archives



of Florentine families to inform posterity how many peacock feathers went to a garland, how many hundredweight of fine pearls to a girdle, and just how many florins Macigni, Strozzi, or Bardi paid for a buckle or a pouch-clasp.

Strange as such varied orders would appear to a modern artist, they seemed natural enough to the painters and patrons of the Renaissance, to whom art meant, first of all, the embellishment of daily life. In these days of specialists and perfected processes it is difficult to realize how wide a field was then open to the creative artist, and in how many different directions his personality sought expression. All life was his, and all its forms; nothing was too small or too great, too trivial to be tried, too difficult to be dared; in him the audacity of the revolutionist was united to the infinite patience of the gem-cutter. He attended personally to a thousand details now relegated to trained subordinates. He must answer

for his materials, must dabble in the grave art of the apothecaries (that *arte degli speciali e medici* which called Dante member), that the chemicals might be pure for the color his apprentices ground; he must linger in the Pellicceria, or Furriers' Quarter, choosing fair, smooth vellum, and must anxiously test the panel upon which Madonna should appear, lest fine gold and costly ultramarine might be wasted upon unseasoned wood. He must train his model, watch the carving of his picture-frame, and see that the oil was properly clarified. The sculptor went to the quarries to select his blocks of marble, and superintended their removal to the town; he examined the jewel on which cameo or intaglio was to be cut, and planned the scaffolding for his colossal statues. The architect arranged all the practical details for the execution of his designs, invented machines for raising stones and beams, built the bridges and platforms used by the workmen, was his own foreman and master-builder, and of him it might be truly said, "No stone was laid that he did not wish to see," "*Non sarebbe murata una pietra, che non l'avesse voluta vedere.*"

The chisel, the needle, the compass, the burin, the brush, the goldsmith's hammer, the caligraph's pen, even the potter's-clay and the mason's trowel were alike familiar to him. He could fill a dusky Gothic chapel with a frescoed paradise radiant with golden heads and glimmering halos and the sweep of snowy wings, and fashion an ear-ring for a pretty woman; he could design embroidery patterns "in chiro-oscuro for certain nuns and other people," and build a bridge over Arno that has stood for five centuries against storm and flood, even when the river swollen with rain and laden with wrack tossed its tawny waves high against the piers and battered them with uprooted trees and clods of earth and broken beams. He could set a great cupola on the cathedral walls and write abusive sonnets to those who declared he was tempting God by this achievement; he could, on his way to Carrara to select marble for a monument, casually and as an incident of his errand, survey and

build a road over the torrent-beds and sharp spurs of the mountain; he could "cramp his hand to fill his lady's misal marge with flowerets;" he could design a cartoon for the tapestry-weavers and crowd heaven's glories into a gilded triptych as well as he could make scaling ladders and "armor war-ships;" he could decorate a dower-chest, and paint a cathedral apse, and chisel a holy-water basin while fortifying a city; he could write to a Duke of Milan describing his inventions for war-machines, bombs, and field-pieces, his plans for fortifications, canals, and buildings, adding as an after-thought at the end of the list, "in painting also I can do what may be done as well as any, be he who he may."

He could handle a pen as well as a brush, and fill the empty mould of the sonnet with the fiery molten gold of real passion; he could write treatises on art rich in wise precepts, histories of sculpture in which his own works were not slighted, dissertations on domestic economy, and world-famous lives of fellow-craftsmen. Using the style like a chisel, carving character in broad, virile strokes, molding colloquial Italian like wax, he could cast, in the furnace of his own fierce nature, an unequalled full-length portrait of the man of the Renaissance in "the best of modern autobiographies."

He could make scientific discoveries, solve mathematical problems, embroider an altar-cloth, invent costumes for a masque, summon the gods of Olympus to the magic circle of the seal ring, engrave buttons in niello, illustrate Dante's Paradise and Petrarch's Triumphs, design moulds for jellies and confections, model statuettes in sugar paste, and make of a banquet as rich a feast for the eye as for the palate. He could damascene a corselet, paint a banner for a procession with rose-crowned, peacock-winged angels and gaunt patron saints, or cast a huge church-bell girdled with many patternings and Gothic letters which still tell us "Franciscus Florentinus me fecit;" he could paint and glaze a sweet water-jar, or a cool-toned pavement, or a shrine where under heavy garlands the cherubs clustered close like doves in

the shelter of the eaves around some sweet-faced saint.

And in these myriad forms of loveliness he could immortalize his native town; freely as he scattered his riches over Italy it was for Florence that he reserved his most precious gifts; it is to him, the greatest of her sons, that she owes her proud title of "The Beautiful." During long centuries of silent shame when the foreign yoke lay heavy on her neck, the dead artists still served her; she hid her misery and degradation under the splendid mantle of their consummate achievements, which still sanctifies her and will make her a place of pilgrimage as long as art has a single votary.

For creeds decay, and scholarship grows musty, and the wisdom of one century is the foolishness of the next; but beauty endures forever. A sceptical age smiles at the bigotry which condemned Matteo Palmieri's picture, and yet is charmed by the melancholy and mannered graces of Botticelli; the



scholar shudders at the barbarisms of the famous humanists, but the sculptor still takes off his cap to Donatello; the mysticism of the Divine Comedy rings strangely hollow on a modern ear, but

have the Night and Morning of Michael Angelo no meaning for us? The scientist of to-day looks with reverent pity at Galileo's rude telescope, but the architect counts Brunelleschi's dome among the miracles of his art; Leo-

nardo's fortifications have crumbled away, his inventions are superseded, only the drawings remain of the famous flying machine; but la Gioconda's mysterious smile has not ceased to fascinate an older world.



A MEMORY:

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

By Edith M. Thomas.

SINCE through the Dark thy singing soul took flight
 (A wistful cadence lingering after thee),
 Receding ever, thy young face I see,
 Once seen, once only, on a festal night,
 Crowned with a tender wreath of green and white.
 But now, alas! its leaves droop witheringly,
 Its lilies-of-the-valley gathered be
 From the pale meadows far from mortal sight.

So dost thou come, so still the memory haunt,
 Like Hero, with drown'd eyes and long bright locks,
 Tossed up the reedy marge of Hellespont,
 Or her who from the steep Leucadian rocks
 Sank underneath the waters' seamless web,
 And but a mellow gleam, a remnant music, left.





“TO HER.”

By T. R. Sullivan.

“There cannot be two loves in a man's life ; there can be one only, deep as the sea, but without shores.”—BALZAC.

IT all began with Moore, who passed the club-window in deep mourning for his wife. I had expressed my sympathy for him, and Arkwright had given inarticulate assent to it ; then moving uneasily in his chair—I think to make sure that we were quite alone—he added :

“Everybody pities him. But nobody pities you or me.”

“Certainly not on that score, you miserable unmarried Benedick !” I answered, resisting a strong inclination to laugh lest I should frighten him off ; for such a speech from Arkwright was unusual, to say the least, and it aroused all my innocent curiosity.

I remind those who know us only by sight that we are bachelors of a certain weight and importance, out-and-out club-men by long education ; coming in regularly at five o'clock, we often stay until the doors are locked and later—or earlier, accurately speaking. Arkwright is fifteen years older than I am, though he does not look it ; there is, in fact, something uncannily young about him in spite of his white hairs ; he has a very sharp brown eye, and a brilliant hardness as of highly tempered steel that makes him shine in any crowd of men. When you are alone with him, he softens or toughens according to his mood and yours ; yet even in his weakest moment keeping his tender side so

carefully guarded, that he has never to my knowledge been charged with sensitiveness upon any subject. We two were alone, as it happened, at this twilight hour of the long spring day, having come into the library (our club Sahara so far as frequentation goes) to settle a disputed point in linguistics by reference to the dictionary. He had maintained that the verb “to orient” was not good English, and I was right, as usual, though that is neither here nor there. Then we sat silent for a while in the window, drank once, perhaps twice ; and when poor Jim Moore went by in his black clothes our memorable talk began.

“But it is precisely on that score that we deserve pity—presumably,” insisted Arkwright. “The miserable old bachelors are not born, but made ; in nine cases out of ten from an amatory first cause, so to speak. And I say that the man who loves a woman devotedly and never gets her is more to be pitied than one who loses the best of wives in a year and a day. Jim has his memories at least—lucky devil !”

Of course Arkwright fired into the air. But his shaft happened to graze an old scar of mine which has not troubled me for years. How these trifling injuries will sometimes retain their susceptibility, ready, at a touch, for a sharp, unexpected twinge of pain !

"Bah!" said I, with instinctive cunning, as artlessly as possible. "If the martyrs to your amatory first cause could be forced to parade in mourning, the world would recognize and pity them, no doubt. But how many of our own acquaintance should we find in the procession?"

"All, to a man—especially including those who remain single from choice! Choice, what humbug! Not a bad idea that, to put us all into distinctive mourning. What a reversal that would bring about in the world's judgment! No more accusations of selfishness! No more envy from the married men who have drawn unlucky numbers!"

"An unlucky number," I argued, reflectively, "being so much better than no number at all."

"Why, of course it is," fiercely rejoined Arkwright. "What are you doing here with your mission unfulfilled? Where are the kith and kin that should be gathering round you? You are alone in the world—old already. A year or two more will bring you to your dotage. Who will care for you then? Who will hold your hand and smooth your pillow? Who—"

"Don't!" I pleaded, having a constitutional dread of any approach to senility in my own case. "Don't go on; unless you want to drive me out into the street to fling myself away upon the first comer—this one, for instance." And I laughed at the thought; for Miss Lancaster (who chanced to pass as I spoke), though still handsome in her rigid way, is no longer young. Moreover, she is so enveloped in the icy atmosphere of her own interests that I have ceased to find her interesting.

Arkwright's laugh had even a more ungallant ring in it than my own, and he scowled upon Miss Lancaster's stately figure until it swept beyond our ken. "Her dancing days are over," said he. "That woman has accomplished all the harm on earth that she is likely to do."

"Harm!" I repeated, all my native chivalry rising to the surface in her defence. "What do you mean by that? She is in all the charities, devoted to good works——"

"Expiation, my dear fellow!" broke in Arkwright, with a sneer. "She

ruined one man's life deliberately; one? two! and Heaven knows how many more! you never heard Ludlow's story, perhaps. No; how should you, even if you and he had belonged to the same generation?"

"Ludlow? The man who made a fortune in a single night, out of copper or something? and then turned bibliophile and poet, and——"

"And then died—unmarried. Yes, that's Ludlow. But he never set himself up as a poet. The little book of verses on one of the shelves behind us was published after his death. We ought not to treasure that up against him, for it had a very limited circulation. No one read it. No one in this club, I'll venture to state, has ever taken it down. There! I thought so!" And Arkwright blew the dust from the top of a thin, unpretentious octavo which he had found while he was speaking. Then he put the volume back with something like a sigh.

"Never tell tales out of school, or in a club!" quoted I, from my own social philosophy; "but as we are quite alone behind closed doors, to all intents and purposes, and as the tale is so old that it has been forgotten——"

"I see. You want to hear it. My dear fellow, you might have had it for the asking, without your apologetic preamble. For the thought of that woman brings back the fire of my youth, and makes my chilled blood boil in my veins. I would gladly proclaim her story from the housetops for the benefit of the community. Oh, these good women! The wrong they do is never estimated, simply because it is never so proclaimed and never comes to light. My voice, if I could raise it, might save some prospective victim, or teach all her kind a lesson. Have a cigar and split a soda with me, while I tell you about Ludlow. You'll say I am prejudiced. Well, discount half for prejudice, and charge the rest against that woman's charitable nature. We won't be too hard upon her frailties; eternal limbo with no hope of heaven for her, that will do."

So, when the brandy-and-soda had been set before us and all was quiet again, Arkwright began:

"Ludlow, you must understand, was an exceptionally good fellow who in his youth had an exceptionally hard time of it. His name you know, of course; his ancestors were distinguished, rich—social leaders. But the stock seems to have been poorly grafted. At any rate, it frittered itself away and died off. Harry's father came to grief financially, and the boy was turned loose early to shift for himself. He became a clerk somewhere down town, barely able to make both ends meet out of a moderate salary. But he was never down on his luck, never morose; his happy temperament and his sense of humor helped him through. He had studious tastes which he developed under difficulties, pulling out his books in the spare moments of business hours—yet this without a sign of priggishness; on the contrary, he showed great tact in dealing with all sorts of men agreeably on their own ground. He could be firm enough if occasion required it, but he remained courteous always. His secret was the rare gift of unselfishness. I really believe that he thought of himself last in all cases where a question of precedence was involved. There never was a mean streak in him. The worst of us has his secret admiration, if you can only get at it, for somebody most unlike himself, and I had mine for Harry Ludlow, though we were never very intimate; he was an older man, you see, and for the greater part of his life a very busy one; everybody liked him, moreover; if ever a man lived without an enemy, it was surely he.

"Well, about this time, as the almanacs say, Miss Lancaster appeared upon the scene. You can easily imagine how she looked. Her beauty, always of the stately kind, would have assured her success without the other influences. If she was not immediately marked down by the fortune-hunters, it was perhaps because they stood a little in awe of her keen eye and clear head. For she had money in her own right, more money in prospect; money enough to count, for or against, and with one man, at least, it counted against her.

"It was late in her first winter that Miss Lancaster made the acquaintance of Harry Ludlow. They were intro-

duced at a ball. I was standing near, and the circumstance impressed itself upon me because she looked her very best that night, and our little knot of men, gathered as usual about the doorway, remarked that they made a fine combination. They got on famously, and I haven't the smallest doubt now that Harry was bowled over in that first interview. After this, they were in the way of meeting constantly, as was only natural; but I can't remember any gossip of a possible engagement. It probably never got to that, for as the spring came on Harry shied off, cut society, refused to go anywhere, on account of business, he said. It is undoubtedly true that he had been promoted a peg, perhaps even then had made his first small excursion into copper; but he still held only a clerkship, and his real reason for secluding himself was quite different, as I have reason to know. He wanted to avoid Miss Lancaster, or rather Miss Lancaster's money, that was the amount of it—an absurdly morbid scruple, no doubt; but if he had a fault, it was that of over-attentiveness to the world's opinion.

"So, having grown to be intimate friends, they drifted apart. Miss Lancaster passed her summer in Europe, while Harry toiled on here in the heat harder and harder, until at last he broke down. When he began to mend they persuaded him to take a vacation, and on his way home, in good health and spirits, he stopped for a week's visit at a country-house, never dreaming the fates had ordained that Miss Lancaster should return from abroad just in time to meet him there. And there, just what might have been expected occurred, under these favorable influences, in the bright autumn weather. Years afterward, one of the party told me that her interest in him was so marked as to make some sort of understanding between them seem inevitable before the end of the visit. What the lookers-on saw, Harry must have seen, and that, together with the unwonted propinquity, finished him. His scruples melted away; losing his head completely, as he had already lost his heart, on the last day he offered himself to Miss Lancaster, and was accepted. But the party broke up

without the discovery that they had come to a formal engagement—an engagement never formally discovered by the world at large, for a need to tolerate when the time came to announce it. Miss Lammeter changed her mind and concluded to break it off instead. There had been no quarrel. I doubt if the man ever quarrelled with anybody, and I am sure he never did with her, and she knew her mind calmly and deliberately, finding that she had made a fine mistake and that she could not live late enough to marry him—that was all.

It is safe to assume that Harry Leath did not except this situation without a simple thought concerning what arguments he would use to win I can't say, for he never wanted to win. One thing is certain, namely, that at his retirement came no relief. He was devoted passionately to you and, was definitely and he never forgot it. The change in him was gradual; he dropped one risk after another until you had to go out of your way if you wanted to meet him. It was almost pleasant to do so, for you would not long realize that he had retired from work and grown old and that he had to be done at the end of the day's work. His best friends may have assumed that there was an underlying cause for this, but if you had tried to discover about it, what is significant in saying that the true state of the case was never suspected at all.

We are accustomed to conclude, without the evidence is far from conclusive, that the day of independence is when all our worldly affairs are as moved as best, and everything is told. Leath was content in the struggle of work which actually came when there in the course of the past few years. A part of the story was his independence, more than that, and, for a man of his understanding, he had never lived before. He was prompt, slow and so it and went straight when he proceeded for a while, sometimes making writing notes, depending himself on himself. Then he came back to us, then up apartments, because his former friendships, most of them were and was his old self again, though in one important particular—wisdom, so-called, he had now grown up

absolutely certain of his life-pursuits, and that allowed to active him to their business, but the yet had had tried his wings and would not be disappointed any more. He was most amiable with both laughing at his own failures, as he valued it, there were so many changes of opinion in the fashionable day to suit him, he had crystallized, his beliefs were formed, he had his house to study his life to read his friends who stopped in at night to entertain and their presence suffered for a man of the years. He had abandoned all thoughts of marriage. Who then should be gone in the market-place to consider in the future about hope of agreement that would never be realized?

The shared pleasure would have been used to call Leath a happy man, perhaps, but he then continued to pass for a contented man, carrying his pen and writing his own notes, without others. He was not permitted to hold a long business in a year or so the day of independence, without some time, time for a final adjustment. He sought out one day and took the same without a will, leaving his little property to be distributed among a dozen heirs.

Here everything passed to me as for a moment, then he turned the place, and at my suggestion we ordered more of the same.

"No," said I with a shake of disappointment which my two friends betrayed—"they never met, never came together, and that is all!"

"Not quite," he replied, "though your interest is not concerned. The story of my life and yours, I suppose, and you can prove, as most lives do. But Leath's part was a story of another order."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you. But, first, let us go back to a moment in time when."

"Waiting Miss Lammeter?"

The answer reminded me that she was very charitable and inclined to be both very simple. In the all this time, no matter what change whatever was apparent. No shadow of Leath's independence troubled her life, nor did she become acquainted with your note then. The simple passed pleasure and content

up with it, all its *contorted* *whimsies* taking the lead *travels* she was entitled to as a *reformed* *lady*. For through the four years that intervened before poor Harry's death, she held her own triumphantly as far as looks went, and passed in distinction of person, in grave cases, and all that goes to make up what we call *charm*. Her *manners* were *marvellous*, and she had the good sense to seem unaware of it. "If one could only get her!" was in the mind of every eligible man. The details of the *London* affair had been kept dark; and though she may have repeated subsequently a score of lovers, for aught I know, there was no *libel* attached to her on their account. She had never committed herself to another engagement. I am sure, when her second *diamond* rode into the field. As he is still alive, it would be unfair to tell you his name. We will call him X. If you please, and take his good looks, his virtues, and defects for granted; the fact that she found him worthy of her steel need not force me to establish his identity.

"There can be no harm in stating, though, that X had been an absentee, and therefore had all the effect of a new figure on her wide horizon. He fell into line at once, and soon worked his way to a place in the front rank of her admirers. Now call me, if you like, a *varnished* *biro*, for the emphatic assertion that from that point she lured him on. A woman, as you must know very well, may encourage a man in *diverse* *little* ways that severally amount to nothing, but that, summed up together, can only convince him that he is not indifferent to her. These devices Miss Lancaster understood, and she employed them with the happiest results. She kept her eye upon the game, which was *decoy*, *snares*, *bagged*. In other words, X in his turn became engaged to her. He was desperately in love, and on the dull November afternoon in which she gave him her favorable answer he could not contain himself. It had been arranged, as usual in such cases, I believe, that the news should not get out until certain friends who might feel annoyed contrariwise could be duly notified—a

matter of a week or so. But being longer that day I fell in with me and poured his *impassioned* *into* the *sympathetic* *ear* that *remains* *unimpaired*. In this way, quite by chance, but we also became the recipients of the *interruptions* that followed.

"All this took place in the year of Lady's death. Six weeks after that event it may have been, when the new *candidate* was *about* *my*. A day or two later I went to the *London* bank etc. I must explain that when Harry died, interesting, the administration had arranged for the payment of his Henry of *private* *portion*. A trusted administrator stated that the bank would be well waded after the usual manner, in *eighteenth* *order*, according to a *particular* *will*. I wanted a *confirmation* of this, so I looked in on the first afternoon to see how things stood, and found them *dead* in the *last* *degree*. A *strong* *stream* *into* the *atmosphere* *very* *early*, we were *about* *twenty* *yards* *of* *bill*, and though the *birds* *not* *up* *quite* *yet* and *it* *was* *the* *hiding* *could* *not* *have* *been* *called* *back*. The *weather* *was* *not* *unusually* *hot* *and* *stuffy*, and in *flashing* *light* *in* *the* *middle* *half* *blinded* *me* *until* *I* *had* *scarcely* *been* *turned* *in* *time* *under* *the* *dash*, *there* *being* *my* *own* *while* *back*, *after* *that* *I* *did* *not* *want* *wait* *for* *a* *sign* *in* *spite* *of* *strong* *flashes* *of* *the* *powerful* *sunlight* *from* *our* *entrance* *where* *early* *last* *his* *patience*. At last he put up a *St. Thomas* *Brown* *in* *an* *old* *style*—I *had*, *I* *think*, *this*, *though* *not* *essentially* *valuable*, *stroke* *me* *down*, *and* *I* *made* *a* *motion* *for* *it*. My *head* *was* *raised* *from* *there*, and again, obviously by a signal like my own, for so we had spoken. Glancing over my shoulder I saw that my silent competitor was a woman, the only one present, a *housekeeper* *apparently* *was* *stood* *at* *the* *back* *of* *the* *room* *near* *the* *door*. Her *tail* *was* *down*, and the *quadrant* *between* *us* *was* *so* *dark* *that* *her* *figure* *could* *scarcely* *be* *made* *out* *from* *my* *advanced* *position*. I *neither* *recognised* *her* *nor* *had* *the* *remotest* *idea* *that* *we* *had* *ever* *met*, *but* *I* *did* *not* *bid* *again*. She bought the book, and before her name could be demanded, a clerk, stepping forward, whispered that

the lady wished to carry off her property at once. As she did so, I saw in mild surprise that I had been crossing swords with Miss Lancaster. Without a look at the small quarto in old calf, which I still coveted, she paid her price hastily and turned to go. But a bit of paper, fluttering out, detained her an instant longer; she caught this up, examined it, and laid it back carefully between the leaves. 'A loose title,' I thought, as the door closed behind her; 'or, perhaps, only a fly-leaf with poor Harry Ludlow's autograph.' My guesses hit wide of the mark; for the loose sheet was not a fly-leaf, not yet a title-page, nor had it anything whatever to do with the quaint discourse upon 'Urn-Burial,' in which by chance it had lain buried. It was merely one of Harry's own manuscripts carelessly left there, no doubt, at the time of its composition. Had I bought the book, I should have treasured always, without fully comprehending it, this scrap of work from Ludlow's brain and hand. For me it would have had great value, but no particular significance. Chance willed otherwise, and gave the document straight into the hands of the one human being who was capable of its interpretation, the very one, in fact, to whom it was addressed. In spite of that, the writer, I am convinced, never meant for a single moment to bring his lines to Miss Lancaster's notice; and, if his own words are to be trusted, the direct result of their disclosure was the last thing on earth he would have desired.

"This result, unexplained at first, was not long delayed. Three nights after my small adventure of the auction-room, when I had entirely forgotten it, X burst in upon me very late, pale as a ghost, with a look most unlike a happy lover's.

"'Good Heavens!' I stammered. 'What has happened? Miss Lancaster—'

"'Miss Lancaster—yes,' he explained incoherently. 'I have been out of town—called away suddenly on business—called back suddenly too, by this!' And he handed me a letter.

"It was hers, begging to be released from her engagement. She did not love him as he deserved to be loved.

Her discovery had come too late, but happily in time to prevent its coming to the world's knowledge. He must forgive her, if he could—forget her, at all events. Nothing could alter this determination, into which she had been led reluctantly but irrevocably through no fault of his. She was much to blame, she should never forgive herself; and she implored him to make no attempt to see her. A meeting would bring only deeper pain to both.

"Dumb with astonishment, I turned to X, who had watched me tremulously.

"'What do you say to that?' he gasped in a strange voice, almost unrecognizable. He was like a man standing appalled in the presence of sudden death, for whom one fears that the shock may also prove his death-blow.

"'Say?' I repeated, indignantly. 'Why, this is monstrous! You must insist upon seeing her, insist that she shall give you an explanation!'

"He paced the room for a while, unable to talk, then grew calmer; and we discussed the matter at great length. He left me, promising to see her, to let me know, afterward, what came of it. I waited two days, but had no word. Then I wrote, and received a line in answer requesting me to call upon him.

"The excitement had passed off, and, though very grave and sad, he was self-possession itself. At my inquiring look, he shook his head; then quietly informed me that, according to my advice, he had seen her that very day. She had, at first, refused to explain her letter, but, overcome with his reproaches, had yielded and had confessed to serving Ludlow in the same fashion. She had made a terrible mistake, that never could be set right in this world. Ludlow was the man she had really preferred above all others, the only man on earth she ever could have loved. In vain X urged that two wrongs never made a right, that poor Ludlow was dead and buried, that he, himself, lived and loved her, that she had promised to love him. She was deaf to his logic, deaf to his entreaties. She could not keep her promise. Assured of this herself, she had now but one duty—to make him assured of it. And when, at last, with all his arguments exhausted,

he stood speechless before this calm, unemotional conviction, she closed their debate forever by handing him the paper found in Ludlow's copy of the 'Urn-Burial.' It was merely the rough draft of some verses. They are not remarkably original, not great in any way. They do not even show the high-water mark of Ludlow's rivulet of talent. And yet, with your permission, I will read them to you."

Night had almost descended upon us, and our lamps had not been lighted. But in the window where we sat it was still possible to make out a line of print. Arkwright turned to the shelf, took down the book again, and stepping nearer to the light found his place in it.

"Listen!" he said. "As I told you before, they are addressed

'TO HER.'

'Though you and I have not met for years,
To-night, I wake in that mist of tears
One thought of old had the force to start—
The thought that never has left my heart.

For love like mine, deny it who can,
Comes once, but once, in the life of man;
And if he triumphs, the skies may fall,
And if he loses, he loses all.

I wonder if you regret; perchance,
Some word of the past, some circumstance
Has proved the worth of that force unseen,
And made you long for what might have been.

Or, in the future, this written word
May plead with notes in my voice unheard,
To make you pause at the broken line
And sigh, and say: "All his life was mine!"

Ah, then, perchance, I shall hear the grass
Pressed softly back, as your footsteps pass
To bring, where my sightless eyes shall see,
The tear for my grave, denied to me.

Nay, do not come; for I think my love
Would burst its cerements, the weight above,
And my fierce arms strive through turf and
mould

For you, with that force you feared of old!

No, no; I would not that all the pain
I feel, by you should be felt again.
I would not, though Heaven before me shone,
Bring you to know all that I have known.

Live on, to think that the wound has healed
With never a scar to be revealed;
When we two meet in the coming years,
Peace to your smiles, and to me no tears!"

Arkwright's low, clear voice had for once a degree of expression in it that surprised and interested me. I should have declared him incapable of so much feeling. He put away the book without comment; then taking his old place, he lighted a cigar and handed one to me. Absorbed in something else, I accepted it mechanically, becoming conscious a moment later that I had sighed in doing so.

Arkwright laughed gently. "Thanks!" said he. "You make a friendly audience. The thing is not worth much, yet I hoped it would touch you."

"Yes," I said, still following my own thought more than his. "So she leads, as you say, a life of expiation?"

"But with no such self-admission, you may be sure," he retorted. "Her regret was like her beauty, skin-deep, as the regret of such a woman must always be. She has drifted into the life she liked best. That's the whole story."

"How you hate her!" said I, thoroughly myself once more. "Upon my soul, I believe you are the unknown quantity. Does your name begin with X?"

"Thank you, no!" said Arkwright, laughing. "I have not soared so high. My hatred is only upon general principles. Do you want proof? A man never hates his own destroying angel. You know that as well as I do."

"You are taking a great deal for granted," I protested. "But your evidence has weight, I admit. They say, the fellow who is blighted always defends his blighter."

"They say" is good," he insisted.

"But X?" said I, to divert his train of thought a little. "Joking apart, what became of him?"

"Nothing. And that's the mischief of it," replied Arkwright, gravely. "He lives along like the rest of us. Not gifted with Ludlow's tastes and resources, he made no attempt to improve himself. In consequence, he has deteriorated. You meet him here often, so do I. He knows that I know, and he always remembers the fact and regrets it, though he hasn't mentioned it for years. As Sir Thomas Browne would say, he has lain down in Darkness and has his light in Ashes. As I say, all

the finest possibilities of his nature have succumbed away the lack of education. You ought to see how pale a feeble child in the street. It gives him sometimes a very queer look. All the secret of the letter shown. He lifts the leaf off sometimes one by one—and he catches the one up to the page too many pieces of words, and and strikes more than is good for him. There always a little too much of everything. The process of slow decomposition is not a pleasant one to contemplate. But what would you have? He must do something. He just go home, you see."

"But she has not shown Stephen the letter before," I suggested.

"Possibly. Good and that she is!"

I had no answer and he drummed upon the table in the dark until the electric burners overhead flared up, making the room a blaze of light. I bowed back the letter's little book which was now within my reach.

"What are you about?" inquired Arkwright, curiously.

"One of these lines was rather good," I replied. "I want to remember it."

"Stop!" said he. "I'll find it for you."

But I had already examined the sheet table of sentences from the beginning to the end.

"Why, the thing is not here!" said I looking up as I spoke to Arkwright's face, which had suddenly become a study in confusion.

"No," he answered. "I repeated it from memory. The book kept me in confusion."

"Nonsense!" I cried. "Let us have an answer. You wrote those verses."

"Well—and if I did!"

"But your story? The lady—E—Ladies!"

"All true, except the poem incident which I introduced on the spur of the moment—honestly I confess. She never would have given it to E. you know. The place he was an act of courtesy on my part for the lady hadn't even that poem; she thought she had over as she did the other with the excuse of all, unless her purchase of the edition stands for one. In justice to her, I must assure you again that she really did make that small display of feeling."

"She never saw the verses, then?"

"How could she? I wrote them at home, the night before last looking at my other arm-chair. It suddenly occurred to me, just now, to try the thing, as they say, 'on a day.' I repeated my remark. One line is 'rather good' in his opinion. You won't betray my authorship?"

"No," said I laughing. "On condition that I come in for a copy."

"I see. It will be for you, as Jingle's marriage-license did for Tupper. No names are mentioned. It is like the poets: 'Any Wife to Any Husband, with a difference.' 'Any Veteran to Any Lost Mistress.' I appreciate the compliment; you shall have your line."

"Bravo!" I returned. "Where are you dining? Let us eat together. Frankie has taught the cook a new sauce *Beauvau*, and old Weston has sent in some early tomatoes from his forcing-house. We can have a bottle of Bont; and there is that new vintage of Burgundy we haven't tried."

"Hum! More or less good in that. It depends upon what we are likely to do afterward."

"Well, we have neither what good and power for a dinner. Or we might—"

"Very good. I am with you," said Arkwright, gravely. "Anything rather than go home."



Camels Crossing the Great Desert.

FROM SPANISH LIGHT TO MORRISH SHADOW.

By Alice Brown Weston.

THE Doctor and I were standing at the gate at the mouth of our "baranca," at the top of a steep, steep, incline upon the back of a little steaming boggy or similar in the harbor of Oahu, and on the point of sailing for Morroco. We had suffered our embarkation with difficulty, after much spirited debate with the Spanish boatmen who had tried to get into the gate. The trouble over, and the bundles and baggage safely stowed, our ruffled fur was resumed in a twinkling, and we were rattled peacefully to land in the bosom of the splendid panorama spread us. We had seen it many times before, but never in the early morning during a May sunrise, and the magnificent beauty of the scene startled and kept us silent, as we leaned upon the ruffled, gurgling at the lower promontory, from night to day. Around us stretched the black waters of the bay and beyond the ink ocean, while directly across our eyes nestled the "Silver Ore" at the extremity of the slender peninsula almost a water cello. The glow in the

western sky at first gave a mild tinge to the picture before us, and seemed gentle to spread over the dark masses a most serene smile, which faded upon the bosom of the bay, alternately showed black and red with the rhythmic undulations of the swell. But whenever Phosporus will not show its fiery smile, and, as the flaming clouds come between, the tangle in the water gradually changing color, and the steadily deepening blue overhead, and the steadily increasing white light from the opposite end becomes alternately red and blue, while the white walls of the city become almost indistinct. The exquisite beauty of the picture is enhanced, and gradually softened, brighter and more delicately tinted, while the high-lights and outlines become more slowly defined in the next more perfect transparency of the atmosphere. There are but a few moments in which we enjoy this lovely fairy painting, for the rapidly increasing sun is too close to the horizon, the pale rose drowsy miles over the western sky becomes sufficed, the east

about a pale blue and the mantle upon the top blue-green-like, veins alternately blue and gold to the measured fringe of the sea, as the angle of the surface-water over clearing of light-blue reflects the glimmering yellow of the sun. The very bay for an instant is white, when suddenly its ripples and waves catching the first shining rays of the sun's clear white light, the bay grows marvellous and the waves become bluish, violet, but its greater beauty, if perhaps more marvellous, is every-thing less beautiful. The water appears motionless as ice, the radiant blue-white light comes as from a dream, that is all, and now we run-upon the superb wisdom of Nature. The heavier sun-light seems almost to keep the horizon and surround its luminescent water splendor over all kinds of things, homing them to the eye and the heart. Yesterday has gone, gone to Apollo, and the water is no longer enchanted, the very sunlight is diminished. The world has become deep

fragrance of Aristhian wild flowers comes out from the land gently at first, barely, muffled the surface-water then trap apples, but presently as it catches strength from the sun's increasing warmth, the immense waves begin to wash with hurried run "white-horses" springing up over the water, leaping and pushing, glimmering and sparkling in the ever-increasing brilliancy of the sunlight until the deep blue of the harbor is shot with sparkling white waves. Back of us, almost round us, under the water-fronts like the top stretching away to the distance the long rows of white, terrace-fronted buildings, heavily shining in the radiant light, the beautiful longed-for-spirits making over the domes of their structure visible from the ship. Immense high above the very row the lofty towers and domes of the cathedral, the spires of San Antonio, and the Torre de Torres, around them shining the less pretentious buildings clustered with quiety masses.



SEVILLE, SPAIN. (From the 'Seville' by J. M. W. Turner.)

more gradually falling to a pale blue toward the horizon, where scattered dark clouds, gilt along their lower westward. The bay seems broad and open, where dotted with the patches of the clouds while a lower island with the

and sometimes at the angles with a corner or a balcony. Here and there gilt windows, enclosed with glass that back the blinding sun-rays, the bright spots withdrew in distance and sparkling from the white surface of the bay.



Seville, Spain. Promenade during the festival of the Holy Week.

round, seeming to stud the city with gigantic yellow gems.

The belated mail finally arrives, and the steamer, turning her prow seaward, slowly steams out of the harbor, carefully picking her way among the various vessels riding at anchor around her. Skimming over the bay in every direction are numerous small craft, moving one of them easily and rapidly, others laboriously and slowly—according to the course they steer, the means of propulsion, and the amount of their little cargoes. A few are under sail, heeled well

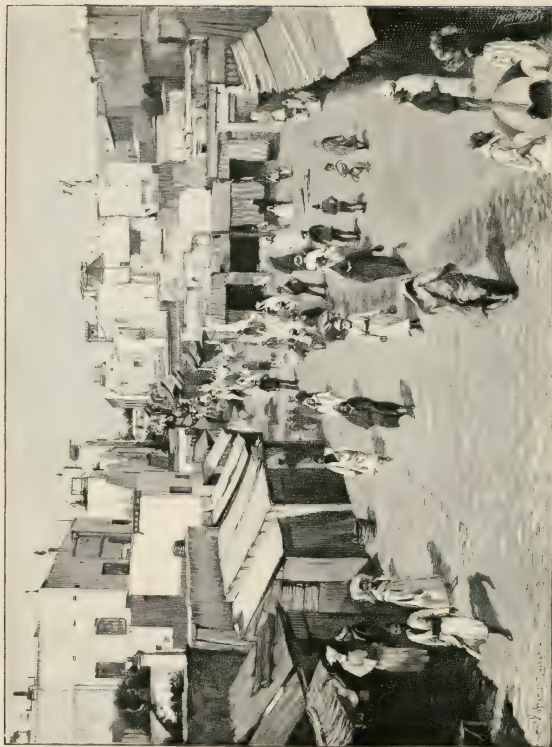
over by the pressure of the freshening breeze—the white “luna in their teeth” exploding from time to time into glittering spray, as the prows strike squarely into the snappy little head-seas, instead of riding over them. Others are rowed with long, heavy sweeps, sluggishly toiling toward the Muelle against wind and wave—bearing oars and heavy backs and arms straining to win each foot of distance, while still others, bound down the wind, easily glide along, their rapidly dipping oars dashing in the sunlight and their more fortunate crews ex-



DANCE OF THE SPINNING

ALBERT J. TURNER

LOANED BY THE ARTIST



DRAWN BY HERBERT DENMAN.

SAIGON—The Main Street of Saigon.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PENCELL.

lent contentment of the degenerate Moslem—it has not only declined to be influenced thereby, but, from a total lack of any native inclination to keep abreast of the world, it has failed even to hold its own and is to-day far to leeward of the position it occupied several centuries ago. It is truly a Rip Van Winkle among cities, a wonderfully quaint curiosity of the past, which would seem more appropriately situated within the walls of some mammoth museum than upon the shores of the Straits of Gibraltar, gravely masquerading as a modern city.

Arrived at the landing, we at once engaged a guide, who in turn employs a small boy and a diminutive donkey to transport our luggage to the hotel. With dexterous hands the urchin builds over the donkey a pyramid of satchels, rugs, dress-suit cases, hat-boxes, valises, all lashed together, until nothing is visible of the patient little beast but four tiny black hoofs, each one surmounted by six inches of mouse-colored leg. When all is prepared the legs begin to wiggle and our luggage rapidly to move along the narrow wharf to the Custom House upon the shore. The Custom House at Tangier differs radically from the American institution, both in its structure and officers, but the difference is purely physical in both instances, for so soon as we (donkey and all) enter the low archway, under which are squatted grave and ancient Moors upon wooden *deewāns*, an "exchange of courtesies" passes between the guide and the most stately among the officers, and the donkey, seeming to understand the unuttered conversation, promptly begins to wiggle his legs again, the luggage once more becomes animated and disappears through the other end of the arch into the street. The walk from the harbor to the hotel is not a pleasant one, for the day is very warm, and the noon sun is pouring down into the narrow streets, heating the rough and uneven paving blocks until they burn the soles of one's feet, while the white-washed walls of the houses reflect the scorching heat and dazzling light, and completely shut out the refreshing breeze. So we clamber along up the hilly streets with heads bowed beneath

umbrellas, and with eyes half shut to avoid the painful glare, paying as little heed to objects that are passed as would pedestrians in a heavy rain-storm. Trudging on in silence, hurrying a little in order not to lose sight of the nimble little donkey in front, and urged to increased exertion by refreshing visions of a cold bath, we soon arrive at a particular piece of wall with arched entrance and stained-glass door. The donkey has been relieved of his burden, and Arab porters, clad in picturesque liveries, are busy transferring it to the hotel office within, through a wide, cool corridor, hung upon either side with Moorish weapons, ancient and modern, artistically arranged like trophies—knives with wickedly curved blades, daggers with elaborately ornamented handles and sheaths, rusty scimitars of all sorts, and guns, old flint-locks with absurdly long barrels and stocks inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory. At the end of this corridor is a glass-enclosed and covered court, also deliciously cool, furnished with comfortable cane chairs and sofas of generous proportions, and adorned with a profusion of tropical plants in green tubs. From this attractive lounging-place, looking directly down upon the beach and bay two hundred feet below, and revelling in the refreshing breeze blowing steadily in from the sea, one soon forgets the ordeal climb through the sweltering alley-streets to reach it. Here of an evening, and occasionally of a morning, a wandering band of Moorish musicians will be allowed to enter and dispense from prehistoric instruments alleged music for the entertainment of infidel guests in the adjoining dining-room, reaping in return a small harvest of copper—not for the pleasure they have given, but for the curiosity they have amply satisfied. Here, too, gentlemen assemble to discuss the events of the day or to formulate plans for the morrow, reclining in the long cane chairs, enjoying their after-dinner coffee and cigars.

The late afternoon is cool, and the white stone walls and ragged pavements no longer reflect the scorching heat; the glare, too, is greatly lessened, and one may now look about him without

pain. The multitude of narrow winding, criss-cross streets (so called)—twisting, turning, and intersecting in labyrinthine confusion—are all exactly alike: two long stone walls in which appear from time to time heavy wooden doors, furnished with worn and ancient bolts and knockers, and, high up, occasional heavily barred square holes, which serve as windows—not to provide light and ventilation, for the real windows open upon sunny courts within, but to enable the curious among the inhabitants to observe, apparently from a safe distance, what is passing in the street below. Each house has one of these peep-holes and one door, so that only a native Tangerine can distinguish them. So like is street to street and house to house, so uniform the monotonous white upon all sides, that one might readily imagine the entire city hewn out from some great limestone quarry. The streets are so paved as to serve the double purpose of thoroughfare and gutter—being considerably lower in the middle than upon the sides, and inasmuch as the street-cleaning department chiefly consists of occasional diluvian rain-falls provided by Allah, there are quantities of decaying household refuse, mixed with dust and bits of straw, lying about everywhere, which give rise to most disagreeable odors and make locomotion an art. Thus far the city seems almost devoid of life, and only now and then do we have to move aside to allow a pedestrian or donkey to pass by. Here and there in open door-ways are seated Jewish women, sewing or chatting, and we are enabled to catch a glimpse through the hallways, of the neat and pretty courts within, in which the people really live. Turning a sharp angle, the street comes out upon a miniature square, one corner of which is occupied by the city prison. Somewhat larger than the buildings around it—and constructed of solid masonry, it has, at one end, a triple arched entrance above a short flight of steps which gives access to a rectangular corridor, where, sprawled about upon rugs and mats in very unmilitary disorder, are a dozen lazy Moorish soldiers, armed to the teeth. In the middle of the corridor

there is a square opening in the wall, several feet in diameter—guarded by a ponderous, iron-bound door. For a proper consideration one of the soldiers will withdraw the heavy bolts and allow the visitor to look into a large, oblong apartment, entirely devoid of all furniture and empty, save for a score of criminals who flock to the opening, the moment the bolts are withdrawn, to have a word with some one from the outside world, and to gaze upon a new face. The soldier unconcernedly looks on—treating the occurrence precisely as a showman would treat the inspection of his monkey-cage.

Among the strangest peculiarities of Tangier, and one that at once forces itself upon the attention of the new-comer, is the total absence of any kind of wheeled vehicle. In the entire city (which is an example of all the others in the empire) there is not even a donkey-cart, for the streets are much too narrow to admit of their use, and transportation of passengers and merchandise is effected upon the backs of donkeys, horses, mules, and camels—according to the weight and the distance. There are but few streets into which a loaded camel could enter, and not more than three in which he could pass another loaded camel or horse. Some of the smaller streets are so narrow that even the panniers of a donkey would scrape upon either side, so that in the city itself the transportation devolves upon donkeys, for the side streets, and upon horses and mules for the main thoroughfares. Camels are rarely seen in the compact part of the town, and are chiefly used—like our railway trains—to bring produce in bulk from the country to the city gates, whence it is distributed by the smaller animals, which take the place of our trucks and wagons. The great thoroughfare of Tangier traverses the town from the Bab-el-Marsa (Marine Gate) at one end, to the Bab-el-Sok (Market Gate) at the other. This is the Broadway, and yet it cannot be more than a dozen feet wide, except in one portion, where it bulges into a small square. Upon entering this street one instantly becomes aware of a confused noise, entirely unlike the hubbub and din caused by clattering hoofs and rattling wheels.

It is an odd mixture of sound, caused by rustling burnouses, shuffling, trailing slippers and pattering, unshod hoofs, mingled with the suppressed hum of voices pitched in many keys. Every element of the population is to be seen upon this street of an afternoon—Moors, Arabs, Bedouins, Berbers, Negroes, and Jews—men, women, and children—interspersed here and there with Europeans, chiefly Spaniards. There are shoppers and merchants, sight-seers and idlers, buying, selling, walking, riding, working, loafing. Burnouses, *haïks*, *gehab*, and gabardine—sashes, turbans, fezes, cowls, and skull-caps—the red, yellow, blue, white, apple-green, and purple of the various garments softly blending, or sharply contrasting, with the bronze, mahogany, or yellow complexions of the moving throng. Upon either side of the street, built out from the houses, are tiny shops from which project clumsy wooden awnings; and in the square, roughly constructed booths. In these shops and booths the retail business of the city is transacted by solemn and sedate Moors, who squat, cross-legged, upon Persian rugs in the midst of their wares, seemingly indifferent to all earthly things. Unlike the bazaars, in which trades are grouped in different quarters; here the brass-worker, the armorer, the silversmith, and embroiderer are all indiscriminately intermingled. The customer stands in the street while making his purchases, and is jostled by the passing crowd, and tormented by filthy beggars who clutch at his coat-tails and display nauseating sores, and red holes, once occupied by eyes now burned out in accordance with the law, in expiation of some crime. From time to time a boyish voice will shout *baleük* (make room) as some toddling, overloaded little donkey comes staggering through the street—his two panniers bulging out upon either side—with perhaps a completely shrouded fat woman seated between them. Or the cry may be repeated by a man, in commanding tones this time, as he leads along the crimson-bridled horse or mule of some wealthy Moor, bearing his white-robed, green-turbaned master in the capacious saddle and a closely veiled wife pillion-wise behind.

Here is a Jewish money-changer in skull-cap and gabardine, a little to one side in some less crowded portion of the street, sitting upon a low stool, with his strong-box upon the ground between his knees, waiting for business. And here again, seated upon a chair, a beggar-saint, fantastically dressed in red and white turban and crimson robe girt in at the waist with a long white sash. He is aged—ninety at least—wizzened, hollow-eyed, emaciated, and ghastly—his snowy mustache, beard, and bushy eyebrows protruding from his sickly, haggard features. To bestow upon this holy man (already rich) is to purchase godliness from Allah, and the amount received varies directly with the denomination of the coin bestowed. The old gentleman seems exceedingly bored as he sits there like an ancient Ajeeb. Now and then a grave and stately merchant—regardless of business hours—will untie his legs, and climbing upon his knees—with uncovered feet—with head devoutly turned to Mecca—will solemnly perform his gymnastic orisons, careless of customers and the gaze of the world. Everything is in keeping with the surroundings—but all is burlesque, hyperbolic parody of serious, earnest real life; and as we pick our way back to the hotel through the dismal, tortuous little streets—following close in Selim's wake—an indescribable and distinctly unpleasant feeling of complete separation from the actual world, of existing beyond our own lives, and of utter loneliness, takes possession of us. The burlesque seems a mocking tragedy—our brains and bodies are fagged and our minds oppressed with an unaccountable gloom, which is only dispelled, upon our arrival at the hotel, by the sight of cheery European faces, and the comforting odor of French cookery, reminiscent of home and friends.

Tangerine roosters crow all night—and Tangerine cats do not differ from ours. Visions of donkeys, beggars, peris, saints—Aladdins, Ali Babas, camels, turbans, monstrous roosters, and mammoth cats, haunt the "spirit of our dreams," until we are aroused from slumber by the squealing, shrieking, squeaking, screaming, rasping, clashing, and booming of some twenty Moorish

instruments—hideously discordant with the accompanying guttural drone of human voices and with each other—the time sharply accentuated by the intermittent, rattling crash of cymbals—the most offensive deformity of sound. It is a Moorish wedding procession, the music a wedding march—and Selim, in order that it shall not escape unheard, comes—quite unnecessarily—to awaken us, but finds us already perched upon the bureau on tip-toe, vainly struggling to bring our eyes to a level with the lofty window-sill. The music in the hotel office the previous evening, played upon curiously shaped guitars and violins covered with snake-skins, was a dream of melodious harmony compared with this horrid din.

Every portion of Tangier is replete with interest, and yet the sights, so-called, are few. It is the life, customs, costumes which absorb us, and the mediæval atmosphere which pervades all things, seems here—in spite of gayest sunlight, laughing sea, and brilliant skies—to cast an oppressive shadow of bygone days, of distrust and dread upon our own confident and happy century. Nuremberg is counterfeit, or nearly so, and besides Hans Sachs is dead. In Cairo we have polo, balls, races, Italian opera, garden-parties, tennis, and English soldiery. In Constantinople, we have French bouffe, French shops, railways, universities, cafés-chantants and horse-cars. Not so in Morocco—no frivolities of these sorts for men who live to-day the life of the distant past, merely *en route* to the life hereafter—to which their thoughts and activities seem to have flown on before them. They do not concern themselves with mere human existence, all sorrow, all vanity, all pain. Death has no terror, no sadness. "Allah is Great" or "Allah is Bountiful"—that is all—"Let us exist, meditate, and pray until He shall deem us worthy to behold the light of His countenance." Such men cannot create civilization, but it will soon be forced upon their country—if not upon themselves—by conquering—(?) Will it follow Egypt, or Algeria, or Abyssinia?

The "Sok," the wholesale business centre of the city, where caravans arrive and whence they depart, the Great

Market, lies just without the ancient walls, and is entered from the main street through the Bab-el-Sok. It consists of a large rectangular field enclosed upon three sides by the city walls and some *fuore mure* houses; the fourth is open, making an enormous entrance and exit from and to the caravan roads leading to the interior. The soil is dark, either of oozy, filthy mud, mixed and mixed again with every kind of foul matter, or of equally disgusting friable clay, according to the locality; for grass has no chance for life under the tread of countless hoofs and slipped or naked feet. The place is filled with men and women of every class and race, all promiscuously mingled together—peddlers, merchants, story-tellers, water-carriers, snake-charmers, jugglers, fortune-tellers, camel-drivers, barbers, and idlers. Roundabout, everywhere are ill-smelling, mangy, moth-eaten camels, some laden, some not, but nearly all of them wearing their curiously woven trappings to which their drivers attach the freight they bear; some are standing, some kneeling, others are lying down or stretched out, and all of them are sleepy and dismally chew their cud with expressions indicative of unutterable ennui. Then there are dirty little donkeys with long coats covered with mud or filled with dust—some contentedly idle, others reluctantly busy, but philosophers all of them. Then there are saddle-horses and pack-horses, saddle-mules and pack-mules, and dogs and chickens, foragers both; and cautious cats, usually asleep upon the tops of booths or upon the walls, waiting for night to come, but sometimes, under favorable circumstances, venturesome ones warily foraging, too. Here are a dozen squatting women, of various ages, enveloped in their white *haïks*, and picturesquely grouped. Behind them are conversing several young Jews in blue and black gabardines, pale, sallow, and round-shouldered, but with the eager, keen intelligence in their brilliant black eyes which contrasts so sharply with the passive, indifferent, almost vacant expression of the Moor. Beyond is a knot of tall Reefians, powerful, wiry-looking men, with brutal, forbidding faces and coldly proud and fearless eyes, which at once attract and

repel. They are proud of their ancestry, claiming pure descent from the old Berber race, and as they stand together, draped in the hooded gehab, their absurd coiffure, the head close-shaven, save for a single slender lock, is by no means sufficient to make them ridiculous; and the dignified erectness of their carriage and their almost threatening demeanor startlingly emphasize the cringing bearing and the alert, hunted expression of the Jewish young men near by. Yonder is a story-teller conspicuously attired, and surrounded by a crowd of listeners who are completely absorbed in the narrative of his extraordinary adventures. Probably no one believes the monstrous fictions of the daring deeds he has accomplished, but they seem to accept every word with child-like credulity, and gaze open-mouthed as the historian, punctuating his harsh and guttural Maghreb by pounding a drum, reaches some particularly thrilling climax. Close by, there is an opposition entertainment in progress, apparently of the same kind, but upon a much larger scale. This is said to be a "circus," though an American might readily mistake it. The audience is collected in a large circle several rows deep, the first two rows sitting or squatting, the rest standing. In the open space within are two performers upon whom falls the entire burden of the entertainment, which consists first, of a short history of themselves and of the wonderful successes they have met with before distinguished audiences elsewhere; then they begin with various acrobatic performances—turning somersaults—standing upon their own heads and upon each other's—and the like; then they play tag, tripping each other and constantly tumbling heels over head—and then—*da capo*. The audience is only moderately enthusiastic, but it is certainly not in the least exacting; the reigning melancholy of the faces is from time to time dispelled, and the features of the adults become distorted into grim smiles, while the youngsters manifest their delight by hearty laughter and applause. The performers are wily and invariably select such favorable moments to pass the hat. But it is not all Champs Elysées. In other portions of

the large square more serious business is carried on. Bales of merchandise are being moved, camels are being unloaded and donkeys loaded, merchants are making inspections, and men on horseback are picking their way hither and thither through the crowd, and the cry "Baleuk" resounds upon all sides. Scattered through the throng are water sellers carrying upon their backs great leaky skins flabbily bulging with water, and ringing small bells or tinkling glasses to attract attention. Here and there, too, are barbers who ply their trade in the open air, and upon market-days grow wealthy upon the uncouth country visitors. Their office is of a double nature, for, as in the old days with us, they bleed as well as shave. In shaving they use no lather, only water, and the customer sitting on the ground in front of them, with keen razors they deftly remove his beard or hair. In bleeding, they make an incision at the base of the skull, cutting down to the bone. Along the walls are constructed ramshackle booths, in some of which are sold curious weapons, ancient and modern, second-hand and new; in others, goods of colored leather, embroidered with gay silk and metal thread, pouches, cushions, and slippers; in others again, tobacco and tobacco pipes, *kief* and *kief* pipes with terracotta bowls and plain wooden stems, or with bowls of elaborate Turkish pattern and stems gorgeously ornamented with gilt and beads. Some of these little structures are used as restaurants where one may eat eggs, bread, or small bits of meat roasted upon an iron spit over a charcoal brazier, with perhaps some cows' milk or asses' milk, but generally with water or coffee for drinkables. The service is not good, for one must stand in the mud outside the edifice and eat from a counter within it. Sometimes he may be given a spoon, if the food be of a liquid nature, otherwise his fingers must suffice, for the meat is cut into suitably small pieces by the restaurateur before it is cooked, so that individual knives and forks are dispensed with, and napkins are wanting too. In addition to these humble eating-places there are numerous cook-houses where one may dine still more economically by

purchasing the raw meat, eggs, or whatever is to be eaten, from the dealer, and having it cooked for a pittance at one of these establishments.

Returning along the dunes and beach one afternoon, after a muleback ride to the ruins of ancient Tingis, when within about a mile of the town, Selim, who had been silently riding ahead, suddenly turned, and pointing toward the city, laconically exclaimed "Powder Play." Following the direction indicated, we perceive a score of horsemen careering down the beach like mad, their horses scampering about like young dogs just unchained. In a moment they are close to us—they seem glued to their horses, so easily and gracefully do they ride—now leaning far over to one side, now throwing themselves backward, flat upon the horse's croup—discharging their long, old-fashioned guns before them, behind them, or into the air; now standing erect in the stirrups, brandishing the ungainly weapons above their heads or tossing them into the air and grasping them again as they fall. Helter-skelter, pell-mell, in "devil-catch-the-hindmost" confusion—their horses with outstretched necks and straining nerves, darting forward, lightly leaping gullies and obstructions, or galloping in the shallow water at the edge of the surf, their beating hoofs dashing it into spray. Suddenly halting, turning, swerving, and off and away again like a startled flock of wild geese—the long, white burnouses of the riders fluttering violently in the wind. This is "play." What must be their "work" in heat of battle and hatred of war?

Tangier at night—not evening, but night, after midnight! It is our last day in the city, and Selim has employed it in making necessary arrangements, and in preparing a surprise for us. Two Arabs have been retained as lantern bearers—for there are no street lamps of any kind—not even the dim, flickering affairs of the villages in Spain, and the houses are so constructed that no single ray from within can penetrate the street. After nightfall the whole city is wrapped in total darkness—unless it be of a moonlight night—and the little narrow streets seem ghostly and dead, so startling is the stillness,

so unearthly and vault-like the faint white outlines of the walls. There seems to be a moist chill in the air, although the night is warm and dry, and one experiences the slightly disagreeable alertness of the faculties and senses which is apt to be felt in passing a lonely graveyard late at night—when the snapping of a twig or the cry of some night-bird will excite unpleasant sensations, perhaps even suspicions. Tangier to-night seems a deserted city—no longer the abode of men, but inhabited only by Djinns and Genii, owls and bats. The swaying lanterns flashing their unsteady, yellow light from beneath one's feet along the white walls of the low houses and the black wall of the gloom beyond, seem only to emphasize and exaggerate the darkling desolation around us. Streets familiar by daylight are strangers now, and the white burnouses of the Moors and our own white flannels jar unpleasantly upon the nerves. Tramping along the echoing, tangled little streets, for the first time in Tangier we feel really cold; and it is with a grateful sensation of relief, that we see the lantern-bearers come to a halt before the arched entrance to a vine-covered arbor leading, through a small yard, to a house, from the open doorway of which cheery lights burst forth—and sounds, too, strongly suggestive of the "Wedding March" which had astonished us a few mornings before. Within, the room is devoid of furniture except for rugs of various sizes and designs, with which both floor and walls are completely covered, and the atmosphere is heavy and fragrant with the spicy aroma of burning *kief* and steaming coffee. Upon the floor of this native café are squatted, cross-legged, a dozen Moors—half stupefied by the narcotic effect of the *kief* they have smoked. After a deal of coaching from Selim, we manage to seat ourselves upon our own feet, which promptly retaliate by "going to sleep," but notwithstanding the infidel positions we are compelled to assume in deference to these rebellious members, the coffee and *kief* pipes are accomplished in manner truly Oriental. The musicians, ranged along the wall on the opposite side of the room, begin

some wild, barbaric melody, which at least is in harmony with the black faces and the primitive, almost savage, simplicity of the surroundings.

An hour later, after exchanging many *salaams* with our sleepy fellow-revellers, and preceded by the lanterns, we go out into the little cheerless streets once more and soon strike into the narrowest and most wretchedly paved ones in the city. Upon the uneven stones, Moors and negroes, closely wrapped in woollen burnouses, lie sleeping, some of them near the walls, many of them diagonally athwart the street, making it imperative for us carefully to pick our way, in order to avoid treading upon unexpected arms and fingers. Here and there a worn out, cringing dog will sleepily gaze through half-closed eyelids at the passing lanterns and then resume his slumbers. A more creepy, ghoulisn scene it would be difficult to imagine. These corpse-like sleepers, wrapped apparently in their winding sheets, strongly suggest unburied bodies and Asiatic cholera.

Arrived at a certain corner, Selim calls another halt, and giving some brief directions in Arabic to the lantern-bearers, and taking one of the lanterns in his own hand, and extinguishing the other, bids us follow him. A short distance from the corner he comes to a house and raps softly upon the door, which is promptly opened, and leads into a narrow, dimly lighted hallway. Selim is not a devout Mussulman, nor a devout anything else, and he had no business to bring us there; but he did, and, if his own statement be trustworthy, he was at great pains to do it. At the end of the hallway there is a comparatively large apartment, piled at one end with cushions and pillows. Two large lamps, shaded with pink tissue-paper and shedding a soft rose-tinted light, are suspended from the ceiling at either end of the room; otherwise it is bare. Ushered into this curious chamber, we comfortably ensconce ourselves upon the luxurious cushions and await the denouement, while Selim respectfully sits on the floor contemplating our prospective astonishment with evident satisfaction. We have not long to wait, for presently an elderly Jewess

enters and courteously nodding at the cushions, seats herself on the floor, which apparently was a signal for Selim to depart, for he immediately leaves the room, just as three magnificent Jewish girls, clad like Bluebeard's wives, enter. The venerable lady suddenly became *de trop*, but she persisted in ignoring the fact, and the girls begin their slow, graceful dance at the farther end of the room, themselves supplying the music by softly singing, in perfect harmony and in accurate time, some sweet, wavering Hebrew melody, which seemed to have been especially composed to fit the slow, hesitating, gliding movements of the dance. The rhythm of sound and motion is accurately maintained by the measured clapping of hands. The loose trousers gathered at the ankle, the bare feet incased in *retroussé* slippers, the short gauze kilts, the small, close-fitting jackets, sleeveless and exposing the arms, and the long filmy and perfectly transparent silk veils—through which sparkled the *khol*-darkened, Jewish eyes, softened and made gentle by the pink light—lend perhaps an exaggerated glamour to the scene. The dance itself is a series of graceful poses rapidly succeeding one another, and so naturally evolving the one from the other, and so prettily joined by the long airy veils floating and intertwining above and around the dancers, as to form a perfect unity. Suddenly to our amazement (not at the fact, but at the dexterous manner in which it was accomplished) one after another their gay outer garments begin to fall behind them as they dance, gently as petals from an overblown rose or bright feathers from tropical birds, until they dance in the pale, pink light clad in the now rapidly fluttering gray silk veils, whose serpentine doublings at intervals blur the moving figures behind them. An instant, and they vanish behind a hanging rug concealing an unsuspected exit, and are gone.

The dance ended and having again collected our little escort, we hasten back to the hotel to snatch a few hours' sleep before leaving this land of shadow, to join the great P. and O. Indiaman due at Gibraltar upon the morrow.

STORIES OF A WESTERN TOWN.

By Octave Thanet.

VI.—HARRY LOSSING.



HE note-book of Mr. Horatio Armorer, president of our street railways, contained a page of interest to some people in our town, on the occasion of his last visit.

He wrote it while the train creaked over the river, and the porter of his Pullman car was brushing all the dust that had been distributed on the passengers' clothing, into the main aisle.

If you had seen him writing it (with a stubby little pencil that he occasionally brightened with the tip of his tongue), you would not have dreamed that he was more profoundly disturbed than he had been in years. Nor would the page itself have much enlightened you.

*"See abt road M-D—
See L
See E & M tea set
See abt L."*

Translated into long-hand, this reads: "See about the street-car road, Marston (the superintendent) and Dane (the lawyer). See Lossing, see Esther and Maggie, and remember about tea-set. See about Lossing."

His memoranda written, he slipped the book in his pocket, reflecting cynically, "There's habit! I've no need of writing that. It's not pleasant enough to forget!"

Thirty odd years ago, Horatio Armorer—they called him Raish, then—had left the town to seek his fortune in Chicago. It was his day-dream to wrestle a hundred thousand dollars out of the world's tight fists, and return to live in pomp on Brady Street hill! He should drive a buggy with two horses, and his wife should keep two girls. Long ago, the hundred thousand limit had been reached and passed, next the

million; and still he did not return. His father, the Presbyterian minister, left his parish, or, to be exact, was gently propelled out of his parish by the disaffected, the family had a new home; and the son, struggling to help them out of his scanty resources, went to the new parish and not to the old. He grew rich, he established his brothers and sisters in prosperity, he erected costly monuments and a memorial church to his parents (they were beyond any other gifts from him); he married, and lavished his money on three daughters; but the home of his youth neither saw him nor his money until Margaret Ellis bought a house on Brady Street, far up town, where she could have all the grass that she wanted. Mrs. Ellis was a widow and rich. Not a millionaire like her brother, but the possessor of a handsome property.

She was the best-natured woman in the world, and never guessed how hard her neighbors found it to forgive her for always calling their town of thirty thousand souls, "the country." She said that she had pined for years to live in the country, and have horses, and a Jersey cow and chickens, and "a neat pig." All of which modest cravings she gratified on her little estate; and the gardener was often seen with a scowl and the garden hose, keeping the pig neat.

It was later that Mr. Armorer had bought the street railways, they having had a troublous history and being for sale cheap. Nobody that knows Armorer as a business man, would back his sentiment by so much as an old shoe; yet it was sentiment, and not a good bargain, that had enticed the financier. Once engaged, the instincts of a shrewd trader prompted him to turn it into a good bargain, anyhow. His fancy was pleased by a vision of a return to the home of his childhood and his struggling youth, as a greater per-

sonage than his hopes had ever dared promise.

But, in the event, there was little enough gratification for his vanity. Not since his wife's death had he been so harassed and anxious; for he came not in order to view his new property, but because his sister had written him her suspicions that Harry Lossing wanted to marry his youngest daughter.

Armorer arrived in the early dawn. Early as it was, a handsome victoria, with horses sleeker of skin, and harness heavier and brighter than one is used to meet outside the great cities, had been in waiting for twenty minutes; while for that space of time a pretty girl had paced up and down the platform. The keenest observer among the crowd, airing its meek impatience on the platform, did not detect any sign of anxiety in her behavior. She walked erect, with a step that left a clean-cut footprint in the dust, as girls are trained to walk nowadays. Her tailor-made gown of fine blue serge had not a wrinkle. It was so simple that only a fashionable woman could guess anywhere near the awful sum total which that plain skirt, that short jacket, and that severe waistcoat had once made on a ruled sheet of paper. When she turned her face toward the low, red station-house and the people, it looked gentle, and the least in the world sad. She had one of those pale, clear olive skins that will easily grow pale; it was pale to-day. Her black hair was fine as spun silk; the coil under her hat-brim shone as she moved. The fine hair, the soft, transparent skin, and the beautiful marking of her brows were responsible for an air of fragile daintiness in her person, just as her almond-shaped, liquid dark eyes and unsmiling mouth made her look sad. It was a most attractive face, in all its moods; sometimes it was a beautiful face; yet it did not have a single perfect feature except the mouth, which—at least so Harry Lossing told his mother—might have been stolen from the Venus of Milo. Even the mouth, some critics called too small for her nose; but it is as easy to call her nose too large for her mouth.

The instant she turned her back on

the bustle of the station, all the lines in this face seemed to waver and the eyes to brighten. Finally, when the train rolled up to the platform and a young-looking elderly man swung himself nimbly off the steps, the color flared up in her cheeks, only to sink as suddenly, like a candle flame in a gust of wind.

Mr. Armorer put his two arms and his umbrella and travelling-bag about the charming shape in blue, at the same time exclaiming, "You're a good girl to come out so early, Essie! How's Aunt Meg?"

"Oh, very well. She would have come too, but she hasn't come back from training."

"Training?"

"Yes, dear, she has a regular trainer, like John L. Sullivan, you know. She drives out to the park with Eliza and me, and walks and runs races, and does gymnastics. She has lost ten pounds."

Armorer wagged his head with a grin: "I dare say. I thought so when you began. Meg is always moaning and groaning because she isn't a sylph! She will make her cook's life a burden for about two months and lose ten pounds, and then she will revel in ice-cream! Last time, she was raving about Dr. Salisbury and living on beef-steak sausages, spending a fortune starving herself."

"She had Dr. Salisbury's pamphlet; but Cardigan told her it was a long way out; so she said she hated to have it do no one any good, and she gave it to Maria, one of the maids, who is always fretting because she is so thin."

"But the thing was to cure fat people!"

"Precisely," Esther laughed a little low laugh, at which her father's eyes shone; "but you see she told Martha to exactly reverse the advice and eat everything that was injurious to stout people, and it would be just right for her."

"I perceive," said Armorer, dryly; "very ingenious and feminine scheme. But who is Cardigan?"

"Shuey Cardigan? He is the trainer. He is a fireman in a furniture shop, now; but he used to be the boxing teacher for some Harvard men;

and he was a distinguished pugilist, once. He said to me, modestly, 'I don't suppose you will have seen my name in the *Police Gazette*, miss?' But he really is a very sober, decent man, notwithstanding."

"Your Aunt Meg always was picking up queer birds! Pray, who introduced this decent pugilist?"

Esther was getting into the carriage; her face was turned from him, but he could see the pink deepen in her ear and the oval of her cheek. She answered that it was a friend of theirs, Mr. Lossing. As if the name had struck them both dumb, neither spoke for a few moments. Armorer bit a sigh in two. "Essie," said he, "I guess it is no use to sidetrack the subject. You know why I came here, don't you?"

"Aunt Meg told me what she wrote to you."

"I knew she would. She had compunctions of conscience letting him hang round you, until she told me; and then she had awful gripes because she had told, and had to confess to you!"

He continued in a different tone: "Essie, I have missed your mother a long while, and nobody knows how that kind of missing hurts; but it seems to me I never missed her as I do to-day. I need her to advise me about you, Essie. It is like this: I don't want to be a stern parent any more than you want to elope on a rope ladder. We have got to look at this thing together, my dear little girl, and try to—to trust each other."

"Don't you think, papa," said Esther, smiling rather tremulously, "that we had better wait, before we have all these solemn preparations, until we know surely whether Mr. Lossing wants me!"

"Don't you know surely?"

"He has never said anything of—that—kind."

"Oh, he is in love with you fast enough," growled Armorer; but a smile of intense relief brightened his face. "Now, you see, my dear, all I know about this young man, except that he wants my daughter—which you will admit is not likely to prejudice me in his favor, is that he is mayor of this town and has a furniture store——"

"A manufactory; it is a very large business!"

"All right, manufactory, then; all the same he is not a brilliant match for my daughter, not such a husband as your sisters have." Esther's lip quivered and her color rose again; but she did not speak. "Still I will say that I think a fellow who can make his own fortune is better than a man with twice that fortune made for him. My dear, if Lossing has the right stuff in him and he is a real good fellow, I shan't make you go into a decline by objecting; but you see it is a big shock to me, and you must let me get used to it, and let me size the young man up in my own way. There is another thing, Esther; I am going to Europe Thursday, that will give me just a day in Chicago if I go to-morrow, and I wish you would come with me. Will you mind?"

Either she changed her seat or she started at the proposal. But how could she say that she wanted to stay in America with a man who had not said a formal word of love to her? "I can get ready, I think, papa," said Esther.

They drove on. He felt a crawling pain in his heart, for he loved his daughter Esther as he had loved no other child of his; and he knew that he had hurt her. Naturally, he grew the more angry at the impertinent young man who was the cause of the flitting; for the whole European plan was cooked up after the receipt of Mrs. Ellis's letter. They were on the very street down which he used to walk (for it takes the line of the hills) when he was a poor boy, a struggling, ferociously ambitious young man. He looked at the changed rows of buildings, and other thoughts came uppermost for a moment. "It was here father's church used to stand; it's gone, now," he said. "It was a wood church, painted a kind of gray; mother had a bonnet the same color, and she used to say she matched the church. I bought it with the very first money I earned. Part of it came from weeding and the weather was warm, and I can feel the way my back would sting and creak, now! I would want to stop, often, but I thought of mother in church with that bonnet,

and I kept on! There's the place where Seeds, the grocer that used to trust us, had his store; it was his children had the scarlet fever, and mother went to nurse them. My! but how dismal it was at home! We always got more whippings when mother was away. Your grandfather was a good man, too honest for this world, and he loved everyone of his seven children; but he brought us up to fear him and the Lord. We feared him the most, because the Lord couldn't whip us! He never whipped us when we did anything, but waited until next day, that he might not punish in anger; so we had all the night to anticipate it. Did I ever tell you of the time he caught me in a lie? I was lame for a week after it. He never caught me in another lie."

"I think he was cruel; I can't help it, papa," cried Esther, with whom this was an old argument, "still it did good, that time!"

"Oh, no, he wasn't cruel, my dear," said Armorer with a queer smile that seemed to take only one-half of his face; "he was too sure of his interpretation of the Scripture, that was all. Why, that man just slaved to educate us children; he'd have gone to the stake rejoicing to have made sure that we should be saved. And of the whole seven only one is a church member. Is that the road?"

They could see a car swinging past, on a parallel street, its bent pole hitching along the trolley-wire.

"Pretty scrubby-looking cars," commented Armorer; "but get our new ordinance through the council, we can save enough to afford some fine new cars. Has Lossing said anything to you about the ordinance and our petition to be allowed to leave off the conductors?"

"He hasn't said anything, but I read about it in the papers. Is it so very important that it should be passed?"

"Saving money is always important, my dear," said Armorer, seriously.

The horses turned again. They were now opposite a fair lawn and a house of wood and stone built after the old colonial pattern, as modern architects see it. Esther pointed, saying:

"Aunt Meg's, papa; isn't it pretty?"

"Very handsome, very fine," said the financier, who knew nothing about architecture except its exceeding expense. "Esther, I've a notion; if that young man of yours has brains and is fond of you, he ought to be able to get my ordinance through his little eight by ten city council. There is our chance to see what stuff he is made of!"

"Oh, he has a great deal of influence," said Esther; "he can do it, unless—unless he thinks the ordinance would be bad for the city, you know."

"Confound the modern way of educating girls!" thought Armorer. "Now, it would be enough for Esther's mother to know that anything was for my interests; it wouldn't have to help all outdoors, too!"

But instead of enlarging on this point, he went into a sketch of the improvements the road could make with the money saved by the change, and was waxing eloquent when a lady of a pleasant and comely face, and a trig though not slender figure, advanced to greet them.

It was after breakfast (and the scene was the neat pig's pen, where Armorer was displaying his ignorance of swine) that he found his first chance to talk with his sister alone. "Oh, first, Sis," said he, "about your birthday, to-day; I telegraphed to Tiffany's for that silver service, you know, that you liked, so you needn't think there's a mistake when it comes."

"Oh, Raish, that gorgeous thing! I must kiss you, if Daniel does see me!"

"Oh, that's all right," said Armorer, hastily, and began to talk of the pig. Suddenly, without looking up he dropped into the pig-pen the remark: "I'm very much obliged to you for writing me, Meg."

"I don't know whether to feel more like a virtuous sister or a villainous aunt," sighed Mrs. Ellis; "things seemed to be getting on so rapidly that it didn't seem right, Esther visiting me and all, not to give you a hint; still, I am sure that nothing has been said, and it is horrid for Esther, perfectly horrid, discussing her proposals that haven't been proposed!"

"I don't want them ever to be proposed," said Armorer, gloomily.

"I know you always said you didn't want Esther to marry; but I thought if she fell in love with the right man—we know that marriage is a very happy estate, sometimes, Horatio!" She sighed again. In her case it was only the memory of happiness, for Colonel Ellis had been dead these twelve years; but his widow mourned him still.

"If you marry the right one, maybe," answered Armorer, grudgingly; "but see here, Meg, Esther is different from the other girls; they got married when Jenny was alive to look after them, and I knew the men, and they were both big matches, you know. Then, too, I was so busy making money while the other girls grew up that I hadn't time to get real well acquainted with them. I don't think they ever kissed me, except when I gave them a check. But Esther and I——" he drummed with his fingers on the boards, and his thin, keen face wore a look that would have amazed his business acquaintances—"you remember when her mother died, Meg? Only fifteen, and how she took hold of things! And we have been together ever since, and she makes me think of her grandmother and her mother both. She's never had a wish I knew that I haven't granted—why, d——it! I've bought my clothes to please her——"

"That's why you are become so well-dressed, Horatio; I wondered how you came to spruce up so!" interrupted Mrs. Ellis.

"It has been so blamed lonesome whenever she went to visit you, but yet I wouldn't say a word because I knew what a good time she had; but if I had known that there was a confounded, long-legged, sniffy young idiot all that while trying to steal my daughter away from me!" In an access of wrath at the idea Armorer wrenched off the picket that he clutched, at which he laughed and stuck his hands in his pockets.

"Why, Meg, the papers and magazines are always howling that women won't marry," cried he, with a fresh sense of grievance; "now, two of my girls have married, that's enough, there

was no reason for me to expect any more of them would! There isn't one d——bit of need for Esther to marry!"

"But if she loves the young fellow and he loves her, won't you let them be happy?"

"He won't make her happy."

"He is a very good fellow, truly and really," Raish. And he comes of a good family——"

"I don't care for his family; and as to his being moral and all that, I know several young fellows that could skin him alive in a bargain that are moral, as you please. I have been a moral man, myself. But the trouble with this Lossing (I told Esther I didn't know anything about him, but I do), the trouble with him is that he is chock full of all kinds of principles! Just as father was. Don't you remember how he lost parish after parish because he couldn't smooth over the big men in them? Lossing is every bit as pig-headed. I am not going to have my daughter lead the kind of life my mother did. I want a son-in-law who ain't going to think himself so much better than I am, and be rowing me for my way of doing business. If Esther *must* marry I'd like her to marry a man with a head on him that I can take into business, and who will be willing to live with the old man. This Lossing has got his notions of making a sort of Highland chief affair of the labor question, and we should get along about as well as the Kilkenny cats!"

Mrs. Ellis knew more than Esther about Armorer's business methods, having the advantage of her husband's point of view; and Colonel Ellis had kept the army standard of honor as well as the army ignorance of business. To counterbalance, she knew more than anyone alive what a good son and brother Horatio had always been. But she could not restrain a smile at the picture of the partnership.

"Precisely, you see yourself," says Armorer, "Meg"—hesitating—"you don't suppose it would be any use to offer Esther a cool hundred thousand to promise to bounce this young fellow?"

"Horatio, *no!*" cries Mrs. Ellis, tossing her pretty gray head indignantly; "you'd insult her!"

"Take it the same way, eh? Well, perhaps; Essie has high-toned notions. That's all right, it is the thing for women. Mother had them too. Look here, Meg, I'll tell you, I want to see if this young fellow has *any* sense! We have an ordinance that we want passed. If he will get his council to pass it, that will show he can put his grand theories into his pockets sometimes; and I will give him a show with Esther. If he doesn't care enough for my girl to oblige her father, even if he doesn't please a lot of carping roosters that want the earth for their town and would like a street railway to be run to accommodate them and lose money for the stockholders; well then, you can't blame me if I don't want him! Now, will you do one thing for me, Meg, to help me out? I don't want Lossing to persuade Esther to commit herself; you know how, when she was a little mite, if Esther gave her word she kept it. I want you to promise me you won't let Esther be alone one second with young Lossing. She is going to-morrow, but there's your whist-party to-night; I suppose he's coming? And I want you to promise you won't let him have our address. If he treats me square, he won't need to ask you for it. Well?"

He buttoned up his coat and folded his arms, waiting.

Mrs. Ellis's sympathy had gone out to the young people as naturally as water runs down hill; for she is of a romantic temperament, though she doesn't dare to be weighed. But she remembered the silver service, the coffee-pot, the tea-pot, the tray for spoons, the creamer, the hot-water kettle, the sugar-bowl, all on a rich salver, splendid, dazzling; what rank ingratitude it would be to oppose her generous brother! Rather sadly she answered, but she did answer: "I'll do that much for you, Raish, but I feel we're risking Esther's happiness, and I can only keep the letter of my promise."

"That's all I ask, my dear," said Armorer, taking out a little shabby notebook from his breast-pocket, and scratching out a line. The line effaced read, "*See E M ten-set.*"

"The silver service was a good muddle," he thought. He went away for

an interview with the corporation lawyer and the superintendent of the road, leaving Mrs. Ellis in a distraction of conscience that made her the wonder of her servants that morning, during all the preparations for the whist-party. She might have felt more remorseful had she known her brother's real plan. He knew enough of Lossing to be assured that he would not yield about the ordinance which he firmly believed to be a dangerous one for the city. He expected, he counted on the mayor refusing his proffers. He hoped that Esther would feel the sympathy which women give, without question generally, to the business plans of those near and dear to them, taking it for granted that the plans are right because they will advantage those so near and dear. That was the beautiful and proper way that Jenny had always reasoned; why should Jenny's daughter do otherwise? When Harry Lossing should oppose her father and refuse to please him and to win her, mustn't any high-spirited woman feel hurt? Certainly she must; and he would take care to whisk her off to Europe before the young man had a chance to make his peace! "Yes, sir," says Armorer, to his only confidant, "you never were a domestic conspirator before, Horatio, but you have got it down fine! You would do for Gaboriau"—Gaboriau's novels being the only fiction that ever Armorer read. Nevertheless, his conscience pricked him almost as sharply as his sister's pricked her. Consciences are queer things; like certain crustaceans, they grow shells in spots; and proof against moral artillery in one part, they may be soft as a baby's cheek in another. Armorer's conscience had two sides, business and domestic; people abused him for a business buccaneer, at the same time his private life was pure, and he was a most tender husband and father. He had never deceived Esther before in her life. Once he had ridden all night in a freight-car to keep a promise that he had made the child. It hurt him to be hoodwinking her now. But he was too angry and too frightened to cry back.

The interview with the lawyer did not take any long time, but he spent two hours with the superintendent of

the road, who pronounced him "a little nice fellow with no airs about him. Asked a power of questions about Harry Lossing; guess there is something in that story about Lossing going to marry his daughter!"

Marston drove him to Lossing's office and left him there.

He was on the ground and Marston, lifting the whip to touch the horse, when he asked: "Say, before you go—is there any danger in leaving off the conductors?"

Marston was raised on mules, and he could not overcome a vehement distrust of electricity. "Well," said he, "I guess you want the cold facts. The children are almighty thick down on Third Street, and children are always trying to see how near they can come to being killed, you know, sir; and then, the old women like to come and stand on the track and ask questions of the motoneer on the other track, so that the car coming down has a chance to catch 'em. The two together keep the conductors on the jump!"

"Is that so?" said Armorer, musingly; "well, I guess you'd better close with that insurance man and get the papers made out before we run the new way."

"If we ever do run!" muttered the superintendent to himself as he drove away.

Armorer ran his sharp eye over the buildings of the Lossing Art Furniture Manufacturing Company, from the ugly square brick box that was the nucleus—the egg so to speak—from which the great concern had been hatched, to the handsome new structures with their great arched windows and red mortar. "Pretty property, very pretty property," thought Armorer; "wonder if that story Marston tells is true!" The story was to the effect that a few weeks before his last sickness the older Lossing had taken his son to look at the buildings, and said, "Harry, this will all be yours before long. It is a comfort to me to think that every workman I have is the better, not the worse, off for my owning it; there's no blood or dirt on my money; and I leave it to you to keep it clean and to take care of the men as well as the business."

"Now, wasn't he a d—— fool!" said Armorer, cheerfully, taking out his note-book to mark, "*See abt road M D.*"

And he went in. Harry greeted him with exceeding cordiality and a fine blush. Armorer explained that he had come to speak to him about the proposed street-car ordinances; he (Armorer) always liked to deal with principals and without formality; now, couldn't they come, representing the city and the company, to some satisfactory compromise? Thereupon he plunged into the statistics of the earnings and expenses of the road (with the aid of his note-book), and made the absolute necessity of retrenchment plain. Meanwhile, as he talked he studied the attentive listener before him; and Harry, on his part, made quite as good use of his eyes. Armorer saw a tall, athletic, fair young man, very carefully, almost foppishly dressed, with bright, steady blue eyes and a firm chin, but a smile under his mustache like a child's; it was so sunny and so quick. Harry saw a neat little figure in a perfectly fitting gray check travelling suit, with a rose in the buttonhole of the coat lapel. Armorer wore no jewelry except a gold ring on the little finger of his right hand, from which he had taken the glove the better to write. Harry knew that it was his dead wife's wedding-ring; and saw it with a little moving of the heart. The face that he saw was pale but not sickly, delicate and keen. A silky brown mustache shot with gray and a Vandyke beard hid either the strength or the weakness of mouth and chin. He looked at Harry with almond-shaped, pensive dark eyes, so like the eyes that had shone on Harry's waking and sleeping dreams for months that the young fellow felt his heart rise again. Armorer ended by asking Harry (in his most winning manner) to help him pull the ordinance out of the fire. "It would be," he said, impressively, "a favor he should not forget!"

"And you must know, Mr. Armorer," said Harry, in a dismal tone at which the president chuckled within, "that there is no man whose favor I would do so much to win!"

"Well, here's your chance!" said Armorer.

Harry swung round in his chair, his clenched fists on his knee. He was frowning with eagerness, and his eyes were like blue steel.

"See here, Mr. Armorer," said he, "I am frank with you. I want to please you, because I want to ask you to let me marry your daughter. But I *can't* please you, because I am mayor of this town, and I don't dare to let you dismiss the conductors. I don't *dare*, that's the point. We have had four children killed on this road since electricity was put in."

"We have had forty killed on one street railway I know; what of it? Do you want to give up electricity because it kills children?"

"No, but look here! the conductors lessen the risk. A lady I know, only yesterday, had a little boy going from the kindergarten home, nice little fellow only five years old——"

"She ought to have sent a nurse with a child five years old, a baby!" cried Armorer, warmly.

"That lady," answered Harry, quietly, "goes without any servant at all in order to keep her two children at the kindergarten; and the boy's elder sister was ill at home. The boy got on the car, and when he got off at the crossing above his house, he started to run across; the other train-car was coming, the little fellow didn't notice, and ran to cross; he stumbled and fell right in the path of the coming car!"

"Where was the conductor? He didn't seem much good!"

"They had left off the conductor on that line."

"Well, did they run over the boy? Why haven't I been informed of the accident?"

"There was no accident. A man on the front platform saw the boy fall, made a flying leap off the moving car backward, fell, but scrambled up and pulled the boy off the track. Ah, it was sickening; I thought we were both gone!"

"Oh, you were the man?"

"I was the man; and don't you see, Mr. Armorer, why I feel strongly on the subject? If the conductor had been on, there wouldn't have been any occasion for any accident."

"Well, sir, you may be assured that we will take precautions against any such accidents. It is more for our interest than anyone's to guard against them. And I have explained to you the necessity of cutting down our expense list."

"That is just it, you think you have to risk our lives to cut down expenses; but we get all the risk and none of the benefits. I can't see my way clear to helping you, sir; I wish I could."

"Then there is nothing more to say, Mr. Lossing," said Armorer, coldly. "I'm sorry a mere sentiment that has no real foundation should stand in the way of our arranging a deal that would be for the advantages of both the city and our road." He rose.

Harry rose also, but lifted his hand to stop him. "Pardon me, there is something else; I wouldn't mention it, but I hear you are going to leave tomorrow and go abroad with—Miss Armorer. I am conscious I haven't introduced myself very favorably, by refusing you a favor when I want to ask the greatest one possible; but I hope, sir, you will not think the less of a man because he is not willing to sacrifice the interests of the people who trust him, to please *anyone*. I—I hope you will not object to my asking Miss Armorer to marry me," concluded Harry, very hot and shaky, and forgetting the beginning of his sentences before he came to the end.

"Does my daughter love you, do I understand, Mr. Lossing?"

"I don't know, sir. I wish I did."

"Well, Mr. Lossing," said Armorer, wishing that something in the young man's confusion would not remind him of the awful moment when he asked old Forrester for his Jenny, "I am afraid I can do nothing for you. If you have too nice a conscience to oblige me, I am afraid it will be too nice to let you get on in the world. Good-morning."

"Stop a minute," said Harry; "if it is only my ability to get on in the world that is the trouble, I think——"

"It is your love for my daughter," said Armorer; "if you don't love her enough to give up a sentimental notion for her to win her, I don't see but you

must lose her. I bid you good-morning, sir."

"Not quite yet, sir"—Harry jumped before the door; "you give me the alternative of being what I call dishonorable or losing the woman I love!" He pronounced the last word with a little effort and his lips closed sharply as his teeth shut under them. "Well, I decline the alternative. I shall try to do my duty and get the wife I want, *both*."

"Well, you give me fair warning, don't you?" said Armorer.

Harry held out his hand, saying, "I am sorry that I detained you. I didn't mean to be rude." There was something boyish and simple about the action and the tone, and Armorer laughed. As Harry attended him through the outer office to the door, he complimented the shops.

"Miss Armorer and Mrs. Ellis have promised to give me the pleasure of showing them to them this afternoon," said Harry; "can't I show them and part of our city to you, also? It has changed a good deal since you left it."

The remark took Armorer off his balance; for a rejected suitor this young man certainly had an even mind. But he had all the helplessness of the average American with regard to his daughter's amusements. The humor in the situation took him; and it cannot be denied he began to have a vivid curiosity about Harry. In less time than it takes to read it, his mind had swung round the circle of these various points of view, and he had blandly accepted Harry's invitation. But he mopped a warm and furrowed brow, outside, and drew a prodigious sigh as he opened the note-book in his hand and crossed out, "*See L.*" "That young fellow ain't all conscience," said he, "not by a long shot."

He found Mrs. Ellis very apologetic about the Lossing engagement. It was made through the telephone; Esther had been anxious to have her father meet Lossing; Lossing was to drive them there, and later show Mr. Armorer the town.

"Mr. Lossing is a very clever young man, very," said Armorer, gravely, as he went out to smoke his cigar after luncheon. He wished he had stayed, how-

ever, when he returned to find that a visitor had called, and that this visitor was the mother of the little boy that Harry Lossing had saved from the car. The two women gave him the accident in full, and were lavish of harrowing detail, including the mother's feelings. "So you see, 'Raish,'" urged Mrs. Ellis, timidly, "there is some reason for opposition to the ordinance."

Esther had red cheeks and her eyes shone, but she had not spoken. Her father put his arm around her waist and kissed her hair. "And what did you say, Essie," he asked, gently, "to all the criticisms?"

"I told her I thought you would find some way to protect the children even if the conductors were taken off; you didn't enjoy the slaughter of children any more than anyone else."

"I guess we can fix it. Here is your young man."

Harry drove a pair of spirited horses. He drove well, and looked both handsome and happy.

"Did you know that lady—the mother of the boy that wasn't run over—was coming to see my sister?" said Armorer, on the way.

"I did," said Harry, "I sent her; I thought she could explain the reason why I shall have to oppose the bill, better than I."

Armorer made no reply.

At the shops he kept his eye on Harry. Harry seemed to know most of his workmen, and had a nod or a word for all the older men. He stopped several moments to talk with one old German who complained of everything, but looked after Harry with a smile, nodding his head. "That man, Lieders, is our best workman, you can't get any better work in the country," said he. "I want you to see an armoire that he has carved, it is up in our exhibition room."

Armorer said, "You seem to get on very well with your working people, Mr. Lossing."

"I think we generally get on well with them, and they do well themselves in these small Western towns. For one thing, we haven't much organization to fight, and for another thing, the individual workman has a better chance to

rise. That man, Lieders, whom you saw, is worth a good many thousand dollars; my father invested his savings for him."

"You are one of the philanthropists,

furniture in a haunted house, toward the two gentlewomen. Immediately, a short but powerfully built man, whose red face beamed above his dusty shoulders like a full moon with a mustache,



Keeping the pig neat—Page 208.

aren't you, Mr. Lossing, who are trying to elevate the laboring classes?"

"Not a bit of it, sir. I shall never try to elevate the laboring classes; it is too big a contract. But I try as hard as I know how to have every man who has worked for Harry Lossing the better for it. I don't concern myself with any other laboring men."

Just then a murmur of exclamations came from Mrs. Ellis and Esther, whom the superintendent was piloting through the shops. "Oh, no, it is too heavy; oh, don't do it, Mr. Cardigan!" "Oh, we can see it perfectly well from here! Please don't, you will break yourself somewhere!" Mrs. Ellis shrieked this; but the shrieks turned to a murmur of admiration as a huge carved sideboard came bobbing and wobbling, like an intoxicated piece of

emerged, and waved his hand at the sideboard.

"I could tackle the two of them, begging your pardon, ladies."

"That's Cardigan," explained Harry, "Miss Armorer may have told you about him. Oh, Shuey!"

Cardigan approached and was presented. He brought both his heels together and bowed solemnly, bending his head at the same time.

"Pleased to meet you, sir," said Shuey. Then he assumed an attitude of military attention.

"Take us up in the elevator, will you, Shuey?" said Harry. "Step in, Mr. Armorer, please, we will go and see the reproductions of the antique; we have a room upstairs."

Mr. Armorer stepped in, Shuey following; and then, before Harry could

enter it, the elevator shot upward and—stuck!

"What's the matter?" cried Armorer.

Shuey was tugging at the wire rope. He called in tones that seemed to come from a panting chest: "Take a pull at it yourself, sir! Can you move it?"

Armorer grasped the rope viciously; Shuey was on the seat pulling from above. "We're stuck, sir, fast!"

"Can't you get down either?"

"Divil a bit, saving your presence, sir. Do ye think like the water-works could be busted?"

"Can't you make somebody hear?" panted Armorer.

"Well, you see there's a deal of noise of the machinery," said Shuey, scratching his chin with a thoughtful air, "and they expect we've gone up."

"Best try, anyhow. This infernal machine may take a notion to drop!" said Armorer.

"And that's true, too," acquiesced Shuey. Forthwith he did lift up his voice in a loud wailing: "*Oh—h, Jimmy! Oh—h, Jimmy Ryan!*"

Jimmy might have been in Chicago for any response he made; though Armorer shouted with Shuey; and at every pause the whirr of the machinery mocked the shouters. Indescribable moans and gurgles with a continuous malignant hiss floated up to them from the rebel steam below, as from a volcano considering eruption. "They'll be bound to need the elevator some time, if they don't need *us*, and that's one comfort!" said Shuey, philosophically.

"Don't you think if we pulled on her we could get her up to the next floor, by degrees? Now then!"

Armorer gave a dash and Shuey let out his muscles in a giant tug. The elevator responded by an astonishing leap that carried them past three or four floors!





FIGURE 1.

Mr. Armorer got out, and they left the elevator to its fate.

"Stop her! stop her!" bawled Shuey, but in spite of Armorer's pulling himself purple in the face, the elevator did not stop until it bumped with a crash against the joists of the roof.

"Well, do you suppose we're stuck here?" said Armorer.

"Well, sir, I'll try. Say, don't be exerting yourself violent. It strikes me she's for all the world like the wimmen, in extremes, sir, in extremes! And it wouldn't be noways so pleasant to go riproaring that gait down cellar! Slow and easy, sir, let me manage her. Hi! she's working."

In fact, by slow degrees and much

puffing, Shuey got the erratic box to the next floor, where, disregarding Shuey's protestations that he could "make her mind!" Mr. Armorer got out, and they left the elevator to its fate. It was a long way, through many rooms, downstairs. Shuey would have beguiled the way by describing the rooms, but Armorer was in a raging hurry and urged his guide over the ground. Once they were delayed by a bundle of stuff in front of a door; and after Shuey had laboriously rolled the great roll away, he made a misstep and tumbled over, rolling it back, to a tittering accompaniment from the sewing-



DRAWN BY ALICE THOMAS.

“Mrs. E. was kind enough to put her fingers in her ears and turn her back.”—Page 202.

girls in the room. But he picked himself up in perfect good temper and kicked the roll ten yards. "Girls is silly things," said the philosopher Shuey, "but being born that way it ain't to be expected otherwise!"

He had the friendly freedom of his class in the West. He praised Mrs. Ellis's gymnastics, and urged Armorer to stay over a morning train and see a "real pretty boxing match" between Mr. Lossing and himself.

"Oh, he boxes too, does he?" said Armorer.

"And why on earth should he groan?" inquired Shuey.

"He does that, sir. Didn't Mrs. Ellis ever tell you about the time at the circus? She was there herself, with three children she borrowed and an unreasonable gyurl, with a terrible big screech in her and no sense. Yes, sir, Mr. Lossing he is mighty cliver with his hands! There come a yell of 'Lion loose! lion loose!' at that circus, just as the folks was all crowding out at the end of it, and them that had gone into the menagerie tent came a-tumbling and howling back, and them that was in the circus tent waiting for the concert (which never ain't worth waiting for, between you and me!) was a-scrambling off them seats, making a noise like thunder; and all fighting and pushing and bellowing to get out! I was there with my wife and making for the seats that the fools quit, so's to get under and crawl out under the canvas, when I see Mrs. Ellis holding two of the children, and that fool girl let the other go and I grabbed it. 'Oh, save the baby! save one, anyhow,' cries my wife—the woman is a tinder-hearted crechure! And just then I seen an old lady tumble over on the benches, with her gray hair stringing out of her black bonnet. The crowd was *wild*, hitting and screaming and not caring for anything, and I see a big jack of a man come plunging down right spang on that old lady! His foot was right in the air over her face! Lord, it turned me sick. I yelled. But that minnit I seen an arm shoot out and that fellow shot off as slick! it was Mr. Lossing. He parted that crowd, hitting right and left, and he got up to us and hauled a child from Mrs. Ellis and put

it on the seats, all the while shouting: "Keep your seats! it's all right! it's all over! stand back!" I turned and floored a feller that was too pressing, and hollered it was all right too. And some more people hollered too. You see, there is just a minnit at such times when it is a toss up whether folks will quiet down and begin to laugh, or get scared into wild beasts and crush and kill each other. And Mr. Lossing he caught the minnit! The circus folks came up and the police, and it was all over. *Well*, just look here, sir; there's our folks coming out of the elevator!"

They were just landing; and Mrs. Ellis wanted to know where he had gone.

"We run away from ye, shure," said Shuey, grinning; and he related the adventure. Armorer fell back with Mrs. Ellis. "Did you stay with Esther every minute?" said he. Mrs. Ellis nodded. She opened her lips to speak, then closed them and walked ahead to Harry Lossing. Armorer looked—suspicion of a dozen kinds gnawing him and insinuating that the three all seemed agitated, from Harry to Esther, and then to Shuey. But he kept his thoughts to himself and was very agreeable the remainder of the afternoon.

He heard Harry tell Mrs. Ellis that the city council would meet that evening; before, however, Armorer could feel exultant he added, "but may I come late?"

"He is certainly the coolest beggar," Armorer snarled, "but he is sharp as a nigger's razor, confound him!"

Naturally this remark was a confidential one to himself.

He thought it more times than one during the evening, and by consequence played trumps with equal disregard of the laws of the noble game of whist and his partner's feelings. He found a few, a very few elderly people who remembered his parent, and they will never believe ill of Horatio Armorer, who talked so simply and with so much feeling of old times, and who is going to give a memorial window in the new Presbyterian church. He was beginning to think with some interest of supper, the usual dinner of the family having been sacrificed to the demands

of state; then he saw Harry Lossing. The young mayor's blonde head was bowing before his sister's black velvet. He caught Armorer's eye and followed him out to the lawn and the shadows and the gay lanterns. He looked animated. Evening dress was becoming to him. "One of my daughters married a prince, but I am hanged if he looked it like this fellow," thought Armorer; "but then he was only an Italian. I suppose the council did not pass the ordinance? your committee reported against it?" he said, quite amiably to Harry.

"I wish you could understand how much pain it has given me to oppose you, Mr. Armorer," said Harry, blushing.

"I don't doubt it, under the circumstances, Mr. Lossing." Armorer spoke with suave politeness, but there was a cynical gleam in his eye.

"But Esther understands," says Harry.

"Esther!" repeats Armorer, with an indescribable intonation. "You spoke to her this afternoon? For a man with such high-toned ideas as you carry, I think you took a pretty mean advantage of your guests!"

"You will remember I gave you fair warning, Mr. Armorer."

"It was while I was in the elevator, of course. I guessed it was a put-up job; how did you manage it?"

Harry smiled outright; he is one who cannot keep either his dog or his joke tied up. "It was Shuey did it," said he, "he pulled the opposite way from you, and he has tremendous strength; but he says you were a handful for him."

"You seem to have taken the town into your confidence," said Armorer, bitterly, though he had a sneaking inclination to laugh, himself; "do you need all your workmen to help you court your girl?"

"I'd take the whole United States into my confidence rather than lose her, sir," answered Harry, steadily.

Armorer turned on his heel abruptly; it was to conceal a smile. "How about my sister? did you propose before her? But I don't suppose a little thing like that would stop you."

"I had to speak; Miss Armorer goes away to-morrow. Mrs. Ellis was kind enough to put her fingers in her ears and turn her back."

"And what did my daughter say?"

"I asked her only to give me the chance to show her how I loved her, and she has, God bless her! I don't pretend I'm worthy of her, Mr. Armorer, but I have lived a decent life, and I'll try hard to live a better one for her trust in me."

"I'm glad there is one thing on which we are agreed," jeered Armorer, "but you are more modest than you were this noon. I think it was considerably like bragging, sending that woman to tell of your heroic feats!"

"Oh, I can brag when it is necessary," said Harry, serenely; "what would the West be but for bragging?"

"And what do you intend to do if I take your girl to Europe?"

"Europe is not very far," said Harry.

Armorer was a quick thinker, but he had never thought more quickly in his life. This young fellow had beaten him. There was no doubt of it. He might have principles, but he declined to let his principles hamper him. There was something about Harry's waiving aside defeat so lightly, and so swiftly snatching at every chance to forward his will, that accorded with Armorer's own temperament.

"Tell me, Mr. Armorer," said Harry, suddenly; "in my place wouldn't you have done the same thing?"

Armorer no longer checked his sense of humor. "No, Mr. Lossing," he answered, sedately, "I should have respected the old gentleman's wishes and voted any way he pleased." He held out his hand. "I guess Esther thinks you are the coming young man of the century; and to be honest, I like you a great deal better than I expected to this morning. I'm not cut out for a cruel father, Mr. Lossing; for one thing, I haven't the time for it; for another thing, I can't bear to have my little girl cry. I guess I shall have to go to Europe without Esther. Shan't we go in to the ladies now?"

Harry wrung the president's hand, crying that he should never regret his kindness.

"See that Esther never regrets it, that will be better," said Armorer, with a touch of real and deep feeling. Then, as Harry sprang up the steps like a

boy, he took out the note-book, and smiling a smile in which many emotions were blended, he ran a black line through "*See abt L.*"



Kington C. 1891

After Photograph.

Stucco from the Ruins of a Roman Villa Excavated in the Farnesina Gardens.

IMPRESSIONS OF A DECORATOR IN ROME.

By Frederic Crowninshield.

SECOND PAPER.

MAY 20, 1891.—To-day I made one of my frequent pilgrimages to the Sistine Chapel and Raphael's "Stanze," more particularly to note the decorative effects and scale of the figures; yet not being in an unreceptive frame of mind, I garnered a goodly store of new sensations and ideas. Entering by the bronze gate, I passed along Bernini's majestic gallery up to the Sistine. What impresses in Rome is the amplitude of the architecture, the stateliness of enclosed space. The architect has neither been awed by the value of land per square foot, nor by the inertia of stone, nor by the costliness of labor. Everything is on a generous, monumental scale. The architectural vistas delight the imaginative eye. Wandering up this endless corridor one dreams of Miltonian art. And how good, yet simple, is the pavement! Alternate lozenges of red terra-cotta and cool gray stone, the whole intersected by larger motives of creamy travertine.

From the monumental point of view there is no better field than the Sistine

Chapel for a comparative study of the work by the great frescoists who flourished toward the close of the fifteenth century and the new idea as represented by Michael Angelo. But before making any critical comparisons, or decorative observations, one fact must be noted that often materially mitigates the harshness of our strictures in weighing the mural work of this epoch. When judging the artistic ensemble of the Sistine, as well as the majority of large decorative Roman interiors, it must be borne in mind that we are not dealing with a homogeneous band of artists, working out, in friendly rivalry, a preconceived scheme. Succeeding patrons and artists showed but little regard for the works of their predecessors. Everyone strove for his own glorification, so that the wall became the palestra where an artist could exhibit his bravura, rather than contribute to the perfection of the whole. A certain unity obtained in the Sistine Chapel until the advent of Michael Angelo, the artists being constrained to work in well-

defined compartments. Their style, too, had the harmony of contemporaneity. But the godlike, impulsive, devil-may-take-the-rest Florentine considerably disturbed the decorative equilibrium. One more general observation must be offered before descending to particularization, namely, the predominant and often excessive use of the figure. In the best decorative days of the Renaissance (by the best days I mean the latter part of the fifteenth century), the pictures were severely framed by architectural members, highly ornamented with delicate classic details, arabesques, or symmetrically disposed motives from nature. If the figure occurs in these borders it differs either in scale or color from the enclosed composition. There is no confusion. Each is well separated from the other. From a good decorative point of view, figure subjects were, even in these times, often too liberally dispensed on both wall and ceiling. Frequently one feels that either would gain were some architectural, or contrasting scheme, adopted for the other. In justification, however, of this liberal use of the picture it should be remembered that a prince or pontiff had to be immortalized, a lesson inculcated, or a story told; that the brush was the vehicle of expression rather than the pen; that the audience addressed was in the main unlettered; and finally that moral often outweighed artistic considerations. When the decadence set in after Raphael's death, all restraint was thrown off, and the abuse of the figure was shocking. Dados, walls, ceilings, everything was be-sprinkled—no, be-splashed with a chaos of agitated arms, legs, heads, and torsos, almost invariably too big in scale.

Nearly everyone interested in such matters knows that the Sistine Chapel is a long, narrow, and lofty vaulted hall, lighted on either side by six round-headed windows.*

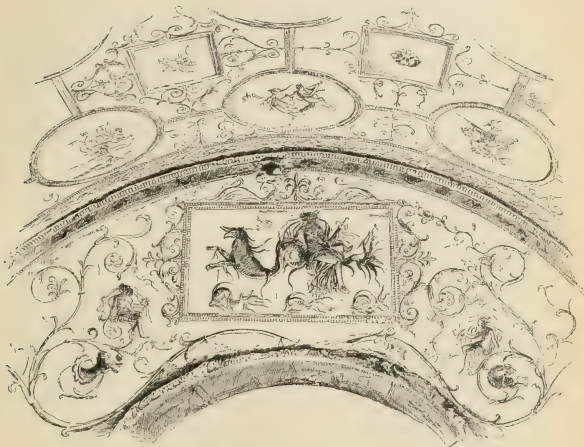
Corresponding to the base of these windows a heavy string-course, supporting an iron balustrade, runs round three sides of the chapel, pretty nearly dividing the walls into two equal portions.

Each of these portions is again nearly equally subdivided by projecting mouldings. All above the upper moulding, which corresponds to the spring of the arched windows, including the vault, belongs to Michael Angelo. The second quarter, which is interrupted on the sides by the windows, is covered with portrait frescos of the popes, by Botticelli. The third quarter consists of a beautiful girdle of twelve pictures (not including the two on the eastern wall, which are inferior works of a later epoch), executed by the *élite* of the quattrocento. Of equal length, they are well separated by richly frescoed pilasters with capitals in relief, which are repeated in the divisions immediately above and below. This latter, or the fourth and lowest quarter, is now painted in imitation of drapery where formerly hung on gala days the celebrated tapestries of Raphael. The western wall, with the exception of a low dado, is entirely covered by Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," which discords with everything else, and completely destroys the decorative unity of the chapel. Time and smoke have largely contributed to render it less nocuous; but in eliminating the element of artistic personality, one cannot but regret, for harmony's sake, the destruction of Perugino's frescos that formerly occupied this post of honor. The pavement is of *opus Alexandrinum*, the higher portion, near the entrance, being separated from the body of the chapel by an exquisitely wrought marble screen. Though the great Florentine's "Last Judgment" strikes a discord in the general harmony, it is not so with his ceiling. In spite of adverse criticisms, to me it is not only superbly decorative in itself, but its grander forms contrast pleasingly with the more compact and delicate frescos of the quattrocentisti below, and from which it is not only isolated by a projecting moulding but also by the technique. As Michael Angelo was never known to care a *baiooco* either for the work, or the feelings of a rival, he can scarcely be credited with this pleasing effect of opposition. Whatever might have been beneath he would doubtless have painted the same ceiling. In jotting down the day's experi-

* 131 feet 6 inches long by 45 feet 2½ inches wide, east end; 43 feet 2½ inches wide, west, or Last Judgment end, and probably over 60 feet high.

ences I had purposed to refrain as much as possible from purely pictorial appreciations, yet really I cannot help asserting that Michael Angelo's vault, in spite of some patent defects, is the greatest

initiated by Mantegna and Melozzo da Forlì—suggested would be a better term, for they used it with the greatest reserve—developed by Correggio and grotesquely abused by the seventeenth



Stucco-reliefs in the so-called "Tomb of the Valerii," Via Latina.

[Probably second century A.D.]

work of art that has ever been produced. The vault is distributed into compartments of various shapes and sizes, by means of a simulated architecture, with which each picture is firmly framed. This architecture is not an accumulation of violently foreshortened fancies, having a single vanishing point, and consequently a single point of view (a system that culminated with padre Pozzi, 1642–1709), but each half of the nine great sections which span the vault has an independent vanishing point, as have also the pictures therein enclosed. Of what the Italians call the "*di sotto in su*" business—that is, the effort to produce on the spectator *below* the illusion of figures soaring *above*—there is but very little. This aerial foreshortening was

and eighteenth century frescoists. Were Michael Angelo's pictures, or the isolated figures, detached from the ceiling, and hung upon the wall they would not offend perspective, with the possible exception of the Jonah, a creation immensely admired by Buonarrotti's followers, and I may add, unfortunately; for, with our *post factum* knowledge we cannot but see in its bold and skilful foreshortenings the germs of those exaggerations which in later days accelerated the decadence. The general tone of the vault is very pleasant. Of course it is much grayer now than when freshly painted, yet it must always have been light and airy. The "*buon fresco*" process often gives such a *plein air* effect, that one is frequently struck by the

modernity of feeling in these old mural paintings. Taking into consideration the lack of precedent and boldness of the experiment, we must congratulate Michael Angelo on the scale of his figures. In the earlier frescos, if one may hazard a generalization, the scale for lofty mural figures was too small. Subsequently it became too large. One might almost determine the epoch of a fresco by the scale alone. Decorative and intellectual lucidity demanded a diversified scale in the various compartments of the ceiling, thus the prophets are larger than the figures in the great central compartments, these again than those in the smaller central sections, et cetera. Following in the old ruts, he made his figures in the background of the Deluge too small. But this was his first and last error, unless we except the unfortunate Jonah, who seems to me decidedly too large. The Adam in the panel of the Creation is, according to Wilson, who measured it, ten feet high, and those adorable young demi-gods at the corners of the central pictures are apparently of the same size; while the prophets and sibyls if erect would average about eighteen feet. The scale of the figures in the zone of quattrocento frescos is much smaller. Those in the immediate foreground may be life-size, though they appear a trifle less. Considering their height from the ground and the importance then attached to biblical illustration, they are too small. This scale-error has fortunately contributed considerably to the general decorative beauty of the chapel and to the enhancement by contrast of Michael Angelo's ceiling, for, there being a very great number of figures, diminishing in size as they recede from the foreground, as well as many opulent accessories, and the tone of the landscapes being bluish-green, the compact, rich effect of tapestry is produced. Perugino's "Christ giving the Keys to Peter" must be excepted. This nobly conceived and decorative fresco is pitched in a lighter key than the others, while the scene takes place on an open, spacious piazza with architectural motives in the background. It is one of the few creations of the epoch which manifest a feeling for space, a quality so highly prized by the

men of to-day. Unfortunately it makes a hole in the tapestried line of pictures. But as this tapestry effect was entirely unpremeditated we can scarcely blame Perugino. Dom. Ghirlandajo and Signorelli are here as usual very monumental. Botticelli is a bit too dramatic and agitated for the wall. As I glanced at Michael Angelo's stupendous figures on leaving the chapel, the thought struck me that Milton must have seen them when in Rome, and hence all sorts of suggestive comparisons till I reached the "Stanze."

For years I have duly admired and lauded these lovely, rhythmical creations of the sweet-souled Raphael; and to-day, perhaps more than ever, did homage to the "Mass of Bolsena," the "Parnassus," and "Jurisprudence." And now, without remorse, or the accusation of presumption, I can give vent to an offensive thought or two. Were there ever such degrees of excellence as in these transition days of the Renaissance, such juxtapositions of the stupendous and the second rate—I was on the point of writing the ridiculous! Even the divine Raphael nods occasionally, and by the side of some godlike, imperishable form limns a commonplace figure. And what brutality of constructor's workmanship! Note the curves of the arches in the "Incendio del Borgo," and "Segnatura." They are so false, that the painters have abandoned all attempt to make their designs fit. Everybody seems to have been in a hurry. Popes were impatient and selfish, caring naught for the monumental undertakings of their predecessors or successors. The marvel is that the decorative pictures of this time, when painters conceived and executed their great frescos on the spur of the moment, should have been immortal—models for all succeeding generations. Perchance the very haste, necessitated by the impetuosity of patrons, and the mechanical exigencies of the fresco process, may account for the inspired energy and rhythmic swing. It is sometimes embarrassing, in the "Stanze" of Raphael, to determine what is the master's work and what the pupil's. Many of the shortcomings may be set down to the incompetence of the latter. The greater part

of the "Segnatura," on which he worked for three years, is by Raphael, and decoratively speaking it is by far the best room. At that time, he had not emancipated himself entirely from quattrocento influence, and was masquerading less in Michael Angelo's toggery, a fact that enters largely into its decorative pre-eminence. Notwithstanding the ravages of time and vandalism of Bourbon's soldiers in 1527, this room is exceedingly beautiful. Ceiling, walls, and *opus Alexandrinum* pavement form a very harmonious ensemble. The ceiling is resplendent with gold and color, and the pictures resonant with Raphaelesque grace. The scale of the four principal figures in the circular compositions is very happy, being apparently life-size. The same correctness of scale is observed in the large frescos on the side-walls, and below on the dado. In the latter the size of the figures has been greatly diminished, and browns or "grisaille" substituted for color, thus separating sharply the lower part of the wall from the pictures above, and avoiding a feeling of overloaded confusion. Possibly, had the figure been altogether omitted from the dado, there would have been a decorative gain. Now, if you walk quickly from this stanza into that of "Heliodorus," you will at once experience the sensation of having entered a smaller room, though actually it is a trifle larger. This sensation I verified by questioning a lay companion. The feeling of diminution is entirely caused by the increment of scale, and especially by that of the dado, on which are painted eleven large caryatides and four statues in "grisaille." The ceiling of this room is not a success. It is an older work, probably by Baldassare Peruzzi, vamped up by Raphael. In the "Incendio" stanza the scale is still unhappier. The figures of the mural compositions are frequently over life-size, as are also the monochromes on the dado. The room being relatively small (about thirty-eight feet by twenty-eight) and the pictures just above the level of the eye, there is no warrant for the increment of scale, unless it be the ambition to cope with Michael Angelo's Sistine vault. As before remarked, this illogical expansion

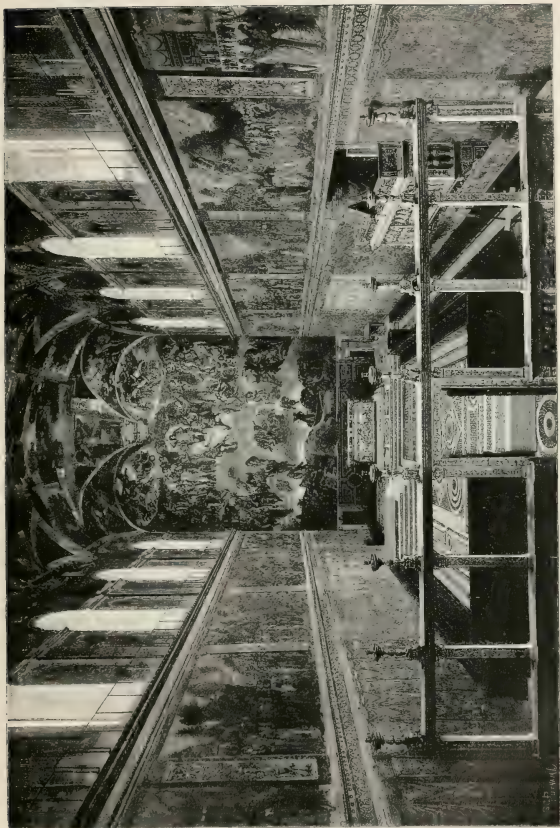
of scale for some time kept pace with the incoming years. Perugino's ceiling in this stanza is pretty much all that escaped the general destruction of frescos executed by the older men, to make room for Raphael and his school. It was spared by the pupil out of respect to the master. Let us be grateful. It is very beautiful, beautiful because so simple. The arrises of the groined vault are emphasized by rich Renaissance borders, and in each of the four triangular spaces is inscribed a circle inclosing a sacred subject; the remainder of the field being filled with graceful arabesques. It is less rich than the "Segnatura" ceiling (of which the ornament, and decorative distribution, are said to be by Sodoma), but on the other hand it is less confused. The scale of Raphael's figures on the "Segnatura" vault is happier. Here they are a trifle too small.

Passing through the Sala dei Chiaroscuri—a chamber of decorative horrors by the successors of Sanzio—one enters the chapel of Nicholas V., covered with frescos illustrating the lives of Saints Lawrence and Stephen, by Beato Angelico, in 1447. These paintings are remarkably well preserved. Their stories are clearly and sweetly told—the calm figures, scarcely ruffled by the breath of dramatic action, form a reposeful contrast to the fluttering, melodramatic forms of Vasari over the altar, and the stilted productions of the preceding hall.

June 27, 1891.—At noon I went to the Vatican by appointment to meet Count Vespignani, who did the honors of the Borgia apartment, now closed to the public, preparatory to its conversion into a museum under the intelligent patronage of Leo XIII. The books and book-cases had just been removed, revealing beneath the vaults and lunettes, rich with gold and precious ultramarine, chilly, white surfaces. The walls have been whitewashed, perhaps, for less than half a century. Beneath the coat of white there are traces here and there of ornamental painting, but as yet no figure work. The beautiful marble frieze that girdles every stanza has also been bedaubed with whitewash, which is to be carefully removed both

from frieze and wall, under the supervision of Professor Seitz. Fragments of the ancient pavement are still extant, though time has worn away the glaze on most of the tiles. Those that remain intact have been carefully copied by Vespigniani's assistants, and are to be reproduced in Naples. From these and other data new pavements are to be constructed that will, as nearly as possible, be facsimiles of the old. An atmosphere of mystery has always shrouded these rooms, which have been so jealously guarded that a prolonged study of their pictorial riches has been very difficult, and, without much red-tape, or influence, next to impossible. Shortly they will be open to the public. At the present moment ingress is more difficult than ever. Inasmuch as my guide was a man of many affairs, I could do little more than get a good impression of the whole. Even for this glimpse I am very grateful; for the apartment is absolutely unique and of a decorative gorgeousness impossible to exaggerate, a sort of Aladdin's cave, not barbaric, but composed and controlled by Renaissance genius. We entered by the spacious "Hall of the Guards," decorated by Pierino del Vaga and Giovanni da Udine, containing a rich chimney piece by Sansovino, or his school. Passing through this saloon we found ourselves in one of the three sumptuous chambers decorated by Pinturicchio, which are the chief attractions of the apartment. The rooms are situated beneath the "Stanze" of Raphael, to which, I conjecture, they correspond in size. Each room is divided in its centre by an arch—presumably to give greater strength to the story above—of which the supporting pilasters project but slightly from the wall. The vaults on either side are groined. The ceiling of the first room is not dissimilar in composition to Perugino's in the "Incendio del Borgo." The arrises formed by the intersection of the arches are ornamented with the rope pattern in gilded relief. Circular compositions are inscribed in the triangles, of which the ground is deep blue enlivened with gold arabesques. The lunettes on the wall below the ceiling and above the frieze are frescoed with incidents from

the life of the Virgin. It is not within the scope of these notes to describe the pictures. The mere assertion that they are exquisite specimens of Umbrian art must suffice. The scale of the figures, considering their moderate height from the pavement, is felicitous—those in the foreground being just under life-size. The tapestry-like tonality of the paintings is very agreeable, and contrasts happily with the blue-gold vault, on which red has been sparingly used. Gilded relief, both on the ceiling and accessories of the pictures, has been freely employed. Tapestries are said to have hung below the frieze of this stanza. If the imagination can also supply the gay, lustrous, tiled pavement, the spectator will form a correct idea of its former splendor. Perhaps the actual condition of vault and frescos is to the practised eye, the eye that can pardon the blemishes of time, more agreeable than they ever were. When fresh, the blue of the ceiling must have been a trifle harsh. To-day it is low-toned and quiet. The frescos, too, have been glazed with the lovely patina of age. These paintings were, I believe, restored in the latter part of the sixteenth century, though the restorations must have been very slight. Constable Bourbon's hirelings made sad havoc of the apartment, but the ceiling and paintings escaped their vandalisms. This stanza is less gorgeous than the remaining two. On the other hand, while sufficiently splendid, it is more temperate and in better taste. These remaining rooms, the first illustrating events in the lives of St. Catherine of Alexandria and other saints, the second representing the Liberal Arts, are sumptuous to an excessive degree. The use of gilded and painted basso-relievo is pushed to an extreme. Nor is this relief confined to the vault and decorative portions, where the golden Borgia bulls gleam conspicuously. It is employed also in combination with the mural paintings. Architectural accessories, flowers of the field, and even draperies of the figures, are raised from the ground and vibrate with pigment and metal. The sky of some of the pictures is nothing but a mass of thickly-set golden studs. Since this last visit to



ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

General View of the Sistine Chapel, facing the "Last Judgment"

Rome, Pinturicchio has risen vastly in my estimation. Not only has he proved himself an admirable artist in these Borgia rooms (where the ultra splendor may have been enforced), but likewise in the church of S. Maria del Popolo he shows himself a great decorative and religious painter. His beautiful frescoed vault in the choir, admirably preserved, is a masterpiece of ornamental distribution, not to mention its lovely tones and refined sentiment, with which, too, his altar-piece, the "Nativity," in the "della Rovere" Chapel, is replete.

Odious as they are, comparisons are unavoidable in Rome. The remains of antiquity and the derived renaissance are juxtaposed. Willy nilly we compare. As I thought of the little painted tomb on the Via Latina, which probably dates from the second century A.D., I said to myself: "Eliminating the pictorial element, and considering purely the deco-

After locking the Borgia apartment, Vespigniani, who with his colossal keys seemed to be a sort of vicarious St. Peter, took me into the old library of Sixtus IV., now used as a store-room, to show me the remnants of the glazed-tiled pavements, which are being carefully copied. Not only is there a great variety of tiles in each chamber, but the variety is still further emphasized by the diversified arrangement of tiles having the same design. With the exception of the pavements the rooms are not decoratively interesting. The white walls are in part covered with rude paintings, probably in "tempera," as they have "scaled" considerably.

MUSEO NAZIONALE.

November 26, 1890—May 21, 1891.—This is a new museum, established in the Baths of Diocletian, partly composed of antiques from the Museo Kircheriano



Christ giving the Keys to St. Peter, fresco by Perugino, Sixtine Chapel

orative, neither the sumptuous Borgia rooms, nor the "Stanze" of Raphael, nor the exuberant fancies of the Villas Madama and Papa Giulio, can quite cope with this relic of antiquity for pure, reserved, yet gay and unfettered loveliness."

and other collections, and partly of the more recent "finds," such as the lovely headless and armless statue discovered three years ago in Nero's Villa at Subiaco (attributed with reason by some to the age of Scopas), the formidable bronze athletes, excavated in 1885 on



One of the Angels by Melozzo da Forlì [1438-1494], now in the Sacristy of St. Peter's.

(These frescos were formerly in the Church of SS. Apostoli.)

the site of Aurelian's Temple of the Sun, the Bacchus fished up from the Tiber's bed, and the incomparably decorative "stucchi" from the Roman residence unearthed in the Farnesina gardens during the works on the Tiber embankment in 1879-80. Executed free-hand on the wet plaster (into which marble dust largely entered as an ingredient), here with a bold telling incision, there with an equally bold low relief, they are marvels of elegant composition, liberty of invention, and refinement of detail. They offer the characteristics of the best classic times, and indeed of all times, namely, freedom of thought and hand, guided, not restrained, by the lawful exigencies of architectural conditions. Some of the motives in these "stucchi," as well as

their treatment, are sufficiently naturalistic to do credit to a modern realist. The ground floor of the museum, including Michael Angelo's beautiful cloister, with its one hundred Doric columns, inclosing an attractive garden filled with antiquities, grouped about the famous cypresses, is not yet open to the public. One of the galleries contains the frescos from the same Teverine house in which the "stucchi" were found. Lanciani tells me that they were executed in the Augustan age, certainly not later than the reign of Tiberius. Many years have elapsed since I last saw the Pompeian frescos, and it is therefore with a certain diffidence that I make comparisons, yet trusting to somewhat fallacious memory these Teverine frescos seem to me, as a whole, superior to those of

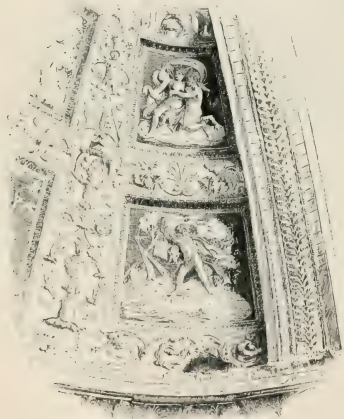
Pompeii, both in artistic conception and delicacy of handling; and this is natural, seeing that the latter place was relatively unimportant. Unfortunately the Roman frescos are not so well preserved, the conditions being less favorable. Those of the southern town were incased in the absorbing pumice and ashes of Vesuvius, rarely moistened by rain during the summer months, while the Farnesina frescos were constantly exposed to the waters of the Tiber. Their general decorative scheme can easily be deciphered, while portions are almost as fresh as the day they were painted. In one room black is used for the ground of the wall, with great effect. Graceful colonnettes intersect it at regular intervals from which depend pale green garlands of vine-leaves, their graceful curves breaking the rectangular monotony. Above is the usual frieze of figures. These figures are very small as well as the ornament, but the vine-

than those of the house on the Palatine, popularly called the "House of Livia," of which the architectural motives are unusually large considering the modest dimensions of the rooms. In this patrician abode on the imperial hill one hardly finds the expected pictorial superiority, though no one can withhold his praise from the magnificent inter-columnar festoons of fruits and flowers in the "room on the right."

In contrasting these mural paintings with modern work, it should be remembered that they were painted free-hand and *au premier coup*, frequently without a pictorial background, on a previously prepared monochrome field, that permitted no corrections of outline. The drawing of the figures was similar to that on the painted vases, which necessarily admitted of no after-thoughts. The artist first drew them in with a firm line, often incorrect, but always elegant, and then filled the inclosed space with

color, which in mural compositions generally encroached upon and covered the line. In the Teverine frescos, where the superficial color has been washed off in places, this preliminary outline is distinctly visible. It is also partially visible in the Palatine pictures, where the color has remained firm. It must not be supposed that these figure compositions are merely outlined flat-tints. On the contrary, they are thoroughly modelled, and some of them evince an aerial perspective worthy of modern art.

Relying, perhaps, too much on the testimony of others, and the opportunity of personal investigation being denied me, I have hitherto accepted all these antique mural paintings as "*buon fresco*." Donner, after careful investigations at Pompeii, authoritatively pronounced the decorative pictures there to be frescos, and very likely they are; for not having examined



Coloured Stucco-ornament, Villa Madama

leaves are about the size of nature. The scale of the frescos is much smaller

them technically I have no right to dispute his verdict. Yet this much it is



Heads of Two Disciples of Plato, from Raphael's fresco "The School of Athens." *

safe to maintain, that unless the investigator meet with a virgin wall-painting or fragment thereof, the result of his observations is next to *nil*. A careful examination of the Palatine frescos revealed to me no fresco-joints, nor did those of the Teverine villa. But they have been so tampered with by the restorers, and scarred by time, that no un-biassed mind would be willing to as-severate that such joints did not exist.

* This photograph by Alinari distinctly shows and, owing to the angle of incidence of the rays of light, exaggerates the indentations made by passing the style over the outlines of the cartoon when it was applied to the soft, wet plaster, for the purpose of transferring its forms to the wall. This was the usual, though not in-

numerable coats of varnish on the Palatine paintings, and a preservative coat of some lustrous preparation on the Teverine frescos, render any superficial analysis of their technique out of the question. The same is true of pretty much all the well-known mural paintings of antiquity, if not all. It used to be the custom at Pompeii to cover the paintings with a preparation of wax. Whether or not that custom still

variable, method in Raphael's time. It was very expeditious and enabled the painter to work freely without losing his original outline by the superposition of colors. Another method of transference, and one much used for delicate work, was to prick the lines of the cartoon with a large pin, or needle, and then "pounce" it, *i.e.* pass a



The Calling of St. Peter and St. Andrew; fresco by Dom. Ghirlandaio.

obtains I cannot say. At various times and in various places I have found bits of antique mural paintings that were certainly virgin. The color on many of these was easily removed by the combination of water and gentle friction—not violent enough to disturb the superficial particles of plaster. On others the color remained intact. Especially was the color soluble on the applied ornaments, the ground remaining firm, though frequently the ground yielded too. It should be stated parenthetically that superficial insolubility is the test of “*buon*,” or true fresco on wet plaster. By this process the colors, applied with a medium of pure water, are protected when dry by a film of carbonate of lime which is not dissolved by water.

On the Teverine frescos, which were much exposed to moisture, the applied figures and ornaments have in places been washed away where the ground has remained fast. Hence I am forced to believe that while the fresco process was unquestionably employed, as Vitruvius hints, and tradition confirms, it was neither universally used

nor uniformly on the same work; and at all events was quite a different method from that of the Renaissance. The antique plaster was considerably thicker and more compact than that of the latter, and retained its moisture longer—for several days probably, as against one day. The artist likely worked on it “*a buon fresco*” till the plaster lost its moisture, and the crust of carbonate of lime ceased to form. He then finished “*a tempera*.” Tempera was also used in the first instance on dry plaster, and doubtless on older walls that were to be repainted.

One cannot dismiss the lovely frescos and “*stucchi*” of the Teverine villa, without expressing the regret that we do not see them under their original conditions, as we see, for instance, those of the tombs on the Via Latina, or the room in Livia’s villa at Prima Porta.

May 25, 1891.—Drove to Livia’s villa at Prima Porta with Lanciani and S. An invigorating fresh day; trees and meadows glistening with yesterday’s rain. Packed like sardines with our sketching impedimenta in a *botte* driven by a self-

small bag of black powder over its surface. When the cartoon is removed black dots, corresponding to the pinholes, will be visible on the wall. According to Wilson, Michael Angelo pounced the heads of his figures on the Sistine vault, but emphasized at times the muscles and

forms of the draperies, etc., with a sharp instrument after the cartoon had been removed. Never having detected any marks of the style on the classic frescos, I infer that the ancients either pounced their cartoons or worked free-hand on the wall without any.

assertive *bottaro* and propelled by a strenuous little black nag, we bowled out of the Porta Pia, over Monte Parioli by the new road to Ponte Molle, then turning to the right we continued on our way by the modern Via Flaminia till we reached the precipitous tufa hills. Here we stopped for a moment and clambered up the steep slopes to take a glimpse of certain caverns on the face of the cliff above, which a closer inspection proved to be carefully plastered, offering material for future investigations. Then we moved on again. What light-bedrenched meadows! Here and there in the foreground the ruins of an

which Livia's villa is perched. It commands a fine view of Soracte, the territory of Veii, Monte Gennaro, the Alban hills, the valley of the Tiber, and Fidene (now Castel Giubileo). The interest of the villa centres in the so-called dining-room, where the admirable statue of Augustus, now in the Vatican, was discovered in 1863. The room is oblong, with a barrel vault. But little of the original ceiling remains, the rest being reconstructed, though not redecorated. Whether fragments were found to justify the apertures in the vault, and at either extremity, we could not say, but they certainly were interesting. The deco-



—Kempson Cx. 1892—

—Alte Photograph—

Stucco from the Roman Villa in the Farnesina Gardens

unrecorded tomb (which Lanciani duly jotted down on his chart), accentuated the pale mowed grass. Lines of delicate willows shimmered on the plain of the gleaming Tiber, beyond which rose low green hills, and still farther the pale blue mountains—all saturated with ringing light. We came to a halt at Prima Porta, nine miles from the Campidoglio, and then ascended the eminence on

ration of the ceiling is not dissimilar in treatment to that of the painted tomb on the Via Latina, namely, low stucco relief combined with color, of which the predominating tones are blue and white—if white can be called a tone—with touches of red, et cetera. Unfortunately very little of the ancient decoration has been preserved. Below the spring of the arch the walls have re-



"Poetry," fresco by Raphael on the Ceiling of the Stanza Della Segnatura.

mained intact, and are very novel in their pictorial treatment, being quite different from those of the Teverine house, or the Palatine buildings. It is that sort of decorative painting which Vitruvius regrets, while berating the grotesque and impossible architectural forms then in vogue—forms that were very charming all the same if one may be permitted to differ from so august an authority. The four walls are covered with a continuous subject, representing a luxuriant Roman garden, inclosed by a low trellis, in front of which there is a gravel walk. Within the inclosure there is a great variety of flowers, shrubs, and trees that almost mask the pale-blue sky of which but a strip is visible above, while white doves and gay plumed birds flit hither and thither. A fringe of cloth depends from the cornice, painted to represent the edge

of an awning. The general tone of the picture is bluish-green, heightened and enlivened by the brilliant oranges, the rich pomegranates, the vivid flowers, and bright birds. The aerial perspective is good. As compared with the trellis and other objects in the immediate foreground, the fruits and flowers are exaggerated in scale, a realistic loss, but a decorative gain. Before speaking of the technique, it should be stated that the walls at the time of their discovery were covered with a protective varnish—probably a preparation of wax. At present the paintings are somewhat clouded by an efflorescence of white mould that can be removed by friction with a damp cloth. The execution is free and broad, though every object is sufficiently detailed to declare itself. While the treatment of the whole is anything but "impressionistic," being analytic rather than

synthetic, the handling of certain bits, such as the fruit-laden branches of the orange and pomegranate trees is very modern. These are vigorously painted with considerable impasto, of which the modern coat of wax prevented an analysis. If it be legitimate to hazard an opinion, I should say that the medium was "tempera." In a neighboring room I picked up a fragment of painted ornament among the rubbish, of which the color quickly yielded to friction with the moistened finger. The decoration of this country room seemed to me very successful, especially seeing that the apertures were so high, and so guarded by stone, or wood lattices that the painted nature within could never be seen simultaneously with nature herself without. Lanciani thinks that the floor of the villa must have been depressed a few feet below the level of the

ground. This precaution, together with the additional safeguards of mosaic pavements and thick walls, must have warded off the excessive heat of a summer's sun.

After a modest lunch of omelette, ham, and peas, cheese with large vicious-looking raw beans in the pod (L. ate of them plentifully) for dessert, shared in the society of a gendarme, the parish priest (big with a wasp-bite), a sportsman, and two coachmen, we trudged down to the plain of the Tiber with our sketching traps. Here we made an aquarelle of the ancient Fidenæ, rising suddenly from those fields where Roman and Tuscan pommelled each other in the days of yore, and then surrendered ourselves to our alert little nag and *bottaro*, both of them doubly strenuous after their wine and fodder—yes, both of them; for the horse, too, was addicted to alcohol.

SHALL I COMPLAIN?

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

SHALL I complain because the feast is o'er,
 And all the banquet lights have ceased to shine?
 For Joy that was, and is no longer mine;
 For Love that came and went, and comes no more;
 For Hopes and Dreams that left my open door;
 Shall I, who hold the Past in fee, repine? . . .
 Nay! there are those who never quaffed Life's wine—
 That were the unblest fate one might deplore.

To sit alone and dream, at set of sun,
 When all the world is vague with coming night—
 To hear old voices whisper, sweet and low,
 And see dear faces steal back, one by one,
 And thrill anew to each long-past delight—
 Shall I complain, who still this Bliss may know?

THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL.

A MEMORY OF THE MIND OF A CHILD.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

CHAPTER V.

ISLINGTON SQUARE.



IT was one of those rather interesting places which one finds in all large English towns—places which have seen better days. They are only interesting on this account. Their early picturesqueness has usually been destroyed by the fact that a railroad has forced its way into their neighborhood, or factories, and their accompanying cottages for operatives have sprung up around them. Both these things had happened to Islington Square, and only the fact that it was an enclosed space shut in by a large and quite imposing iron gateway, aided it to retain its atmosphere of faded gentility. Such places are often full of story, though they have no air of romance about them. The people who live in them have themselves usually seen better days. They are oftenest widowed ladies with small incomes, and unwidowed gentlemen with large families—people who not having been used to cramped quarters, are glad to find houses of good size at a reduced rent.

Some of the houses in the Square were quite stately in proportion, and in their better days must have been fine enough places. But that halcyon period was far in the past. Islington Hall—the most imposing structure—was a "Select Seminary for young ladies and gentlemen;" its companion house stood empty and deserted, as also did several others of the largest ones, probably because the widowed ladies and unwidowed gentlemen could not afford the corps of servants which would have been necessary to keep them in order.

In the centre of the Square was a Lamp Post. I write it with capital

letters because it was not an ordinary lamp post. It was a very big one, and had a solid base of stone which all the children thought had been put there for a seat. Four or five little girls could sit on it, and four or five little girls usually did when the day was fine.

Ah! the things which were talked over under the Lamp Post, the secrets that were whispered, and the wrongs that were discussed! In the winter, when the gas was lighted at four o'clock, there could be no more delightfully secluded spot for friendly conversation than the stone base of the lamp which cast its yellow light from above.

Was it worldly pride and haughtiness of spirit which gave rise, in the little girls who lived in the Square, to a sense of exclusiveness which caused them to resent an outside little girl's entering the iron gates and sitting "on the Lamp Post." They always spoke of it as "sitting on the Lamp Post."

"Who is that sitting on the Lamp Post?" would be said, disapprovingly. "She is not a Square girl, we don't want Street children sitting on our Lamp Post."

"Street children" were those who lived in the streets surrounding the Square, and as they were in most cases not desirable young persons, they were not considered eligible for the society of "Square children" and the Lamp Post.

When the Small Person was introduced to her first copy of the stories of Hans Christian Andersen, she found a sketch which had a special charm for her. It was called "The Old Street Lamp," and it seemed to be the story of the Lamp in the middle of the Square. It seemed to explain a feeling of affection she had always had for it—a feeling that it was not quite an inanimate object. She had played about it and sat on the stone, and had seen it lighted so often that she loved it, though she had never said so even to herself. She slept in a front

room with her mamma, in the very four-post bed which had been a feature in the first remembered episode of her life. Her house exactly faced the Lamp Post, and at night its light shone in at her bedroom window and made a bright patch on the wall. She used to lie and think about things by the gleam of it, and somehow she never felt quite alone. She would have missed it very much if it had not watched over her. At that time street lamps were not lighted in an instant by a magic wand. A lamplighter came with a ladder over his shoulder. He placed the ladder against the post and ran up it with what seemed astonishing rapidity, and after lighting the gas ran down again, shouldered his ladder, and walked off.

How the Small Person adored the novel called "The Lamplighter;" how familiar the friendly lamp seemed to her, and how she loved old Uncle True! Was there ever such a lovable old man—were there ever sufferings that moved one to such tears as Gerty's?

The Street children, as I have said, were not considered desirable companions for the "Square children." The Square was at that time a sort of oasis in the midst of small thoroughfares and back streets, where factory operatives lived and where the broadest Lancashire dialect thrived. It was difficult enough to preserve to children any purity of enunciation in a neighborhood of broadest vowels, and as manner of speech is in England a mark of breeding, association with the Street children was not encouraged.

But the Small Person adored Street children. She adored above all things the dialect they spoke, and the queer things they said. To stray into a forbidden back street and lure a dirty little factory child into conversation was a delight. To stand at the iron gateway at twelve o'clock and see the factory people streaming past, and hear the young women in tied-back aprons and with shawls over their heads, shouting friendly or derisive chaff to the young men and boys in corduroys, was as good as a play—in fact a great deal better than most plays.

She learned to speak the dialect as well as any of them, though it was a

furtively indulged in accomplishment. She had two or three clever little girl friends who were fluent in it, and who used it with a rich sense of humor. They used to tell each other stories in it, and carry on animated conversations without losing a shade of its flavor. They said, "Wilt tha" and "Wheer art goin'," and "Sithee lass," and "Eh! tha young besom, tha!" with an easy familiarity which they did not display in the matter of geography. There was a very dirty little boy whose family lived rent free, as care-takers in one of the deserted big houses, and this dirty little boy was a fount of joy. He had a disreputable old grandfather who was perennially drunk, and to draw forth from Tommy, in broadest Lancashire dialect, a cheerfully realistic description of "Granfeyther" in his cups, was an entertainment not to be despised. Granfeyther's weakness was regarded by Tommy in the light of an amiable solecism, and his philosophical good spirits over the matter presented a point of view picturesquely novel to the Small Person and her friends. "Eh! tha should heer my Granfeyther sweer when he's drunk," Tommy would remark with an air of triumph suggesting a decent family pride. "Tha shouldst just heer him. *Tha* never heard nothin' loike it—*tha* didn't!" with an evident sense of the limited opportunities of good society.

It was the habit of the Small Person to sit upon the floor before one of the drawing-room windows each evening, and learn her lessons for the next day; and on one of these occasions she saw a creature who somehow puzzled and interested her intensely, though she could not have explained why.

It was part of an unwritten law that people who did not occupy houses in the Square should not come into it, unless they had business. This possibly arose from the fact that it was not a thoroughfare, and there was really no reason why outsiders should pass the iron gates.

When they did they were always regarded with curiosity until one knew what they wanted. This limitation, in fact, gave the gravelled enclosure surrounded by factories and small streets,

something the social atmosphere of a tiny, rather gossipy, country town. Each household knew the other, and had a knowledge of its affairs only limited by the characteristics and curiosities of the members.

So, on this particular evening, when the Small Person, hearing voices, looked up from her geography to see a group of stranger children gathered about the Lamp Post, she put her elbows on the window sill and her cheeks on her hands, and looked out at them with interest.

They were evidently not only "Street children," but they were "Back Street children," a race more exciting to regard as objects, because their customs and language were, as it were, exotic. "Back Street children" *always* spoke the dialect, and the adult members of their families almost invariably worked in the factories—often, indeed, the children worked there themselves. In that locality the atmosphere of the *foyer* was frequently of a lively nature, generally the heads of the families evinced a marked partiality for beer, and spent their leisure moments in consuming "pots" of it at "th' Public." This not uncommonly resulted in argument of a spirited nature, entered into, quite probably, in the street, carried on incoherently, but with vigor, on the doorsteps, and settled—with the fire irons or portable domestic articles—in the home circle. Frequently these differences of opinion were terminated with the assistance of one or more policemen; and while the discussions were being carried on the street was always filled with a mob of delighted and eagerly sympathetic neighbors. Feeling always ran high among the ladies, who usually stood and regarded the scene with arms akimbo.

"A noice chap he is!" it would be said sometimes. "He broke th' beer jug ower 'er 'ed two week sin', an' now he's give her a graidely black eye. He out to be put i'th the Lock-ups."

Or—

"No wonder he g'ies her a hidin'. Her spends all his wage at th' Black Pig i' beer. She was drunk o' Thursday, an' drunk o' Friday, an' now she's gettin' ready fur Saturday neet."

"A row in Islington Court!" or, "A row in Back Sydney Street. Man beating his wife with a shovel!" was a cry which thrilled the bolder juvenile spirits of the Square with awesome delight. There were even fair little persons who hovered shudderingly about the big gates, or even passed them, in the shocked hope of seeing a policeman march by with somebody in custody.

And the strangers gathered about the Lamp Post were of this world.

They were half a dozen girls or more. Most of them factory girls in print frocks, covered by the big coarse linen apron, which was tied all the way down the back to confine their skirts, and keep them from being caught by the machinery. They had no bonnets on, and they wore clogs on their feet. They were all the ordinary type of small factory girl—all but one. Why did the Small Person find her eyes fixed upon that one, and following her movements? She was bigger than the others, and seemed more mature, though a child could not have explained why. She was dressed exactly as they were—print frock, tied-back apron, clogs, and bare head, and she held a coarse blue worsted stocking, which she was knitting as she talked. It did not occur to the Small Person that she was beautiful. At that age beauty meant to her something with pink cheeks and sparkling blue or black eyes, and sweetly curled hair, and a charming frock. Not a strange-looking, colorless factory girl, knitting a worsted stocking and wearing wooden clogs. Certainly not.

And yet at that girl she stared, quite forgetting her geography.

The other girls were the ordinary rough lot, talking loudly, bouncing about and pushing each other. But this one was not playing at all. She stood or moved about a little, with a rather measured movement, knitting all the time her blue worsted stocking. She was about sixteen, but of rather massive and somehow majestic mould. The Small Person would have said she was "big and slow," if she had been trying to describe her. She had a clear, colorless face, deep, large gray eyes, slender, but strong, straight black brows, and a rather square chin with a

cleft in it. Her hair was dark and had a slight large wave, it was thick and drawn into a heavy knot on the nape of her neck, which was fine and full like a pillar, and held her head in a peculiar stately way.

The Small Person, as she watched her, came to the decision that there was "something the matter with her."

"What is it?" she said, mentally, with a puzzled and impressed feeling. "She's not a bit like the others. She does not look like a Back Street girl at all, though she has got clogs on. Somehow she's different."

That was it. She was different. That was why one could not return to one's geography while one could watch her.

Her companions seemed to appeal to her as if she were a sort of power and influence. She seemed to control them when they made too much noise, though she went on knitting her stocking. The windows were closed, and it was not possible to hear what was said, but occasional loudly spoken dialect words or phrases reached the Small Person. The group did not stay long, and when it went the one who was "different" led it, and the looker-on watched her out of sight, and pondered a moment or so with her nose flattened against the glass, before she went back to her geography.

One evening the next week, at about the same time, the same group appeared again. The Small Person was again on the floor with her lessons on her knee, the factory girls were still laughing and boisterous, and the one who was different was again knitting.

The Small Person shuffled all her books off her knee and let them drop in a heap on the carpet. She put her elbows on the window-sill again, and gave herself up to absorbed contemplation.

That the other girls shouted and giggled was not interesting, but it was interesting to see how, in the midst of the giggles and shouts, the big one seemed a stately, self-contained creature who belonged to another world. Somehow she seemed strangely to suggest a story which one could not read, and of which one could not guess at the plot.

When she grew older and knew more of people and lives and characters, the

Small Person guessed that she *was* a story—this strong, pale creature with the stately head and square-cleft chin. She was that saddest story of all, which is beauty and fineness and power—a splendid human thing born into a world to which she does not belong by any kinship, and in which she must stand alone and struggle in silence and suffer. This was what was the matter with her, this was why a ten-year-old child, bearing in her own breast a thermometer of the emotions, dropped her lesson-books to look at her, and gazed restless and dissatisfied because she could not explain to herself why this one was "different."

This evening the group did not leave the place as they had done before.

Some girl, turning round toward the entrance, caught sight of an approaching figure, and hastily, and evidently in some consternation, elbowed a companion. Then they all looked.

A man was coming toward them—an ill-looking brute in corduroys, with his hands in his pockets and a moleskin cap pulled over his brows. He slouched forward as if he were in a bad temper.

"Here's thy feyther!" cried one of the girls. And she said it to the one who was knitting. She looked at the advancing man and went on knitting as if nothing was occurring. The Small Person would have given all her lesson-books—particularly the arithmetic—to know what he had come for. She knew the kind of man. He usually drank a great deal of beer and danced on his wife in his clogs when depressed or irritated. Sometimes he "punsed" her to death if he had been greatly annoyed, and females were rather afraid of him.

But the girl with the deep eyes and straight black brows evidently was not. She was also evidently used to him. He went up to her and addressed her with paternal blasphemy. He seemed to be ordering her to go home. He growled and bullied her, and threatened her with his fist.

The Small Person had a horrible fear that he would knock her down and kick her, as was the custom of his class. She felt she could not bear it, and had a wild idea of dashing out somewhere for a policeman.

But the girl *was* different. She looked him straight in the brutal face and went on knitting. Then she turned and walked slowly out of the Square. He walked behind her, threatening her at intervals with his fist and his lifted clog.

"Dom tha brazen impudence!" the Small Person heard him say once.

But the girl walked calmly before him without a word or a hurried movement. She went on knitting the stocking until she turned the corner and disappeared for the last time from the Small Person's sympathetic gaze. She also disappeared from her life, for the little girl never saw her again.

But she thought of her often and pondered her over, and felt her a power and a mystery. Not until she had given some contemplative thought to various antique marbles, and had wondered "what was the matter" with the Venus of Milo, did it dawn upon her mind that in this girl in the clogs and apron she had seen and been overpowered by Beauty such as goddesses were worshipped for, and strength such as should belong to one who ruled. She always wanted to know what happened afterward, but there was no end to the story that she ever saw. So it was that some years later she wrote a beginning, a middle, and an end herself. She made the factory operative a Pit girl, and she called her Joan Lowrie.

There was such food for the imagination in thus living surrounded by the lives of streets full of people who belonged to another world than one's own—a world whose customs, manners, and language were wholly foreign in one sense—where even children got up before daylight and went to their work in the big, whirring, oil-smelling factories—where there was a possibility of being caught by the machinery and carried afterward to the Infirmary, followed by a staring, pitying crowd—a broken, bleeding heap of human suffering lying decently covered on a stretcher. Such accidents were such horrors that to a child mind they seemed always impending, though their occurrence was not frequent. But the mere possibility of them made one regard these people—who lived among the ghastly wheels—with awe.

On the same floor with the Nursery was a room where the governess slept, presiding over an extra bed which contained two little girls. There was a period when for some reason the Small Person was one of them. The window of this room, which was at the back, looked down upon the back of the row of cottages in which operatives lived. When one glanced downward it was easy to see into their tiny kitchens and watch them prepare their breakfasts, and eat them too, if one were curious.

Imagine, then, the interest of waking very early one dark winter's morning and seeing a light reflected on the ceiling of the Nursery bedroom from somewhere far below.

The Small Person did this once, and after watching a little, discovered that not only the light and the window itself were reflected, but two figures which seemed to pass before it or stand near it.

It was too exciting to watch alone, so she spoke to her sister, who slept at her side.

"Edith!" she whispered, cautiously, for fear of disturbing the governess, "Edith, do wake up. I want to show you something." The prospect of being shown something in what appeared to be the middle of the night, was a thing to break any slumbers.

Edith turned and rubbed her eyes.

"What is it?" she asked, sleepily.

"It's a man and a woman," whispered the Small Person, half under the bed-clothes, "Back Street people in their kitchen. You can see them on our ceiling. *This* ceiling; just look."

Edith looked. Back Street people always awakened curiosity.

"So we can," she said, with a carefully smothered giggle. "There the woman is now!"

"She's got something in her hand," said the Small Person. "It looks like a loaf."

"It's a piece of *something*," whispered Edith.

"It must be a loaf," said the Small Person. "They're factory people, and the man's wife must be getting his breakfast before he goes to work. I wonder what poor people have for breakfast."

"There's the man!" exclaimed Edith, with so much animation that the governess turned in her sleep.

"Hush," warned the Small Person; "she'll wake up and scold us for making a noise."

"The man is washing his face on the dresser," said Edith, in more discreet tones. "We can see what they do when they are near the window. I can see him rubbing and wiggling his head."

"So can I," said the Small Person. "Isn't it fun? I hope the roller-towel is near the window."

The little whispers, cautious as they were, penetrated the drowsy ears of the governess. She half awakened.

"Children," she said, "what are you whispering about? Don't be so naughty. Go to sleep!" All very well for a sleepy governess, but for two little persons awake at four o'clock, and with front seats at a Back Street panorama on their own bedroom ceiling, ridiculously out of the question.

Ah, the charm of it! The sense of mystery and unusualness. It seemed the middle of the night. In all the bedrooms through the house, everyone was asleep—the servants, the brothers, mamma, the very Doll had had her wire pulled and her wax eyelids drawn down. Being awake had the charms of nursery guilt in it. It was naughty to be awake, and it was breaking rules to talk. But how could one go to sleep with the rest when the Back Street woman was awake and getting her husband's breakfast. One's own ceiling reflected it and seemed to include one in the family circle.

"If they had a fight," whispered Edith, "we could see it."

There was no end of speculation to be indulged in. What each figure was really doing when it was near enough to the window to be reflected, what it did when it moved away out of the range of reflection, and what it was possible they said to each other, were all things to be excitedly guessed at, and to endanger the repose of the governess.

"Edith, you are a naughty girl," she said. "Frances, I shall speak to your mamma. Edith would not be whispering if you were not with her. Go to sleep this instant!" As if going to

sleep was a thing done by touching an electric button.

How they longed to creep out of bed, and peep through the window down into the Back Street people's kitchen itself. But that was out of the question. Neither of them would have dared such an insubordination—that first morning, at least.

But there were other such mornings. It became a habit to waken at that delightful and uncanny hour, just for the pleasure of lying awake and watching the Woman and the Man. That was what they called them. They never knew what their names were, or anything about them, except what was reflected during that early breakfast hour upon the ceiling.

But the Small Person was privately attached to them, and continually tried to imagine what they said. She had a fancy that they were a decent couple, who were rather fond of each other, and it was a great comfort to her that they never had a fight.

CHAPTER VI.

A CONFIDENCE BETRAYED.

Is the age of seven years an age of special development, or an age which attracts incidents interesting, and having an effect on life, and the formation of character? As I look back I remember so many things which seemed to happen to the Small Person when she was seven years old. She was seven, or thereabouts, when she discovered the *Secrétaire*; seven when she began to learn the Lancashire dialect, and study Back Street people; seven when she first saw Death, with solemn, asking eyes, and awe in her soul; seven when she wrote her first inarticulate story, which was a poem; and seven when she was first brought face to face with the enormity of a betrayed confidence.

Thank God, she did not quite realize what had happened to her, and that her innocence gave every reason for hope disappointed, but the true one, that she had been trifled with and deceived; and thank Heaven, also, that the point involved was not one cruel enough to leave a deep wound. In fact, though

it was quite a serious matter with her, she was more mystified and disappointed than hurt, and for some time did not realize that she had been the subject of one of maturity's jokes.

She had a passion for babies. She seldom pretended that the Doll was a baby, but a baby—a new baby—was an object of rapturous delight to her. She liked them very new, indeed—quite red, and with little lace caps on, and disproportionately long clothes. She never found them so delightful as when they wore long clothes. When their frocks were made short, and one could see their little red or white shoes kicking, the bloom seemed to have gone off—they were no longer real babies. But when the nurse seemed to be obliged to move them carefully lest they should fall into minute fragments, when their mouths always opened when one kissed them, and when they were fragrant of warm flannel, warm milk, and violet powder, they were the loves of her yearning little soul.

There were one or two ladies in the Square who were given to new babies, and when one of their number honored the neighborhood, the Small Person was always one of the first to hear of it.

"Did you know," it would be said by some little individual, "that Mrs. Roberts has got a new baby?"

Then joy would reign unconfined in the Small Person's breast. The Doll would be given a day's holiday. Her sawdust interior somehow seemed such an evident thing. She would be left in her chair to stare, while her proprietor hovered about the Roberts house, and walked with friends past it, looking up at the windows, and discussing, with bated breath, as to whether the new baby was a girl or a boy. I think she had a predilection for girls, feeling somehow that they tended to long clothes for the greater length of time.

Then some day, having had her hair neatly curled, and a clean tucker put in her frock, she would repair to the Roberts establishment, stand on her tiptoes, cautiously ring the bell, and await with beating heart the arrival of the housemaid, to whom she would say, with the utmost politeness of which she was capable :

"If you please, Mamma's compliments, and how is Mrs. Roberts—And if she is as well as can be expected, do you think I might see the new baby?"

And then if fortune favored her, which it usually did, she would be led up the staircase and into a shaded room, which seemed pervaded by a solemn but beautiful stillness which made her feel as if she wanted to be a good little girl always. And Mrs. Roberts, who perhaps was not really a specially handsome person at all, but who looked somehow rather angelic, would hold out her hand and say gently :

"How do you do, my dear? Have you come to see the new baby?"

And she would answer, in a voice full of respectful emotion :

"Yes, if you please, Mrs. Roberts. Mamma said I might ask you if I could see it—if you are as well as can be expected—and I may only stay a few minutes for fear I should bother you."

"Give my regards to your Mamma, love, and say I am getting on very nicely, and the baby is a little boy. Nurse will let you look at him."

Oh, to stand beside that lovely bundle and look down at it reverently, as it lay upon the nurse's knee! Reverence and adoration mingled with awe were the pervading emotions in her small mind. Reverence for Mrs. Roberts and awe of a stately mystery in the shaded room, which made it feel rather like a church, reverence for the Nurse who knew all about new babies, reverence for the new baby, whose newness made him seem such a potentate, and adoration—pure, deep adoration of him as a Baby.

As years before she had known thoughts which even her mind could not have known words to frame, so in these days I well remember that she felt emotions her child-thoughts could give no shape to, and which were still feelings which deeply moved her. She was only a child, who had been kept a child by those who loved her, who had been treated always as a child, and who was not in any sense old beyond her brief years. And yet my memory brings clearly to me that by the atmosphere of these shaded rooms she was moved and awed as she was by the at-

mosphere of other rooms shaded by blinds drawn down—and by the mystery of another stillness—a more awful stillness—a colder one, in which people always stood weeping as they looked down at Something which was not a life beginning, but a life's end.

She was too much a little girl to know then that before the shaded stillness of both chambers the human nature of her stood hushed and reverent, confronting Mystery, and the Unanswered Question before which ages have stood hushed just as she did, just as she did though she was only seven years old. She knew no less than all the world.

If the nurse was a kind one she was allowed to look at the baby's feet, and perhaps to kiss them. Such tiny feet, and so pink and tender, and so given to curling up and squirming!

"Aren't they weenty," she would say, clasping her hands, "and isn't he beautiful! Oh, *I wish* he was mine!"

The unbiassed opinion of maturer years leads me to a tardy conviction that the new babies were *not* beautiful, that they were painfully creased and grievously red, and had frequently a weird air of eld combined with annoyance; that they had no hair and no noses, and no individuality except to the Mrs. Roberts of the occasion, who saw in them the gifts and graces of the gods. (This being the lovely boon of Nature, whom all women of earth may kneel and bless that she, in some strange, gentle moment, has given them this thing.)

But it was the serious belief of the Small Person that a new baby was always Beautiful, and she could not possibly have understood the creature who insinuated, even with the most cautious and diplomatic mildness, that it was not. No, that would have been striking at the foundations of the universe.

And there were Nurses who let her *hold* the new baby. She was so careful and so full of tender respect that I think anyone might have trusted her—even with twins. When she sat on a low chair and held the white draped, faintly moving bundle which was a new-born human thing, she was an unformed, yearning Mother-creature, her little breast as warm with brooding instincts as a small bird-mother covering her first

nest. She did not know this—she was too young—but it was true.

She was walking slowly round the Square one lovely Summer evening, just after tea (Nursery breakfasts were at eight, dinners at one, tea at six), and she had as her companion the little girl who was known as her "Best Friend." One had a best Doll, a best frock, and a best friend. Her best friend was a very sensitive, shy little girl with lovely brown velvet eyes. Her name was Annie, and their souls were one.

As they walked they saw at length a respectable elderly person dressed in black, and carrying something in her arms. It was something white and with long drapery depending from it. She was walking slowly up and down as if taking the air.

"There is a lady with a baby," exclaimed the Small Person. "And it looks like a new one."

"It is a new one," said Annie. "She isn't a Square lady, I wonder who she is."

It was not easy to tell. She was no one they knew, and yet there she was walking quietly up and down, giving a promenade to a new baby.

There was no doubt about the matter, she must be approached. They eyed her wistfully askance, and then looked at each other with the same thought in their eyes.

"Would she think we were rude if we spoke to her?" suggested the Small Person, almost in a whisper.

"Oh, we don't know her," said the little Best Friend. "She might think it very rude."

"Do you think she would?" said the Small Person. "She looks kind," exclaiming her with anxiety.

"Let us walk past her," said the Best Friend. So they walked past her slowly, respectfully regarding the new baby. The elderly lady who carried it did not look vicious, in fact, she looked amiable, and after they had walked past her twice she began to smile at them. This was so encouraging that they slackened their pace and the Best Friend gave the companion of her soul a little "nudge" with her elbow.

"Let's ask her," she said. "You do it."

"No, you."

"I daren't."

"I daren't, either."

"Oh, *do*. It's a perfectly new one."

"Oh, *you* do it. See, how nice she looks."

They were quite near her, and just at that juncture she smiled again so encouragingly that the Small Person stopped before her.

"If you please," she said, "isn't that a new baby?"

She felt herself quite red in the face at her temerity, and there was no doubt an honest imploring in her eyes, for the lady smiled again.

"Yes," she answered. "Do you want to look at it?"

"Oh, yes, please," they both chimed at once. "We do so love them."

The baby's face was covered with a white lace veil. The lady bent toward them, and lifting it, revealed the charms beneath.

"There," she said.

And they gasped with joy and cried together:

"Oh, isn't it a *beautiful* one!" though it was exactly like all the others, having neither hair, features, nor complexion.

"Is it a *very* new one?" they asked. "How new?" And their hearts were rejoiced with the information that it was as new as could possibly be compatible with its being allowed to breathe the air of Heaven.

In reflecting upon the conduct of this elderly person—who was probably a sort of superior monthly nurse—I have always felt obliged to class her with the jocular Park policeman who, in the buoyancy of his spirits, caused the blood of the Small Person to congeal in her infancy by the sprightly information that she would be taken to prison if she fell on the grass through the back of the seat.

This lady also regarded the innocence of tender years as an amusing thing. Though how—with the adoring velvet eyes of the Best Friend fixed trustingly on her, and with the round face of the Small Person burning with excited delight as she talked—it was quite possible to play her comedy with entire composure, I do not find it easy to explain.

"Are you so very fond of babies?" she inquired.

"We love them better than anything in the world."

"Better than dolls?"

"Oh, thousands better!" exclaimed the Small Person.

"But dolls don't cry," said the stranger.

"If I had a baby," the Small Person protested, "it wouldn't cry, because I should take such care of it."

"Would you like a baby of your own?"

I feel sure the round face must have become scarlet.

"I would give worlds and worlds for one!" with a lavishness quite unbiassed by the limits of possession.

The stranger was allowing the friends to walk slowly by her, one on either side. In this way there seemed to be established some relationship with the baby.

"Would you like me to give you this one?" she asked, quite seriously.

"Give it to me?" breathless. "Oh, you *couldn't*."

"I think I could, if you would be sure to take care of it."

"Oh, oh!" with rapturous incredulity. "But its mamma wouldn't let you!"

"Yes, I think she would," said the lady, with reflective composure. "You see, she has enough of them!"

The Small Person gasped! Enough of new babies? There was a riotous splendor in such a suggestion which seemed incredible. She could not help being guilty of the rudeness of regarding the strange lady, in private, with doubt. She was capable of believing almost anything else—but not that.

"Ah!" she sighed, "you—you're making fun of me."

"No," replied this unprincipled elderly person, "I am not at all. They are very tiresome when there are a great many of them." She spoke as if they were fleas. "What would you do with this one if I gave it to you?"

At this thrilling suggestion the Small Person quite lost her head.

"I would wash it every morning," she said, her words tumbling over each other in her desire to prove her fitness

for the boon. "I would wash it in warm water in a little bath and with a big soft sponge and Windsor soap—and I would puff it all over with powder—and dress it and undress it—and put it to sleep and walk it about the room—and trot it on my knees—and give it milk."

"It takes a great deal of milk," said the wicked elderly person, who was revelling in an orgy of jocular crime.

"I would ask Mamma to let me take it from the milkman. I'm sure she would, I would give it as much as it wanted, and it would sleep with me, and I would buy it a rattle, and——"

"I see you know how to take care of it," said the respectable criminal. "You shall have it!"

"But can its Mamma spare it?" asked the small victim, fearfully. "Are you *sure* she could spare it?"

"Oh, yes, she can spare it. Of course I must take it back to her to-night and tell her you want it and I have promised it to you; but to-morrow evening you can have it."

Since the dawning of the Children's Century, young things have become much better able to defend themselves, in the sense of being less easily imposed on. I believe that only an English child, and a child brought up in the English nursery of that period, could have been sufficiently unsophisticated to believe this Machiavelian Monthly Nurse. In that day one's private reverence for and confidence in the grown-up person were things which dominated existence. A grown-up person represented such knowledge and dignity and power. People who could crush you to the earth by telling you that you were "a rude little girl," or "an impertinent child," and who could send you to bed, or give you extra lessons, or deprive you of your pudding at dinner, wore an air of omnipotence. To suggest that a grown-up person—"a grown-up lady" or gentleman, could "tell a story," would have been sheer iconoclasm. And to doubt the veracity of a respectable elderly person entrusted with a new baby would have been worse than sacrilegious. The two friends did not leave her side until she left the Square to take the baby home, and when she went

all details had been arranged between them, and Heaven itself seemed to have opened.

The next evening, at precisely a quarter-past seven, the two were to go to the corner of a certain street, and there they would find the elderly person with the new baby and a bundle of its clothes, which were to be handed over with ceremony to the new proprietor.

It was to the Small Person the baby was to be given, though in the glow of generous joy and affection it was an understood thing between them that the Best Friend was to be a partner in the blissful enterprise.

How did they live through the next day? How did they learn their lessons? How could they pin themselves down to geography and grammar and the multiplication table? The Small Person's brain reeled, and new babies swam before her eyes. She felt as if the wooden form she sat on were a species of throne.

Momentarily she had been brought down to earth by the fact that, when she had gone to her Mamma, glowing and exalted from the interview with the elderly person, she had found herself confronting doubt as to the seriousness of that lady's intentions.

"My dear child," said her Mamma, smiling at her radiant little countenance, "she did not mean it! she was only joking!"

"Oh, no!" the Small Person insisted. "She was *quite* in earnest, Mamma! She really was! She did not laugh the least bit. And she was such a nice lady—and the baby was such a beautiful little new one! I asked her if she was laughing at me, and she said, 'No, she was not. And I asked her if the baby's mamma could spare it, and she said she thought she could, because she had enough of them. She was such a *kind* lady."

Somehow she felt that her Mamma and the governess were not convinced, but she was too much excited and there was too much exaltation in her mood to allow of her being really discouraged, at least until *after* the fateful hour of appointment. Before that hour arrived she and her friend were at the corner of the street which had been named.

"It's rather a common street, isn't it,"

the two said to each other. "It was funny that she should tell us to come to a back street. That baby could not live here, of course, and neither could she. I wonder why she didn't bring it back into the Square."

It was decidedly a back street—being a sort of continuation of the one whose row of cottages the Small Person could see from the Nursery window. It was out of the question that the baby could belong to such a neighborhood. The houses were factory people's cottages—the kind of houses where domestic differences were settled with the fire-irons.

The two children walked up and down, talking in excited under-tones. Perhaps she had mentioned this street because it was near the Square; perhaps she lived on the Crescent, which was not far off; perhaps she was afraid it would be troublesome to carry the baby and the bundle at the same time, and this corner was nearer than the Square itself.

They walked up and down in earnest faith. Nothing would have induced them to lose sight of the corner for a second. They confined themselves and their promenade to a distance of about ten yards. They went backward and forward like squirrels in a cage.

Every ten minutes they consulted together as to who could pluck up the courage to ask some passer-by the time. The passers-by were all back street people. Sometimes they did not know the time, but at last the children found out that the quarter-past seven was passed.

"Perhaps the baby was asleep," said one of them. "And she had to wait until it wakened up before she could put on its bonnet and cloak."

So they walked up and down again.

"Mamma said she wasn't in earnest," said the Small Person; "but she *was*, wasn't she, Annie?"

"Oh! yes," said Annie. "She didn't laugh the least bit when she talked."

"The house at the corner is a *little* nicer than the others," the Small Person suggested. "Perhaps it is very nice inside. Do you think she *might* live there? If she did we could knock at the door and tell her we are here."

But the house was really not possible.

She must live somewhere else—with that baby.

It seemed as if they had walked for hours, and talked for months, and reasoned for years, when they were startled by the booming, regular sound of a church clock.

"That's St. Philip's bell," exclaimed the Small Person. "What is it striking?"

They stood still and counted.

"One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight."

The two friends looked at each other blankly.

"Do you think," they exclaimed, simultaneously, "she isn't coming?"

"But—but she *said* she would," said the Small Person, with desperate hopefulness. "If she didn't come it would be a *story*!"

"Yes," said the Best Friend, "she would have told a *story*!"

This seemed an infamy impossible and disrespectful to contemplate. It was so impossible that they braced themselves and began to walk up and down again. Perhaps they had made some mistake—there had been some misunderstanding about the time—the corner—the street—anything but the honorable intentions of the elderly person.

They tried to comfort each other—to be sustained. They talked, they walked, they watched—until St. Philip's clock boomed half-past eight. Their bedtime was really eight o'clock. They had stayed out half an hour beyond it. They dare stay no longer. They stopped their walk on the fated corner itself and looked into each other's eyes.

"She *hasn't* come!" they said, unconscious of the obviousness of the remark.

"She *said* she would," repeated the Small Person.

"It must be the wrong corner," said the Best Friend.

"It must be," replied the Small Person, desolately. "Or the baby's mamma couldn't spare it. It was such a beautiful baby—perhaps she *could not*!"

"And the lady did not like to come and tell us," said the Best Friend. "Perhaps we shall see her in the Square again some time."

"Perhaps we shall," said the Small

Person, dolefully. "It's too late to stay out any longer. Let us go home."

They went home sadder but not much wiser little girls. They did not realize that the respectable elderly person had had a delightful, relatable joke at the expense of their innocent little maternal souls.

Evening after evening they walked the Square together watching. But they never saw the new baby again, or the sardonic elderly female who carried it.

It is only a thing not far away from Paradise—not yet acclimatized to earth—who can so trustingly believe and be so far befooled.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECRÉTAIRE.

I WONDER why it was called the Secrétaire? Perhaps it had resources the Small Person never knew of. It looked like a large old-fashioned mahogany book-case, with a big drawer which formed a ledge, and with a cupboard below. Until she was seven or eight years old she did not "discover" the Secrétaire. She knew that it existed, of course, but she did not know what its values were. She used to look at its rows and rows of books and sigh, because she knew they were "grown-up books" and she thought there was nothing in them which could interest her.

They were such substantially bound and serious-looking books. No one could have suspected them of containing stories—at least, no inexperienced inspector. There were rows of volumes called "The Encyclopædia," rows of stout volumes of *Blackwood's Magazine*, a row of poets, a row of miscellaneous things with unprepossessing bindings, and two rows of exceedingly ugly brown books, which might easily have been suspected of being arithmetics, only that it was of course incredible that any human creature, however lost, could have been guilty of the unseemly brutality of buying arithmetics by the dozen.

The Small Person used to look at them sometimes with hopeless, hungry eyes. It seemed so horribly wicked that there should be shelves of books—shelves full

of them—which offered nothing to a starving creature. She was a starving creature in those days, with a positively wolfish appetite for books, though no one knew about it or understood the anguish of its gnawings. It must be plainly stated that her longings were not for "improving" books. The cultivation she gained in those days was gained quite unconsciously, through the workings of a sort of rabies with which she had been infected from birth. At three years old she had begun a life-long chase after the Story. She may have begun it earlier, but my clear recollections seem to date from Herod, the King, to whom her third year introduced her through the medium of the speckled Testament.

In those days, I think, the Children's Century had not begun. Children were not regarded as embryo intellects, whose growth it is the pleasure and duty of intelligent maturity to foster and protect. Morals and manners were attended to, desperate efforts were made to conquer their natural disinclination to wash their hands and faces, it was a time-honored custom to tell them to "make less noise," and I think everybody knelt down in his night-gown and said his prayers every night and morning. I wish I knew who was the originator of the nursery verse which was a kind of creed:

"Speak when you're spoken to,
Come when you're called,
Shut the door after you,
And do as you're told."

The rhyme and metre were, perhaps, not faultless, but the sentiments were without a flaw.

A perfectly normal child knew what happened in its own nursery and the nurseries of its cousins and juvenile friends; it knew something of the romances of Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth, and the adventures related in Peter Parley's "Annual." Religious aunts possibly gave it horrible little books containing memoirs of dreadful children who died early of complicated diseases, whose lingering developments they enlivened by giving unlimited moral advice and instruction to their parents and immediate relatives, seeming, figuratively speaking, to implore

them to "go and do likewise," and perishing to appropriate texts. The Small Person suffered keen private pangs of conscience, and thought she was a wicked child, because she did not like those books and had a vague feeling of disbelief in the children. It seemed probable that she might be sent to perdition and devoured by fire and brimstone because of this irreligious indifference, but she could not overcome it. But I am afraid the Small Person was not a normal child. Still she really could not help it, and she has been sufficiently punished, poor thing, even while she has been unduly rewarded. She happened to be born, as a clever but revoltingly candid and practical medical man once told her, with a cerebral tumor of the Imagination.

Little girls did not revel in sumptuous libraries then. Books were birthday or Christmas presents, and were read and re-read, and lent to other little girls as a great favor.

The Small Person's chase after the Story was thought to assume the proportions of a crime.

"Have you any books you could lend me?" she always ended by asking a new acquaintance.

"That child has a book again!" she used to hear annoyed voices exclaim, when being sent up or down stairs, on some errand, she found something to read on the way, and fell through the tempter. It was so positively unavoidable and inevitable, that one should forget and sink down on the stairs somewhere to tear the contents out of the heart of a few pages, and it was so horrible, and made one's heart leap and thump so guiltily, when one heard the voice, and realized how bad, and idle, and thoughtless, and disobedient one was.

It was like being conquered by a craving for drink or opium. It was being a story-maniac.

It made her rude, too, and it was an awful thing to be rude! She was a well-mannered enough child, but when she went to play with a friend in a strange nursery, or sitting-room, how was it possible to resist just *looking* at a book lying on a table? Figure to yourself a beautiful, violently crimson,

or purple, or green book, ornamented with gorgeous, flaring designs in gilt, and with a seductive title in gilt letters on the back, and imagine how it could be possible that it should not fill one's veins with fever.

If people had just understood and had allowed her to take such books and gallop through them without restraint. (She always galloped through her books, she could not read them with reasonable calmness.) But it was rude to want to read when people wanted to talk or play with you, and so one could only breathlessly lift a corner of a leaf and devour half a dozen words during some momentary relief from the other person's eye. And it was torment. And notwithstanding her sufferings, she knew that it was her fate to be frequently discussed among her friends as a little girl who was rude enough "to read when she comes to see you."

As she did not develop with years into an entirely unintelligent or unthinking person, there may lie a shade of encouragement to anxious parents in the fact that she was not conscious of any thirst for "improving" reading. She wanted stories—any kind of stories—every kind—anything from a romance to a newspaper anecdote. She was a simple, omnivorous creature. She had no precocious views about her mind or her intellectual condition. She reflected no more on her mind than she did on her plump legs and arms—not so much, because they were frequently made red and smarting by the English east winds—and it did not occur to her that she had an intellectual condition. She went to school because all little girls did, and she learned her lessons because only in that manner could she obtain release at twelve in the morning and four in the afternoon. She seemed always to know how to read, and spelling had no difficulties for her; she rather liked geography, she thought grammar dull, and she abhorred arithmetic. Roman and Grecian and English history, up to the times of the Georges, she was very fond of. They were the Story she was in chase of. Gods and goddesses, legends and wars, Druids and ancient Britons, painted blue, worshipping in their groves, and fighting with their clubs and spears

against the splendid Romans in their chariots—these fed the wolf which gnawed her innocent vitals. The poor, half-savage Briton, walking in wonder through the marvellous city of his captors, and saying mournfully, "How could you who have all this splendor wish to conquer and take from me such a poor country as mine"—this touched her heart. Boadicea the Queen was somehow a wild, beautiful, majestic figure—Canute upon the sea-shore, commanding the sea to recede, provided the drama—and Alfred, wandering in the forest, and burning the cakes in the neat-herd's hut, was comedy and tragedy at once, as his kingdom stood rebuked before the scolding woman, ignorant of his power. Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth and Bloody Mary, Richard Cœur de Lion, Richard the Third, and the poor little Princes in the Tower—one could read their stories again and again; but where the Georges began romance seemed to fade away, and the Small Person was guilty of the base treason of being very slightly interested in the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

"I don't care about the coal and cotton reigns," she said. "They are not interesting. Nothing happens." Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary" was a treasure to be clutched at any moment—to keep in a convenient corner of the desk, so that, when one put one's head under the lid to look for pens or pencils, one could snatch just one scrap of a legend about a god or goddess changed into something as a punishment or to escape somebody or other.

Remembering these ill-satisfied hangers, her own childhood being a thing of the past, and the childhood of young things of her own waiting for its future, she gave them books as she gave them food, and found it worthy of note that, having literature as daily bread and all within reach before them, they chose the "improving" things of their own free will. It interested her to ponder on the question of whether it was because they were never starving and ravenous, or that instruction of to-day is made interesting, or whether they were by nature more intelligent than herself.

It was an indescribably dreary day

when she discovered the gold mine in the *Secrétaire*. I have a theory that no one can really know how dreary a rainy day can be until they have spent one in an English manufacturing town. She did not live at Seedley at that time, and as in her recollections of the Back Garden of Eden the sun always seemed to have been shining on roses and apple-blossoms, in Islington Square it seemed always to be raining on stone pavements and slate roofs shining with the wet. One did not judge of the weather by looking at the sky. The sky was generally gray when it was not filled with dirty but beautiful woolly-white clouds, with small patches of deep blue between. It was the custom to judge what was happening by looking at the slates on the roofs. There seemed to be such lots of slates to look out at when one went to a window.

"The slates are quite wet!" was the awful sentence which doomed to despair many a plan of pleasure. They were always wet on the days when one was to be taken somewhere to do something interesting.

Everything was wet on the day when she found the gold mine. When she went to the Nursery window (the Nursery being a back room on the third story) she looked down on the flags of wet back yards—her own back yard and those of the neighbors. Manchester back yards are never beautiful or enlivening, but when the flagstones are dark and shining, when moisture makes dingier the always dingy whitewashed walls, and the rain splashes on their coping, they wear an aspect to discourage the soul. The back yards of the houses of the Square were divided by a long flagged passage from the back yards of the smaller houses in what was called a "back street." From the Nursery one looked down on their roofs and chimneys and was provided with a depressing area of wet slates. It was not a cheering outlook.

The view from the Sitting-room was no more inspiring and was more limited. It was on the ground floor and at the back also, and only saw the wet flagstones. She tried it and retired. The drawing-room looked out on a large square expanse of gravel enclosed by

houses whose smoke-grimed faces stared at one with blank, wet window eyes which made one low-spirited beyond compare. She tried that also, and breaking down under it, crept upstairs. It was in a room above the drawing-room that the *Secrétaire* had its place, and it was on turning in despair from the window there, that her eye fell upon its rows of uninviting-looking books.

Before that particular window there was a chair, and it was a habit of hers to go and kneel by it with her elbows on its seat and her chin on her hands while she looked at the clouds.

This was because through all her earlier years she had a queer sense of nearness to the sky and of companionship with the clouds when she looked up at them. When they were fleecy and beautiful and floated in the blue, she imagined them part of a wonderful country, and fancied herself running and climbing over them. When there was only a dull lead-colored expanse, she used to talk to it in a whisper, expostulating, arguing, imploring. And this she did that day.

"Oh!" she whispered, "do open and let me see some blue, please do! If you please. You can do it if you like. You might do it! I would do it for you if I was a sky. Just a piece of blue and some sun—just an island of blue! Do! Do! Do!"

But it would not and did not. The rain came drizzling down and the slates became wetter and wetter. It was deadly—deadly dull.

The Nursery Sofa, the Green Armchair, the very Doll itself seemed to have the life taken out of them. The Doll sat in her chair in the Nursery and glared in a glassy-eyed way into space. She was nobody at all but a Doll. Mary Queen of Scots, Evangeline, and the Aztec royalties seemed myriads of miles away from her. They were in the Fourth Dimension of Space. She was stuffed with sawdust, her nose was a blunt dab of wax, her arms were green kid, her legs dangled, her toes turned in, and she wore an idiotic wig. How could a Small Person "pretend" with a thing like that! And the slates were wet—wet—wet! She rose from her kneeling posture before the chair and

wandered across the room toward the *Secrétaire*, to stare up at the books.

"I wish I had something to read!" she said, wofully. "I wish there was something for me to read in the *Secrétaire*. But they are just a lot of fat, grown-up books."

The bound volumes of *Blackwood's Magazine* always seemed specially annoying to her, because there were bits of red in the binding which might have suggested liveliness. But "*Blackwood's Magazine*!" What a title! Not a hope of a story in that. At that period cheerfulness in binding seemed to promise something, and the title did the rest.

But she had reached the climax of childish *ennui*. Something must be done to help her to endure it.

She stared for a few moments, and then went to another part of the room for a chair. It must have been heavy for her, because English chairs of mahogany were not trifles. She dragged, or pulled, or carried it over to the *Secrétaire*. She climbed on it, and from there climbed on to the ledge, which seemed at a serious enough distance from the floor. Her short legs hung dangling as she sat, and she was very conscious that she should tumble off if she were not careful. But at last she managed to open one of the glass doors, and then, with the aid of cautious movement, the other one. And then she began to examine the books. There were a few—just a few—with lively bindings, and of course these were the first she took down. There was one in most alluring pale blue and gold. It was called, "The Keepsake," or "The Garland," or "The Floral Tribute," or something of that order. When she opened it she found it contained verses and pictures. The verses were beautifully printed complaints about ladies' eyes and people's hearts. There were references to "marble brows," and "snowy bosoms," and "ruby lips," but somehow these charms seemed to ramble aimlessly through the lines, and never collect themselves together and form a person one could be interested or see a story in. The Small Person feverishly chased the Story through pages of them, but she never came within hailing distance of it. Even the pictures did not seem

real. They were engravings of wonderful ladies with smooth shoulders, from which rather boisterous zephyrs seemed to be snatching airily flying scarves. They all had large eyes, high foreheads, exceedingly arched eyebrows, and ringlets, and the gentleman who wrote the verses about them mentioned an ardent wish to "touch his lute" in their praise. Their Christian names were always written under them, and nobody ever was guilty of anything less Byronic than Leonora, or Zulieka, or Haidee, or Lone, or Irene. This seemed quite natural to the Small Person, as it would really have been impossible to imagine any one of them being called Jane, or Sarah, or Mary Anne. They did not look like it. But, also, they did not look like a story.

The Small Person simply hated them as she realized what fraudulent pretences they were. They filled her with loathing and rage.

She was capable of strange, silent, uncontrollable rages over certain things. The baffled chase after the Story was one of them. She felt red and hot when she thrust back the blue and gold book into its place.

"You are a Beast!" she muttered. "A Beast—Beast—Beast! You look as if you were something to read—and you're nothing!"

It would have been a pleasure to her to kick the Keepsake all over the room, and dance on it. But it was her Mamma's book. The next pretty binding contained something of the same kind. It enclosed the "Countess of Blessington," the "Hon. Mrs. Norton," and "L. E. L." The first two ladies did not interest her, because they looked too much like the Eudoras and Irene's, but somehow L. E. L. caused her to pause. It seemed curious that a young lady should be called L. E. L., but there was something attractive in her picture. She was a slender little young lady in a white muslin frock and a very big belt and buckle, and there was something soft and prettily dreamy in her small face. The Small Person did not know why she looked like a real creature, and made one feel vaguely sad, but it was very thrilling to discover later that she was like Alice Benbolt—that she also had

been part of a sort of story—and that, like Alice, she

"lay under the stone."

It was when she had been put back on the shelf that the Small Person was driven to take down a volume of *Blackwood's*.

I wonder how much depended upon her taking down that particular volume. I am more than inclined to think that it was absolutely necessary that she should have things to read. I am also aware that no one knew how fierce her childish longings were, and it would have occurred to nobody about her that she had any longings unfulfilled at all, unless it was a desire for more "sweeties" than would have been good for her. The kindly, gentle people who loved her and took care of her, thought Peter Parley's "Annual" enough for any little boy or girl.

Why not? It was the juvenile literature provided for that day, and many children thrived on it. She was not an intellectually fevered-looking Small Person at all. She was a plump, red-cheeked little girl, who played vigorously, and had a perfect appetite for oatmeal porridge, roast mutton, and rice pudding.

And yet I can imagine that, under some circumstances, a small, imperfect, growing thing, devoured by some rage of hunger it cannot reason about or understand, and which is forever unsatisfied, might, through its cravings, develop some physical fever which might end by stilling the ever-working brain. But this may only be the fancy of an imaginative mind.

The *Blackwood* was a big book and heavy. She opened it on her knee—and it opened at a Story!

She knew it was a story, because there were so many short lines. That meant conversation—she called it "talking." If you saw solid blocks of printed lines, it was not very promising, but if you saw short lines and broken spaces, that meant "talking"—and you had your Story.

Why do I remember no more of that story than that it was about a desolate moorland with an unused, half-forgotten well on it, and that a gentleman—

(who cannot have been a very interesting character, as he is not remembered clearly)—being considered superfluous by somebody, was disposed of and thrown into it in the rôle of a Body. It was his body which was interesting, and not himself, and my impression is that the story was not specially fascinating—but it was a Story, and if there was one in the fat volumes there must be others—and the explorer looked with gloating eyes at the rows of fat volumes—two whole rows of them!

She took down others, and opening them, saw with joy more "talking." There were stories in all of them—some which seemed to be continued from month to month. There was a long one called "The Diary of a Physician," another called "Ten Thousand a Year"—this last, she gathered in a few glances, contained the history of a person called Tittlebat Titmouse—and was about a beautiful Kate Aubrey, and her virtuous but unfortunate family—and about a certain Lady Cecilia—and, oh! the rapture of it!

Her cheeks grew hotter and hotter, she read fast and furiously. She forgot that she was perched on the ledge, and that her legs dangled, and that she might fall. She was perched in Paradise—she had no legs—she could not fall. No one could fall from a Secrétaire filled with books, which might all of them contain Stories!

Before long she climbed up and knelt upon the ledge so that she could be face to face with her treasures, and reach even to the upper shelves. With beating heart she took down volumes that were not *Blackwood's*, in the wild hope that even they might contain riches also. She was an excitable creature, and her hands trembled as she opened them. Across a lifetime I remember that her breath came quickly, and she had a queer feeling in her chest. There were books full of poetry, and, oh, Heaven, the poems seemed to be stories too! There was a thing about an Ancient Mariner with a glittering eye, another about St. Agnes's Eve, another about a Scotch gentleman called Marmion, others about some Fire Worshipers, a Peri at the gate of Eden, a Veiled Prophet, a Corsair, and a splendid long

one about a young man whose name was Don Juan. And then a very stout book with plays in it, in queer old-fashioned English. Plays were stories. There were stories about persons called "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Romeo and Juliet," and a world of others. She gasped with joy. It would take *months* to finish them!

It was so tragic to finish a book.

"I wish I had something to read," she used to say often.

"Where is that book I saw you with yesterday?"

"I've finished it," she used to answer, rather sheepishly, because she knew they would reply,

"Then you can't have read it properly. You couldn't have finished it in such a short time. You must skip. Read it again."

Who wanted to read a thing again when a hunger for novelty was in them?

The top row of the shelves looked so unpromising that she was almost afraid to spoil the happiness by touching the books.

They looked ancient and very like arithmetics. They were bound in ugly grayish boards with a strip of brown down the back.

She pulled herself up to read the titles. They all seemed to belong to one edition. The one her eyes seized on first was quite a shabby one.

"The Fair Maid of Perth," she read. "Waverley Novels."

Novels were stories! "The Fair Maid of Perth." She snatched it from its place, she sat on the ledge once more with her feet dangling. "The Fair Maid of Perth." And all the rest were like it! Why, one might read *forever*!

Were the slates still wet? Was the gravelled Square still sopping? Did the flagged pavement still shine? Was the Doll still staring in her chair—nothing but a Sawdust Thing?

She knew nothing about any of them. Her feet dangled, her small face burned, she bounded to Perth with the Fair Maid. How long afterward a certain big bell rang, she did not know. She did not hear it. She heard nothing

until a nursery maid came in and brought her back to earth.

"You naughty girl, Miss Frances. The tea-bell's rung and you sitting here on your ma's Secretary—with a book!"

She gathered herself together and scrambled off the ledge. She went down to the tea, and the slices of thick

bread and butter deemed suitable to early youth—but she had the gray and brown volume under her arm.

The governess looked at her with the cold eye of dignity and displeasure.

"You have a book," she said. "Put it down. You are not allowed to read at table. It is very rude."

(To be continued.)

HOW THE BATTLE WAS LOST.

By Lloyd Osbourne.



ONCE upon a time fear came knocking at the gates of a great city; disorder and revolt thickened without her broad mud walls, and consternation fell upon those appointed to rule and guard her. The quiet, painstaking, elderly official, grizzled by years of public service, who was governor of that city, began to sink beneath the weight of worry and responsibility. He had not always feared responsibility: once he had paved a mountain-pass with the bones of his fellow-countrymen. From that day his self-confidence vanished, and, though his genius for organization remained unimpaired, he shrank from independence as some from the sight of blood.

Such was the man who, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, with a large fort in indifferent repair, a thousand white troops, and a fussy old gentleman, called Brigadier Bolton, had to overawe a city of three hundred thousand souls and a teeming country of thirty-three millions. True to the education of his life, the lieutenant-governor did not falter in his duty. In peaceful times he conducted his government by means of pen and ink despatches, reports, special reports, statements, and that great pen and ink engine that lay by his hand like an electric bell—subordinate officialdom. To obtain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, had been the business of his career. Then to embody it with wide margins and let the

authorities decide for themselves. So when mutiny swept into his province, and men's hearts stood still within them, the lieutenant-governor was found sedulous at his desk; his telegraph humming and clicking day and night with the passage of exact information. Late wayfarers in the street used to gaze at his ever-lighted windows and say: "See, he never sleeps;" which was true and somehow comforting.

Now, it happened that while the man at the desk sat dying by inches and flashing incessant facts to headquarters, Monsieur Alcide Jaboulet made entry into that great city. The unobtrusive portmanteau and hat-box style of the tourist was not M. Jaboulet's way; though he was an unassuming person, and stood but five feet four in his highly varnished boots. In fact, he marched in to the beat of drums and with all the pomp and circumstance of the "Grand Hippodrome Oriental," of which he was sole proprietor. Right gallant and gay was the procession of elephants and prancing horses, tigers in gilt cages, the giraffe-drawn carriage of the clown, and the mounted guard of glittering Frenchwomen, all smiles and pink tights. The crowded streets looked on and marvelled, and for a moment the circus usurped the ever-flowing talk of red murder and insurrection. The noise of it all flew swift through the heated air and knocked at the heart of the man at the desk.

"Only a French circus passing the bazaars," said the pallid secretary, re-

turning to his labors. "If your lordship will refer to my despatch of the 2d ult.——"

For many nights the Grand Hippodrome filled its tent to overflowing, and the rupees rolled thickly into the coffers of M. Jaboulet. The trick horses fired their pistols and found their handkerchiefs; the young French ladies burst night by night through paper hoops; the elephants paraded, the trained poodles performed their evolutions, and the whole city rejoiced in the circus as the only spot where apprehension might be forgotten. And the lieutenant-governor, whose telegraph was cut, and his outlet for penmanship blocked by armed thousands, and yet who would sit for hours at his desk in a sort of catalepsy, pen in hand and blank reams before him, went to the circus, "for the moral effect," and sat beneath the trophy of French and English bunting. He gazed upon it all with vacant eyes and a deathly mask.

When the brown troops had been turned out of the citadel by one of those transformation scene parades that cannot be thought of without a catch at the heart, a tension of fear, uncertainty, and exasperation fell upon everyone; the streets were patrolled nightly by volunteers, and supernumeraries were enrolled and armed. The day of the circus was over, and debt settled like dew upon M. Jaboulet and his belongings. The government now owned the trained elephants, which carried water all day up to the fort, the poodles were mortgaged, and a brown gentleman in a linen ephod (like the Infant Samuel) bought the giraffes, with an eye to British beef.

"If I can keep my 'orses I shally be locky," said Jaboulet, with fatalistic calm.

To save expense the circus people gave up their various lodgings and lived in the tent, a motley, happy crowd of Bohemians who bore their reverses with Gallic gayety and fortitude. For care sat lightly on Jaboulet's shoulders; life and he were well acquainted, and he made every fresh catastrophe in his affairs the occasion for a *petit verre* all around, from Mlle Suzanne, the Star of the Arena, to Paul, the half-witted boy.

At the Fort things were going badly, the lieutenant-governor sinking into his grave, and his authority now feeble as his frame. Men wrangled by his bedside and met his orders with sullen acquiescence or insolent refusal. Most were impatient for his death, but many went further and proposed forcible deposition. There was open mutiny without, disguised mutiny within. More than once the lieutenant-governor roused himself from his deathly lethargy and made the rounds of the citadel, but his kindly greetings were met with formal politeness or open disrespect.

"*Nec patriam antiquam nunc est spes ulla videndi*," he quoted to his secretary on their last walk together, and when it was translated to him the honest fellow burst into tears. But Latin was not the only tongue that had troubled the secretary. English was widely known in the revolted provinces, and many an officer, fearful of giving his information to the enemy, had to recall the French or Greek he had forgotten for twenty years. The secretary had wept before over little scraps of French, little compositions in dog Greek, that had brought to the Fort God knows what stories of murder and treachery, and agonized appeals for help.

A certain, indefinable bustle began to be manifest in the Fort and gave color to the rumor of a sortie. The whisper of it ran among the bungalows by that mysterious human telegraph, swift as electricity. Men saw the news in each other's faces written like print. A patrol flashed it into where Jaboulet sat drinking his sundown absinthe, and it stirred and shook the little man until he called for his horse and galloped off to see the brigadier.

The brigadier was a large, dull, heavy man, who, like some unnoticed garden-weed, had mounted the army list by seniority and sheer force of growth. Having the sense to grow quietly, he had been completely forgotten by the authorities until the bewildering days of 1857, when he was discovered in military command of a great and important province.

"My general," said the little Frenchman, "I am Jaboulet, of the circus; I am 'ere to consult you."

"I shall be pleased to hear what you have to say," said the brigadier, suavely, for so great was the wether of authorities that he was not a little flattered to have been the one selected.

"I see you faight 'ere against immense odds," continued Jaboulet. "I cannot stand by; I am Frenchman, sar. My Emperor" (here he touched his hat) "is bound in alliance to your Queen. Our compatriots have bled on the same fields of battle; my spirit besides is military. I am, sar, grandson of brave soldiers. I bring you the little wat I can; a small kernel of loyal 'earts, a few French swords, and—my 'orses—ah, my general, wat 'orses!"

"Well, and about the price?" queried the brigadier.

"Der is no price," returned Jaboulet, "*C'est pour l'honneur de l'Alliance!*"

"Eh, what's that?" demanded the brigadier, whose little stock of French was not equal to the strain.

"For the honor of the Alliance," translated Jaboulet. "Ze French and ze English is bruzzers—wat's my 'orse is your 'orse. Remember Inkermann, Malakoff, the Alma."

"Very right and proper feeling," observed the brigadier, almost with warmth. "It does you credit, Mosoo. Your offer is accepted with thanks."

The next day, after his first drill with the volunteers, Jaboulet smoked a cigar with his commanding officer while watching the circus-horses washed down.

"It's a shame to take that little Arab into action," said Captain Harper.

"Sheep at two hundred guineas," remarked Jaboulet, with pathos.

"I'm not so squeamish about men," said Harper; "but it hurts me to see a good horse bowled over."

"Perhaps bofe man and 'orse," interjected Jaboulet, with gloom. "But do I place myself and 'orse against the honor of my country? No, sar."

"You're a brick," said Harper.

"Ah, we're all bricks here," returned the little Frenchman, with conviction. "Ze very h'atmosphere is 'eroic. I feel like ze 'orse when ze band begins to play."

Jaboulet and his people had been enrolled some four days, and yet the ea-

gerly debated sortie had not been made. Men chafed and grew sick with apprehension and distrust, and none more than Colonel Stafford and Captain Felix, of the engineers. These two lived together, or I might rather say, kept awake together, and passed the night hours in sleepless expectancy. The village of Mazzik-gunj, that straggled across the highroad some two miles from the city, was the keystone of their position, and the engineers had posted the road in front with several of their own servants on good mounts. For it is a peculiarity of men like Stafford to possess servants as trustworthy as their own right hand. It was a standard joke at mess that Stafford's servants worshipped him daily at family prayers.

On July 5th, at half-past four in the morning, a solitary horseman drew rein at the engineers' quarters, his streaming chestnut all lathered with sweat and mud and foam.

"What is thy news, oh thou lion-hearted ravager of hillsides?" demanded Stafford, coming to the door lamp in hand, Captain Felix peering close behind him.

"Father of the fatherless," returned the Afghan, "they be within six hours march of Mazzik-gunj, horse, guns, and foot innumerable. If this servant were to hazard an opinion, he would say four thousand black-souled sons of Shitan."

"The Jelapore rebels at last!" cried Captain Felix, with sparkling eyes; and began to hurry into his shoes.

"Thou hast done well," said Stafford, after putting some further questions. "Here be things to eat ready laid out for thee, and strong wine to make merry thy heart."

At a quarter to five the two engineers were awakening the brigadier and laying their plans before him. The strong little village of Mazzik-gunj must be held in force, and the fate of the city decided by a battle.

"Let them get here unopposed, and the city will flare up like so much tinder," said Stafford. "We are only keeping it now by moral effect. Mazzik-gunj will decide whether or not we all get jammed into the Fort."

"Then good-by to the nine lacs in the treasury," said Felix. "That the

governor's having there 'to show confidence.'"

But man is a reasoning animal. The brigadier was adamant to these suggestions, because :

1. Colonel Stafford was an engineer officer.

2. Colonel Stafford was second in command.

3. Colonel Stafford was rated highly as a soldier and was justly popular.

4. Brigadier Bolton wasn't.

5. The proposal was a good one. It would have occurred to him quite naturally if he had only been left alone ; the insubordinate interference of the engineers made it appear as though the plan was theirs, whereas it was really his own, or would have been.

The engineers were vehement, explanatory, argumentative. A Sunday-school child could not have heard them without conviction. They would have gone on their knees to that resentful, stubborn, ignorant old man, if such humiliation could have availed. But of tact they had not a particle. They had no thought to make a bridge of gold for an out-reasoned brigadier, yet how gladly would he have crossed it had it been there. Temper went ; high words passed, which in the piping times of peace would have resulted in a court-martial.

At six the brigadier was re-awakened by a servant bringing him tea and toast. He sat up in his bed, hot and sullen, with an overwhelming feeling that he had passed through evil dreams. He took his first sip of tea before he recalled Colonel Stafford's visit.

"Damn insubordinate devils," he said. "I'd like to break 'in for this. Give orders to me, hey?"

At seven o'clock a new post came galloping in ; the news the same, but the rebels nearer. The brigadier grew uneasy. "If those fellows hadn't been so opinionated, we might have talked this thing out," he said.

At eight : "My original plan was the right one—seize the village and fight. Hang it, those fellows mustn't get into the city. But I'm not going to be hectorred into raw haste by any pair of engineers. Send off the men without breakfast, hey ? Is that the coolness of a general officer?"

At nine the force was paraded in the square, eight hundred men, two guns, and the volunteer cavalry under Captain Harper, sixty strong. In all it was a forlorn little party for the work intended, though by such handfuls has India been won. But on this occasion the god of battles was against Brigadier Bolton and the seniority system.

The brigadier was in a red heat of fluster, rage, and indignation, his face was purple, his flabby hand shook upon the bridle ; he darted and buzzed through the ranks and formations like some human hornet, in a flurry of haste and temper. His peevish, hoarse voice vociferated oaths and complaints. His orders had been ignored, thwarted, disobeyed ; a more disgraceful force of British troops had never been paraded. The officers who suffered at his hands (and there were few who escaped) passed on darkening faces to their men and a furious, sullen exasperation. There was not a man there but knew the meaning of delay—save one.

In the course of one of his rounds of vituperation, the brigadier met Colonel Stafford face to face, who stopped and saluted. The engineer was an erect, handsome man, very pale and very calm.

"I must ask leave to accompany the force as a volunteer," he said.

"As you are second in command," returned the brigadier, "I suppose I cannot well refuse you."

"I don't think you very well can," said Stafford, and strode across the square to join his company.

Hour after hour passed and still the force was on parade—precious and irrevocable hours only to be redeemed in human lives. The remorseless furnace of the sky added fresh suffering. Men, who in the morning would have done good service with musket and bayonet, now sank beneath the sun and were carried in to die. The four thousand non-combatants who had crowded the square at nine o'clock to see their lads march out and give them God-speed, melted silently into the dark corners of the fort. Thus passed five heart-breaking hours before the order was given to march, and the men who had paraded so gayly at nine, filed out at the merciless hour

of two, silent, gloomy, and without a cheer.

Though grown gray in the service, the brigadier had never been in action. His personal courage was an unknown quantity. As he gazed round the dark, fierce, unfriendly faces of his staff, and heard the tramp of men before him, and the tramp of men behind him, he realized, with an icy chill, that this was none of the soldiering to which he had been accustomed.

"Great God!" he thought, "am I sure of myself?" And he shook all over with that fear of fear. With a bitterness not to be expressed in words, with a biting envy, his eye fell upon Colonel Stafford. There walked a man but half his age, whose life had been passed in battles and fights, who wrote V. C. after his name, and could ask himself that question without a tremor.

"Suppose *he* put me under arrest for cowardice!" said the brigadier to himself, with a bursting heart; and the thought moved him to grim resolution.

Some two miles march brought the expedition near the village and surrounding mud walls, to find all strongly held by the enemy. So much for delay. Instead of holding Mazzik-gunj against the rebels, who outnumbered them six to one, it was the other way about—thanks to the brigadier. This thought must have transpired even his thick skull, for he exchanged his tearing ill-humor for a laborious politeness, and his dull, beery, irritable eyes dodged the glances of his staff. "I told you so," was written in every line of their angry faces. Putting himself at the head of the volunteers, he carried them within a perilous distance of the enemy, and stood there imperturbable, scanning the village with perverse deliberation. Three saddles were emptied before he would consent to draw off, and even as he did so a bullet grazed his own temple. He rubbed off the blood with his handkerchief, and a strange glare lit up his old eyes.

"You'll be thinking it might have been straighter, gentlemen," said he.

The position in which the brigadier now found himself was one so common in Indian military history that the merest tyro could have told him what to do.

A fierce, simultaneous rush on both flanks, the guns behind the bayonets, and (as the events proved) the day would have been his own. But the brigadier stood aghast at the risk, at the undoubted costliness of life involved in such an operation; so he ordered Major Ashworth Carr to open with his two guns and first overwhelm the enemy's twelve. But John Company's veterans made good practice with John Company's guns: they were not overwhelmed at all. In fact it was all Major Ashworth Carr could do to hold his own. At the end of ninety rounds the British ran out of ammunition; a spare tumbril had exploded, and no other reserve had been brought from the fort. This being the case, there was nothing left but to storm the village.

The men received the order with a cheer, and sprang forward at a pounding double, officers in front, bayonets behind, a plucky rivalry animating the whole. One breathless, faltering instant at the wall, and then over they swept like a pack of harriers with yells and shouts. Cawnpore, Delhi were behind those British bayonets: the blood of English women and children cried them on. Not a man there but had his own private score to settle, his own individual exasperation to assuage. On they swept, a fierce, relentless mob; slowly, for the struggle was bitter and every house a fort; hoarse cheering marking the stages of their triumph, until, with one last rush, the village was cleared.

Some of the rebel guns began to limber up for flight; their defeated infantry came on frantic, despairing against the thinly manned walls they had so lately lost. The tide was near the turning. There went up a cry: "Oh, for the guns!" and quick as thought a messenger was speeding for them.

"For God's sake, men, hang on till they come," cried the officers, encouragingly, and the men cheered and shook hands with one another. Oh, for the guns, indeed! A dozen rounds of grape—six rounds—four, or, perhaps, even the grim presence of the guns themselves, would have changed the day.

Answer was brought back that the

guns were without ammunition. The men began to waver as the enemy reformed to the charge. There was a hurried consultation; the order was given to retreat. Sullenly and slowly the men fell back, with ranks disordered by the crowd of wounded, yet so far from cowed that they again and again turned a savage and stinging front to the enemy. In the hour of disaster the volunteers did good service, spiking the guns, carrying off wounded, and charging the enemy whenever he pressed too hard. The retreat was skillfully conceived, and carried out with the coolness of a dress-parade—the one creditable affair in the day's bungling. Under a better leader such men and officers would have done much: under Brigadier Bolton they at least saved the British flag from utter disgrace.

Where the brigadier was all this while, men knew little and cared less. In reforming the columns it was found a convenient fiction to believe him dead.

"Wish to God he was," said Captain Felix, putting the general sentiment into words.

But the brigadier was not dead. True his horse had been shot under him; he had raised himself faint and giddy only to collapse again to the ground, where he sat for a space nursing his leg. Of course, he might have reasserted his authority, but for this he had no desire. He staggered painfully along in the extreme rear of the column, his face purple, his sword dragging the ground. A compassionate sub offered him a mount, a sergeant pressed him to put himself into an ambulance doolie. But to such offers he only snarled refusal and limped along on foot. Later on he found himself beside an ambulance. The pallid, straightened face of its occupant seemed somehow familiar to him; there was a kindness in those dying eyes that strangely touched the brigadier.

"You're not the little circus Frenchman? The man who gave the horses?"

"And his life, too," whispered the

dying man. "Ah, but what awful day!"

A dull wave of pity and remorse shook the old man. The glazed, anxious eyes of the little Frenchman seemed to wound him.

"You've done your duty, Mosoo," he said, simply. "Would to God I could say the same."

"My 'eart bleeds for you," cried Jaboulet. The childish compassion of the words quite unmanned the old soldier.

"Mosoo," he said, "I am very—very much obliged to you. I am no good at saying this sort of thing, Mosoo—a simple old soldier of thirty years service—but you're a noble fellow——"

"Bofe noble fellers," whispered the Frenchman. "I am bleeding hinter-nal——" he went on. "Ze time is so short—could I entreat of you a favor, brigadier?"

"I should say so," said the brigadier, bitterly, "seeing you're the only one here who doesn't wish me dead."

"Tell my muzzer I die for France. La veuve Jaboulet, Rue de Ravignon, Lepuy-en-Velay, Département Haute-Loire—and, brigadier, if ze government reimburses me for ze 'orse, take it to hare. But you yourself you will go, brigadier—you will make ze promise?"

"On my sacred word of honor," said the old man.

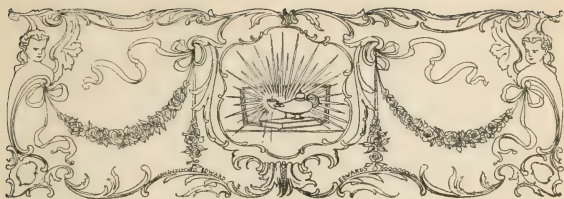
"Goot," said Jaboulet, with a heavenly smile; and now just one leetle lock of ze air to remind ze ole woman of ze 'eroic boy."

The brigadier cut off a lock of the thick, black hair with his penknife and crammed it into his pocket.

A moment later the little Frenchman collapsed into the doolie; the death struggle was beginning. With one last desperate effort he half raised himself.

"Pour l'honneur de l'Alliance!" he cried out, and fell back dead.

A few minutes later the body was dumped into the road and the brigadier, half-fainting, was assisted into the empty ambulance.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

ONE characteristic of Tennyson that looms up large in the figure of him that is left to us, was his ability to take himself seriously as a poet. Since his death a story has been in circulation about the experience of a certain exceptionally favored young woman who went off on a yachting trip with a small party of which Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone were members. She said, or at least the newspapers reported her as saying, that though the trip was delightful it was not entirely free from friction arising from Mr. Gladstone's propensity to talk in moments in which Lord Tennyson wished to recite verses. Indeed the lady intimated that the solid day did not seem to Mr. Gladstone too long for him to talk through, or offer to Lord Tennyson an unreasonably protracted space for the recitation of his own poems, and that it sometimes happened that the decks of the yacht were cleared of all the passengers except two, the old statesman at one extremity lost in an impassioned monologue of discussion, and the venerable bard rehearsing Tennysonian poetry at the other.

This may not be a true story at all, and very likely it is exaggerated even if there are facts to it, but whether fact or fiction it illustrates well-known characteristics of the two masters that it concerns. Tennyson never doubted that his verse was worth imparting. Wordsworth believed implicitly in himself as the greatest poet of his day, and suspected that his day was the golden age of all poetry. His public disputed his

opinion for many years, but finally came two-thirds of the way over to his way of thinking. Tennyson also made up his mind pretty early in life that he was a poet and a great one. The evidence he submitted in support of that conclusion was less conflicting than Wordsworth's, and the public was quicker in conceding that he was right. And having demonstrated that he was a poet, and chosen poetry for his vocation he revered his office and stuck to it. He took his work seriously, and himself seriously as the man to whom it was appointed to do the work. Always and everywhere where he went as a man, he went as a poet too. He must have been a poet even to his valet. To him there was nothing more absurd in the figure of himself in a cloak and a slouch hat reciting his own verses on the deck of a yacht than there is in the presence of an archbishop in full canonicals doing his office in the chancel of St. Paul's. That a poet should be picturesque and poetical seemed no more a thing to smile at than kingliness in a king.

And the beauty of it was that he was right. By magnifying his office he dignified it, and gained dignity for himself as its fit administrator. His safety lay in his possession of the inestimable treasure of simplicity. He did not assume, he developed. He did not pose, he simply behaved as he felt. His ideals were lofty, his thoughts were trained to clothe themselves in poetical images, and his conduct and bearing were simply the shadow of the inner sub-

stance. Neither were absolutely contemporaneous, but much about both had the imperishable quality which is never in the fashion and happily never out of it.

In this land and in these days we are apt to giggle at great offices. To our eyes the divinity that doth hedge a king appears full of holes. Wigs and laced-coats and high-heeled boots possess no illusions for us any longer, and perhaps we are somewhat too prone to extend our humorous disregard for such discarded trappings to the substantial superiority they were once designed to fit. We are so ready to make game of the poetical aspirations of poets generally, that ours are apt to choose to be beforehand with us, and extenuate the possible absurdity of their own aspirations by smiling deprecations before and after. Now that Walt Whitman is dead, no American would dare look and act like a poet even if he felt or wrote like one. Our poets are somewhat too apt to be spruce gentlemen in patent-leather shoes, who make verses in such odd hours as they can spare from the serious concerns of life. And one cause of their being so is the reiterated suggestion of a stiff-necked generation that a sincere poet who believes in his office and lives up to it is a more or less absurd creature, who owes us all an apology for not doing something more lucrative and really useful. We have talked that way about poets so long that it looks a little as though ours had finally come to believe us, and put their best energies into other work. It might be better for them, and for us too, if they would shut their eyes to our quirks and giggles, and pattern a little more after Tennyson, who chose to be a poet, and was that and nothing else, all his life, and without evasion, apology, or remorse.

BUT if the irreverent American humor has not developed without some corruption of precious ideals, it has much to offer in extenuation of itself in the shape of smashed idols with clay feet, whose usefulness, if they ever had any, was long since past. One such fetish that, so far as this country is concerned, has had the foundations laughed quite out from under it, is that curious device for defeating the natural superiority of mind over matter, which was

known as "the code." To be sure, "the code" got its death-blow as an American institution as long ago as when Aaron Burr's bullet put a nation in mourning. It has never really flourished since then, though it did linger on fitfully and obscurely until after the civil war. But some of the manners and methods that were originally tributary to it survived it, and it has been left to this generation to laugh them little by little into contemptuous disuse. Men still quarrel and still exchange blows in anger, but not only the notion that differences between "gentlemen" must be settled on the field of honor has clean gone out; but behavior which had some appearance of sense while that notion still held has finally come to be estimated as the archaism that it is. The age of "rotten boroughs, knee-breeches, hair-triggers, and port," has not only past, but its works have so far followed it that in America persons who attempt to shape their conduct by the standards of that age merely find that an amused and smiling public credits them with "courtly bar-room manners," and sniggers at their discomfiture. The "gentleman" who has done another gentleman an injury is not considered any less a black-guard because he offers his victim "any reparation in his power." To run the injured man through the body, or perforate his vitals with lead, is so universally understood to be an indifferent justification of an offence that a culprit who goes out of his way to suggest it in any overt dispute finds himself most uncomfortably in contempt of public opinion. So the public insult, which would once have had to be expunged with blood, has relapsed from its high estate of being a gentlemanly act into a mere loaferish breach of the peace, to be settled for in a police court.

The fatal defect in these discarded standards was that they were not democratic. They never promoted, or were intended to promote, the greatest good of the greatest number, but merely contributed to the exaltation of the few who aspired to be superior to rules that might be fit for the vulgar. Now and then someone stumbles across the contemporary stage who from living too exclusively in some narrow club circle in Europe, or even here, has failed to appreciate the spirit of the age, and at-

tempts in some juncture to shape his conduct according to the notions of gentlemanly behavior that obtained in London clubs as late as the days of George the Fourth. It is only by watching the absurd contortions of such unfortunates that we are able to realize the progress that has been made. Since the theory of justification by combat has been exploded there seems to be no way in which a gentleman can be sure of keeping his sacred honor free from specks except by plain, ordinary, decent behavior, and respect for the rights of other people. If he does wrong he cannot fight his way right. He simply has to repent and apologize, or take his punishment quietly according to the rules of the game. If he is injured, and the law cannot help him, the best way for him is just to grin and bear it, and let time wreak its own revenges. To be sure, if the injury is desperate, and he resents it in hot blood, the law may excuse him; but society has come to a point of sophistication where it is able to recognize that the man who endures is usually a stronger and a nobler creature than the man who gives reins to his temper. The notion that one's "honor" can be damaged by the action of another person is pretty generally obsolete. Brag is not so good a dog as he was. Bluff will not go so far. The code that regulates in these days the manners of the highest and most influential type of American gentleman is actually to be found in the New Testament. The Christian standard of conduct is respected consciously or unconsciously in the clubs as well as in the churches. To forgive one's enemies (or at least to let them alone), and to do as one would be done by, have always been good sense, and in these days by some miracle of grace they seem to be getting to be good form too. But perhaps we ought not to wonder at it, since to the discriminating observer the other way is so hopelessly absurd, and this age of publicity is necessarily an age of critical discrimination too.

"AND then," cried Hope, "things will go smoothly." "No," grumbled Experience, "things never will go smoothly: they never do. They just bump along."

To the very poor, modern life must be

comparatively simple. Having food, clothing, and shelter, they have therewith to be content, because it is all they can get. To the very rich, life is simplified in one way, because if they want anything that is purchasable they can buy it. But there is an important element in society whose income is large enough to make whole sets and series of requirements imaginable, without being sufficient to bring a tithe of them within the range of real feasibility. This Magazine must go into a good many thousand families that appreciate fully all the things that every family that respects itself ought to do, and are at their wit's end to devise means to make it possible for their particular family to do them. Such families do not aspire that their pathway through life shall be smooth. The problem with them is how to make it traversable at all, and if they can keep under them anything so substantial as a corduroy road they go on, thankful for such progress as they make, and philosophically oblivious to the bumps.

For such aspiring families there is a serious extra bump in the road in prospect next summer. Of course the usual necessities must be provided for. The women and children must get out of town, and have the indispensable succession of salt-water or mountain-air, salubrious shelter, piazza privileges, band-music, and regular meals. The strain of summer nomadism on the family income is too sorrowfully familiar to need to be recalled. The special perplexity of the approaching season is how, after the habitual expenditures, out of the remaining fiscal fragments, to get to see the World's Fair. For a few days last November it seemed possible that a celestial visitor might swing in out of space and relieve American families of this problem; but that hope promptly fizzled out, and an amount of intellectual energy has since been spent in Fair-going plans that, if judiciously geared, might have made the earth spin enough faster to confuse its surface, and slide Chicago back bodily to a point conveniently accessible from New York.

As the case stands, the remedy, if there is any remedy, seems to lie in co-operation. It will be a particularly good summer to try the ingenious but inadequately tested

expedient known as the rotary system of exchangeable summer-homes, whereof the general plan is this: Let six families possessed of approximately equal incomes and imbued with mutual confidence and goodwill, engage five sets of summer quarters and one suitable lodging in Chicago. The summer quarters should embrace such variety of allurements and climate as should promise to satisfy the greatest variety of tastes, and may be known as A, B, C, D, and E. On the first of May family No. 1 shuts up its city house and goes to Chicago for a month, leaving its infants and school-children with family No. 6. On the first of June, family No. 1 returns, and families 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6 go respectively to summer houses A, B, C, D, and E. Family No. 2 goes to Chicago, sending its children to A, with family No. 1. On the first of July family No. 2 returns to A, gets its children, and goes to B, where family No. 3 have been spending June. No. 3 leaves its children with No. 2, and goes to Chicago for July. August 1st, family No. 3 returns to B for its children, and takes them to C, where family No. 4 has been, and family No. 4 goes to the Fair leaving its children with family No. 3. On the first of November all the families will have been thoroughly to the Fair, each family will have been relieved of all domestic cares and ex-

penses during its month's absence, and will have enjoyed besides its fairing a more diversified experience of summer resorts than it could have got in any other way at anywhere near the same cost. It will be seen that by a simple variation of the arrangement suggested, the rotary system can be easily made to provide fresh summer scenes and a change of air for each family once a month from June to November. Indeed its adaptation to Fair purposes is only incidental, its original design being to slake the summer restlessness of American families, and afford an economical and pleasant vent for the national propensity to move on.

The system is as elastic as it is simple, and lends itself to all sorts of modifications which will readily suggest themselves to the ingenious mind. It is not impossible that in the course of the summer the belongings of the various families will get more or less mixed up, and it might be as well to hold a raffle at the end of the season whereat property rights in children and movables of disputed ownership would be settled by the allotment of chance. That detail and many others, however, would provide for themselves. The plan is feasible; that is self-evident. It might not work with perfect smoothness, but at least it would bump along.





MARCH

(Engraved from nature, by W. B. Closson.)

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AUDUBON'S STORY OF HIS YOUTH.

INTRODUCTION.

By Maria R. Audubon.

THE following pages of autobiography of my grandfather, John James Audubon, the naturalist, were found accidentally in an old calfskin-bound volume where for many years they had been hidden. They have proved of so much interest to those who have read them or heard them read, that it is deemed well to publish them unchanged, though in one or two instances paragraphs and names which bear on purely family matters have been omitted. Indeed, with the pictured faces of the father who wrote the sketch and those of the two sons for whom it was written looking from the wall of the room wherein the ancient book lies, it has seemed impossible to make any alteration in the quaint phraseology and rather irregular arrangement of incidents; all, therefore, has been left untouched. Those who are mentioned in the manuscript must long have passed away; and it is hoped, therefore, that there is no objection to be raised as to retaining the few names to be found in it.

That a transcript from these pages was part of the material placed by my grandmother, Mrs. Audubon, in the hands of the editor of her Memoir of her husband, is probable from the appearance there of several brief extracts from it, and of a summary of the events here described; but the narrative had never been even privately printed.

Written at a time when the struggle was over, fame and wealth having then come to the man who rose so successfully after such heavy losses and such continuous and unlooked-for misfortunes, the manuscript shows that these things had cut deep into the sensitive heart and mind of him of whom we may surely say

"No bird that cleaves the air
But his revealing thought has made more fair."

MYSELF, J. J. AUDUBON.

THE precise period of my birth is yet an enigma to me, and I can only say what I have often heard my father repeat to me on this subject, which is as follows: It seems that my father had large properties in Santo Domingo, and was in the habit of visiting frequently that portion of our Southern States called, and known by the name of, Louis-

iana, then owned by the French Government.

During one of these excursions he married a lady of Spanish extraction, whom I have been led to understand was as beautiful as she was wealthy, and otherwise attractive, and who bore my father three sons and a daughter, I being the youngest of the sons and the only one who survived extreme youth. My mother, soon after my birth, accom-

panied my father to the estate of Aux Cayes, on the island of Santo Domingo, and she was one of the victims during the ever-to-be-lamented period of the negro insurrection of that island.

My father, through the intervention of some faithful servants, escaped from Aux Cayes with a good portion of his plate and money, and with me and these humble friends reached New Orleans in safety. From this place he took me to France, where, having married the only mother I have ever known, he left me under her charge, and returned to the United States in the employ of the French Government, acting as an officer under Admiral Rochambeau. Shortly afterward, however, he landed in the United States and became attached to the army under La Fayette.

The first of my recollective powers placed me in the central portion of the city of Nantes, on the Loire River, in France, where I still recollect particularly that I was much cherished by my dear stepmother, who had no children of her own, and that I was constantly attended by one or two black servants who had followed my father from Santo Domingo to New Orleans and afterward to Nantes.

One incident, which is as perfect in my memory as if it had occurred this very day, I have thought of thousands of times since, and will now put on paper as one of the curious things which perhaps did lead me in after times to love birds, and to finally study them with pleasure infinite. My mother had several beautiful parrots, and some monkeys; one of the latter was a full-grown male of a very large species. One morning, while the servants were engaged in arranging the room I was in, "Pretty Polly" asking for her breakfast as usual, "*Du pain au lait pour le perroquet Mignonne*," the man of the woods probably thought the

bird presuming upon his rights in the scale of nature; be this as it may, he certainly showed his supremacy in strength over the denizen of the air, for, walking deliberately and uprightly toward the poor bird, he at once killed it, with unnatural composure. The sensations of my infant heart at this cruel sight were agony to me. I prayed the servant to beat the monkey, but he, who for some reason preferred the monkey to the parrot, refused. I uttered long and piercing cries, my mother rushed into the room, I was tranquilized, the monkey was forever afterward chained, and Mignonne buried with all the pomp of a cherished lost one.

This made, as I have said, a very deep impression on my youthful mind. But now, my dear children, I must tell you somewhat of my father, and of his parentage.

John Audubon, my grandfather, was born and lived at the small village of Sable d'Olhonnie, and was by trade a very humble fisherman. He appears to have made up for the want of wealth by the number of his children, twenty-one of whom he actually raised to man and womanhood. All were sons, with one exception; my aunt, one uncle, and my father, who was the twentieth son, being

the only members of that extraordinary numerous family who lived to old age. In subsequent years, when I visited Sable d'Olhonnie, the old residents assured me that they had seen the whole family, including both parents, at church many times.

When my father had reached the age of twelve years, his father presented him with a shirt, a dress of coarse material, a stick and his bless-

ing, and urged him to go and seek means for his future support and sustenance.

Some kind whaler or cod-fisherman took him on board as a "Boy." Of his



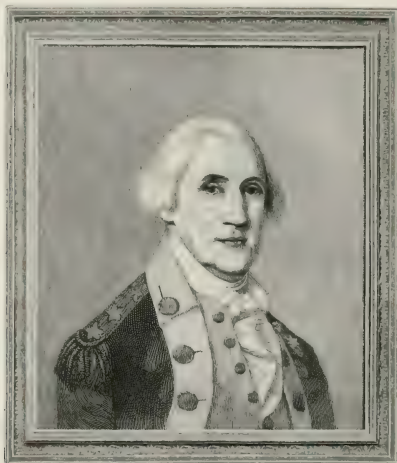
Profile of J. J. Audubon, from his Death Mask.
(Since destroyed by fire.)



John J. Audubon

(Reproduced from an engraving by C. Turner, A.R.A., of the portrait by F. Cruickshank.)

life during his early voyages it would be useless to trouble you, let it suffice for me to say that they were of the usual most uncomfortable nature. How many trips he made I cannot say, thing very considerable. The then Governor gave me an appointment which called me to France, and having received some favors there, became once more a seafaring man, the Govern-



General Washington.

(From a portrait presented to J. J. Audubon, by Washington, a few days before going into winter-quarters at Valley Forge.)

but he told me that by the time he was seventeen he had become an able seaman before the mast; when twenty-one, he commanded a fishing-smack, and went to the great Newfoundland Banks; at twenty-five he owned several small crafts, all fishermen, and at twenty-eight sailed for Santo Domingo with his little flotilla heavily loaded with the produce of the deep. "Fortune," said he to me one day, "now began to smile upon me. I did well in this enterprise, and after a few more voyages of the same sort gave up the sea, and purchased a small estate on the Isle à Vaches; the prosperity of Santo Domingo was at its zenith, and in the course of ten years I had realized some-

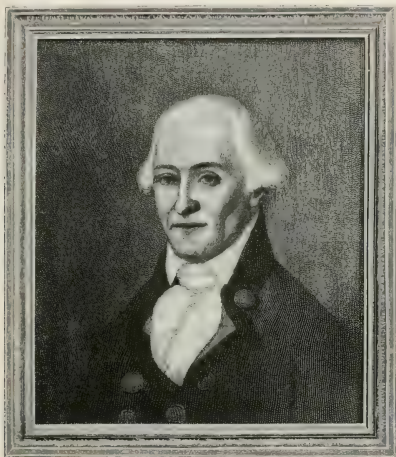
ment having granted me the command of a small vessel of war."

How long my father remained in the service it is impossible for me to say. The different changes occurring at the time of the American Revolution, and afterward during that in France, seem to have sent him from one place to another as if a foot-ball; his property in Santo Domingo augmenting, however, the while, and indeed till the liberation of the black slaves there.

During a visit he paid to Pennsylvania when suffering from the effects of a sunstroke, he purchased the beautiful farm of Millgrove, on the Schuylkill and Perkiomen streams. At this place, and a few days only before the memorable bat-

tle (*sic*) of Valley Forge, General Washington presented him with his portrait, now in my possession, and highly do I value it as a memento of that noble man and the glories of those days.*

in the French Revolution; both were officers in the army. His only sister was killed by the Chouans of La Vendée, and the only brother he had was not on good terms with him. This



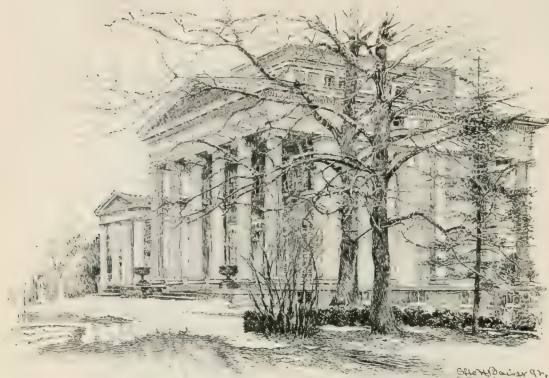
Admiral Audubon. Father of the Naturalist.

At the conclusion of the war between England and her child of the West, my father returned to France, and continued in the employ of the naval department of that country, being at one time sent to Plymouth, England, in a seventy-five-gun ship, to exchange prisoners. This was, I think, in the short peace that took place between England and France in 1801. He returned to Rochefort, where he lived for several years, still in the employ of Government. He finally sent in his resignation and returned to Nantes and La Gerbertière. He had many severe trials and afflictions before his death, having lost my two older brothers early

brother resided at Bayonne, and, I believe, had a large family, none of whom I have ever seen or known.

In personal appearance my father and I were of the same height and stature, say about five feet ten inches, erect, and with muscles of steel; his manners were those of a most polished gentleman, for those and his natural understanding had been carefully improved both by observation and by self-education. In temper we much resembled each other also, being warm, irascible, and at times violent, but it was like the blast of a hurricane, dreadful for a time, when calm almost instantly returned. He greatly approved of the change in France during the time of Napoleon, whom he almost idolized.

* The family still own this portrait of General Washington.



Fatland House on the Schuylkill, Pa., as Rebuilt about 1846
(The home of Lucy Bakewell, whom Audubon married.)

My father died in 1813, regretted most deservedly on account of his simplicity, truth, and perfect sense of honesty. Now I must return to myself.

My stepmother, who was devotedly attached to me, far too much for my good, was desirous that I should be brought up to live and die "like a gentleman," thinking that fine clothes and filled pockets were the only requisites needful to attain this end. She therefore completely spoiled me, hid my faults, boasted to everyone of my youthful merits, and, worse than all, said frequently in my presence that I was the handsomest boy in France. All my wishes and idle notions were at once gratified; she went so far as actually to grant me *carte blanche* at all the confectionery shops in the town, and also of the village of Coueron, where during the summer we lived, as it were, in the country.

My father was quite of another, and much more valuable, description of mind as regarded my future welfare; he believed not in the power of gold

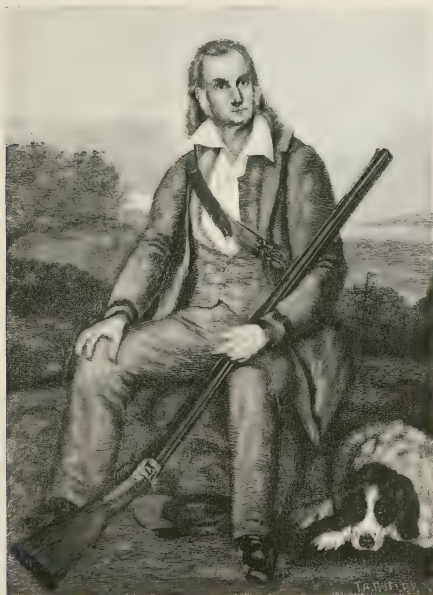
coins as efficient means to render a man happy. He spoke of the stores of the mind, and having suffered much himself through a want of education, he ordered that I should be put to school, and have teachers at home. "Revolutions," he was wont to say, "too often take place in the lives of individuals, and they are apt to lose in one day the fortune they before possessed; but talents and knowledge, added to sound mental training, assisted by honest industry, can never fail, nor be taken from anyone once the possessor of such valuable means." Therefore, notwithstanding all my mother's entreaties and her tears, off to a school I was sent. Excepting only, perhaps, military schools, none were good in France at this period; the thunders of the Revolution still roared over the land, the Revolutionists covered the earth with the blood of man, woman, and child. But let me forever drop the curtain over the frightful aspect of this dire picture. To think of these dreadful days is too terrible, and would be too horrible and

painful for me to relate to you, my dear sons.

The school I went to was none of the best ; my private teachers were the only means through which I acquired the least benefit. My father, who had been for so long a seaman, and who was then in the French Navy, wished me to follow in his steps, or else to become

of the violin ; mathematics was hard, dull work I thought ; geography pleased me more. For my other studies, as well as for dancing, I was quite enthusiastic ; and I well recollect how anxious I was then to become the commander of a corps of dragoons.

My father being mostly absent, on duty, my mother suffered me to do



John J. Audubon.

(From a painting by his son, J. W. Audubon, about 1841.)

an engineer. For this reason I studied drawing, geography, mathematics, fencing, etc., as well as music, for which I had considerable talent. I had a good fencing-master, and a first-rate teacher

much as I pleased ; it was therefore not to be wondered at that, instead of applying closely to my studies, I preferred associating with boys of my own age and disposition, who were more



Victor Gifford Audubon, aged about Thirteen.

(Painted by his father, J. J. Audubon, about 1823.)

fond of going in search of birds' nests, fishing, or shooting, than of better studies. Thus almost every day, instead of going to school when I ought to have gone, I usually made for the fields, where I spent the day; my little basket went with me, filled with good eatables, and when I returned home, during either winter or summer, it was replenished with what I called curiosities, such as birds' nests, birds' eggs, curious lichens, flowers of all sorts, and even pebbles gathered along the shore of some rivulet.

The first time my father returned from sea after this my room exhibited quite a show, and on entering it he was so pleased to see my various collections that he complimented me on my taste for such things; but when he inquired what else I had done, and I, like a culprit, hung my head, he left me without saying another word. Dinner over he asked my sister for some music, and, on her playing for him, he was so pleased with her improvement that he presented her with a beautiful book. I was next asked to play on my violin, but alas! for nearly a month I had not touched it, it was stringless; not a word

was said on that subject. "Had I any drawings to show?" Only a few, and those not good. My good father looked at his wife, kissed my sister, and humming a tune left the room. The next morning at dawn of day my father and I were under way in a private carriage; my trunk, etc., were fastened to it, my violin-case was under my feet, the postilion was ordered to proceed, my father took a book from his pocket, and while he silently read I was left entirely to my own thoughts.

After some days' travelling we entered the gates of Rochefort. My father had scarcely spoken to me, yet there was no anger exhibited in his countenance; nay, as we reached the house where we alighted, and approached the door, near which a sentinel stopped his walk and presented arms, I saw him smile as he raised his hat and said a few words to the man, but so low that not a syllable reached my ears.

The house was furnished with servants, and everything seemed to go on as if the owner had not left it. My father bade me sit by his side, and taking one of my hands, calmly said to me: "My beloved boy, thou art now



John Woodhouse Audubon, aged Eleven

(Painted by his father, J. J. Audubon, about 1823.)

safe, I have brought thee here that I may be able to pay constant attention to thy studies, thou shalt have ample time for pleasures, but the remainder *must* be employed with industry and care. This day is entirely thine own, and as I must attend to my duties, if thou wishest to see the docks, the fine ships of war, and walk round the wall, thou may'st accompany me." I accepted and off together we went; I was presented to every officer we met, and they noticing me more or less, I saw much that day, yet still I perceived that I was like a prisoner-of-war on parole in the city of Rochefort.

My best and most amiable companion was the son of Admiral, or Vice-Admiral (I do not precisely recollect his rank) Vivien, who resided nearly opposite to the house where my father and I then resided; his company I much enjoyed, and along with him all my leisure hours were spent. About this time my father was sent to England in a corvette with a view to exchange prisoners, and he sailed on board the man-of-war *L'Institution* for Plymouth. Previous to his sailing he placed me under the charge of his secretary, Gabriel Loyer Dupuy Gaudeau, the son of a fallen nobleman. Now this gentleman was of no pleasing nature to me; he was, in fact, more than too strict and severe in all his prescriptions to me, and well do I recollect that one morning, after having been set to a very arduous task in mathematical problems, I gave him the slip, jumped from the window, and ran off through the gardens attached to the *Marine Secrétariat*. The unfledged bird may stand for a while on the border of its nest, and perhaps open its winglets and attempt to soar away, but his youthful imprudence may, and indeed often does, prove inimical to his prowess, as some more wary and older bird, that has kept an eye toward him, pounces relentlessly upon the young adventurer and secures him within the grasp of his more powerful talons. This was the case with me in this instance. I had leaped from the door of my cage and thought myself quite safe, while I rambled thoughtlessly beneath the shadow of the trees in the garden and grounds in which I found myself; but the secretary, with a side

glance, had watched my escape, and, ere many minutes had elapsed, I saw coming toward me a corporal with whom, in fact, I was well acquainted. On nearing me, and I did not attempt to escape, our past familiarity was, I found, quite evaporated; he bid me, in a severe voice, to follow him, and on my being presented to my father's secretary I was at once ordered on board the pontoon in port. All remonstrances proved

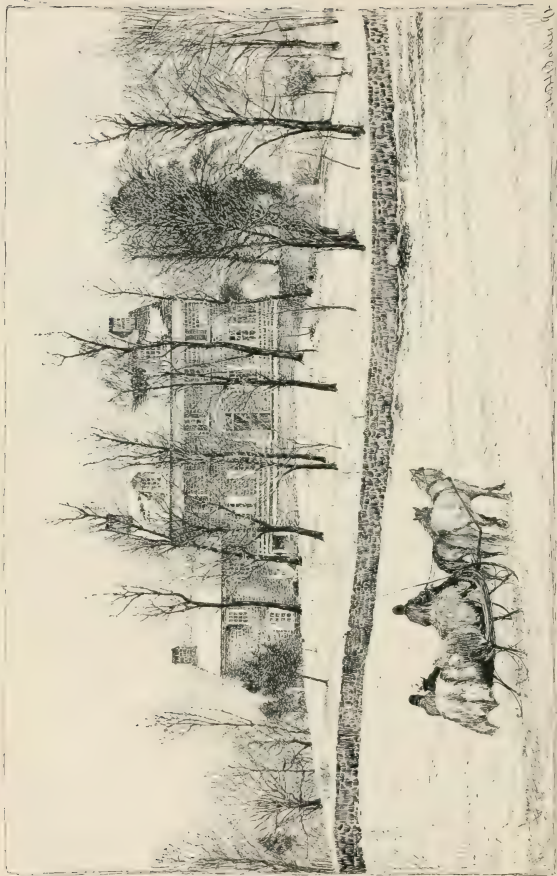


Audubon.

(From a picture made not long before his death.)

fruitless, and on board the pontoon I was conducted, and there left amid such a medley of culprits as I cannot describe, and of whom, indeed, I have but little recollection, save that I felt vile myself in their vile company. My father returned in due course, and released me from these floating and most disagreeable lodgings, but not without a rather severe reprimand.

Shortly after this we returned to Nantes, and later to La Gerbertière. My stay here was short, and I went to Nantes to study mathematics anew, and there spent about one year, the remembrance of which has flown from my memory, with the exception of one incident, of which, when I happen to pass my hand over the left side of my head, I am ever and anon reminded. 'Tis this: one morning while playing with boys of my own age, a quarrel arose among us, a battle ensued, in the course of which I was knocked down by a



DRAWN BY O. M. BACHER.

Mill Grove, now Audubon's, on the Schuylkill Pa.—Early Home of Audubon in America.
(From a photograph made in 1884.)

1884

round stone, that brought the blood from that part of my skull, and for a time I lay on the ground unconscious, but soon rallying, experienced no lasting effects but the scar.

During all these years there existed within me a tendency to follow Nature in her walks. Perhaps not an hour of leisure was spent elsewhere than in woods and fields, and to examine either the eggs, nest, young, or parents of any species of birds constituted my delight. It was about this period that I commenced a series of drawings of the birds of France, which I continued until I had upward of two hundred drawings, all bad enough, my dear sons, yet they were representations of birds, and I felt pleased with them. Hundreds of anecdotes respecting my life at this time might prove interesting to you, but as they are not in my mind at this moment I will leave them, though you may find some of them in the course of the following pages.

I was within a few months of being seventeen years old, when my step-mother, who was an earnest Catholic, took into her head that I should be confirmed; my father agreed. I was surprised and indifferent, but yet as I loved her as if she had been my own mother, and well did she merit my deepest affection, I took to the catechism, studied it and other matters pertaining to the ceremony, and all was performed to her liking. Not long after this, my father, anxious as he was that I should be enrolled in Napoleon's army as a Frenchman, found it necessary to send me back to my own beloved country, the United States of America, and I came with intense and indescribable pleasure.

On landing at New York, I caught the yellow fever by walking to the bank at Greenwich to get the money to which my father's letter of credit entitled me. The kind man who commanded the ship that brought me from France, whose name was a common one, John Smith, took particular charge of me, removed me to Morristown, N. J., and placed me under the care of two Quaker ladies who kept a boarding-house. To their skilful and untiring ministrations I may safely say I owe the prolongation of my

life. Letters were forwarded by them to my father's agent, Miles Fisher, of Philadelphia, of whom I have more to say hereafter. He came for me in his carriage and removed me to his villa, at a short distance from Philadelphia and on the road toward Trenton. There I would have found myself quite comfortable had not incidents taken place which are so connected with the change in my life as to call immediate attention to them.

Miles Fisher had been my father's trusted agent for about eighteen years, and the old gentlemen entertained great mutual friendship; indeed, it would seem that Mr. Fisher was actually desirous that I should become a member of his family, and this was evinced within a few days by the manner in which the good Quaker presented me to a daughter of no mean appearance, but toward whom I happened to take an unconquerable dislike. Then he was opposed to music of all descriptions, as well as to dancing, could not bear me to carry a gun, or fishing-rod, and, indeed, condemned most of my amusements. All these things were difficulties toward accomplishing a plan which, for aught I know to the contrary, had been premeditated between him and my father, and rankled the heart of the kindly, if somewhat strict Quaker. They troubled me much also; at times I wished myself anywhere but under the roof of Mr. Fisher, and at last I reminded him that it was his duty to install me on the estate to which my father had sent me.

One morning, therefore, I was told that the carriage was ready to carry me there, and toward my future home he and I went. You are too well acquainted with the position of Mill Grove for me to allude to that now; suffice it to say that we reached the former abode of my father about sunset. I was presented to our tenant, William Thomas, who also was a Quaker, and took possession under certain restrictions, which amounted to my not receiving more than enough money per quarter than was considered sufficient for the expenditure of a young gentleman.

Miles Fisher left me the next morning, and after him went my blessings



Early Home of Audubon in America.

DRAWN BY O. M. BACHER.

Mill Grove, now Audubon's, on the Schuylkill, Pa.—Early Home of Audubon in America.
(From a photograph made in 1884.)

round stone, that brought the blood from that part of my skull, and for a time I lay on the ground unconscious, but soon rallying, experienced no lasting effects but the scar.

During all these years there existed within me a tendency to follow Nature in her walks. Perhaps not an hour of leisure was spent elsewhere than in woods and fields, and to examine either the eggs, nest, young, or parents of any species of birds constituted my delight. It was about this period that I commenced a series of drawings of the birds of France, which I continued until I had upward of two hundred drawings, all bad enough, my dear sons, yet they were representations of birds, and I felt pleased with them. Hundreds of anecdotes respecting my life at this time might prove interesting to you, but as they are not in my mind at this moment I will leave them, though you may find some of them in the course of the following pages.

I was within a few months of being seventeen years old, when my step-mother, who was an earnest Catholic, took into her head that I should be confirmed; my father agreed. I was surprised and indifferent, but yet as I loved her as if she had been my own mother, and well did she merit my deepest affection, I took to the catechism, studied it and other matters pertaining to the ceremony, and all was performed to her liking. Not long after this, my father, anxious as he was that I should be enrolled in Napoleon's army as a Frenchman, found it necessary to send me back to my own beloved country, the United States of America, and I came with intense and indescribable pleasure.

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for I thought his departure a true deliverance; yet this was only because our tastes and educations were so different, for he certainly was a good and learned man. Mill Grove was ever to me a blessed spot; in my daily walks I thought I perceived the traces left by my father as I looked on the even fences round the fields, or on the regular manner with which avenues of trees, as well as the orchards, had been planted by his hand. The mill was also a source of joy to me, and in the cave, which you too remember, where the pewees were wont to build, I never failed to find quietude and delight.

Hunting, fishing, drawing, and music occupied my every moment; cares I knew not, and cared naught about them. I purchased excellent and beautiful horses, visited all such neighbors as I found congenial spirits, and was as happy as happy could be. A few months after my arrival at Mill Grove I was informed one day that an English family had purchased the plantation next to mine, that the name of the owner was Bakewell, and moreover that he had several very handsome and interesting daughters, and beautiful pointer dogs. I listened, but cared not a jot about them at the time. The place was within sight of Mill Grove, and Fatland Ford, as it was called, was merely divided from my estate by a road leading to the Schuylkill River. Mr. William Bakewell, the father of the family, had called on me one day, but, finding I was rambling in the woods in search of birds, left a card and an invitation to go shooting with him. Now this gentleman was an Englishman, and I such a foolish boy, that, entertaining the greatest prejudices against all of his nationality, I did not return his visit for many weeks, which was as absurd as it was ungentlemanly and impolite.

Mrs. Thomas, good soul, more than once spoke to me on the subject, as well as her worthy husband, but all to no import; English was English with me, my poor childish mind was settled on that, and as I wished to know none of the race the call remained unacknowledged.

Frosty weather, however, came, and anon was the ground covered with the

deep snow. Grouse were abundant along the fir-covered ground near the creek, and as I was in pursuit of game one frosty morning I chanced to meet Mr. Bakewell in the woods. I was struck with the kind politeness of his manner, and found him an expert marksman. Entering into conversation, I admired the beauty of his well-trained dogs, and, apologizing for my discourtesy, finally promised to call upon him and his family.

Well do I recollect the morning, and may it please God that I may never forget it, when for the first time I entered Mr. Bakewell's dwelling. It happened that he was absent from home, and I was shown into a parlor where only one young lady was snugly seated at her work by the fire. She rose on my entrance, offered me a seat, and assured me of the gratification her father would feel on his return, which, she added, would be in a few moments, as she would despatch a servant for him. Other ruddy cheeks and bright eyes made their transient appearance, but like spirits gay, soon vanished from my sight, and there I sat, my gaze riveted, as it were, on the young girl before me, who, half working, half talking, essayed to make the time pleasant to me. Oh! may God bless her! It was she, my dear sons, who afterward became my beloved wife, and your mother. Mr. Bakewell soon made his appearance, and received me with the manner and hospitality of a true English gentleman. The other members of the family were soon introduced to me, and "Lucy" was told to have luncheon produced. She now arose from her seat a second time, and her form, to which I had previously paid but partial attention, showed both grace and beauty; and my heart followed every one of her steps. The repast over, guns and dogs were made ready.

Lucy, I was pleased to believe, looked upon me with some favor, and I turned more especially to her on leaving. I felt that certain "*je ne sais quoi*" which intimated that, at least, she was not indifferent to me.

To speak of the many shooting parties that took place with Mr. Bakewell would be quite useless, and I shall mere-

ly say that he was a most excellent man, a great shot, and possessed of extraordinary learning—aye, far beyond my comprehension. A few days after this first interview with the family the Perkiomen chanced to be bound with ice, and many a one from the neighborhood was playing pranks on the glassy surface of that lovely stream. Being somewhat of a skater myself, I sent a note to the inhabitants of Fatland Ford, inviting them to come and partake of the simple hospitality of Mill Grove farm, and the invitation was kindly received and accepted. My own landlady bestirred herself to the utmost in the procuring of as many pheasants and partridges as her group of sons could entrap, and now under my own roof was seen the whole of the Bakewell family, seated round the table which has never ceased to be one of simplicity and hospitality.

After dinner we all repaired to the ice on the creek, and there, in comfortable sledges, each fair one was propelled by an ardent skater. Tales of love may be extremely stupid to the majority, so that I will not expatiate on these days, but to me, my dear sons, and under such circumstances as then, and, thank God, now exist, every moment was to me one of delight.

But let me interrupt my tale to tell you somewhat of other companions whom I have heretofore neglected to mention. These are two Frenchmen, by name Da Costa and Colmesnil. A lead mine had been discovered by my tenant, William Thomas, to which, besides the raising of fowls, I paid considerable attention; but I knew nothing of mineralogy or mining, and my father, to whom I communicated the discovery of the mine, sent Mr. Da Costa as a partner and partial guardian from France. This fellow was intended to teach me mineralogy and mining engineering, but, in fact, knew nothing of either, besides which he was a covetous wretch, who did all he could to ruin my father, and indeed swindled both of us to a large amount. I had to go to France and expose him to my father to get rid of him, which I fortunately accomplished at first sight of my kind parent. A greater scoundrel than Da

Costa never probably existed, but peace be with his soul.

The other, Colmesnil, was a very interesting young Frenchman with whom I became acquainted. He was very poor, and I invited him to come and reside under my roof. This he did, remaining for many months, much to my delight. His appearance was typical of what he was, a perfect gentleman; he was handsome in form, and possessed of talents far above my own. When introduced to your mother's family he was much thought of, and at one time he thought himself welcome to my Lucy; but it was only a dream, and when once undeceived by her whom I too loved, he told me he must part with me. This we did with mutual regret, and he returned to France, where, though I have lost sight of him, I believe he is still living.

During the winter connected with this event your uncle Thomas Bakewell, now residing in Cincinnati, was one morning skating with me on the Perkiomen, when he challenged me to shoot at his hat as he tossed it in the air, which challenge I accepted with great pleasure. I was to pass by at full speed, within about twenty-five feet of where he stood, and to shoot only when he gave the word. Off I went like lightning, up and down, as if anxious to boast of my own prowess while on the glittering surface beneath my feet; coming, however, within the agreed distance the signal was given, the trigger pulled, off went the load, and down on the ice came the hat of my future brother-in-law, as completely perforated as if a sieve. He repented, alas! too late, and was afterward severely reprimanded by Mr. Bakewell.

Another anecdote I must relate to you on paper which I have probably too often repeated in words, concerning my skating in those early days of happiness; but, as the world knows nothing of it, I shall give it to you at some length. It was arranged one morning between your young uncle, myself, and several other friends of the same age, that we should proceed on a duck-shooting excursion up the creek, and, accordingly, off we went after an early breakfast. The ice was in capital

order wherever no air-holes existed, but of these a great number interrupted our course, all of which were, however, avoided as we proceeded upward along the glittering, frozen bosom of the stream. The day was spent in much pleasure, and the game collected was not inconsiderable.

On our return, in the early dusk of the evening, I was bid to lead the way; I fastened a white handkerchief to a stick, held it up, and we all proceeded toward home as a flock of wild ducks to their roosting-grounds. Many a mile had already been passed, and, as gayly as ever, we were skating swiftly along when darkness came on, and now our speed was increased. Unconsciously I happened to draw so very near a large air-hole that to check my headway became quite impossible, and down it I went, and soon felt the power of a most chilling bath. My senses must, for aught I know, have left me for a while; be this as it may, I must have glided with the stream some thirty or forty yards, when, as God would have it, up I popped at another air-hole, and here I did, in some way or another, manage to crawl out. My companions, who in the gloom had seen my form so suddenly disappear, escaped the danger and were around me when I emerged from the greatest peril I have ever encountered, not excepting my escape from being murdered on the prairie, or by the hands of that wretch S—— B——, of Henderson. I was helped to a shirt from one, a pair of dry breeches from another, and completely dressed anew in a few minutes, if in motley and ill-fitting garments, our line of march was continued, with, however, much more circumspection. Let the reader, whoever he may be, think as he may like on this singular and, in truth, most extraordinary escape from death, it is the truth, and as such I have written it down as a wonderful act of Providence.

Mr. Da Costa, my tutor, took it into his head that my affection for your mother was rash and inconsiderate. He spoke triflingly of her and of her parents, and one day said to me that for a man of my rank and expectations to marry Lucy Bakewell was out of the

question. If I laughed at him or not I cannot tell you, but of this I am certain, that my answers to his talks on this subject so exasperated him that he immediately afterward curtailed my usual income, made some arrangements to send me to India, and wrote to my father accordingly. Understanding from many of my friends that his plans were fixed, and finally hearing from Philadelphia, whither Da Costa had gone, that he had taken my passage from Philadelphia to Canton, I walked to Philadelphia, entered his room quite unexpectedly, and asked him for such an amount of money as would enable me at once to sail for France, and there see my father.

The cunning wretch, for I cannot call him by any other name, smiled, and said: "Certainly, my dear sir," and afterward gave me a letter of credit on a Mr. Kauman, a half-agent, half-banker, then residing at New York. I returned to Mill Grove, made all preparatory plans for my departure, bid a sad adieu to my Lucy and her family, and walked to New York. But never mind the journey; it was winter, the country lay under a covering of snow, but withal I reached New York on the third day, late in the evening.

Once there, I made for the house of a Mrs. Palmer, a lady of excellent qualities, who received me with the utmost kindness, and later on the same evening I went to the house of your grand-uncle, Benjamin Bakewell, then a rich merchant of New York, managing the concerns of the house of Guelt, bankers of London. I was the bearer of a letter from Mr. Bakewell, of Fatland Ford, to this brother of his, and there I was again most kindly received and housed.

The next day I called on Mr. Kauman; he read Da Costa's letter, smiled, and after a while told me he had nothing to give me, and in plain terms said that instead of a letter of credit, Da Costa—that rascal!—had written and advised him to have me arrested and shipped to Canton. The blood rose to my temples, and well it was that I had no weapon about me, for I feel even now quite assured that his heart must have received the result of my wrath. I left him half bewildered, half mad, and went at once

to Mrs. Palmer, and spoke to her of my purpose of returning at once to Philadelphia and there certainly murdering Da Costa. Women have great power over me at any time, and perhaps under all circumstances. Mrs. Palmer quieted me, spoke religiously of the cruel sin I thought of committing, and, at last, persuaded me to relinquish the direful plan. I returned to Mr. Bakewell's low-spirited and mournful, but said not a word about all that had passed. The next morning my sad visage showed something was wrong, and I at last gave vent to my outraged feelings.

Benjamin Bakewell was a *friend* of his brother (may you ever be so toward each other). He comforted me much, went with me to the docks to seek a vessel bound to France, and offered me any sum of money I might require to convey me to my father's house. My passage was taken on board the brig *Hope*, of New Bedford, and I sailed in her, leaving Da Costa and Kauman in the most exasperated state of mind. The fact is, both these rascals intended to cheat both me and my father. The brig was bound direct for Nantes. We left the Hook under a very fair breeze, and proceeded at a good rate till we reached the latitude of New Bedford, in Rhode Island, when my captain came to me, as if in despair, and said he must run into port, as the vessel was so leaky as to force him to have her unloaded and repaired before he proceeded across the Atlantic. Now this was only a trick; my captain was newly married, and was merely anxious to land at New Bedford to spend a few days with his bride, and had actually caused several holes to be bored below water-mark, which leaked enough to keep the men at the pumps. We came to anchor close to the town of New Bedford; the captain went on shore, entered a protest, the vessel was unloaded, the apertures bunged up, and after a week, which I spent in being rowed about the beautiful harbor, we sailed for La Belle France. A few days after having lost sight of land we were overtaken by a violent gale, coming fairly on our quarter, and before it we scudded at an extraordinary rate, and during the dark night had the misfortune to lose a fine young sailor

overboard. At one part of the sea we passed through an immensity of dead fish floating on the surface of the water, and, after nineteen days from New Bedford, we had entered the Loire, and anchored off Painbœuf, the lower harbor of Nantes.

On sending my name to the principal officer of the customs, he came on board, and afterward sent me to my father's villa, La Gerbertière, in his barge, and with his own men, and late that evening I was in the arms of my beloved parents. Although I had written to them previous to leaving America, the rapidity of my voyage had prevented them hearing of my intentions, and to them my appearance was sudden and unexpected. Most welcome, however, I was; I found my father hale and hearty, and *chère maman* as fair and good as ever. Adored *maman*, peace be with thee!

I cannot trouble you with minute accounts of my life in France for the following twelve months, but will merely tell you that my first object being that of having Da Costa disposed of, this was first effected; the next was my father's consent to my marriage, and this was acceded to as soon as my good father had received answers to letters written to your grandfather, William Bakewell. In the very lap of comfort my time was happily spent; I went out shooting and hunting, drew every bird I procured, as well as many other objects of natural history and zoölogy, though these were not the subjects I had studied under the instruction of the celebrated David.

It was during this visit that my sister Rosa was married to Gabriel Dupuy Gaudeau, and I now also became acquainted with Ferdinand Rozier, whom you well know. Between Rozier and myself my father formed a partnership to stand good for nine years in America.

France was at that time in a great state of convulsion; the republic had, as it were, dwindled into a half monarchial, half democratic era. Bonaparte was at the height of success, overflowing the country as the mountain torrent overflows the plains in its course. Levies, or conscriptions, were the order of the day, and my name being French my father felt uneasy lest I should be

forced to take part in the political strife of those days.

I underwent a mockery of an examination, and was received as midshipman in the navy, went to Rochefort, was placed on board a man-of-war, and ran a short cruise. On my return my father had, in some way, obtained passports for Rozier and me, and we sailed for New York. Never can I forget the day when, at St. Nazaire, an officer came on board to examine the papers of the many passengers. On looking at mine he said: "My dear Mr. Audubon, I wish you joy; would to God that I had such papers, how thankful I should be to leave unhappy France under the same passport."

About a fortnight after leaving France a vessel gave us chase. We were running before the wind under all sail, but the unknown gained on us at a great rate, and after a while stood to the windward of our ship, about half a mile off. She fired a gun, the ball passed within a few yards of our bows; our captain heeded not, but kept on his course, with the United States flag displayed and floating in the breeze. Another and another shot was fired at us; the enemy closed upon us; all the passengers expected to receive her broadside. Our commander hove to; a boat was almost instantaneously lowered and alongside our vessel; two officers leaped on board, with about a dozen mariners; the first asked for the captain's papers, while the latter with his men kept guard over the whole.

The vessel which had pursued us was the *Rattlesnake* and was what I believe is generally called a privateer, which means nothing but a pirate; every one of the papers proved to be in perfect accordance with the laws existing between England and America, therefore we were not touched nor molested, but the English officers who had come on board robbed the ship of almost everything that was nice in the way of provisions, took our pigs and sheep, coffee and wines, and carried off our two best sailors, despite all the remonstrances made by one of our members of Congress, I think from Virginia, who was accompanied by a charming young daughter. The *Rattlesnake* kept us

under her lee, and almost within pistol-shot, for a whole day and night, ransacking the ship for money, of which we had a good deal in the run beneath a ballast of stone. Although this was partially removed they did not find the treasure. I may here tell you that I placed the gold belonging to Rozier and myself, wrapped in some clothing, under a cable in the bow of the ship, and there it remained snug till the *Rattlesnake* had given us leave to depart, which you may be sure we did without thanks to her commander or crew; we were afterward told the former had his wife with him.

After this rencontre we sailed on till within about thirty miles of the entrance to the bay of New York, when we passed a fishing-boat, from which we were hailed and told that two British frigates lay off the entrance of the Hook, had fired an American ship, shot a man, and impressed so many of our seamen, that to attempt reaching New York might prove to be both unsafe and unsuccessful. Our captain, on hearing this, put about immediately, and sailed for the east end of Long Island Sound, which we entered uninterrupted by any other enemy than a dreadful gale, which drove us on a sand-bar in the Sound, but from which we made off unhurt during the height of the tide, and finally reached New York.

I at once called on your uncle Benjamin Bakewell, stayed with him a day, and proceeded at as swift a rate as possible to Fatland Ford, accompanied by Ferdinand Rozier. Mr. Da Costa was at once dismissed from his charge. I saw my dear Lucy, and was again my own master.

Perhaps it would be well for me to give you some slight information respecting my mode of life in those days of my youth, and I shall do so without gloves. I was what in plain terms may be called extremely extravagant. I had no vices, it is true, neither had I any high aims. I was ever fond of shooting, fishing, and riding on horseback; the raising of fowls of every sort was one of my hobbies, and to reach the maximum of my desires in those different things filled every one of my thoughts. I was ridiculously fond of dress. To

have seen me going shooting in black satin smallclothes, or breeches, with silk stockings, and the finest ruffled shirt Philadelphia could afford, was, as I now realize, an absurd spectacle, but it was one of my many foibles, and I shall not conceal it. I purchased the best horses in the country, and rode well, and felt proud of it; my guns and fishing-tackle were equally good, always expensive and richly ornamented, often with silver. Indeed, though in America, I cut as many foolish pranks as a young dandy in Bond Street or Piccadilly.

I was extremely fond of music, dancing, and drawing; in all I had been well instructed, and not an opportunity was lost to confirm my propensities in those accomplishments. I was, like most young men, filled with the love of amusement, and not a ball, a skating-match, a house or riding party took place without me. Withal, and fortunately for me, I was not addicted to gambling; cards I disliked, and I had no other evil practices. I was, besides, temperate to an *intemperate* degree. I lived, until the day of my union with your mother, on milk, fruits, and vegetables, with the addition of game and fish at times, but never had I swallowed a single glass of wine or spirits, until the day of my wedding. The result has been my uncommon, indeed iron, constitution. This was my constant mode of life ever since my earliest recollection, and while in France it was extremely annoying to all those round me. Indeed, so much did it influence me that I never went to dinners, merely because when so situated my peculiarities in my choice of food occasioned comment, and also because often not a single dish was to my taste or fancy, and I could eat nothing from the sumptuous tables before me. Pies, puddings, eggs, milk, or cream was all I cared for in the way of food, and many a time have I robbed my tenant's wife, Mrs. Thomas, of the cream intended to make butter for the Philadelphia market. All this time I was as fair and as rosy as a girl, though as strong, indeed stronger, than most young men, and as active as a buck. And why, have I thought a thousand times, should I not have kept to that delicious mode of living, and why should

not mankind in general be more abstemious than mankind is?

Before I sailed for France I had begun a series of drawings of the birds of America, and had also begun a study of their habits. I at first drew my subjects dead, by which I mean to say that, after procuring a specimen, I hung it up either by the head, wing, or foot, and copied it as closely as I possibly could.

In my drawing of birds only did I interest Mr. Da Costa. He always commended my efforts, nay, he even went farther, for one morning, while I was drawing a figure of the *Ardea herodias*, he assured me the time might come when I should be a great American naturalist. However curious it may seem to the scientific world, that these sayings from the lips of such a man should affect me, I assure you they had great weight with me, and I felt a certain degree of pride in these words even then.

Too young and too useless to be married, your grandfather William Bakewell advised me to study the mercantile business; my father approved, and to insure this training under the best auspices I went to New York, where I entered as a clerk for your great uncle Benjamin Bakewell, while Rozier went to a French house at Philadelphia.

The mercantile business did not suit me. The very first venture which I undertook was in indigo; it cost me several hundred pounds, the whole of which was lost. Rozier was no more fortunate than I, for he shipped a cargo of hams to the West Indies, and not more than one-fifth of the cost was returned. Yet I suppose we both obtained a smattering of business.

Time passed, and at last, on April 5, 1808, your mother and I were married by the Rev. Dr. Latimer, of Philadelphia, and the next morning left Fatland Ford and Mill Grove for Louisville, Ky. For some two years previous to this Rozier and I had visited the country from time to time as merchants, had thought well of it, and liked it exceedingly. Its fertility and abundance, the hospitality and kindness of the people were sufficiently winning things to entice anyone to go there with a view to comfort and happiness.

We had marked Louisville as a spot

designed by nature to become a place of great importance, and, had we been as wise as we now are, I might never have published the "Birds of America," for a few hundred dollars laid out at that period, in lands or town lots near Louisville, would, if left to grow over with grass to a date ten years past (this being 1835), have become an immense fortune. But young heads are on young shoulders; it was not to be, and who cares?

On our way to Pittsburg we met with a sad accident, that nearly cost the life of your mother. The coach upset on the mountains, and she was severely, but fortunately not fatally, hurt. We floated down the Ohio in a flat-boat, in company with several other young families; we had many goods, and opened a large store at Louisville, which went on prosperously, when I attended to it; but birds were birds, then as now, and my thoughts were ever and anon turning toward them as the objects of my greatest delight. I shot, I drew, I looked on nature only, my days were happy beyond human conception, and beyond this I really cared not.

Victor was born June 12, 1809, at Gwathway's Hotel of the Indian Queen. We had by this time formed the acquaintance of many persons in and about Louisville; the country was settled by planters and farmers of the most benevolent and hospitable nature; and my young wife, who possessed talents far above par, was regarded as a gem, and received by them all with the greatest pleasure. All the sportsmen and hunters were fond of me, and I became their companion; my fondness for fine horses was well kept up, and I had as good as the country—and the country was Kentucky—could afford. Our most intimate friends were the Tarascons and the Berthouds, at Louisville and Shippingport. The simplicity and whole-heartedness of those days I cannot describe; man was man, and each, one to another, a brother.

I seldom passed a day without drawing a bird, or noting something respecting its habits. Rozier meantime attending the counter. I could relate many curious anecdotes about him, but never mind them; he made out to grow rich, and what more could he wish for.

In 1810 Alexander Wilson, the naturalist—not the *American* naturalist—called upon me. About 1812 your uncle Thomas W. Bakewell sailed from New York or Philadelphia, as a partner of mine, and took with him all the disposable money which I had at that time, and there [New Orleans] opened a mercantile house under the name of "Audubon & Bakewell."

Merchants crowded to Louisville from all our Eastern cities. None of them were, as I was, intent on the study of birds, but all were deeply impressed with the value of dollars. Louisville did not give us up, but we gave up Louisville. I could not bear to give the attention required by my business, and which, indeed, every business calls for, and, therefore, my business abandoned me. Indeed, I never thought of it beyond the ever-engaging journeys which I was in the habit of taking to Philadelphia or New York, to purchase goods; these journeys I greatly enjoyed, as they afforded me ample means to study birds and their habits as I travelled through the beautiful, the darling forests of Ohio, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania.

Were I here to tell you that once, when travelling, and driving several horses before me laden with goods and dollars, I lost sight of the pack-saddles, and the cash they bore, to watch the motions of a warbler, I should only repeat occurrences that happened a hundred times and more in those days. To an ordinary reader this may appear very odd, but it is as true, my dear sons, as it is that I am now scratching this poor book of mine with a miserable iron pen. Rozier and myself still had some business together, but we became discouraged at Louisville, and I longed to have a wilder range; this made us remove to Henderson, one hundred and twenty-five miles farther down the fair Ohio. We took there the remainder of our stock on hand, but found the country so very new, and so thinly populated that the commonest goods only were called for. I may say our guns and fishing-lines were the principal means of our support, as regards food.

John Pope, our clerk, who was a

Kentuckian, was a good shot and an excellent fisherman, and he and I attended to the procuring of game and fish, while Rozier again stood behind the counter.

Your beloved mother and I were as happy as possible, the people round loved us, and we them in return; our profits were enormous, but our sales small, and my partner, who spoke English but badly, suggested that we remove to St. Geneviève, on the Mississippi River. I acceded to his request to go there, but determined to leave your mother and Victor at Henderson, not being quite sure that our adventure would succeed as we hoped. I therefore placed her and the children under the care of Dr. Rankin and his wife, who had a fine farm about three miles from Henderson, and having arranged our goods on board a large flat-boat, my partner and I left Henderson in the month of December, 1813, in a heavy snow-storm. This change in my plans prevented me from going, as I had intended, on a long expedition. In Louisville we had formed the acquaintance of Major Croghan (an old friend of my father's), and of General Jonathan Clark, the brother of General William Clark, the first white man who ever crossed the Rocky Mountains. I had engaged to go with him, but was, as I have said, unfortunately prevented. To return to our journey. When we reached Cash Creek we were bound by ice for a few weeks; we then attempted to ascend the Mississippi, but were again stopped in the great bend called Tawapatee Bottom, where we again planted our camp till a thaw broke the ice. In less than six weeks, however, we reached the village of St. Geneviève. I found at once it was not the place for me; its population was then composed of low French Canadians, uneducated and uncouth, and the ever-longing wish to be with my beloved wife and children drew my thoughts to Henderson, to which I decided to return almost immediately. Scarcely any communication existed between the two places, and I felt cut off from all dearest to me. Rozier, on the contrary, liked it; he found plenty of French with whom to converse. I proposed selling out to him, a bargain was

made, he paid me a certain amount in cash, and gave me bills for the residue. This accomplished, I purchased a beauty of a horse, for which I paid dear enough, and bid Rozier farewell. On my return trip to Henderson I was obliged to stop at a humble cabin, where I so nearly ran the chance of losing my life, at the hands of a woman and her two desperate sons, that I have thought fit since to introduce this passage in a sketch called "The Prairie," and which is to be found in (I believe) the first volume of my "Ornithological Biography."

Winter was just bursting into spring when I left the land of lead mines. Nature leaped with joy, as it were, at her own new-born marvels, the prairies began to be dotted with beauteous flowers, abounded with deer, and my own heart was filled with happiness at the sights before me. I must not forget to tell you that I crossed those prairies on foot at another time, for the purpose of collecting the money due to me from Rozier, and that I walked one hundred and sixty-five miles in a little over three days, much of the time nearly ankle-deep in mud and water, from which I suffered much afterward by swollen feet. I reached Henderson in early March and a few weeks later the lower portions of Kentucky and the shores of the Mississippi suffered severely by earthquakes. I felt their effects between Louisville and Henderson, and also at Dr. Rankin's. I have omitted to say that my second son, John Woodhouse, was born under Dr. Rankin's roof on November 30, 1812; he was an extremely delicate boy till about a twelvemonth old, when he suddenly acquired strength and grew to be a lusty child.

Your uncle, Thomas W. Bakewell, had been all this time in New Orleans, and thither I had sent him almost all the money I could raise, but, notwithstanding this, the firm could not stand, and one day, while I was making a drawing of an otter, he suddenly appeared. He remained at Dr. Rankin's a few days, talked much to me about our misfortunes in trade, and left us for Fatland Ford.

My pecuniary means were now much

reduced. I continued to draw birds and quadrupeds it is true, but only now and then thought of making any money. I bought a wild horse, and on its back travelled over Tennessee and a portion of Georgia, and so round till I finally reached Philadelphia, and then to your grandfather's at Fatland Ford. He had sold my plantation of Mill Grove to Moses Wetherell, of Philadelphia for a good round sum, and with this I returned through Kentucky and at last reached Henderson once more. Your mother was well, both of you were lovely darlings of our hearts and the effects of poverty troubled us not. Your uncle, T. W. Bakewell, was again in New Orleans, and doing rather better, but this was a mere transient clearing of that sky which had been obscured for many a long day.

Determined to do something for myself, I took to horse, rode to Louisville with a few hundred dollars in my pockets, and there purchased, half cash, half credit, a small stock, which I brought to Henderson. *Chemin faisant*, I came in contact with, and was accompanied by, General Toledo, then on his way as a revolutionist to South America. As our flat-boats were floating one clear moonshiny night, lashed together, this individual opened his views to me, promising me wonders of wealth should I decide to accompany him, and he went so far as to offer me a colonelcy on what he was pleased to call "his Safe Guard." I listened, it is true, but looked more at the heavens than on his face, and in the former found so much more of peace than of war that I concluded not to accompany him.

When our boats arrived at Henderson, he landed with me, purchased many horses, hired some men, and coaxed others, to accompany him, purchased a young negro from me; presented me with a splendid Spanish dagger and my wife with a ring, and went off overland toward Natchez, with a view of there gathering recruits.

I now purchased a ground lot of four acres, and a meadow of four more at the back of the first. On the latter stood several buildings, an excellent orchard, etc., lately the property of an English doctor, who had died on the

premises, and left the whole to a servant woman as a gift, from whom it came to me as a freehold. The pleasures which I have felt at Henderson, and under the roof of that log cabin, can never be effaced from my heart until after death. The little stock of goods brought from Louisville answered perfectly, and in less than twelve months I had again risen in the world. I purchased adjoining land, and was doing extremely well when Thomas Bakewell came once more on the tapis, and joined me in commerce. We prospered at a round rate for a while, but, unfortunately for me, he took it into his brain to persuade me to erect a steam-mill at Henderson and to join to our partnership an Englishman of the name of Thomas Pears, now dead.

Well, up went the steam-mill at an enormous expense, in a country then as unfit for such a thing as it would be now for me to attempt to settle in the moon. Thomas Pears came to Henderson with his wife and family of children, the mill was raised, and worked very badly. Thomas Pears lost his money and we lost ours.

It was now our misfortune to add other partners and petty agents to our concern; suffice it for me to tell you, nay, to assure you, that I was gulled by all these men. The new-born Kentucky banks nearly all broke in quick succession; and again we started with a new set of partners; these were your present uncle N. Berthoud and Benjamin Page of Pittsburg. Matters, however, grew worse every day; the times were what men called "bad," but I am fully persuaded the great fault was ours, and the building of that accursed steam-mill was, of all the follies of man, one of the greatest, and to your uncle and me the worst of all our pecuniary misfortunes. How I labored at that infernal mill! from dawn to dark, nay, at times all night. But it is over now; I am old, and try to forget as fast as possible all the different trials of those sad days. We also took it into our heads to have a steamboat, in partnership with the engineer who had come from Philadelphia to fix the engine of that mill. This also proved an entire failure, and misfortune after misfortune came down upon

us like so many avalanches, both fearful and destructive.

About this time I went to New Orleans, at the suggestion of your uncle, to arrest T—— B——, who had purchased a steamer from us, but whose bills were worthless, and who owed us for the whole amount. I travelled down to New Orleans in an open skiff, accompanied by two negroes of mine; I reached New Orleans one day too late; Mr. B—— had been compelled to surrender the steamer to a prior claimant. I returned to Henderson, traveling part way on the steamer Paragon, walked from the mouth of the Ohio to Shawnee, and rode the rest of the distance. On my arrival old Mr. Berthoud told me that Mr. B—— had arrived before me, and had sworn to kill me. My affrighted Lucy forced me to wear a dagger. Mr. B—— walked about the streets and before my house as if watching for me, and the continued reports of our neighbors prepared me for an encounter with this man, whose violent and ungovernable temper was only too well known. As I was walking toward the steam-mill one morning, I heard myself hailed from behind; on turning, I observed Mr. B—— marching toward me with a heavy club in his hand. I stood still, and he soon reached me. He complained of my conduct to him at New Orleans, and suddenly raising his bludgeon laid it about me. Though white with wrath, I spoke nor moved not till he had given me twelve severe blows, then, drawing my dagger with my left hand (unfortunately my right was disabled and in a sling, having been caught and much injured in the wheels of the steam-engine) I stabbed him, and he instantly fell. Old Mr. Berthoud and others, who were hastening to the spot, now came up, and carried him home on a plank. Thank God, his wound was not mortal, but his friends were all up in arms and as hot-headed as himself. Some walked through my premises armed with guns; my dagger was once more at my side, Mr. Berthoud had his gun, our servants were variously armed, and our carpenter took my gun "Long Tom." Thus protected, I walked into the Judiciary Court, that was then sitting, and was blamed, *only*

—for not having killed the scoundrel who attacked me.

The "bad establishment," as I called the steam-mill, worked worse and worse every day. Thomas Bakewell, who possessed more brains than I, sold his town lots and removed to Cincinnati, where he has made a large fortune, and glad I am of it.

From this date my pecuniary difficulties daily increased; I had heavy bills to pay which I could not meet or take up. The moment this became known to the world around me that moment I was assailed with thousands of invectives; the once wealthy man was now nothing. I parted with every particle of property I held to my creditors, keeping only the clothes I wore on that day, my original drawings, and my gun.

Your mother held in her arms your baby sister Rosa, named thus on account of her extreme loveliness, and after my own sister Rosa. *She* felt the pangs of our misfortunes perhaps more heavily than I, but never for an hour lost her courage; her brave and cheerful spirit accepted all, and no reproaches from her beloved lips ever wounded my heart. With her was I not always rich?

Finally I paid every bill, and at last left Henderson, probably forever, without a dollar in my pocket, walked to Louisville alone, by no means comfortable in mind, there went to Mr. Berthoud's, where I was kindly received; they were indeed good friends.

My plantation in Pennsylvania had been sold, and, in a word, nothing was left to me but my humble talents. Were those talents to remain dormant under such exigencies? Was I to see my beloved Lucy and children suffer, and want bread, in the abundant land of Kentucky? Was I to repine because I had acted like an honest man? Was I inclined to cut my throat in foolish despair? No!! I *had* talents, and to them I instantly resorted.

To be a good draughtsman in those days was to me a blessing: to any other man, be it a thousand years hence, it will be a blessing also. I at once undertook to take portraits of the human "head divine," in black chalk, and, thanks to my master, David, succeeded admirably. I commenced at exceeding-

ly low prices, but raised these prices as I became more known in this capacity. Your mother and yourselves were sent up from Henderson to our friend Isham Talbot, then Senator for Kentucky; this was done without a cent of expense to me, and I can never be grateful enough for his kind generosity.

In the course of a few weeks I had as much work to do as I could possibly wish, so much that I was able to rent a house in a retired part of Louisville. I was sent for four miles in the country, to take likenesses of persons on their death-beds, and so high did my reputation suddenly rise, as the best delineator of heads in that vicinity, that a clergyman residing at Louisville (I would give much now to recall and write down his name) had his dead child disinterred, to procure a fac-simile of his face, which, by the way, I gave to the parents as if still alive, to their intense satisfaction.

My drawings of birds were not neglected meantime; in this particular there seemed to hover round me almost a mania, and I would even give up doing a head, the profits of which would have supplied our wants for a week or more, to represent a little citizen of the feathered tribe. Nay, my dear sons, I thought that I now drew birds far better than I had ever done before, misfortune intensified, or at least developed, my abilities. I received an invitation to go to Cincinnati, a flourishing place, and which you now well know to be a thriving town in the State of Ohio. I was presented to the president of the Cincinnati College, Dr. Drake, and immediately formed an engagement to stuff birds for the museum there, in concert with Mr. Robert Best, an Englishman of great talent. My salary was large, and I at once sent for your mother to come to me, and bring you. Your dearly beloved sister Rosa died shortly afterward. I now established a large drawing-school at Cincinnati, to which I attended thrice per week, and at good prices.

The expedition of Major Long passed through the city soon after, and well do I recollect how he, Messrs. T. Peale, Thomas Say, and others stared at my drawings of birds at that time.

So industrious were Mr. Best and I that in about six months we had aug-

mented, arranged, and finished all we could do for the museum. I returned to my portraits, and made a great number of them, without which we must have once more been on the starving list, as Mr. Best and I found, sadly too late, that the members of the College museum were splendid promisers and very bad paymasters.

In October of 1820 I left your mother and yourselves at Cincinnati, and went to New Orleans on board a flat-boat commanded and owned by a Mr. Haromack. From this date my journals are kept with fair regularity, and if you read them you will easily find all that followed afterward.

In glancing over these pages, I see that in my hurried and broken manner of laying before you this very imperfect (but perfectly correct) account of my early life I have omitted to tell you that, before the birth of your sister Rosa, a daughter was born at Henderson, who was called, of course, Lucy. Alas! the poor, dear little one was unkindly born, she was always ill and suffering; two years did your kind and unwearied mother nurse her with all imaginable care, but notwithstanding this loving devotion she died, in the arms which had held her so long, and so tenderly. This infant daughter we buried in our garden at Henderson, but after removed her to the Holly burying-ground in the same place.

Hundreds of anecdotes I could relate to you, my dear sons, about those times, and it may happen that the pages that I am now scribbling over may hereafter, through your own medium, or that of someone else, be published. I shall try, should God Almighty grant me life, to return to these less important portions of my history, and delineate them all with the same faithfulness with which I have written the ornithological biographies of the birds of my beloved country.

Only one event, however, which possesses in itself a lesson to mankind, I will here relate. After our dismal removal from Henderson to Louisville, one morning, while all of us were sadly desponding, I took you, both Victor and John from Shippingport to Louisville. I had purchased a loaf of bread

and some apples; before we reached Louisville you were all hungry, and by the river side we sat down and ate our scanty meal. On that day the world was with me as a blank, and my heart was sorely heavy, for scarcely had I enough to keep my dear ones alive, and yet, through these dark ways I was being led to the development of the talents I loved, and which have brought so much enjoyment to us *all*, for it is with deep thankfulness that I record that you, my sons, have passed your lives almost continuously with your dear mother and myself. But I will here stop with one remark.

One of the most extraordinary things among all these adverse circumstances was, that I never for a day gave up listening to the songs of our birds, or

watching their peculiar habits, or delineating them in the best way that I could; nay, during my deepest troubles I frequently would wrench myself from the persons around me, and retire to some secluded part of our noble forests; and many a time, at the sound of the wood-thrush's melodies have I fallen on my knees, and there prayed earnestly to our God. This *never* failed to bring me the most valuable of thoughts and *always* comfort, and, strange as it may seem to you, it was often necessary for me to exert my will and compel myself to return to my fellow-beings.

Copied verbatim from the original journal in John J. Audubon's handwriting, 1892.



The Jerusalem Station.

THE JAFFA AND JERUSALEM RAILWAY.

By Selah Merrill.

IF ever an act seemed like sacrilege it is the introduction of a railroad into Palestine, with the sound of whistle and rushing train among the old and quiet hills of Judea. Everybody believes, however, that Providence is guiding the march of civilization, hence there can be

nothing unholy in the fact that its advanced guard has reached the walls of ancient Jerusalem. We had already the post-office, the management of which has notably improved during the past ten years; we had also the telegraph; and while one should not expect too much of

Oriental lightning, and must sometimes be satisfied if it makes a full hundred miles in forty-eight hours, still the natives, both high and low, are gradually waking up to the idea that it means promptness and rapidity—that it is a kind of annihilator of space. But it was reserved for the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two to introduce here the railway, with all its strange and stirring life. The present is a kind of “Columbus year” for Palestine, and in commemoration of the opening of this road in the Holy Land, an extra flag might be displayed at the great Chicago Exposition.

During the month of August (1892), tens of thousands of people, for the first time in their lives, have seen a railroad and a train of cars. They have had a revelation, and in the great city as well as in the dirtiest village of the land, wonder is at its height. The excitement can hardly be realized by the inhabitants of other countries, to whom railroads perfected by the highest engineering skill and with lavish expense are objects as familiar and common as a daily

experiencing a sensation which it can hardly comprehend.

The significance of this event is not that fifty-three miles of railway have been built, or that the capital and the seaport have been united by iron rails; it is that this has been done in Turkey, which has always, by all the prejudice and force of its religion, by all the arts of its diplomacy, and by every other means at its command, done all in its power to keep out Western civilization. It is, therefore, a well-aimed spear-thrust in the side of this old despotic, backward-looking government, and may foretoken for it either the dawn of health or the shadows of inevitable death.

But no one can make use of this railroad until he gets into the country, and the process of landing at Jaffa is the same old bugbear that it was before the railroad was built. This process, however, in the large majority of instances, is not at all formidable, but the remaining instances are no doubt rather trying to sensitive nerves. The fact is that Jaffa has no harbor; there is a bit of water protected by a reef of rocks where



The Station at Jaffa, showing also a Part of the Freight Depot

newspaper. We forget that, not so very long ago, in our own country we had only bridle-paths and scarcely a yearly post, while railways and steamboats had not even been dreamed of. Let all the world rejoice if this mediæval country is

small boats can be sheltered if they succeed in shooting themselves into it before a storm overtakes them; but steamers and large craft have to stand out to sea for safety. There is evidence that, on the north side of the present town,

there was, in ancient times, a sort of harbor, small but safe, which is now silted up and covered with orange gardens.

which they experienced ; how, then, would they estimate the task of the railroad company, who had to get from ship



View of the Station at Jaffa from Window of the Jerusalem Hotel

Outlines of Mediterranean in the distance. The great wheels are over wells from which water is drawn for watering orange gardens.

The great public work most pressingly demanded at the present time is the construction of a breakwater of dimensions sufficiently ample for the protection of shipping of all kinds. The railroad during the slack season of the year—say during the entire summer, from May till October—might employ their forces in carting down one of the mountains of Judea, saying : “Be thou cast into the sea,” and thus form an effectual barrier against the mad waves of the winter storms. Since any number of laborers can be obtained for twenty to thirty cents a day, furnishing their own food at that, the cost of such an undertaking ought not to be so great as to prevent its being done.

Delicate women and dignified clergymen who have been tossed from the steamer's ladder into the great bare arms of a stalwart Arab boatman standing in a boat below, while steamer and boat and sea were dancing like captive rubber balls in a gale of wind, think nothing could exceed the discomfort

to shore, in spite of rough seas, all the rails, ties, iron bridges, cars, engines, colossal water-tanks, and everything else that was required in the construction and equipment of the road ? The task, however, after much serious risk to life, many mishaps, and some discouraging and costly accidents, was accomplished ; but the difficulties overcome only emphasize the great need which Jaffa has of a suitable harbor and landing-place.

The reef just referred to, with its bit of sheltered water, is directly in front of the middle of the town, and the town itself is defended from the sea by a high wall from the top of which the houses begin. Travellers are hoisted up here, but all the materials for the railroad must be got ashore elsewhere. From a safe point on the north side of the town the company built a temporary track of rocks and timber, shored up in the strongest possible manner, so that it might not be swept away by the waves, which ran along in the shallow water

under the wall of the town till it reached a certain point in the reef of rocks beyond which the water was deep. Hither from the steamers was brought, on strong lighters, the material for the road, and all seemed to be working well; but one night a terrible storm, such as Josephus relates was long ago named by the Jaffa mariners "The Black Norther" ("Wars," iii., 9, 3), ruined a large part of this structure; as nothing was to be done but to try again, at great cost of time and money it was rebuilt, and finally served the purpose desired. Certain things, as, for instance, the boilers of the engines, were dumped into the sea, and, like great captive monsters, were easily towed to land. Everything that could be constructed thus was made in sections, and engineering skill contrived to handle these so that at last the materials were all landed without serious injury.

Jaffa rises from the sea not in rugged outline, but round as a Roman arch, and is girded with a vast belt of green, made up of gardens, orange-groves, palm-trees, wells and water-courses, and white cottages just visible beneath luxuriant shade; and looked at from either sea or land, it well deserves its ancient Hebrew name of "beautiful." Without patient human industry, however, all this would retrograde so that it would soon be described as "a little barren hill in the midst of a sandy waste."

The town is Mohammedan. It possesses also a considerable population of Jews, but it is to the large Christian element that its present prosperity is chiefly due. It can boast of excellent hotels, hospitals, and schools. It has an unfailing vegetable market in Port Said, where great Indian ships are constantly passing to and fro. Of its enormous orange crop, forty millions to sixty millions are sent every year to Egypt, Europe, and London—enough to make thrice glad the children in half of the cities of the American Union. It sends abroad annually from four hundred thousand to six hundred thousand dollars' worth of native soap, making one wish that the people of the country would afford to use a little more and sell a little less; while its exportations of wheat, barley, maize, olive-oil, wine, and other com-

modities, together with its imports, make its commerce mount up into respectable millions.

Both north and south of Jaffa the coast is one continuous sand-bank, broken as points into low hills, running parallel to and a short distance back of the water limit. Through this bank the road must go, and a vast quantity of sand had to be removed before a proper roadway was secured. Passing for a mile or a mile and a half through these gigantic walls of sand, along the line of the road, we suddenly look out on to gardens and cultivated fields, beyond which a broad plain stretches, apparently without limit, toward the blue and far-distant hills. That is the Plain of Sharon, rich as the heart of man could wish, and justly famous in the Sacred Books; and when, even now in spring-time, this great plain spreads out its flower-covered acres beneath the loveliest sky, the beholder forgets, for the moment, that he is in a land of ruins and desolation.

It is interesting to note that the different plans for the construction of a railroad between Jaffa and Jerusalem extend back over nearly forty years, although they did not take definite shape until about the year 1860 to 1863. The wild country between Jerusalem and the Plain of Sharon was not then known as it is at present, and the difficulties in the way of selecting the best route can hardly be appreciated. There was then only a camel path, or rather several of them, between the two places, none of which seemed suitable for the line of the proposed railroad. Some advocated what may be called the middle route, not essentially different from the present carriage road; others thought a more southern route the best; while the majority considered the northern route the only feasible one. This was the line of the old Roman road from Jerusalem to Caesarea; it passed close by Mizpeh, the home of the prophet Samuel; it crossed the great battle-field where Joshua routed the army of the Five Kings (Joshua x.); it went down the mountain by the Pass of Beth Horon, where, in A.D. 66, the Twelfth Legion, under Cestius, was cut to pieces by the



DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

View from Bittir looking North up the Valley of Roses toward Jerusalem showing the Bittir Station.

infuriated Jews: it touched Lydda, where "saints" then "dwelt" (Acts ix. 32), a class that has long since disap-

There was a man here named Charles F. Zimpel, a Prussian by birth but a naturalized American citizen, who, in 1860



At the Jerusalem Station

Arrival of the first through train from Jaffa on Saturday, August 27, 1892, at 10 A.M.

peared from the country; and it was the road by which Paul went as a prisoner with an escort of four hundred infantry and seventy cavalry—in such state, in fact, that one might justly call it his last triumphal march away from the Holy City (Acts xxvii.). It was proposed to cross the plain in an easterly direction from Jaffa, climb the foot-hills till the pass just mentioned was reached, and thence approach Jerusalem from the north. This route had historic interest and sentiment in its favor, and it was more than once carefully surveyed. French engineers were in the country in 1874–1875, with special reference to marking out the railway line along this route, and the scheme appeared then so certain that individuals began to think of investments along that line in anticipation of the road being built.

What is now about to be related is a fragment of hitherto unwritten history, in which Americans should take not merely a curious interest, but a bit of honest pride.

to 1863, surveyed the different routes carefully, and decided to lay down the line of the proposed road along what has before been mentioned as the southern route. Mr. Zimpel was a man of excellent education, and of very versatile talents. In early life he had received a thorough military training. He was regularly graduated as a Doctor of medicine and also of philosophy. He had a special liking for pharmaceutical studies, took a practical interest in railroad engineering, and had withal a passionate love for the Holy Land. He was never married, he travelled extensively, and the year 1852 found him in Palestine examining with enthusiasm its many places of interest. In 1853 he published a book entitled "*Neue öertliche topographische Beleuchtung der heiligen Weltstadt Jerusalem.*" The next seven or eight years he spent in the United States, devoting himself exclusively to the work of surveying and constructing railroads. He came thence to Jerusalem, having accumulated con-

siderable means, and surveyed and mapped out the railroad as has been described. He spent a year in Constantinople trying to obtain a "concession" for building the road, but without success. He returned to Jerusalem and to the practice of medicine, chiefly to the compounding of medicines. About this time it was noticed that he had become somewhat eccentric, and as an "experimenting pharmacist" he discovered some wonderful remedies which he called Sunlight Pills, and Jerusalem Life Extract, in which he himself had great faith. He had also much to say about the "hundred and forty and four thousand" of St. John's Revelation, and his hope of being worthy to be numbered among them. Not long after he went to Italy, and died at San Remo. Dr. Zimpel (simple, as most people thought him at last) was at rest, and his railroad scheme was practically forgotten.

Thirty years after this Sunlight-Pill man had been in a land made one of perpetual sunshine and song by the presence of the Master whom he loved, other men entered into his labors. Within thirty months past, men backed

pel's plan. The only variations are at two points, one near Jaffa and the other near Ramleh, both on the flat land, where the change was simply a matter of convenience. Dr. Zimpel's survey made the road eighty kilometres in length, while the road as built is eighty-six and one-half kilometres. The significance of having chosen the best route may be emphasized in the reader's mind when it is stated that two-thirds of this road is on the plain and one-third in the mountains, which must be climbed in order to reach Jerusalem, two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

What has been said is but a brief and imperfect tribute to the memory of this well-nigh forgotten man, and if full honor were to be done to one to whom, as in this case, honor is so justly due, stronger and much more fitting words should have been chosen.

Without its entering at all into the projectors' or the builders' plans, the construction of this road has had a kind of international character. A French company with French capital has built the road on Turkish soil. Turkey also



Train Preparing to Leave the Jerusalem Station at 3 P.M., August 27, 1892. the Day of its First Arrival.

by French capitalists have come to Palestine and, rejecting the northern and middle routes, have actually built a railroad following minutely Dr. Zim-

pel's plan, has a commissioner to see that its terms are carried out, and has the honor of having the company bear its name, Imperial Ottoman, etc.



View of Jerusalem Coming from the Station through the Valley of Hinnom along the Carriage Road under the West Side of Mount Zion.

Besides the money, the ties, the cars, and half the rails came from France. She also furnished surveyors, engineers, laborers, and cooks. Belgium furnished half the rails and half the coal. The other half of the coal came from Cardiff, which appears to have been England's share. Poland furnished at least one engineer. Switzerland furnished several engineers, very skilful men, and the engineer-in-chief of the planning and construction of the road was Gerold Eberhard, a Swiss gentleman who has had eight years' practical experience with railroading in Panama. Switzerland has likewise had a worthy representative in Mr. John Frutiger, a gentleman from Basel, long a prominent banker in Jerusalem, and noted for his benevolent spirit—now unfortunately laid aside from active duties by an incurable disease—who in the early stages of the history of this road did more than any other individual, both by his means and by his influence, to secure from the Turks the concession or permission to build—a favor which that government was exceedingly unwilling to grant. Italy furnished engineers and

laborers; Austria likewise furnished both. Laborers were furnished by Egypt, the Soudan, and Algiers; little Greece furnished cooks. And if the United States must share with Germany the man who first surveyed and mapped out the road and afterward made Sunlight Pills, America is ahead of the Fatherland, in the fact that the engines thus far purchased by the company for the road were all made by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, in Philadelphia. Poor Palestine must not be omitted from the list, although she belongs to Turkey; she sacrificed some of her beautiful orange-groves and vineyards, and many of her ancient olive-trees; she furnished provisions for men and animals; hers were the beasts of burden for all heavy work; and many of her people, from both plain and mountain, toiled during the storms of winter and the severe heat of summer, cutting down hills and filling valleys, to prepare this new highway of the nations.

The company experimented with different classes of laborers, and nearly all had one fault, namely, that of laziness. The Arabs on the plain could handle

readily its alluvial soil, which was free of stones, but in the rocky hills they were worthless. Several hundred Italians were imported, a kind of picked-up job-lot, and only about one hundred of them proved to be serviceable workmen. The Algerines and Egyptians, especially those that were accustomed to work on the Suez Canal, were more efficient than the natives of Palestine. But when the plain was crossed and the real struggle with nature was begun in the hills of Judea, none of these workmen were equal to the task before them. Men were needed who were accustomed—as their fathers before them had for generations been accustomed—to work in stone, and some of the mountain villages furnished just this class. The stone-masons of Bethlehem and of the neighboring town of Beit Jala, slowly but successfully cut a path for the iron rails through mountains of rock.

Barracks were provided where the workmen could sleep, but they furnished their own food. Twice a week doctors visited the various camps to render any medical service that might be needed; but on the flat land between Ramleh and the mountains a considerable number of men died.

When the chief engineer was asked if the laborers ever had a holiday, he smiled and said that they took the law into their own hands; for the next day after pay-day a majority of the men were never seen on the road.

The wages of these workmen were not such as to tempt laborers in prosperous America, for the Arabs on the plain received thirty to thirty-five cents a day, the Egyptians and others received forty to fifty cents a day, and the men who could work in stone received seventy cents to one dollar a day.

But steam is up and the bell rings, and we must "take the cars for Jerusalem." How strange the words sound. They call the cars "American" because they open at each end, but they are divided into compartments, and this, together with the arrangement of seats, makes them quite unlike our cars. On our way we shall cross the track of armies, we shall touch great battle-fields, we shall pass places of wonderful historic interest, we shall see beautiful Sharon

and beyond it a wilderness of picturesque hills, and if all goes well we shall arrive at "The City of David."

Between Jaffa and Jerusalem, exclusive of these, there are five stations. That at Jaffa is a neat structure, and together with the freight depot, the engine house, the great water-tanks, and the tracks with cars and engines standing upon them, presents a scene unfamiliar to Eastern eyes. On the plain we pass close to Beit Dejan, a name which takes us back to the days of the Philistines. Here and there villages appear in the landscape, some of them situated on eminences and others hugging the ground so closely that the eye needs a little practice to distinguish them readily.

Twelve miles from Jaffa we reach our first stopping-place, Ludd, the Lod of the Hebrews and the Lydda of Roman and Christian times, and which at a later period bore the name of Diospolis. Its tall palms are an attractive feature of the modern town. Just before reaching the place, we notice on our left a magnificent tree which has a singular history, hitherto unwritten, connected with Napoleon and his Syrian campaign of 1799.

When all Europe trembled at this name it is no wonder that the simple people of Syria and Palestine regarded his arrival as their Doomsday, and both mountaineers and dwellers in the plain were filled with terror. Old people still remember hearing their fathers tell of the startling rumors that swept over the land when the Great Conqueror actually stood on the sands at Jaffa. As the news of deeds then and there enacted reached their ears, the hearts of ruler and peasant alike were filled with the gloomiest forebodings. Their fate was sealed, and it was only a question of time before it would be decided, they thought, who or what would survive the invasion of this hostile and victorious army.

After Jaffa, on the direct road to Jerusalem, the next important town was Lydda, rich in soil and gardens, interesting in historical traditions, and rejoicing in material prosperity; and it was supposed to be inevitable that this would be the first point to suffer from the invading foe. The village is situated in the midst of a great plain, and

has always been noted for its olive-groves. Far beyond the limit of the town, and likewise in 1799 of the olive-groves themselves, although the groves have at present reached and gone beyond this limit, there stood a tree which to the people of Lydda and of all that region is a tree of fame. The tree, sacredly guarded from harm, stands, as we saw from the cars, with gracefully rounded top, its branches spreading eighty feet and at their extremities reaching nearly to the ground, its thick foliage affording a delightful shade from the sun, or shelter even from the rain, sound and flourishing as though it were yet in the vigor of its early life, a conspicuous object to one passing on the main road from Lydda to Jaffa, and only a few hundred yards from the new railroad. This is the tree known to everybody as *Tul-wa-ir-ja'* a, pronounced *Tul-wir-ja'* a.

The tree is a thorn-apple called by the natives in different parts of the country *Sidr*, *Dom*, or *Nubk*, which grows near Jericho and elsewhere to an enormous size. Everyone of its thorns is double, one part to stab and one part to hook with, and woe to one's clothing if it accidentally comes in contact with these savage boughs. The natives manage, with long iron hooks, to cut off the twigs and branches which they pile into fences around their gardens or houses, and against men or animals nothing could form a more effective barrier.

The Arabic name just given by which this tree is known, is not easily translated into English, that is, so that it will sound poetical and pretty; but literally it means "Look and Come back," or "Look and Return." From this tree the vast plain for many miles toward Jaffa was open, so that one could see at a great distance any large object like an approaching body of men, and every hour messengers were sent out from the town to this tree to see if Napoleon and his army were approaching, and to return and report, so that from earliest dawn to latest twilight there was a constant succession of watchmen coming in to assure the inhabitants—it so happened, for Napoleon did not penetrate the country toward Jerusalem—that the dreaded man was not in sight. Look

and Return, or Look and Come Back is, in a land full of dead monuments, a beautiful and living monument of remote but once thrilling events.

About Lydda and the next station, Ramleh, two miles distant, there are at least twelve square miles covered with olive-groves. At intervals during this short ride we get glimpses between the trees of the town of Ramleh and its conspicuous tower, that of the Forty Martyrs, a name justified by both Christian and Mohammedan tradition. From its lofty windows both Crusading and Moslem conquerors have looked out over the broad plain, anxiously scanning the horizon on all sides for an approaching foe. The word Ramleh means *sand*, "The Sandy," but since human industry has made the region fertile this feature is no longer apparent. It strikes an American as a little singular that the railway station at this place should be close to the graveyard—suggesting unfortunate emergencies which sometimes arise in railroading experience.

Still across the rich prairie-like country, we come after ten miles to *Es Sejed*, a place of no special interest, except that here is a spring and the engine is supplied with water. This question of water is after all one of vital importance, and was one of the serious difficulties to be considered and overcome in the construction of the road. At Jaffa there is a well, another at Ramleh, but after this spring at *Es Sejed* there is no water till *Bittir* is reached. From *Bittir*, water is brought to the station at Jerusalem, eight miles distant, and stored in great tanks, as there is no natural supply at the Jerusalem end of the route.

In a country dotted with places of historic interest it would be idle to attempt to indicate them all; but Gezer may be pointed out, once a royal Canaanitish city and the scene of many battles; likewise the forever memorable valley of *Ajalon*; the great hills which guard the Pass of *Beth Horon*; *Latrun*, once a stronghold and somehow connected with robbers; and hidden just behind *Latrun* are *Beit Nuba*, where Richard the Lion-hearted camped with his army in A.D. 1192, and *Amwas*, the *Emaus* of *Josephus*, where the Fifth Legion was stationed till, at the command

of Titus, it moved up through the mountains to join his other forces in the siege of Jerusalem.

Seven miles farther brings us to a station called Deir Aban. We are now near the mountains, but the valley is still broad and rich, and the thirty-one miles of plain between this point and Jaffa suggest what the country under a better government might become. Here crossed the Roman road leading between Nicopolis or Amwas and Eleutheropolis, now Beit Jibrin. The region is rich in biblical interest. We are in the country of Samson, and probably near the place both of his birth and of his burial; and in a land where there are twenty foxes to one jackal, and where hundreds of them are caught every year, we may be allowed to suppose, contrary to the opinion of "learned commentators," that the former, and not the latter, were the instruments of his vengeance upon the Philistines.

A few minutes beyond Deir Aban we find our vision suddenly impeded in every direction by bold and rugged mountains. The ride of fourteen miles to the next station, Bittir, is through wild and romantic scenery, of which even Switzerland might be proud. The gorges, the cliffs, the peaks rising skyward, the masses of broken rock, the deep cuttings for the road-bed, the bridges, the few clusters of olive-trees deep in the valley or clinging to a little earth far up on the mountain side, make a picture in which there is an endless charm. In the Alps there is in winter an abundance of ice which helps to disintegrate the rocks, and which forms streamlets of beauty; in the waterless Judean hills the rocks look old and time-worn, barren and dry. In the Alps the patches of earth in valley or on mountain side are made fruitful and attractive by untiring and skilful industry; in the Judean hills neglect is everywhere apparent and the result is desolation. Were the same kind of skill and persistent energy spent here every year that is spent in the Alps, this aspect of desolation would in a large measure be removed. At the same time, unassisted nature does all in her power to remedy these defects, and those travellers who are so fortunate as to see Palestine in the spring may think

the description just given to be overdrawn.

At Bittir the mountains recede or bend round in such a way as to form a vast natural amphitheatre in the middle of which the town is situated. Below the village are large vegetable gardens for supplying the Jerusalem market—gardens most attractive to the eye in this worn-out land. The view down the gorge to the west and up the valley for miles to the north, its superb air, and the fact that its fountain affords an un-failing water-supply, mark this as the place for a summer hotel—the delightful retreat of Jerusalemites from their city's stifling and dusty atmosphere. Rising far above the town is a long oval ridge covered with ancient ruins, admirable as a place for defence, and called the Ruin of the Jews. It is the traditional site of the city and stronghold Bethar, where, in the second revolt against Rome, A.D. 132–136, Bar Cochab and his brave followers made a memorable resistance against the Roman troops, but at last were compelled to yield, the famous Hebrew patriot himself perishing in the final slaughter.

Eight miles farther still, through picturesque scenery, and we shall be at our journey's end. When we entered the mountains near Deir Aban, we were in the great Wady Es Surar, which toward the sea is called Nahr Rubin, and north-west of Jerusalem Wady Hannina. It is not uncommon for a valley to be called by different names in the different sections of its course. A little more than half-way to Bittir we turned into Wady Es Sikkeh, although it appears to be a continuation of Wady Es Surar, and from Bittir to Jerusalem, Es Sikkeh is called Wady El Werd—the Valley of Roses—on account of the great quantity of roses that are raised there. In this valley, within a distance of four miles, there are three copious springs of the freshest, sweetest water that the country affords. What a pity that it cannot be brought to Jerusalem, since it could be done at a moderate expense.

The last two miles of the road before it reaches Jerusalem cross the Plain of Rephaim, or Valley of Rephaim, which means the Valley of Giants. On the west side of this plain, and close to

the railroad, are some colossal heaps of stone known as *The Seven Stones—Es Saba Bayan*. No one knows who placed them there, and the imagination craves them an exaggerated importance. The practical explanation of their existence is in the tradition that the Plan of Rehoboth was once covered with gardens of which there is now no possible trace, and that these stones were gathered from the soil, that the cultivation might be the more complete and perfect. These hills the railroad company have purchased had a track to them, and are doing the small stones of which they are entirely composed to bed down their main track. How accommodating the old inhabitants were to place these millions of cubic feet of stones just where they would be most convenient for use in these modern times. The Valley of Hoeses has now been leveled out and joined the Valley of Ginnat—the one suggestion of ancient heroes and warring armies, and the other of tranquility, beauty, and peace. Conquerors have come up this way to Jerusalem, and on this very ground King David more than one thousand years ago the Philistine invaders. A new conqueror is now at the gates of the city, not to destroy life, but to be the servant of man.

We are now at the Jerusalem station, which is 1480 feet above the level of the station at Jaffa, and we have made the journey in three hours and a half. Two years and a half have been occupied in building the road, and the cost of it was not far from \$1,000,000. Four dollars will buy a second-class ticket first-class good for two days, from Jerusalem to Jaffa. On Sunday, August 11st, an engine came within a few hundred yards of the Jerusalem station, but the track to it had not then been laid and it was not until Saturday, August 15th, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, that the first thousand train from Jaffa, with carriages and passenger cars, actually arrived at the station. This is stated as official information, partly for the reason that some persons like to be exact in such matters, and partly because the report has either through

oversight or carelessness, been widely circulated that the first train arrived at Jerusalem on Sunday, August 11st, which is not historically correct. The formal opening of the road to the public was on Monday, September 10th, when a dinner was given by the company through its President, Monsieur Collins, who, with several distinguished engineers, had come from Paris for the occasion, to one hundred and fifty invited guests, at which the after-dinner speech-making was, to an American, notable failure, chiefly because it was done by Turkish officials, who appear to have no skill in that line. The Sultan was praised several times during the evening, a thing which to those who knew with what difficulty the concession to build the road had been won from him, seemed somewhat out of place.

Objection was made by the Government to the station being located on the site first asked for by the company, quite near the city; hence to prevent one was chosen, about one mile from the town. This is close to St. German's village, and the land, a lot less than one acre, the property of St. Greek convent, cost \$25,000, a fact which shows that Jerusalem, notwithstanding its great poverty has land at which a high value is set, especially when a railroad company to the possession. The village with its garden, vines, and half cypress-trees, its poor cottages with tile roofs, its church an unimpressive wheel-house, all indicating good taste, enterprise and thrift presents a striking contrast to the neglected and untidy appearance of all St. German's villages that have been planted in Palestine. From the station we took a carriage for the top of the new portion of which we have all the way good view, and passing the valley of Hinnom, reached in a few moments, St. Jaffa Gate, just inside of which is the Grand New Hotel admirably managed, spacious and public furnished, where-mingling of the tourists to the Holy Land find a most comfortable home during their temporary stay.



THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL:

A MEMOIR OF THE MIND OF A CHILD.

By Frances Margaret Barrett.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PARTY.

THE Christmas holidays were a time without history, and they began with a "Breaking-up." The "Breaking-up" was a traditional function, and was in keeping with most of the season.

"We're going to break up in two weeks' time," cried all different schools all to each other, "when are you going to break up?"

The Breaking-up was the celebrated closing of the school doors and the vigorous beginning of the holidays, and was properly celebrated by a party given by the ladies who were the proprietresses of the school.

It was a dinner served about twelve o'clock as through all the year, but it was not entirely given up to the festive repast of over-iced puddings, sweet mince, a substantial accompaniment of importance in the minds of the hostesses. It was, in fact, not all cakes and it, though cakes were plentiful and were in the form of tarts and lemon-cake—diced tarts.

Not only the young ladies and gentlemen of the smallest establishment were invited, but their Mothers and Tons, and it was the Mothers and Tons who were the serious feature of the entertainment. The Pages did not always appear, but at Mamma's was ever about unless selected by moral officers. Nothing less would have kept

the group. Pages were determined by moral law to be invited.

Only an ex-page, educated in the ceremonies of years, could possibly describe the splendour of the scene. Still, those educated, the objectives would get the better of him.

Something more was done for the entire establishment, which were in a beautiful, well-kept out of way house, the same house, and of better without whatever he is with inside. In this with nothing of all but appropriate hangings. Carpets were taken up, furniture was moved from the floor to another or rolled out of sight when it was in the way. Beds were being and brought about pictures, their own paint and where paper trees and from the centre of the ceiling of the transformed dressing-room there hung variously a fine piece of tapestry. Round the room, against the wall, sat the Mamma and each strong Page as had been prepared by a sense of paternal duty or by domestic discipline. The Mamma were always seated in their most imposing frocks. They were treated as if they were the centre of the room—black or green or purple or brown silk or satin, and if they were eyes—what they brought out—these eyes were selected. No impression as that the Mamma's mother of that day dressed at breakfast as she did at dinner, and that upper and middle expressed themselves again in days which returned on white lace and pink or blue

ribbon, instead of black lace and purple or dark red. All Mammās appeared the same age to the Small Person, and were alike regarded with the reverence due to declining years. They formed an imposing phalanx at the "Breaking-up."

"What are you going to wear at the Party?" every little girl asked every other little girl some time during the weeks before the festal occasion.

What one wore was an exceedingly brief white, or pink, or blue, or mauve frock, exceedingly beautiful stockings, exceedingly new slippers, and an exceedingly splendid sash—and one's hair was "done" in the most magnificent way. Some had crimps, some had curls, some had ribbons, some had round combs. The Small Person had rows and rows of curls, and a round comb to keep them out of her eyes.

The little boys had Eton jackets, broad and spotless collars, and beautiful blue and red bows for neckties. It was also the fashionable thing for the straight-haired ones to be resplendently curled by the hairdresser, which gave a finishing touch to their impressively shining and gala air.

The pink and blue and white frocks and sashes only added to the elated delight of the little girls, I am sure. They enjoyed their slippers and tiny white kid gloves (they had only one button then), and were excited by their little locket and necklaces, but I do not think the boys enjoyed their collars and new jackets, or ever forgot that their hair had been curled, until they reached the supper-room and were handed oranges and tippy-cake.

But these exhilarations were not reached until the serious business of the evening was over. It was very serious to the Small Person. She disliked it definitely, and never felt that the "Breaking-up" had begun until her share of it was over. To walk into the middle of the room, to make one's most finished little courtesy, and then, standing, surrounded by a circle of Mammās in their best caps, to "say a piece of poetry," was not an agreeable thing. I do not think her performance ever distinguished itself by any special dramatic intelligence. I know she was always

devoutly glad when it was over and she could make the final courtesy and hastily retire. She also felt the same sense of relief when she had struck the last chord of the show "piece" she was expected to play upon the piano, and reached the last note of her exhibition song. When one reflects that each music pupil was called upon for a like performance, and that numberless careful recitations were given, it is, perhaps, not unnatural that Papas were not plentiful. But not a Mamma flinched.

But after all this was over the Christmas Holidays had begun. The short frocks and sashes danced quadrilles and round dances with the Eton jackets and spotless broad collars. There was a Christmas-tree in the school-room and upon and beneath it were such prizes as meritorious efforts had gained for accomplishments or good conduct. In the dining-room there were sandwiches and cake and oranges, and crackers with mottoes within expressive of deep and tender emotions. One jumped very much when they went off, and the darling exchanged mottoes with each other. Cowslip wine flowed freely, and there was negus with bits of lemon floating in it—in fact, one felt one's self absorbed in the whirling vortex of society, and wondered how grown-up people, to whom Parties were comparatively everyday affairs, could possibly walk calmly on the surface of the earth. The Breaking-up was a glittering—a brilliant thing.

And it was only the beginning.

All through the three weeks' holiday there were other entertainments almost as brilliant. They would have been quite as brilliant only that they were not the Breaking-up. Every little boy or girl, whose Mamma could indulge in such a luxury, gave a Christmas Party. They were all called Christmas Parties during these holidays. And through all these festivities the Small Person was conscious of a curious fatality which pursued her, and which is perhaps worth recording because it was a thing so human, though she did not in the least comprehend its significance.

Each time that a note arrived "hoping to have the pleasure" of her company—and that of her sisters and broth-

ers—wild exhilaration reigned. Everybody began to be excited at once. A party seemed a thing it was impossible to wait patiently for. It got into one's head and one's body, and made one dance about instead of walking. I do not think this resulted from anticipation of the polkas and games or the negus and tipsy-cake, or was absolutely a consequence of the prospect of donning the white frock and sash and slippers—it was the Party that did it. Perhaps young birds who have just learned to fly, young ducks in their first plunge into a pond, young chanticleers who have discovered they can crow, may feel something of the same elation and delight. It was the Party!

And when such eventful evenings arrived what a scene the Nursery presented! How intoxicating the toilette was—from the bath to the snapping of the clasp of the necklace which was the final touch! How one danced about, and broke into involuntary outbursts of romps with one's sisters! How impossible it was to stand still while one's hair was curled, and how the poor nurse and governess reproached, reasoned, implored for decorum, and at intervals appealed to one's Mamma, who came in intending to restore order with a word, and entering amid the chaos of frocks and sashes and unbridled rapture, was overwhelmed by its innocent uncontrollableness, and said, without any real severity at all:

"Now, children! You really *must* be quiet and let yourselves be dressed! You will *never* be ready for the Party!"

The last awful possibility usually restored order for a few seconds, but it was impossible that it should last long. Nature was too much for one.

The picture of the Nursery on such occasions is one of those which remain to me. The bright fire, which danced itself, the numberless small garments scattered about, the Party frocks whose sacredness entitled them to places apart which seemed quite like Altars, the sashes lying on top of them, the three unrestrainable small persons darting about in various stages of undress, the nurse pursuing them with a view to securing buttons or putting on slippers, the mirror in which one saw re-

flected an excited, glorified Party face, with large, dancing eyes, and round cheeks which were no other shade than crimson or scarlet. These are the details.

But the clasp of the necklace snapped at last, the small white glove was buttoned, the small wrap enfolded one's splendor, and the minute after one was rolling through the streets, going to the Party.

And then one was standing upon the steps and the front door was opened, revealing a glittering scene within, where numberless muslin or tarlatan frocks and Eton jackets passed up and down the enchanted staircase, or hesitated shyly until some hospitable person took charge of their timidity.

To-day—even in the manufacturing towns in England—the entertainments given to youth are probably not of a nature as substantial as they were then. They were not matters of mere ices and fruits and salads then. By no means. The Small Person herself, who was the proprietor of a noble and well-rounded appetite, was frequently conscious of staggering a little under the civilities of hospitality. The sad, the tragic truth which is the sting of life—that one can have Enough, and that after it one wants no more—more than once touched her with a shade of gentle, though unconsciously significant, melancholy. She realized no occult illustration and thought it a mere matter of cakes.

First there was tea. One sat with all the Party at long tables. There were very buttery muffins and crumpets and Sally-lunns, and preserves and jellies and marmalade, and currant cake, and potted shrimps and potted beef, and thin bread-and-butter and toast, and tea and coffee, and biscuits, and one was asked to eat them all, whether one was capable of it or not.

"Have another piece of muffin, dear," the mamma of the occasion would say, with pressing bounteousness. "Oh, come, you *must*, love—just one piece—and some more strawberry jam; you have not made a good tea at all. Jane," to the parlor-maid, "muffins and strawberry jam for Miss Frances." And her voice was always so amiable, and it was

so hard to persist in saying, "No, thank you, Mrs. Jones," with all the Party looking on, that one tried again until it could only have been through a special intervention of Providence that appalling consequences did not ensue. And then when that was over one went into the drawing-room, which was decorated with holly and mistletoe, and where the party frocks and the Eton jackets at first exhibited a tendency to fight shy of each other and collect in polite little groups until somebody grown up interfered and made them dance quadrilles or play "Hunt the Slipper" or "Old Soldier." After that they began to enjoy themselves. They were not precociously conventional young persons. His first awkwardness worn off, the Eton Jacket had no hesitation in crossing the floor to the particular White Frock seeming desirable to him.

"Will you dance this waltz with me?" he would say. Upon which the White Frock would either reply:

"Yes I will," or, "I've promised Jemmy Dawson," in which latter case the Eton Jacket cheerfully went and invited somebody else.

There were a great many polkas and schottisches. These, in fact, were rather the popular dances. They were considered better fun than quadrilles. The Party danced them until it became quite hot, and the Eton Jackets were constrained to apply handkerchiefs to their heated brows. To subdue this heat and sustain exhausted nature, trays of lemonade and negus and oranges and little cakes appeared, borne by servant-maids in Party caps with ribbons. It was not supposed that a Party could subsist on air—and supper would not be announced until nearly eleven. The oranges were cut in quarters and halves so that they might be easily managed, the negus was usually in a resplendent bowl with a ladle in it.

Then the dancing began again and there were more games and the festivities became more and more brilliant. The White Frocks whirled about with the Eton Jackets, they were candidly embraced under the mistletoe, the grown-up people looked on and commented upon them in undertones and

sometimes laughed a great deal. Sometimes in dancing past a group one heard someone say, "Emmy dances very well," or "How pretty Marian is!" or "Very fine boy, Jack Leslie!" And if one were Emmy or Marian or Jack one blushed and tried to look as if one had not heard.

It was generally in the midst of this whirl of frocks and sashes, the gay strains of the dance-music, the chattering, laughing voices, that the Small Person found herself beset by that fatality which has been referred to. It was a curious thought which gave her a sense of restlessness she did not like.

She was very fond of dancing. She was an excitable Small Person, and the movement, the music, the rhythm of it all exalted her greatly. She was never tired and was much given to entering into agreements with other White Frocks and Eton Jackets to see which could outdance the other. It was an exciting thing to do. One danced until one's cheeks were scarlet and one's heart beat, but one never gave up until some one in authority interfered.

Having stopped—laughing and panting and standing with her hand against her little side as she watched the kaleidoscopic whirl, the music and voices and laughter filling her ears, she so often found she was asking herself a question, "Is *this* the Party?"

It seemed as if something in her insisted on realizing that the joy looked forward to with such excitement had absolutely materialized.

"Is this *really* the Party?" she would say mentally. And then, to convince herself, to make it real, "Yes, this is the *Party*. I am at the *Party*. I have my Party frock on—they are all dancing. This is the *Party*."

And yet as she stood and stared, and the gay sashes floated by, she was restlessly conscious of not being quite convinced and satisfied, and of something which was saying,

"Yes—we are all here. It looks real, but somehow it doesn't seem exactly as if it was the *Party*."

And one does it all one's life. Everybody dances, everybody hears the music, everybody some time wears a sash

and a necklace and watches other White Frocks whirling by—but was there ever anyone who really went to the Party?

CHAPTER IX.

THE WEDDING.

A "GROWN-UP young lady" was a very wonderful being. She wore a long frock, sometimes with numbers of flounces, she went to church in a bonnet made of tulle and flowers, or velvet and little plumes, she had rings on and possessed a watch and chain. It was thrilling to contemplate her from afar. It seemed impossible that one could ever attain such dazzling eminence one's self. She went to Balls. No one knew what a Ball was, but it was supposed to be a specially magnificent and glorified kind of Party. At Balls grown-up gentlemen in dress suits, and with rare flowers in their buttonholes, danced with the young ladies who wore ethereal dresses, and perhaps wreaths, and who carried bouquets. These resplendent and regal beings talked to each other. One did not know what they talked about, but one was sure that their conversation was at once sparkling, polished, and intellectual beyond measure, something like grammar, geography, and arithmetic set with jewels of noble sentiment and brilliant repartee. Only the most careful application to the study of one's lessons, one's morals, and one's manners could fit one to presume to think that in coming ages one might aspire to mingle with such society.

The proprietresses of the school at which the Small Person spent her early educational years were young ladies. But no one in the school would have been irreverent enough to realize this. Representing as they did education, authority, information of the vastest, and experience of the most mature dignity, one could not connect the insignificance of youth with them. One of them was perhaps twenty-three, the other twenty-four or five, and though neither wore caps, and both wore ringlets, as the Mammams all seemed of equal age, so these two young ladies

seemed to be of ripe years. One day, indeed, there was a grave discussion among the little girls as to what age these dignified persons had attained, and one of them heard it.

She was really a rounded, sparkling-eyed, rather Hebe-like little creature, with a profusion of wonderful black ringlets. It was the hour of ringlets.

"And how old do you *think* I am?" she inquired of one of her pupils.

She was looking at them from behind her table, with rather amused eyes, and suddenly the Small Person who was regarding her became subtly conscious of a feeling that it was possible that she *was* younger than the Mammams. "How old?" said the girl who had been asked. "Well—I should think—of course I don't know, but I should *think*—about forty."

It was interesting but seemed rather unnatural that their friends and companions seemed to be *real* young ladies. Was it possible that there were real young ladies whose recreation consisted in talking about Roman emperors, the boundaries of Europe, the date when Richard I. began to reign, Lindley Murray's impressions on the subject of personal pronouns and the result of the "coming over" of William the Conqueror? Could it be that when they took tea together they liked to be asked suddenly "Who was the first King of all England?" or "What is Macclesfield noted for?" or, "Where are the Oural Mountains?"

It seemed as if it would be more than human nature could endure to have such delicate questions as these pressed and dwelt upon, in combination with muffins and thin bread-and-butter, but what else *could* they talk about? Uneducated flippancies were impossible.

A faint suggestion of other possibilities was shadowed forth in the imaginative mind of the Small Person by her introduction one day to two pink silk dresses. They were shown to her by the little sister of the two teachers, and they were to be worn by these sedate persons to a Ball.

The ladies were the elder daughters of one of the *unwidowed* gentlemen in reduced circumstances. He had be-

gun life as presumable heir to an old estate and fortune. Fate had played him a curious trick which disinherited him, and ended in his living in the Square, and in his daughters keeping a "select seminary for young ladies and gentlemen." But they had relatives on whom Fate had not played tricks, and there were some young ladies in beautiful little bonnets, who were their cousins, and who came to see them, in a carriage, and were considered radiant.

"The carriage from Grantham Hall is standing before the Hatleigh's door," some child would announce to another. "Let us go and walk past. It is Miss Eliza who is in it, and you know she's the prettiest. She has a lavender silk frock on and a lace parasol."

There were legends of marvellous enjoyments at Grantham Hall. Perhaps they were all results of the imaginations of tender years, but they continually floated in the air. Perhaps the younger sisters were rather proud of the possession of cousins who went to Balls and had such bonnets.

But it is a fact without doubt that the two pink silk frocks were preparation for some gala event at Grantham.

The Best Friend was one of the younger sisters (their name was legion), and it was she who first imparted to the Small Person the thrilling confidence that Sister and Janey had each a beautiful pink silk frock to wear at the party at Grantham.

"They are both lying on the bed in the spare bedroom," said the Best Friend. "The party is to-night, and they are all ready to put on. I wish Sister would let me take you in to look at them."

The little lady who was supposed to be forty was always called "Sister." She was the eldest of a family of nine. On being appealed to she was sufficiently indulgent to give permission to the Best Friend to exhibit the festal glories.

So the Small Person was taken into the spare bedroom. It was no trivial incident. The two pink silk frocks lay upon the bed, the waiting wings of two brilliant butterflies, at the moment

setting copies in a chrysalis state. They had numberless tiny flounces "pinked out" in lovely little scallops round the edge, they had short puffs for sleeves, and they had low bodices with berthas of tulle and tiny rosebuds around them.

The Small Person positively blushed with admiration and rapture. How *could* Sister, being attired in a thing like this, lift her dark eyes to the grown-up gentleman waltzing with her and say to him, with proper firmness:

"Fifteen from fifty-seven and how many remain?"

The Small Person felt it would be impossible, though she knew nothing whatever of the circumstances under which it was not impossible for a very bold grown-up gentleman to say:

"My charming Sister, my education has been neglected, but if you will give me the fifty-seven and permit me to take the fifteen away, I will endeavor to calculate."

It might easily have been Sister and Janey who were the principal features of the two marriages which were the first nuptial ceremonies appearing upon the stage of the Small Person's existence. But it was two of the cousins who were the brides—two of the young ladies from Grantham Hall.

Rumors of the approaching ceremonies being whispered in the school-room, the most thrilling interest was awakened. The prospect was more exciting than the Breaking-up itself. There was something at once festive and imposing about it. Opinions as to the nature of the ceremony were numerous and varied. No one had ever attended a wedding, and yet somehow nearly everyone could supply some detailed information.

Whispered conversation on the subject could not be wholly repressed, even by authority. From some mysterious reliable source it was ascertained that the principal features of the sacred contract were that the grown-up young lady wore a singularly resplendent and ethereal white frock, that she was wreathed with orange-blossoms and adorned with a white veil accompanied by a splendid bouquet and a grown-up gentleman.

The grown-up gentleman was not dwelt upon particularly: one always asked of the bride, "Is she pretty?" but nobody ever inquired if he was pretty. He seemed immaterial, so to speak, and when not slurred over he seemed somehow to be regarded with some slight vague distrust.

Every pupil knew what the bride was going to be dressed in, what her veil was made of, what flowers were to compose her bouquet, but no interest whatever was felt in the possible costume of the grown-up gentleman.

The Small Person, while interested in him as a mystery, was conscious that he was regarded as a sort of necessary flaw in the occasion. The Story gave him interest to her. She had never seen him, but recollections of Ernest Maltravers, Quentin Durward, and the Master of Ravenswood gave him a nebulous form. The wedding was to be a double one, the two sisters being married at once, consequently there were two grown-up gentlemen involved, and it was rather soul-stirring to hear a vague rumor that one of them—who was very handsome, having dark eyes and a straight nose—was not smiled upon by the bride's papa, and that he had forced his way to the altar through serious parental opposition. He was not considered a sufficiently staid and well-to-do grown up gentleman. There were suggestions of the Master of Ravenswood in this.

"I wonder if they like each other very much?" this sentimental little Person rather timidly inquired.

But no one seemed to know anything beautiful and romantic about it, so she combined with his straight nose and dark eyes the misfortunes and attributes of all the heroes in the "Sécretaire," and found it thrilling that he was on the point of leading to the shrine the veil and the orange-blossoms, and thus being made happy forever after.

What a morning it was when the wedding took place. There were no lessons. The two young teachers were to be among the bridesmaids. They were to wear veils and wreaths themselves, and several of the most decorous little girls were going to the church to

look at them. They went in a body, attired in their best frocks and feeling quite light-headed with their exalted sense of anticipation.

The sun was shining brilliantly, everything was shining brilliantly one felt. The cabs and omnibuses seemed to rattle by with a gay, rather reckless air, the passers-by moved more briskly than usual, in fact there was in the atmosphere a suggestion that everybody and everything must be going to a wedding. Everybody of course must know about it and be interested, indeed there were evidences of interest in the fact that as people passed by they nearly always glanced at the open church door, and a few rather shabby persons having loitered about the entrance, their number continued adding to itself until they formed a waiting group.

The Small Person and her companions waited also. Nobody could have thought of going into the church until the carriages had arrived and they had seen everybody get out, not to mention the fact that being inexperienced they were timid and lacked the courage to take any bold steps. They stood very much in awe of an official in a sort of gown who was known as the "Parroter," and whose function it was to show people to pews on Sunday and look pained and annoyed when little boys sneezed too frequently or dropped things.

"Perhaps the Parroter wouldn't let us in," said someone. "Dare you ask him?"

But nobody dared do anything until the bridal party arrived. It seemed as if it would never come. The waiting in the street seemed to last hours and hours, and was filled with tumultuous agitations caused by false alarms that the carriages were coming.

"Here they are! Here they are!" somebody would cry. "I'm sure that's a carriage turning the corner down the street. Don't you see it?" And then everyone became elated and moved nervously for fear she had not a good place, and pulses quickened and hearts beat—and the carriage probably turned out to be a cab. They wandered up and down restlessly to make the time pass more quickly, and one or two bold spirits even went and peeped into the

church, but retired precipitately at the approach of the "Parroter." The Small Person—after what appeared to her some sixteen hours of suspense and agitation—was pervaded by an awful secret fear that at the last moment Quentinravenswoodmaltravers had been forever tabooed by his bride's family and there would be no wedding at all.

But at last, at last the bells began to ring that loud, gay, hilarious wedding-chime, the bell-notes seeming to race and tumble over each other in their hurry to be joyful.

There was something curiously intoxicating about it. It was the Party over again—only more than the Party. The Small Person looked up at the bell-tower and the blue sky behind it. What exquisite blue sky! What soft little fleecy white clouds! What a beautiful day! "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." Someone had said that, and the sun was shining! The carriages were there and the crowd about her was stirring with excited curiosity. But she saw only vaporous whiteness and flowers and dowager's rich colors, with blots of grown-up gentlemen. The sun was shining, the bells were chiming, the church was filling. Happy was the bride that the sun shone on. But all brides were happy! The sun always shone on them. What a strange, delightful, exalting event it was to be married!

She never knew how she was led or dragged or hustled into the church. Some other little girl more practical and executive than herself managed her. But presently she was there, ensconced in a high pew in the cathedral grayness. The church was a cathedral and impressed her deeply. She felt religious and wondered if she ought not to say her prayers. She was not calm enough to see detail—she was too emotional a Small Person, and this was the first time she had seen anyone married. The vaporous whiteness, the floating veils and flowers were grouped about the altar, the minister seemed to be taking the brides and the grown-up gentlemen to task at some length. He called them Dearly Beloved, but appeared to address rather severe warnings to them. The Small Person had a

vague feeling that he was of the opinion that they would come to a bad end if not admonished in time. She hoped they would not—particularly Quentinravenswoodmaltravers, whose straight nose she had been too deeply moved to single out from the rest. For a moment or so she felt that it was so solemn to be married that it was almost conducive to low spirits. But she cheered up after the minister appeared to have relented and let them off and they moved away to the vestry. Then there was a stir among the spectators, which soon became a bustle, and she was led or dragged or hustled out into the sunshine and the renewed joyous clangor of the bells.

There was a great bustle outside. The crowd of lookers-on had increased, and a policeman was keeping it back, while the carriages stood in line and closed up one by one as the floating frocks and veils, and dowagers' velvets and satins, and blots of grown-up gentlemen filled them, and were driven away. The Small Person watched it all as in a dream. The bells raced and clamored, the sun shone brighter than ever. She was only a Small Person who had really nothing to do with these splendors and who no more contemplated the magnificent prospect of being married herself than she contemplated being crowned in Westminster Abbey. Such glories as these were only for grown-up people. But they were beautiful—beautiful!

The young ladies who had been married—in full panoply of white satin and wreaths and veils—were each handed into a carriage by the grown-up gentleman they belonged to, who got into the carriage also.

After they had all driven away, the bells had ceased their clamor, and the crowd dispersed, one sharp-eyed little person made a most interesting statement:

"I saw in as their carriage drove past," she announced, "and he had Miss Grantham's head on his shoulder."

"Which one was it?" inquired the Small Person. She was *sure* it was Quentinravenswoodmaltravers.

And inquiry proved that it was.

CHAPTER X.

THE STRANGE THING.

It seems inevitable that each individual, in looking back to childhood and the school-room, should recall distinct memories of certain children who somehow stood out from among their fellows, made prominent or set apart a little by some beauty, strength, or cleverness, or some unattractiveness or disability. There is, perhaps, in every school-room, the girl or boy who is handsome, who has fine eyes or splendid hair, the one who learns lessons with amazing quickness, the one who is specially well-dressed and has an air of well-being, the one who is dull or common-looking, the one who is somehow commoner than anyone else, the one who has an easy, fearless manner, and is suspected of being the "favorite" of those in authority, the one, poor child, who is physically ugly and unpleasant, and cannot rise against the fate which has treated him so cruelly.

The Small Person knew each of these types. She was not consciously an aristocratic little Person, but she had an intense, silent dislike to, and impatience of, the "common" ones. She found them antipathetic to a degree which was trying, as one of them happened to be amusing and another really good-natured. She continually tried to adjust herself to them, but the "commonness" always interfered. It made the good-natured one ridiculous and the amusing one odious and unprincipled. Among the younger ones there was a little boy who impressed her without actually being interesting. He was not clever, he was not pretty, he was not engaging. He was an inoffensive little fellow, and set apart in her imagination by a mysterious unfortunate-ness. As I look back I think it possible that he was really a shy and gentle little fellow, on whom one's maturity might look with great tenderness. The Small Person felt a vague kindness for him, though she was not at all intimate with him.

"He is very delicate," people said of him, and she could not but regard him with a sort of curiousness. She was

not delicate, no one belonging to her was delicate. She belonged to a family of romping, red-blooded creatures, and the idea of being "delicate" seemed mysterious as well as mournful.

And he had such a strange, unnatural look. He was slight and insignificant, light-haired and gray-eyed, and he had a peculiarity marked among the groups of plump and rosy juveniles about him—instead of being pink or rose-colored, his cheeks and lips were bluish purple. They were distinctly far from the normal color. They were not red at all, and sometimes they looked quite violet.

"What a queer color Alfie's lips are," was often said. "Isn't it funny! They're blue, and so are his cheeks."

And then someone would say wisely, and rather proud of the superior knowledge:

"It's because he has heart disease. I heard Miss Janey speaking about it. He may die quite suddenly."

And then someone would know stories of people who had died suddenly, and would relate them, and a sense of awe would pervade everybody, as it always did when Death was spoken of—though it was so impossible, so *impossible* that any of themselves could die. People did die, of course, people who had lived to be quite old, or who had caught scarlet fever in some phenomenal way, but somehow they seemed to belong to a world quite far off and quite different to the one in which one's self lived—to the world of the Nursery and the Square, and the School-room where one did one's sums wrong and could not remember the date of Henry VIII's marriage with Anne Boleyn. Oh, no, that would be too incongruous!

It gave the Small Person a curious feeling to try to realize that the plain, quiet little boy with the blue lips might *die—die* quite suddenly. Once she gave him a new slate-pencil because of it, though she did not tell him why, and was perhaps scarcely definite herself about it. She used to forget her geography in looking at him questioningly when he did not see her.

It must have been one of the "common" ones who one morning came to her, wearing an air of excited elation in

her consciousness of having startling news to impart, and who greeted her with—

"Have you heard about Alfie Burns?"

"No," she answered; "what about him?"

"He's *dead*," said the news-bearer. "He wasn't at school yesterday—and he died this morning."

So the Strange Thing came among them into the school-room—among the forms and desks and battered books, making itself in an unreal way as real as the ink-stands and slate-pencils. It had come to Alfie Burns, with his little ordinary face and lank hair, and yet it still remained *impossible*. It had come to Alfie Burns—but it could not come to any of the rest of them. Somehow he must have been "different." He was "delicate" and had that queer color. At any rate he was "different" now, and seemed impossible, too. There was a curious intense craving for detail among the older ones. Everyone wanted to know *how* he had died, and if he had *said* anything. In the books of memoirs the little boy or girl always said "last words," which were a sort of final scriptural or instructive effort. They were usually like this:

"Father," said James, between his paroxysms of agony, "try to be a better man that you may meet me in Heaven."

"Brother Thomas," said Mary Ann, faintly, "do as mother tells you and obey your Sabbath-school teacher."

"Please do not swear any more, Uncle William Henry," said little Jane, as her mother wiped the death-damp from her brow. "I shall be in Heaven in a few minutes and I want you to come."

Remembering these things one wondered what Alfie's "last words" had been. It would have seemed almost impossible that anyone could die without last words. Wicked people always expired in frightful torment, using profane language or crying for mercy or writhing with remorse because they had not been better before they were taken ill. Alfie had been a sort of indefinite, insignificant little boy. He was not naughty but his goodness had a passive negative quality and he never reproved or instructed anyone. So it was difficult to adjust one's self to the situation,

and imagine how the Strange Thing would find him when it came.

And nobody knew any detail. There seemed to be none. He had died, and of course it was supposable that his parents had cried, and we knew he would be buried. And though the event was discussed and discussed from all points of view this was all anyone knew.

No one had ever been to his house or seen his parents. They were quiet business people who did not belong to the Square, and, as far as the school seemed to know, he had no brothers or sisters and must have had a rather dull life. He did not seem to have any particular companions or to invite people to his house to play or to have tea with him.

According to all orthodox beliefs—and in an innocent way nothing could have been more orthodox than all the school—he had gone to Heaven and was an Angel.

This the Small Person found a tremendous problem to grasp. I know that it pervaded her for days, and I wonder why she did not talk about it to somebody grown up. Perhaps it was her infant English habit of reserving her sentiments and emotions, combined with her secret consciousness that she was so little and that the grown-up people were so big that they could not really understand one another's point of view. Of course to people who knew all about Death and Heaven and Angels her remarks would seem silly and trivial—perhaps even disrespectful. She did not ask anything, but was oppressed and permeated by a vague sadness and sense of unexplainable things.

Heaven was a place without laws or boundaries. Anything could be done there—if one once got in—and everything was there. There was a Great White Throne, there were streets of gold, and walls built of "all manner of precious stones." The stones she remembered principally were the chalcedony and sardonyx, sardius, chrysolite, beryl, and chrysoprasus, because they had strange names and she wondered what color they were. And there was a Woman on a "scarlet-colored beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns," and

though she was in Heaven she was "drunken with the blood of the saints." And there were Dragons and Beasts, and there were Elders and Pale Horses and Golden Candlesticks and Golden Vials. And the Beasts were full of eyes before and behind and had six wings each, and the horses had breast-plates of fire and jacinth and brimstone, and heads of lions, and fire and smoke came out of their mouths. It was all in Revelations and so it was true. Heaven was like that, and Alfie Burns had gone there—out of the school-room and the atmosphere of inkstands and copy-books, from making mistakes in his sums and cleaning his slate with an unsavory "slate-rag" or sponge, from looking yearningly out at the other slates on the roofs to see if it was raining and there was no prospect of playing. And now suddenly he was an Angel and wore wings. Wings seemed as impossible as the Strange Thing which had happened to him. It was so difficult to adjust them to his little blue-lipped face and small, insignificant figure which his clothes seemed always rather too large for.

"But he would be quite different," the Small Person persisted obstinately to herself as her only consolation. "He would be quite different and he would be dressed in white robes."

The draperies she tried to see him in were something of the nature of a very voluminous, very white night-gown—but at all events they were "quite different." The interest of all this is that what we begin with at seven we seem to end with at seventy. How are we less vague—what more do we know? Nothing—nothing—nothing, but that whatever it is—wherever it is—it is "quite different."

In the years which lie between we have learned more geography, more astronomy, we have learned that the blue is space and the clouds are vapor, but what more definite, but that we clamor for something, we plead for something, we *must* have something, we *ought* to have something "quite different."

Somebody—probably it was the executive, practical little girl, who had had the energy and ability to hustle the

vague Small Person into the church at the Grantham wedding—somebody proposed that two or three select ones should go to Alfie's home and ask to be allowed to "see" him.

The Small Person was awed. She wanted very much to see him—what was left of him after he had become an angel. "His soul has gone to Heaven, his body is only dust," that was what was always said. She somehow wanted to look at the poor little body which was only dust.

"Perhaps we oughtn't to go," she said, timorously. "Perhaps they won't like us to see him."

But she was taken. Somebody else had been and nobody had seemed to dislike their going. The Small Person, I have frequently reflected, was always *taken* to places. She was not a strong Small Person, except in unsuspected powers of keeping quiet under some strong emotions, and in possessing a certain silent steadiness of purpose when she meant to do a thing. Perhaps her strength was and always has been that she quite unconsciously looked as if she meant nothing while she really meant a great deal. But that was probably far less a moral or mental quality than a gift amiably bestowed by Nature in a lavish moment. The leading spirits took her to the place under their charge. Afterward she did not seem to remember anything about the house, even its entrance or stairway—anything but a certain dull, dreary little front parlor in it. This was most likely because she remembered the little dismal room and what was there so strangely well.

It was such a dull, unpicturesque room, small and unadorned, and dreary beyond measure. At least so it seemed to the Small Person, though she saw no detail of it but a stiff horsehair-covered sofa against a wall. On this sofa lay something covered with a white sheet. This was what they had come to see. Somehow the room, the sofa, the whole atmosphere of the colorless dulness seemed like the little unornamental fellow himself, with his lank hair, his ill-fitted clothes, and his mild, small, unattractive, bluish face. The person who had taken charge of them

drew the white sheet away, and the Small Person saw the Strange Thing for the first time, with an awful sense of desolateness and depression.

Even the Strange Thing had not left the poor little fellow beautiful. He seemed to have grown very long; he was clothed in an awesome garment of bluish white flannel, with ornamentation of ugly stamped scalloped edges; in accordance with some belated grewsome fashion he had on a strange muslin night-cap, whose stiff crimped frill border made an unlovely setting for his poor little still bluish face. It looked more dusky than ever in its strange blue color, and his lips were almost violet. A line of lifeless gray showed itself under the not entirely closed lids.

The Small Person stood and looked down at this with a rather awful feeling. She did not know what she had expected to see, but this made her heart beat with dreary throbs. It was not that she was exactly frightened, on the whole she was not as frightened as she had expected to be when she came face to face with the Strange Thing, but she felt an indescribable awed dreariness. She also wondered why she did not begin to cry. She had imagined that at the sight of the Strange Thing one would inevitably begin to cry. She wondered if it was because she had no heart that she did not. Ought one really to sob bitterly at the sight of a little boy one had not known at all well, and of whom one chiefly remembered that he had heart disease and blue lips.

"He is an Angel," she kept insisting, mentally. "He has gone to Heaven."

The girl who had taken her to the house whispered to her, telling her to touch him. She had touched him herself, and so had the others. This appeared to be part of a ceremony. The Small Person shrank very much. She felt that it would be an awful thing to do. And yet she had heard so much about a certain strange coldness—colder than anything else—not the same thing as any other coldness—as "cold as Death." There was a fearsome longing to know what it was like. And if one touched what the Strange Thing had left, one did not dream about it. One

could not bear the thought of dreaming of the small room, the horsehair sofa, and the poor little unlovely object with the frilled muslin cap and eyelids not quite closed.

She put out her hand and touched the unsmiling cheek.

"As cold as Death!" It was not as cold as she had imagined it would be. Not as cold as ice or as cold as snow—and yet—and yet—it was unlike anything else—a soft chillness which somehow seemed to hold no possibility of its ever being warmed. What she carried away from the dreary little room when she left it was the memory of that soft chillness and a sort of wonder at herself because she had really seen the Strange Thing.

"Poor little Alfie," the executive child said. "I'm very sorry for him, but he's better off." The general opinion expressed was that everybody was "sorry" for him. It would have been unfeeling not to be sorry. There was also the greatest possible stress laid on the fact that he had gone to Heaven, and these sentiments were regarded as so incontrovertibly proper that it would have occurred to no one to find their connection incompatible. Curious as it may seem, I do not remember that the Small Person herself did. An unquestioning acceptance of all axiom was the feature of the period, and she was so full of the mystery of the Strange Thing itself that she could contemplate nothing less, though she knew that she gained nothing by contemplating that.

But though she had seen it and so had the others, though they had looked down at its rigidity, and touched its coldness with their warm hands, though it had come into their very midst—to Alfie Burns, who was nobody particular and who had played and done his sums wrong just like the rest of them—they knew it could not come to any of them selves; they did not say so, of course, but they were quite secure in it, and were not afraid at all.

For the Small Person, perhaps, it was well that it was not very long before it came again. I do not know how long. But the second time it wore another face and was touching but not grewsome. And it was better to see that it might

be so thin to remember along the grounds of his late study room—better for anyone but the better for a child with a cold head.

In the school there was a department for younger children, quite little ones, who learned their alphabet and passed kindergarten papers. They had a room of their own and a teacher of their own. There were some attractive notes among them, and "the little ones" as the adults called themselves with a feeling of great maturity and bonhomie and jolly.

There was a thing one who was the pet of all—and a pretty pet and such a laughing one! She was three years old and had golden-brown hair and her mother-in-law in her small round head. She was a merry thing full of dimples, and her brown gold eyes were large and long-shaped and had long smiling lines. The child got of a school full of girls in a much loved thing. There was a school. Her mother never tired of praising her goodness, her young little movements, her eyelashes, her nose and hair. She was a little lonely one, and her tiny name was Selma.

"Look at her!" everyone would exclaim when a Kindergarten paper was being passed. "Oh, so her pretty she is when she puts her pretty shoes on her knees and puts her head on her hand to show how the letters work. She keeps opening her eyes and laughing. She can't keep them shut."

The very same was played one Friday afternoon, and she was at her very prettiest and quietest. Earlier in the day it was remembered afterward she had been a little still and not so seemed quite herself, but in the afternoon she had brilliant rose-colored cheeks, and her merry eyes were like stars.

"Isn't she a sweetie?" said the girls.
"Isn't she a little sweet?" Look at her peeping under her eyelashes."

When the Small Person came to school on Monday morning her door was opened for her by one of the older girls of the family. She had a warm checked look in her eyes.

"Has anyone told you?" she exclaimed. "Have you heard about it?"

"Hear what?" the Small Person looked started by her question.

"Little Selma is dead!" Peeping little Selma."

And so the Strange Thing came again.

Two times the difficulty was to believe it—to feel that it could be true.

"Little Selma?" the Small Person asked. "She—she can't be. Was told you?" On Friday she was playing the Kindergarten game and she kept peeping—she could not keep her eyes shut—and she laughed so! "Selma!"

"Is your time?" was the answer. "She was ill when she had gone and stayed. Selma and she hadn't seemed bright in the morning. They say she hadn't been quite herself for a day or so. She had at at the morning and they went away by a servant. She had written just now."

What a Strange Thing it was!

In the school-room the children looked at each other amazed. They were asked—that was it. How can anyone answer the same question. "Selma!" and then "Selma!" as if it were the incredible. They kept telling each other how sorry she had been when she passed the Kindergarten game, how they her cheeks had looked, how especially she had looked. They kept repeating that she was such a pretty little thing and everybody loved her. And somehow there was a tendency even in the children now to look backward and uncertain in the same. In a pointed systematic undertone. "Selma! Selma!"

The Small Person found she was saying it to herself all through the day. It had seemed extraordinary that Selma should be taken away, even though they had all known about the heart disease. It had been extraordinary because the Strange Thing seemed to have a thing to do with such people as themselves—to be only possible to people somehow quite remote and unlike them. But there seemed a reason why Selma should not be taken, the reason of herself her pretty innocent dimpling and self. What had the awful thing to do with that? It was unnatural.

"Selma! Selma!"
I think it was the velvet-eyed little

Best Friend and her younger sister who went with the Small Person to the child's home, to see her, as they had seen Alfie. It was the first time they had ever been to the house. The children saw very little of each other away from the school-room, and Selina only appeared on the small horizon when her nurse brought her to the front door and left her to pursue her tiny studies. Of this house, also, the Small Person never remembered anything afterward but one room, which has remained a picture hung in the gallery of life.

It was not a large room. It was a nursery bedroom, perhaps, though there was no bed in it, only a little cot standing in the middle of it, and prettily draped with white.

Everything in the room was white, covered with pure white, hung with white, adorned with white flowers—mostly white rosebuds—very tender little ones. It seemed like a little chapel of snow, where one felt one must breathe softly.

And under the snowy draperies of the small cot, among rosebuds which seemed to kiss it with their petals, there was another little white thing lying.

Selina—*Selina!*

Ah, little love! how pretty and innocent and still the Strange Thing had left her. It could not have hurt her. She was not changed, only that she was somehow lovelier. There were rosebuds in her hands, and on her pillow; her eyelashes looked very long as

they lay upon her cheek, and in still, strange little way she was smiling. In the white room, among the white flowers, looking down at her fair child sleep through tears, one was not the least afraid.

The Small Person was vaguely glad of something, and somehow she knew that she was not "sorry for her." She looked, and looked, and looked again, with tenderly brooding eyes. She did not want to go away. If the Strange Thing only left one a soft, white creature in a white room, among flowers, and smiling like that, at what it had showed one, it was not so awful. What a pretty, pretty smile—as if she was keeping a little secret to herself.

"May we kiss her?" the Small Person asked, in a low voice, timidly.

"Yes, dear," was the answer.

And she bent over and kissed the round cheek where the dimples used to play. And the coldness was only the soft coldness of a flower.

And afterward they went away, talking together in low, tender, child-whispers. And they told each other again what a pretty little thing she had been, and that everybody had loved her. And the Small Person remembered now in the game she had made everybody laugh, because she could not keep still, and could not keep her eyes closed. But now—now, she was quite still, and she could keep her pretty eyes shut.

And this had been done by the Strange Thing.

(To be Continued.)





A SAHARAN CARAVAN.

By A. F. Jaccaci.



HALF a day's sail from Malta lies a typical Saharan town conquered from the sand, Tripoli of Barbary,* whose low, whitewashed buildings and shooting minarets nestle in an oasis of luxuriant vegetation. It is a door of the desert; pass beyond the last palm-trees and in a few minutes' hand-gallop you are lost among undulating dunes, where warm winds, faint as out-blown breaths, fret the sand into whimsical wavelets. One cannot conceive of a more sudden and striking contrast. The scorching sun blazes vengefully over a dreariness where the sparrow of the solitude would die for want of a blade of grain. You stand between infinities of earth and sky, stricken before a nature—mute, vast, impenetrable.

In our lands Nature breaks her lines, draws close her horizons, lowers her pale skies, makes herself almost human to speak to the heart; it is sometimes as if she murmured tender words and crooned to us. But in Africa she remains ever pitiless divinity; and how fragile are the traces of human life on this yellow sea of the desert: some scattered bones, little funeral heaps of stones, or a flitting Bedouin encampment, a passing caravan—realities but for a short time, then trembling blurs on the horizon, soon fading away; but while the reality lasts it has an infinite beauty. A great caravan in march is a superb spectacle, alas! too infrequent

now in northern Africa. At first Arabs alone can detect it, a mere speck lost in a dusty halo, whence it emerges at length, a tawny-colored mass possessed of a strange motion, the swarming of a thousand lives in one. Here and there silhouettes of straggling camels stand profiled, like hieroglyphics, on the fiery sky, as, insensibly trailing its snake-like curves, the convoy advances. Hours after being sighted, it passes in slow defile, led by a vanguard of blooded camels, whose gait and bearing have an air of arrogance not customary to that race of proletarians, the chieftains seated aloft in their floating burnouses, alert of eye, with gun in hand, statuesque guardians of the convoy-treasure. Behind them the camels of burden, exhausted less by loads than with the fatigues of the journey, their legs and croppers bald and scarred by blows, straggle forward languidly, thrusting out the tongue as they press their huge, spongy feet in the yielding ground. What resignation in their soft, staring eyes! Verily, no philosopher knows better than these poor brutes how inane are the revolts against inexorable fate. Near at hand walk the drivers, their emaciated features savagely illumined

*See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1890, pp. 57-52.

by eyes of fire, and white, gleaming teeth piercing their parched lips. Of all who started with the caravan, how many have fallen by the way, abandoned to agonize alone in the desolation?

Huddled at the tail of the convoy, usually comes *la note conique*, a band of peasants of the oasis who have joined it for protection. The men placidly mounted on little donkeys, like so many Sancho Panzas, their wives following on foot, bent under the weight of children and bundles carried indiscriminately on their backs. Often does the traveller behold in like fashion the famous courtesy of the desert, of which so much is made in poetry. When that medley of humanity has passed, leaving no trace, the impression of the solitude is gloomier than before.

There are few callings that present as many dangers and difficulties as that of caravaneer; yet, there seems to be in the emotions of that wild and exciting life a powerful fascination, for, once tasted, none can abandon it. Though the caravaneers are received enthusiastically on their return (the first welcome set to music, so to speak, with the shouts of friends and the shrill *yu! yu!* of the women), they cannot remain long in town, seized by nostalgia, they soon are forced to turn their faces desertward again. I did not need personal memories of a caravan experience to urge me to seek these men in their Tripolitan caravansaries; my sympathy was fully aroused at the sight of the wasted faces, and I would willingly spend hours in the little cafés, sitting cross-legged in a corner, to hear them fight the old battles over again in stories of adventure told in that peculiarly quiet, impassive manner of the Oriental that doubles the pathos.

Since the decline of the slave traffic, the great caravans of the Sahara (and it is of these alone I intend to speak) have a purely commercial object. They carry from the distributing towns of northern Africa the merchandise needed in the "Country of the Blacks," and return with the valuable products found there. Caravaneers start on journeys of years' duration, exactly like the sailors of old who, launching their ships to the uttermost shores of the world in quest of

the best markets for the buying and disposing of their cargoes, sailing virtually unprotected by international laws or men-of-war, were obliged to rely for success on their own force and clever handling. They are, as a matter of course, smart traders, but they must also be ever ready and ingenious in fighting the difficulties of nature and the dangerous Touaregs, these desert birds of prey. With physical vigor, they must have moral courage able to resist the depressing influences of the solitude, and the feelings of impatience inevitably arising from constant and enforced community. They must have rapidity of decision, an extreme patience with servants and beasts, both equally difficult to manage. Above all it is necessary that they should be masters of the art of duplicity in which all Easterners are adept; an art enabling them to slip with ease through the arbitrary and treacherous entanglements put in their path by guidessheiks of tribes they cannot avoid meeting, and by negro kinglets in whose territory they have to travel.

The first steps in organizing a caravan are usually taken by a number of merchants, who form a partnership to that effect; they consult the best sources as to the articles actually most in demand in the Soudan,* buy or order them, after having given due consideration to the important question of bulk and weight. Their chief difficulty lies in the choice of the right man to command the expedition. If the chief is not respected, there are no sentinels at night, there is no vanguard by day, and arriving at a well, all are disorderly, the first comers greedily helping themselves, and disturbing the water so that mud only is found by those who come later. In bad passes, where there is more imminent danger of meeting plunderers, the necessity of order is still more felt. Little advantage results from the use of the Winchester repeating rifles, with which all are armed, unless there be perfect unity of action. Where very brave, reckless men are placed under the direc-

* I use Soudan in the sense of the country south of the Desert.



DRAWN BY A. F. JACKSON

Counting 'Coins' at Small Shop and at a Market of Exchange

ENGRAVED BY EUSTACE



A Saharan Caravan.

tion of an able and trusted chieftain, the danger is much lessened. Touaregs do not fight for the pleasure of fighting, but for the booty; should they meet with an intelligent and vigorous resistance, they think it no shame to turn their backs. After all, these banditti are, when you get to know them, plain business folks who live on rapine like many among us live on trade and a little rapine. When the profits they hope to reap from their transactions seem out of proportion with the risks to be incurred they simply look out for another and better chance.

Ever since the beginning of our era, when the camel (*camelus dromedarius*) was first introduced as a beast of burden into Africa, that long-legged model of ugly usefulness has been the one means of communication between the Mediterranean shores and the interior. Camels of burden carry an average of three hundred pounds, at the rate of about two miles an hour—which is not slow progress, considering the difficult nature of the ground and the usual day's march of sixteen hours. For such journeys only the most robust animals are chosen, and as many again are taken to provide relays for the tired and wounded, to replace the dead, and when necessary to carry water for the use of all. A period of training prepares them to support thirst and hunger; though, in regard to the former, I must prick a bubble of current exaggeration: The ordinary camel can go no more than three days

without water. He can do better as to hunger, Providence having given him a hump, that protuberance of fat on which he lives during fast days; when the hump is greatly diminished, it is evident the beast has reached the limits of his endurance.*

The chief selects besides a driver for every dozen of camels, the troop (some forty men for a caravan of one thousand five hundred camels), composed of what is properly called the caravaneers—Jacks-of-all-trades, who turn their hands to anything and are soldiers, merchants, diplomatists, drivers, as occasion demands. They are a hard, wide-awake set, of whom the chief must be the intellectual superior, considerate, familiar, in good comradeship with all, until the moment comes when he has to show a steel hand within the velvet glove. Under such leadership the many pull together like one, none question when ordered, all will lie collectively and glibly. They are united by the experience of common danger, the instinct of common preservation, and more than anything, by that attribute of their turbulent natures, a childish pride in an association with a celebrated leader.

Preparations proceed slowly in the drowsy East, a year being often consumed before the caravan is equipped.

* The milk-blooded camels called *anbaris* are an exception to the rule. After a month's careful training they can trot an average of seventy miles a day, for six or seven days, with no water and almost no food. But they need a period of recuperation of some two months or more after such courses.

At last, water-bottles made of a whole pigskin and earthenware jugs are filled with oil and dried in the sun; dates are pressed into regular saddle-cushions, softening the jolts for the outer man is ready, a week is spent in feasts and "*fantasias*," while the camels, abundantly fed, are left to a last "*dolce far niente*" amid the paraphernalia of merchandise and utensils. The huge



A Caravan Chief.

before they satisfy the wants of the inner man. The loads are packed and repacked, every little defect carefully remedied; an important matter, since an ill-adjusted burden quickly impairs the usefulness of the beast. When all convoy is first set in motion on a trial jaunt, stopping at a little distance from the town to wait for the laggards. From there finally it starts, in a compact mass of some thirty camels abreast, presenting the same appearance as a regi-

and that tend to induce dissipation. Diseases are very frequent in children.

From Great Britain, French writers and a great deal more are mentioned, supposed, but a very detailed record, presents

nothing of the kind. The effects upon the bones of skulls and ribs at about twenty to thirty to the number. Bones and muscles are used for food. The authors write as both needed in-



—The Author.—The Author.

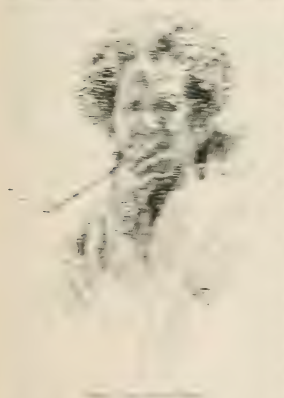
but few people, and by the end of the year, the number of people who were killed, was not much of a number. The number of people who were killed, was not much of a number. The number of people who were killed, was not much of a number.

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The Commission's membership is made up of representatives appointed by the President of the European Council, the President of the Council, the President of the Commission, the President of the Court of Justice, the President of the Court of Auditors, and the President of the European Central Bank. The Commission also includes representatives of the Member States and the Commission's own staff.



1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Although the Department has been successful in its efforts to date, the Director of the Agency is confident that the program will continue to be successful in the future. The Department is committed to the program and will continue to support it in the future.

Steve Wynn said he will not return to the Las Vegas Strip. Wynn's move to the new property in Reno, Nev., has been widely reported in the industry. "I don't think it's a 50-50 shot. It may be more like 80-20," said Wynn. "I don't think the new strip is going to be as big as the old strip."

happiness, but to us it is nothing else than living death. The memory of my oasis days still broods over me, and I can feel again that atmosphere of calm and immobility where the agitations of the world were unknown. smell the warm, heavy exhalations of that luxury of vegetation burdened with the perfume of orange and jasmine and see the creeping life of snakes, scorpions, insects shining in every iridescent color . . . and scarcely a sound to trouble the enervating silence.

Late in the day, the sun hurrying to the horizon sends a golden light through the leafage. The Saharans squat before their huts; noisy tam-tams wake the echoes, and the grave, deep tones of the *târge** accompany the strangely modulated cantilenes. Then the moon, with a splendor unknown to our latitudes, throws the scene into an enchanted world of silvery, mellow light, and black, impenetrable shadows. Day after day, the same spectacle, the same impressions. Who shall ever describe the eternal sadness of that land of Ham!

difficulties of the trip begin, small caravans frequently wait months in order to join large ones and travel with more security.

Casting our lot for Bornu, we enter at once into the *ghouds*, the moving dunes, hurrying through them for three whole days and nights, with pauses just sufficient for feeding. After a night's rest at a well, the convoy is wedged for another three days in a narrow gorge cleaving in twain the naked rocks whose precipitous sides shoot far above us. We rail up and down a chaos of boulders and sharp rolling stones, each choosing for himself the safest spot to place his hesitating foot; and as the camels cannot move in the dark, we camp where we find ourselves at sunset. By day much time is lost in repairing the rags bound round the camels' feet to prevent their being cut and bleeding to death—a precaution taken also when the sand, overheated by the burning sun, scorches like hot iron. At length we reach a spring somewhat remarkable (as the caravaner insist, with the tone of bigots telling of mira-



A Bedouin Sheikh.

The limits of the Fezzan are reached at Ghatroum, where the single route branches away in the two directions of Bornu and Wadai. As here the real

cles), that its water is as red as blood. Despite the sanguinary color, it is good, and men and beasts drink with avidity. But *Arrâhh!* Forward! severe stumbling, painful hours to the blessed oasis of Zaahia, and—with a sigh, quivering

* A sort of primitive guitar with two strings.

the white length of the caravan—one and all hrow themselves down for an imperatist rest.

We fid at Zaahia a new sort of human habitation. Far behind we have left the comparatively comfortable town dwelling, passed *gourbis*, the mud huts of illages, and the nomads' low tents, to come now to the haunts of the Troglodytes—miserable holes scratched in the ground, fitter for beasts than men. The farther we go, the more dangerous will become the country, infested by marauders, and we shall see these Troglodyte lairs dug high into the perpendicular face of hills or down in wells accessible only by ladders. The influence (slightly more than nominal) of the Turkish Governor of Tripoli stops here, now we are at the mercy of tribes and marabouts (chief priests of monasteries) who claim ownership rights to the tracts we are about to traverse. Fortunately neither reporters or telegraph exist in that perfectly impenetrable country to bulletin our movements, and so we may be lucky enough to pass unnoticed by such self-appointed toll-gatherers. It is not that their demands are ruinous, but, like constant drop of water on the stone, many of them will wear away purse and patience. Yet, a tranquil journey being better than doubtful ghts, it is sometimes well to compromise; the more so if the caravan is headed south, for it must return—as these plague-flies of the desert well know.

Sheiks of tribes, who dub themselves "sultans," lord it over some well amid the filthy camel's-hair tents of their clans, clustered around a tattered banner. Poor as ob, vainglorious as bantam roosters, hey nevertheless return the customary compliment of cheap cotton goods and trinkets by a welcome offering of milk and "*couscous*." But what precious time is wasted in the exchange, what mortifying formalities and flatteries are exacted by the petty potentates!

The hours crawl slowly under an increasing burden of harassments—day after day, a the stale flatness spreading from the fet to the circling sky line, or among the ridges overtopped by mountain peaks, giant sentinels of the waste. The beasts have an expectant look;

water is growing constantly scarcer, and when found is but a disgusting compound. Beyond El Bolma, the searching gaze grows also in the eyes of our



men; hands grip tighter the guns, every nerve is strained; it is fear of the stealthy Touareg. Caravaneers mounted on their coursing camels scour for miles around, parties gallop along neighboring summits, interrogating the horizon; at night, half of the men watch while the others sleep in their saddles, and in the short halts no fires are lit despite the icy coldness of the night. The animals' mouths are tied, every noise hushed; the whole great body seems to creep on its belly to avoid detection.

groes, their nude breasts covered with dangling shells, come in their arrow-like pirogues from the myriads of islands food. Peeping through the palisades of dry palm branches, above which the coned roofs, fancifully sloped, cut bi-



On the March—Daytime

studding the lake. What a relief it is to gaze again into good-natured, laughing faces. Their shrill cackling, their stealing propensities are overlooked, nay, enjoyed! for these are the first fellows we have met who fear us. And imagine our cheer! ten chickens and any amount of fish for one pin; a knife is an instrument beyond value, and these negroes would barter their whole possessions, wives included, to obtain one.

After having despatched to the Sultan of Bornu a courier announcing the purely commercial purpose of the caravan, and the nature of the cargo, we stride on rapidly, fording large rivers. At the mile-wide Yao men and loads are ferried in boats, while the camels indulge in a fantasia of their own, swimming about in deep water, tantalizing their drivers, but paying, poor brutes, a tithe to the crocodiles.

It would be impossible to know of the numerous villages hidden in the thickness of mighty growths, but for the peculiar and characteristic noise which taps the flight of time all through the extent of that Equatorial world. It is the clatter of wooden pestles pounding millet into a pap, "*couscouss*," the basis of negro

zarre figures against the green, we catch sight of swarms of women engaged in that monotonous work. About the low doors of the little bee-huts, india-rubber children creep to gaze wonderingly on us as we accompany the patriarch of the village to the guests' quarters. The good fellow's face is a vast grin of delight that we should honor his hospitality, and we assume the rôle of "grands seigneurs," returning worthless trinkets in exchange for bulls and cows. The climax to our importance is reached when, at a short distance from the town of Bornu, we receive the Sultan's answer to our message in the shape of a formidable dinner—a thousand dishes at least! ejaculate my caravaneers, patting their stomachs. And the stomach of the Arab is like that of the ostrich, able for weeks and months to subsist on a minimum of most unwholesome stuff; but when opportunity offers its elasticity and capacity are simply marvellous.

We'd better leave them to their orgy till the next morning early, when, with finery and shining guns, they move on toward the capital. Soldiers wait at the gates, taking our merchandise and carrying it to the bazars, while our cara-

vaneers present themselves before the Sultan, surrounded by his whole court in the palace yard. No matter what the

count of its position, but because of the perfect protection it affords foreign as well as native merchants. Probably for



Market in a Saharan Village.

powder costs! this fantasia must make a dazzling impression, for beware if the *griots** should be dissatisfied. The much-feared personages, dressed in long white robes covered with curious tracery, and holding in their hands their implements of trade—wonderful amulets which cure all imaginable ills—stand up as cold and imperturbable as stone statues. At last, deigning to reward our men's frantic yells and mad antics, they mutter a few words of satisfaction, to which the Sultan acquiesces by a sign. Three days more of enforced idleness, and if all goes on smoothly, we are allowed to offer presents, and receive in exchange the permission to remain and trade. Future movements are influenced by the facility with which we can dispose of our gaudy Manchester cottons, black and red cloth, burnouses, coral, Venetian beads, discarded European uniforms and guns, and acquire gum, gold powder, skins, and especially elephant and rhinoceros tusks. Bornu is the entrance of the Black Country, a distributing and commercial centre of great importance, not only on ac-

count of its position, but because of the perfect protection it affords foreign as well as native merchants. Probably for

that very reason, the most advantageous transactions do not take place in Bornu, the caravans coming to it as to a sort of headquarters where, after necessary information has been collected, detached parties are organized to scour the country. Our leader has heard good reports from Bir el Malhem, and decides to go there. Leaving the bulk of our beasts and merchandise under the care of a responsible lieutenant, we retrace our steps with about a hundred camels, under as strong an escort as we can muster, until we have left the sinuous Yao far behind. Crossing range after range of arid, tenantless plateaux, we pass through an unhealthy district full of marshy lakes, on whose shores great black vultures and bald storks walk gravely; while amid the dense tufts of mangrove there are sudden gatherings of monkeys to look cautiously at our little troop striding by. . . . Miserable villages of fetichists begin to appear, their swarms of coned huts grouped closely, making gray spots on the yellow sand. In the distance, over *chotts*† shimmering in the sun like sil-

* The *griot* is a combination of the saint, the quack doctor, and the minstrel.

† Dry salt-water lakes.

ver ribbons, rise thin trembling vapors, and in their midst fanciful landscapes take shape, grow, and vanish, to reappear again in ever new and enticing tableaux. A strong wind, as hot as the blast of an oven, blows incessantly. . . . But we must be constantly on the alert. The rich salt mines of the *chotts* usually attract a crowd of pillagers, recruited among the worst races of the Sahara, and we come across many of these banditti, handsome fellows in dark-blue robes, their heads uncovered, and long curly hair falling on their shoulders. As soon as they see us they know who we are, and what weapons we carry, and they keep at a respectful distance. When they don't, we never hesitate to begin fire. No doubt their intentions are of the worst, but what can they do with lances and a few flint-guns?

We pass near what was, ten years ago, the most prosperous village of the interior, when its surrounding desert, scoured by hunters, had the monopoly of furnishing the finest ostrich feathers to the world—a single camel-load of these best feathers fetching as high as \$50,000 in Tripoli. All that is but a memory now—the many-times told tale

The British colonists of the Cape have succeeded in domesticating the ostrich; prices have fallen in consequence some fourteen hundred per cent., leaving no profit to the Tripolitan merchants, who had to pay, besides the hunters, heavy tributes to negro kinglets, and the enormous risks and expenses involved in a Saharan journey.

After a month's march we arrive at Zendar, the thriving metropolis of a small kingdom, stopping to give valuable presents to its sultan, and pay a heavy toll for the privilege of going farther and coming back. Ten days more among thickly populated towns, inhabited by a hard lot of Touaregs who live comfortably on the raids they make among their negro neighbors, and we reach our goal, Bir el Malhem. While waiting at the gates, fine copper-colored women, with a single piece of cloth by way of dress and a profusion of tinkling ornaments of brass, and nude children, lithe and supple like young satyrs, come trotting on little hump-back cows and forming a great circle of which we are the centre, sneer at and insult us. The sultan is a negro *marabout* enriched by the donations of the Faithful, who be-



A Burden Carrier

of history again repeated in the ruin of an inferior race through the spirit of enterprise developed by a superior one.

lieve that he is miraculously carried in pilgrimage to Mecca every year. Yet he has behaved treacherously with many

caravaneers, and although treating our friends as guests and inviting them to his table, they eat with their arms at hand, and as the Spaniards say, "their beards on the shoulder;" and it is in the same fashion they carry on trading. Caravaneers often told me :

"Allah is great and Mohammed is his prophet, but 'Sidi Vinster'* is our truest friend!"

In the Soudan, when business is done between people of good commercial standing and well known to one another, *senait*, letters of exchange are used; but in general the *cauri*, a small shell of the Atlantic seaboard, is the means of exchange—five thousand *cauris* are worth a *bottera*, the obsolete silver florin of Maria Theresa, which has found its way among the Arabs and is now coined for their use. The value of the *cauri* to the *bottera* is fictitious, however, as in real-

ity no negro wants to give the precious shells for silver. Customers send their slaves with date-matting baskets containing fifty thousand *cauris*, the contents are thrown on the ground and counted over and over, employing any amount of those two cheap African commodities, slaves and time.

Three months, at least, of complete rest are necessary to put the camels in shape for the return journey. If two-thirds of them reach Tripoli, the caravan has been exceptionally fortunate. Indeed, the risks of such an enterprise as I have described are so enormous that, with the opening of strong European stations in Central Africa, trade will naturally seek the easy water-ways of the West Coast, and the great Saharan caravans, already much reduced since the depreciation in price of ostrich feathers, will become a thing of the past.

THE MAN IN RED.

By T. R. Sullivan.



THE fourteenth of July, in the year of our Lord 1790, was a date in French history deliberately predestined by the nation to be one that all nations should remember. Days and weeks had been spent in preparing for that sublime Feast of the Federation, which meant to an enthusiastic army of devotees the dawn of a new Golden Age on earth. Their scheme for fixing the world's attention was skilfully devised, brilliantly executed; and when the moment came, its solemn rites around the altar of the Fatherland so impressed themselves upon every beholder that no picturesque detail of the pageant went unrecorded. The notes of that time have served their turn with many a chronicler in ours, and again and again has that vivid scene upon the stage of the Champ de Mars slowly unfolded itself

from dawn to sunset for our benefit. We know how the impatient populace danced a farandole while the long procession of deputies filed into place through the triumphal arches; how Talleyrand, with all his acolytes, celebrated mass under huge censers which a pelting rain extinguished. We have seen the clouds disperse, and all the gay colors of the feast grow gayer in the clear light of afternoon. King and President, side by side under one canopy, take the same oath, at Lafayette's signal, to the braying of trumpets and the boom of cannon. The little blue-and-gold gallery where Marie Antoinette sits is suddenly steeped in sunshine. She accepts the omen, and, rising, presents the Dauphin to the people, whose answering shout is one of loyalty eager to assert itself. The King turns toward her radiant, his persistent optimism justified at last, overcoming even her forebodings. That high hope, so lately formed and still but half-admitted—her hope in Mira-

* "Sidi Vinster," Mr. Winchester. Meaning the rifle.

beau—revives now, and is confirmed by the people's voice, under this smiling heaven, auspiciously serene. "The monarchy is saved!" was the last assurance of the giant tribune at their secret interview in the garden of St. Cloud ten days ago. The King believes in Mirabeau's assurance, entreats her to believe. And in this last hour, as the hymn of praise brings the long day's ceremonial to its triumphant end, she does believe. *Te Deum laudamus!* It must be so. The miracle has been performed. The ever-threatening danger has melted away like the cloud, and the promised era of gentleness and prosperity is really begun.

But there must be no more mistakes. One, of a serious nature, it appears, has been made already on this very day of days. Instead of taking part in the parade of the morning, the King drove to his appointed place, in semi-state, through the quiet streets of the Faubourg St. Germain; and now a rumor comes that his motive for this was misinterpreted, and that certain deputies attribute his absence to distrust of the people. Their suspicion must be removed, and the mischief remedied before it has time to spread—the sooner the better; to-night, if such a thing be possible. And, in truth, nothing is easier. These same deputies are to re-assemble, later on, at the Château de la Muette, in the Bois de Boulogne, for a splendid banquet. The King will appear there, in all the state imaginable, with the Queen. It is she, herself, who makes this suggestion, who is anxious to do her part, provided only that an interval of rest at the Tuileries be granted her. The plan is hastily approved. A feast upon such a scale will of necessity last on till midnight; the essential thing is the attendance of the royal party; its schemes for arrival and departure are insignificant details. So, with at least three hours to spare, it being not yet seven o'clock, the Queen drives back along the river quays and across the Pont Royal, scarcely conscious of fatigue, lighter of heart than she has been for many a day. The sun, slowly setting, transfigures the ancient city, and she finds unfamiliar beauty in what was before the gloomiest of pris-

on precincts. Everywhere the house-fronts, festooned and garlanded, blend tricolor and fleur-de-lis into a sign of general rejoicing. Even the huddled mass of buildings in the square of the Carrousel looks almost lovely to her as she turns from it into the Cour Royale. Her own apartments, opening toward the garden, on the ground floor of the half-dismantled palace, are filled with golden sunlight. Outside, workmen are engaged in throwing strings of colored lamps from tree to tree; others, with the same cheerful task in hand, swarm upon the façade itself; she can hear their voices as the orders are given and the work progresses. Her own voice has a note of merriment in it; her own face can but reflect the spirit of the hour, since even that forbidding one of the gray old Tuileries for once is made to smile.

She laughs lightly when her ladies-in-waiting, the Countess d'Adhémar and the faithful Madame Campan, exclaim that all she wears is ruined. In honor of the day she is dressed in white, with knots of tricolor ribbon here and there. The rain has soiled and spotted her from head to foot; the colors have trickled down and run together; there is a deep purple stain across her throat—it will never come out, never in the world. Oh, yes! time will wear it away, she assures them. For to-night it can be concealed by other ribbons, jewels, anything. If not, what does it matter? The people have put on the fleur-de-lis. She has dyed herself with the colors of the people. Compliment for compliment, hers is the more graceful one of the two. All this wreckage is worth something, at least; let it be sold and the money given to her kind friends the people, for whose sake she will wear white again—all white, of course, but for these same three colors. She is not hungry, though she will make a pretence of dining—here quietly, with Madame Elisabeth and her dear Lamballe. Let all be ordered and arranged and set in train at once. There is no time to lose.

Yet the long summer twilight is but half over when all is accomplished, excepting only certain finishing touches to the coiffure, left, as usual, for Ma-

dame Campan to adjust at the last moment. Her companions at table note with delight that never since the good Trianon days has the Queen looked so well, so free from care. The deeper lines of her face seem mysteriously to have been smoothed away; the color comes and goes in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkle like a girl's. When the King sends word that he has returned, and that they are to leave the palace at ten o'clock, she forces herself into sudden gravity; then dismisses her attendants, one and all, to be recalled in due season; now she desires nothing but to rest awhile alone. They take their leave; and she, returning to her boudoir, stops an instant before the mirror—an instant which makes her first impatient, then thoughtful, since the glass is so small that it is impossible to see herself there at full length. With a sigh she remembers that this was not so at Versailles, Versailles! When will it be their home again? Very soon, perhaps. The possibility no longer seems remote in the altered temper of the time. This comfortable place is but a temporary lodging for the week's festivities. Already they are permitted to live at St. Cloud. Permitted? How long has it been the habit of royalty to apply that word to its own case? Her use of it now, though only in thought, makes her turn from the meagrely furnished walls and sigh once more. And then she smiles as she recalls her answer to the little Dauphin, who said that all here was ugly, on the night of their first arrival: "My son, Louis XIV. lived in it." Yes, but not under these conditions.

After all, the ugliness has its redeeming features. This outlook over the garden, for example, with the mellow sky through the branches, is more than beautiful. How enchanting it will be, an hour hence, when all these tiny lamps are lighted! She wonders if they go on, across the Place Louis XV., along the Champs Élysées; then, as the trees intercept her view, she moves from window to window, at each step drawing a little nearer the broad walk, and is disappointed to find that she can see but half its length in the last room of her small apartment. She

will not be balked so. The adjoining rooms are reserved for the King, though he rarely uses them; the last will bring her almost to the central point of the garden-front, the great Pavillon de l'Horloge itself. She finds the door under the tapestry, knocks, and, getting no answer, turns the rusted handle timidly and goes in. All here is formal, stately, bare and still. The windows, wide open, lead into a high arcade supporting a terrace at the first-floor level. There are rows of lights, and a ladder against one of the arches, from which the Queen perceives that this architectural feature is to be accentuated by the decorations of the night. Passing on to the last window she steps out into the arcade, and clasps her hands in astonishment. The arch commands an uninterrupted vista not only of the garden but also of what lies beyond it—the swing-bridge, the square, the statue of Louis XV., the great avenue leading straight out to those wooded heights against the sky. All is a mass of color. The trees are hung with mottoes and emblems; at the bridge a huge triumphal arch has been set up, and through it she sees flags and streamers and pyramids of lanterns stretching on interminably. As she looks her eyes fill with tears of thankfulness. The sight is wonderful indeed, but its significance is more, much more to her, than the sight itself. Dear foreign land grown kind and lovable, as in her brightest days! She has found great joy in it, great joy remains. "The monarchy is saved!"

A bell breaks the silence. It is only the clock overhead recording the hour. She counts eight strokes; then three-quarters chime out musically. She turns to go in, and stops, startled by heavy steps on the terrace above, and the sound of two rough voices in excited speech.

"Impossible, Pascal!"

"I swear to you I saw him."

"Where?"

"There, in the Salle des Gardes."

"Idiot! It was some officer of the household."

"In that dress—with that look upon his face? It was the phantom."

"Pascal, you are a coward."

"My God, no! I fear no living man. But *that!* To-night, of all others!"

"*Chimères!* Give me the torch! It is time to light the lanterns."

The footsteps pass; the voices grow confused and die away; but their strange dispute has darkened all the prospect. Night descends, making the distant sky colorless, the soft air damp and cold. Yet the trembling woman shivers there a moment longer, hoping to hear more; then, with the weight of an icy hand upon her heart she rustles back through the staring, empty rooms. The Queen's mind is tinged so deeply with the superstition of the age that even the nightmare of a dream has often assumed to her fearful importance; and the words she has just overheard ring in her ears now, not to be silenced. What has he seen, here in the palace, this workman, this Pascal? Pascal! The repetition of his name gives her a new thought, a swiftly formed resolve. She crosses her apartment to the door of the antechamber into which she looks cautiously. A page is there alone lighting the candles. The door creaks a little; and he turns with the taper in his hand, the light from it trailing down upon his scarlet-and-gold dress, upon his boyish features. He has been for some time in her service, and, recognizing her at once, comes forward respectfully.

"Maxime, there are men at work—on the terrace, fronting the garden."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Go up, then, and find one who is called Pascal—Pascal, remember. Go quietly and quickly; it is important; tell no one, and bring him here to me."

He is off at a bound with no thought but to obey, no trace of surprise. While he is gone she is disturbed and restless, wandering from room to room in search of her fan, her handkerchief, her purse; stamps her foot impatiently at finding nothing; then finds all at once, and, coming back to the salon, chooses a seat near the window, but carefully turned away from it. There she has established herself with an air of absolute composure when the page knocks and she bids him come in. He waits, at a sign from her, just within the door but not within hearing, while

she motions the man who follows to draw nearer that the last gleam of daylight may fall upon his face.

He has been warned that this lady is the Queen, and he approaches in a kind of timorous curiosity, as if, dreading each step, he were still impelled to take it. Then he stops instinctively at a proper distance, and twists his woollen cap with awkward, embarrassed hands. He wears a blouse, but it is fresh and unwrinkled. He is young too, and by no means ill-looking, with a fine light in his clear, brown eyes. All this she observes at a glance, while his look changes to one of open admiration for the lovely presence into which he has been ushered incomprehensibly. It is plain to her that the presence overawes yet fascinates him; equally plain that he is asking himself what this being from another world than his can want with him.

"You are called Pascal?" she begins, in a low voice.

"Pascal, yes, Madame; Pascal Boucher, lately of Vaud, in Switzerland—now of Paris, with respect to her Majesty."

"You are employed here—for the illumination?"

"For the little lamps, yes, Madame. I have helped to put them up. I remain until the last is lighted."

She trembles a little, for in this second speech his intonation has identified him. He is, unquestionably, the man who spoke upon the terrace. Then, drawing open her purse, she finds a louis and offers it.

"This is for you. It is in your power to earn more than that by doing me a trifling service."

"Oh, Madame, I thank you!" His cheeks flush with pleasure as he stoops with outstretched hand which her own just touches. He pockets the gold piece and stands erect, as before, twisting his cap again in amazement and perplexity. "Madame cannot doubt. In what manner can I serve her Majesty?"

"By answering truthfully a single question. What did you see above there in the *Salle des Gardes*?"

The movement of his hands suddenly stops. And though his eyes, apparently, have not swerved a hair's-breadth,

they no longer meet hers ; moreover, from being alert, their expression has altered upon the instant into a fixed and staring one.

"In the *Salle des Gardes*," he repeats, slowly. "Madame, I do not understand—I have seen nothing."

"Nevertheless you declared otherwise just now to your comrade. Standing below, I overheard your talk and his. Scarcely five minutes have passed ; you must remember it. Once again I ask you what you saw there through the window."

"Madame heard imperfectly, or it was not I who spoke. In the *Salle des Gardes* there is no one—nothing."

He speaks with the utmost calmness, yet still avoids her look, and she knows that he is lying deliberately. Why? She cannot imagine, but a certain determination in him convinces her that his mind is made up and that he will not change it.

"It means that you refuse to tell me."

"Her Majesty misunderstands," he returns, in a tone of peculiar gentleness ; "it means that I cannot tell her this thing she asks—that I, who speak to her, have no more to tell."

She opens her purse again ; then, with a second thought, tosses it aside and bids him to be gone. But he still waits, fumbling in his pocket for the coin already his.

"If her Majesty will permit me to return this, which I have not earned——"

The Queen interrupts him to decline it with a gesture. "Strange !" she whispers, less to him than to herself. "Here is an honest man who is doing me a great wrong unconsciously ; who will not comply with one poor request—nay, though I entreat him."

"Oh, Madame, forgive me !" he implores, earnestly, with a mournful, troubled look. "I am the humblest of your servants, but of them all the most faithful. I would die to keep a word, a breath of harm from you. Believe me when I say this, believe—believe that I have seen nothing."

"I must believe you. Put up the money. You will accept it in remembrance of me."

"So long as I live, Madame, I shall never part with it."

Once more his gaze meets hers and does not waver ; there is something deeper than admiration in it now ; it expresses mingled pity and devotion, as he moves backward toward the door, lingers a moment, lays his hand upon his heart, bows and goes his way. The Queen looks after him, wondering. She is sure that there were tears in his eyes.

Then all at once she seems to understand him better. He has erred from a kindly motive. He is hiding something from her that he fears would give her pain. But still her question is unanswered. Why should he pity her? What is it that he hides?

She must know—she will know. Since direct means have failed her, indirect ones shall be tried. After a little thought she despatches the page for Madame Campan, and once more retires to her boudoir, the most habitable of the rooms assigned to her. The hangings are from the Gobelins loom ; the principal one, in which the famous scarlet dye of the manufactory predominates, representing the bridal of Neptune and Amphitrite. The dressing-table, with its mirror and candle-branches, stands between the windows. Close by is the harmonica—that pretty toy which the German invented and Franklin perfected—an arrangement of musical water-glasses upon which she has learned to play. It suits her purpose to do so now. And, accordingly, Madame Campan finds her picking out a favorite air—the trio from Grétry's opera of "*Zémire and Azor*."

She breaks off with a playful smile. "Ah ! it is time for the coiffure ; so much the better. I have been singing to myself as I looked at the garden. Is it not beautiful?"

"Yes, Madame ; but the façade—you must see that. All its ugliness is gone. It is covered with twinkling lights ; truly, a palace in fairyland ! Who would ever have thought they could make so much of this forsaken place ?"

Speaking, she lights the four candles at the glass, while the Queen sits before it, idly watching her and then glancing up toward the darkening walls.

"Yes, my dear Campan," she answers, "we were better off in the *Trianon*, it must be confessed. But there we had

no history, and here its shadows gather round us. At times they have a charm for me. One may see, I think, too much of summer sunshine. Tell me, is not this the oldest part of the palace?"

"I have been told so, Madame. Madame will wear these pearls?"

"Yes, decidedly. What strange things, then, in all the years, these walls have seen and known! the thoughts of kings, their hopes and great designs, unaccomplished, all lost, forgotten—elbowing each other here together through the past, like troops of phantoms!"

"Phantoms! Oh, no, indeed, Madame. There are none here, I hope."

"Why not, since it amuses me to think so? It is the twilight hour to which such ideas are suited. And I am so gay to-night that I could dance a farandole, as those merry souls did this morning on the Champ de Mars. If I am to sit quiet under your hands, you must control my spirits. Tell me some tale of those who have lived and died here; all the better if it be a ghostly one. To begin with, whose room was this?"

"I do not know, Madame; if there are tales about it, a cleverer tongue than mine might tell them. But as for me, I have heard no tales at all."

"And I, who persuade myself that it must have many! What! Is it a room like any other? Has it no legend—no tradition?"

"None, Madame, that has been told to me."

"You have never heard, then, of a ghost that haunts the Tuileries?"

"Never, never, I assure your Majesty."

"Why, how is this? I have frightened you."

"Not in the least, Madame. At what should I be frightened?"

"But your face looks so pale here, in the glass; and I can feel that your hands tremble. Are you cold?"

"There is a draught of air. I cannot imagine how it has come in. Ah! this door——"

And in fact there has sprung open behind them a small door leading into the central corridor, which on this

ground-floor of the palace runs the entire length of the southern wing—a windowless passage between the staircases, lighted day and night by lanterns, but insufficiently, so that the Queen has always avoided it, preferring to make use of a private staircase within her own apartment, communicating directly with the floor above. This accident diverts her thoughts for the moment, and in a tone of annoyance she begs Madame Campan to close the door and to bolt it.

"That dreadful corridor!" she continues, with increasing vexation. "I have a horror of it. What negligence to leave the door unbolted! See! the draught has put out one of the candles—another, too! Pray relight them."

This is done immediately, but in a moment their flames die down again.

"These candles will not burn!" the Queen declares, petulantly. "What does this mean? It seems to me that the others grow dim while I am speaking."

"It means simply that they are of the same make, Madame, nothing more. There was, perhaps, some defect in the mould."

"Then bring fresh ones, my dear Campan, I implore you."

"At once, your Majesty."

And the lady-in-waiting bustles away through the outer rooms, while the Queen remains seated before the glass, eyeing the flickering lights with indefinable apprehension, as if her whole happiness demands that they shall be kept alive. A movement in the adjoining salon alarms her.

"Who is there?" she calls.

It is only the page, who, in answer, presents himself for orders.

"Maxime, why was this door not bolted? Who has passed out that way?"

"I do not know, your Majesty. I am sure it was not I. I never walk in the corridor after nightfall unless it is absolutely necessary. And even then I shut my eyes."

"What! Are you afraid of the dark?"

"Of the dark, no! It is the man I am afraid of."

"The man—what man?"

"I mean the Man in Red."

"The Man in Red!" she repeats in

a voice that does not falter. "And who is he?"

The boy's eyes open wide, as if his surprise at this simple question were too great to be contained.

"Does not Madame know? He has lived under the great clock for two whole centuries. So long as he remains there all goes well; but when he comes down and takes his walk at night in the dark corners——"

"Well, what then?"

"They say it is the evil spirit of the palace. He may not come for years, he may come at any moment; and so I shut my eyes, since it is death to one who sees him. They say he comes only in times of danger—of fearful danger to the King."

So, by a child's thoughtless gossip, with scarce an effort upon her part, the secret is suddenly revealed. She knows now what thought stole into Madame Campan's mind to be withheld evasively. She knows why honest Pascal Boucher, out of the rough goodness of his heart, resolved for once to be dishonest. She knows what he imagined that he saw—nay, must have seen. She has not spoken, but the boy is aware of a strange terror in her face which brings terror to his own.

"Oh, Madame, why do you look at me like that? I have done wrong to tell you. Believe me, I have never seen the man. It is only what they say. No one has seen him—no one."

She lays her hand gently upon the boy's shoulder, and the need of reassuring him serves to revive her failing courage.

"Maxime, this is a tale that no one can believe, that must not be repeated. Never speak of it again, for it is false. Now go; find good Madame Campan and send her back. But do not let her know what you have told me."

"What is it, after all?" she murmurs, as the boy hurries off and passes out into the antechamber. "A creature of the fancy—a goblin to make clowns and silly children start at every shadow. The workman knew the story and saw what was in his own mind, no more, no less. I marvel that my wise Campan should tremble at such things. As well might we give heed to this por-

tent of the candles that go out one by one because they were run in the same mould!"

With her eyes and thoughts thus intent upon it, the third flame dwindles to a spark, while at the same moment a prolonged gust of wind wails along the polished floors and rattles all the casements. The hangings are set in motion by it; and through the shadows that surround her she sees in the glass, by the remaining candle's gleam, huge gods and goddesses start from the walls like living things. Then, to her dismay, the bolted door behind her swings slowly open. The fourth and last flame is, in its turn, extinguished; but a pale light from the corridor streams into the room.

Moved by a single impulse the Queen glides toward the door with hand raised to close it. Better darkness than light which comes that way! But a slight sound holds her motionless and almost breathless there to listen; a muffled sound, at short, regular intervals, like the ticking of a clock—or rather, like that other ticking, which heard at night in some old wainscot is held to be a sign of death, and rouses the soundest sleeper to make him start and tremble; it grows louder, more distinct, until the Queen, drawn on by a new motive that she cannot resist, takes another step and looks out along the gallery.

Alone, under the flaring lamps, there advances the figure of a man—a dwarf, bowed with the weight of years. About his neck he wears a ruff, above which his white hair, closely cropped, and his pointed beard shine like silver. Slowly he creeps forward, stealthily and silently, without even a footfall to announce him; but he leans heavily upon a staff which gives the monotonous signal of his coming as it strikes the floor. His half-closed eyes follow its point, and the light of the nearest lantern shows this staff that guides him to be a rusted sword. But it is not that from which the Queen shrinks instinctively. The same flash of the uncertain light has fallen upon the man's dress, and his worn doublet and hose, faded to a brownish tinge, are streaked here and there with traces of a deeper color—red.

"The evil spirit of the palace!" How will he threaten her? What will he say or do? It is too late now to fly from his warning; she must see and hear and know. He draws nearer; he is here; he passes. Yet his gaunt face betrays no knowledge of her presence; his eyes are still half-closed; his lips are speechless; he has passed on without a sign. Then the Queen, finding all at once a new, unnatural courage, springs after to detain him.

"Speak!" she commands. "Why do you come here? Who are you?" The spectral figure stops, and turning, fixes his eyes upon her. They are the eyes of death, and their grim look seems to take all happiness, all hope away. He lifts his hand and points to a red stain upon his ruff—a blood-stain—and throwing his head back he shows her that his throat is gashed and bleeding. Then with a low chuckle, a leer of hideous delight, he turns again and steals on through the shadows.

Overcome with horror, gasping for breath, the Queen gropes her way into the room, shuts the door, bolts it, and remains there clinging to the wall in the dark until approaching lights and voices bring her back to life. She is found calmly seated at the table. Neither her look nor her manner has excited the smallest wonder or suspicion; but in another moment she has fainted in Madame Campan's arms. The King comes, to learn that she has been seized, inexplicably, with sudden illness. He waits an hour, but she is still unable to think of going out. In spite of her entreaties he will not go without her, and gives up the banquet. Along the lines of light, impatient crowds wait for him to pass. The myriad lamps burn themselves out, and the glittering symbols that they shone upon look dull and tarnished in the

gray light of morning. But the King never passes, and his dais stands always vacant at the Feast of Deputies. So it happens that Royalty makes its second serious mistake, and is gravely misjudged by its kind friends the people in the night of this very day of days.

On August 11, 1792, the worthy citizen, Jean Ribaud, was detailed with other patriots to remove the bodies of the slaughtered Swiss Guard, who made, on the preceding day—when the poor King and Queen had left the palace, as it proved, forever—their unavailing but immortal defence of the Tuileries. The faithful soldiers lay as they fell, borne down by the overwhelming mob, in heaps upon the great staircase, under overturned chairs and tables in the outer rooms. Here, in the course of his agreeable task, the excellent Ribaud turned over with his foot a dead man, fallen face downward toward the foe.

"*Tiens!*" said he. "I know that face. It is Pascal Boucher, the Swiss, who went mad for love of Madame Vêto and enrolled himself in the Guard to fight for her. How is it that you go down into hell before the Austrian? Eh, comrade, tell me that?"

With a brutal kick, given as if he really hoped the dead hero could rise to answer and be struck down a second time, he has stirred something at the neck—something that slides away and clinks upon the floor.

"A louis d'or!" he cries in astonishment. "By your leave, comrade, since it is worth nothing, not even a drop of water, now, to you!"

And glancing furtively about, to make sure that he is not observed, the worthy citizen, Jean Ribaud, with one wrench of his strong hand tears off the coin and puts it in his pocket.

THE FRENCH SYMBOLISTS.

By Aline Gorren.



I.

It is now a few years since Émile Zola, being questioned as to the drift of contemporary literature, expressed himself as seeing the end of the Naturalist school of which he has been the chief apostle. Taking the view that literature is cyclic and corresponds to successive social evolutions, he foresaw the dawning of a new literary standpoint and formula; and, said he, "Symbolism *may* be the literature of the future." This view M. Zola holds now, as he did then; but though he be not yet sure, by any means, that the literature of symbols will succeed the naturalistic child of Positivism whom he has served so doughtily—though his opinion be, indeed, that something better can be found, of which he himself will, as likely as not, be the lusty evangelist—others cherish the conviction as indubitable; and about the conviction have grown up a school of French literature, and a school of French art, that have slowly extended in widening circles. An influence contested, often imperceptible; but an influence.

About the year 1885 that section of the Parisian public that concerns itself with special departments of letters, became conscious of the existence of sundry obscure little reviews, formulating a new æsthetic creed, in a language departing, as far as it was possible to go, from the phrase of Zola, Daudet, Maupassant. In these little reviews was to be found a deeply abstruse verbiage, bristling with neologisms, with obsolete expressions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with new terminations to words in common use—which terminations, coined according to individual laws, appeared to desire to note differentiations in meaning that the current word could not define. And this original linguistic, rooting back

into Latin and Greek derivatives, cadenced in pompous Latin sonorousness, calling, at every other page, for the aid of a glossary, was the vehicle for trains of thought and literary points of view, quite as unexpected, and quite as unlike anything which had latterly come to express the spirit of the close of the nineteenth century.

The little reviews generally died out, within a period of varying brevity, for lack of readers and funds. But others sprang up in their place, and propagated the new dogmas further. Since the proclaimed cult of the young writers was for the chiselled word, for the research of rare harmonies in the expression, and rarefied subtleties in the sensation; since their attitude was avowedly one of languorous exclusion above the mass of men (two-thirds pose, this attitude, one-third the genuine fruit of actual political and sociological conditions in France), the name of Decadents became quickly and aptly fastened to them. Generally the young men repudiated it. By some it was inferentially allowed.

*Je suis l'empire à la fin de la décadence
Qui regarde passer les grands barbares blancs,
En composant des acrostiches indolents
D'un style d'or où la langueur du soleil danse,*

wrote Paul Verlaine. And, although the much more comprehensive term Symbolist later supplanted the first designation, to an extent it still endures.

If this movement in French literature had been confined to an innovation in the *métrique* of verse, to an attempt to eliminate from the French language those "clumsy deposits" which the phraseology of modern science, and still more, the loose jargon of modern journalism, are charged with having washed into it; if it had been simply an effort to enrich the tongue of to-day anew with what M. Jean Moréas calls the "unpolluted vocables" of the golden age of Rabelais, the interest attaching to it could not have spread to any

distance. So far as French Symbolism is an æsthetic renaissance, a desire to seize, in the color and perfume of words, the undefined affinities we are conscious of in the remotest things, and so to materialize them that the same confused sensations they awaken may be re-awakened in the reader—"the same unseizable excitations to revery be artificially reproduced," it is familiar ground to English consideration, a repetition of the creed of Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and the rest of the pre-Raphaelites. The analogy imposes itself, indeed, at once. The influence of the cluster of English æsthetes is clearly discernible in the artistic preferences, as well as in the external formulæ of the new French school. There is the love of mediæval *motif*; there is the well-known genuflection before the purity and simplicity of the Primitives. The same sensuously dilettante Catholicism makes its appearance: Virgins, copes, chasubles, censers, mortifications, expiations, damnations; and the same research of that precise moment in time and art when things are seen metaphysically, symbolically; "in the mass," that is, which, as M. Jean Moréas would tell us, "alone is vernacious." Now and then the atmosphere is so absolutely congenious as to produce a momentary confusion. ". . . He knelt before this blessed lady; and never was ecstasy more subdued than the murmur of that love. . . . Frail apparition! In a nimbus of light vapors she seemed as a chant that is very low, as a monotonous litany of the perfection of vain loves, as the attenuated scent of a distant flower, as the sigh of that dim sorrow that is exhaled in a breath. . . ." This might be a page from the delicate moonbeaming of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Instead, it is a leaf from Maurice Barrès, one of the most personal, and in one sense, positive, of the prose-writers of the Symbolist school. The alluring propagandist of an æsthetically arid philosophy of the Culture of Self, Maurice Barrès has no real mental connection with the English poet. But the technique of their inspiration exhibits a frequent racial likeness.

This familiarity of English readers with the pre-Raphaelite doctrines pre-

vents them from entering into the angry surprise of the Parisian middle-class man, who sees in all this Decadence and Symbolism nothing but an attempt on the part of a few impertinent Bohemians to mystify the public. To them the up-springing of this school is an interesting manifestation of the universality of thought-germs. But the Symbolists, from the first, claimed that they had other things in their minds besides a mediæval revival. It was not with them, they said, the manner of the written phrase only; they had other ideas, and so much have they insisted on these ideas that they have forced an attention, in spite of Sarcey, Anatole France, Brunetière, the whole array of the Paris critics; in spite of Leconte de Lisle's: "*Oh, ces jeunes gens! . . . Tous fumistes!*"

M. Zola, upon one occasion, strong in the Comtist and Spencerian support of Naturalism, made a remark to the effect that if Symbolism failed as the literature to come, it would be because of the lack of the philosophic background. Some of us, if conscious that some sort of mystico-idealistic reaction is probably close upon us, are yet doubtful whether the scientific spirit has not become too diffused to permit any school of art arising from a reaction of that kind to attain any degree of true, or permanent, development. Is the latest drift of the scientific spirit, however, antagonistic to the orientation of the French Symbolist school? The Symbolists answer No. They assume precisely the contrary. And here it becomes interesting to follow their assumptions.

II.

In a recent French work on psychology—entirely distinct, it is needless to say, in method and treatment, from the empiric German work in that line, whose severe *Konsequenz* dismisses metaphysics, and the perilous, if fascinating, leaps of the same—the last word of the science at present is summed up in the assertion that we are all evanescent expressions of an eternal unity. It is scarcely a new summing. If French modern metaphysics and

psychology deny the duality of matter and spirit, and German research on the same path more cautiously admits the probability that both may be differing attributes of one substance, and all forms and phenomena the manifestations of one eternal essence; if M. Fouillée and his compeers, fresh from divings into animal magnetism, assert, with respect to our much-cherished individual identity, that "the illusion of a definitely limited, impenetrable, and absolutely autonomous 'I' must be given up; that it is only with the lips we can claim it, while the immense orchestra of things will always answer 'We' in our face; if it be borne in upon us daily, from divers sources, that continuity and reciprocity are the great law and the great mystery, and that "nothing is so one that it is not multiple . . . nothing so mine that it is not collective"—the spontaneity with which these conclusions seem to be invested is but another proof of how many times the thoughts that express a world period to itself need to be reiterated, and in how many different keys, before the aggregated atoms composing it become fairly conscious of the currents informing their life. From the picturesque pantheism of Giordano Bruno, and the beautiful idealism of Spinoza, our present descent is clear, to trace the pedigree no farther. The line of succession seems especially lucid just now, because thirty years of science and materialism have swung the pendulum the other way; at least, we begin to think that we feel the oscillation. But the materialism itself belonged to the same philosophic inheritance that has both moulded us, and enunciated us, since the seventeenth century. The only difference was that it remained studiously incurious of that hidden cause back of all. Why inquisitiveness as to what is unknowable? Other things were knowable, and sure, and the Naturalist presently brought out his documents, details, note-books. These things ye can see. But the Symbolist—for we have come to him at the other edge of the oscillation—now replies: "Your documents, details, verified facts, are precisely the least worth considering. They are appearances; impal-

pable shadows of clouds. Nothing ye think to see is what it seems. Nothing outside of our representation exists. All visibilities are symbols. Our business it is to find out what these symbols are. Any book that does not directly concern itself with the hints concealed beneath the diversified masks and aspects of matter is a house built out of a boy's toy-blocks. Science, after promising more things than it could fulfil, has many hypotheses just now that float about one central idea—the existence of one essence, infinite in moods, by reference to which, alone, anything whatsoever can be understood. Those of our creed, only and solely, have a philosophic basis for their art."

One of the propounders, in prose, of the Symbolistic theories, whom it is easiest to follow; one, too, whose literary quality is the most charming, is M. Maurice Barrès. To the novel, as we have come to understand it, the books of M. Barrès bear but scant resemblance. But the author espouses the designation in default of a better. At a first glance you might suppose that M. Barrès's work was of the same order as that of Paul Bourget. But no. Maurice Barrès writes metaphysical, not psychological, novels. In "*Sous l'Œil des Barbares*," "*Un Homme Libre*," "*Le Jardin de Bérénice*," three books which, by logical sequence, form but one, three stages are represented in the metaphysical evolution of the mind of a young man of analytic, contemplative temper. It is a picture of a human life, the only important facts of which take place in that world of sensations and illusions that is engendered by the physical happenings of existence. The point of view is made clear to the eye, from the start, by the typographical arrangement of the chapters. Each division, in "*Sous l'Œil des Barbares*," is preceded by a concordance, in which the worldly occurrences that befall the chief personage are telegraphically despatched, without more ado. Then follows, in a prose of remarkable fluidity, suppleness, and suggestiveness, the drama, determined by these incidents, in the sphere of psychological experience. You look on as the protago-

nist's Ego evolves, through various passionnal phases, æsthetic principles, and philosophies, up to the culminant dogma of Maurice Barrès's individual creed: that the whole office of men is, first, to recognize that they are so many efforts, individually and collectively, of Instinct to realize itself—*je suis un instant d'une chose immortelle*—and secondly, to jealously guard themselves from being untrue to the voice of this Instinct. From all eternity each creature has been formed to play a certain part, to express, to represent a certain phase, a direction. Sincerity to the *Inconscient* is to be secured, in Maurice Barrès's opinion, by rejecting all things that are uncongenial to the *Moi*, and by assimilating all others that would naturally adhere to it, were it left—uninfluenced by the world and the Barbarians, the *grands barbares blancs* of Paul Verlaine, the Philistines—to take its own path. Its brief moment of serving as a representation, a symbol, over, the I returns to the bosom of the *chose immortelle*; the water-drop, after the semblance of an individual career of its own, goes back to the ocean; the monad melts into the Life. Death does not set free a number of personal souls; the fragments of the One Soul break down a temporary barrier, by the process, and pass out of a momentarily dividing sphere, formed by the illusion of identity. In Maurice Barrès's three books, the things and the people that come within the circle of the protagonist's intelligence, deformed and colored according to the transient state of his soul, pass before the reader like a succession of evanescent apparitions. In the last of the three the charm is keenest; the literary art impregnated with the rarest, the most subtle, savor. There are glimpses of a girl, a woman—who has been seen repeatedly, in varying guises, when all three books are read: a "little animal," all of instinct, and exquisite, in spite of—or because of?—that; affiliations, connections, between the "suave eyes" of Bérénice and those of gentle, long-eared young donkeys; these Bérénice loves because they have the misunderstood poetry of oppressed and despised things,

of which race she is, this Bérénice, who is as the voice of the inarticulate People. . . . There are evocations (no descriptions) of landscapes: Aigues-Mortes; the plains about it; the purple and crimson of departed sunsets, flushing the damp gleams of the marsh. . . . Certain gowns that Bérénice wears, sombre purple, burnished copper, that answer the sunsets. . . . An unforgettable Museum in a dead town of southern France, small, perfect, provincial, deserted; where a little girl—the "little animal," in childhood—pores, in long, unawakened curiosities, over strange, suggestive things; where relics of early French kings vibrate, in their slow passage dustward, to the step of the custodian, strolling, in the long afternoons, with a jingle of keys, through the little rooms. . . . All this swimming in a luminous haze: the reader shut in by crepuscular indications, hauntings, that beckon to unexplored outlets. If there be a rather stifled feeling, as of a want of an open window, the æsthetic mode harmonizes the more truly with the underlying dogma. It is we who create the universe, says M. Barrès. That universe is but the harmonious *ensemble* of our own thoughts. Thus are we imprisoned in a dream-cage. And this is the impression with which he manages to charge his books.

From Maurice Barrès, and his effort to compress all nature into humanity, one may turn to Francis Poictevin, a prose-writer who has gradually enrolled himself with the Symbolist movement, but who, to express the modern tendencies, has taken an inverse course from Barrès. The analysis of metaphysical experiences, which at one time held Poictevin captive, has ceased to do so; or does so very secondarily. Essential symbols are coming to be more and more widely represented for him by cloud and sea, and the physiognomic aspects of plains, forests, and towns. These are his main lines. As he apprehends the multiform moods, sounds, sights, scents of nature, everything that we are pleased to name voiceless and inanimate, breathes forth the force of a veiled meaning, thrills

with a hidden life ; the nervously conscious attitudes of flowers ; the sonorous orchestral harmonies of color in wood and shore ; the hushed mystery of lakes and ponds, over whose waters hang the liquid iris-tints of evening skies, that "fugitive, at once, and expectant, in their profound prolongations, hide unavowed desires, already almost deflowered by the very exquisiteness of their intensity, of a charm that grows poignant as it declines. . . ."

All nature is a temple, filled with living pillars, and the pillars have tongues, and speak in confused words, and man walks as through a forest of countless symbols . . . the lines of Beaudelaire, the father, in a kind, of the Symbolists, serve as an epigraph for Francis Poictevin's "Paysages." Poictevin's men and women are subordinate to these wider curves of wave and sky ; they come and go, emerging from their setting, briefly, and fading into it again ; they have no personality apart from it ; and, amid the world-symbols of the heavens in marshalled movement and the thousand-reeded winds, they, in their human symbol, are allowed to seem, as they are, proportionately small. They are possessed, as are clouds, waters, trees, but no more than clouds, waters, trees, of a baffling significance, forever a riddle to itself. They have bowed attitudes ; the weight of the mystery they carry on their shoulders. Poictevin's literary style is of the quality to be slowly degusted, with an attention to the spiritual after-flavor. In "Paysages," and notably in "Nouveaux Songes," in which his symbolist tendencies become especially defined, the souls of landscapes, the elusive heart of things, reach one in an essentialized form ; they have gone through high dilution first. The homœopathic compression, the endeavor that never shall there be a word too many, may weary the ordinary reader, whose head and stomach are equal to any of the chemical processes. Poictevin's appeal is to the *raffiné*.

A third writer, with whom the symbolic direction of thought takes a distinctly individual shape, is Paul Adam. His is the mystic note ; a mysticism

adapted, under some of its aspects, to the requirements of Parisian boulevard loungers on the threshold of the twentieth century. With infinitely less literary restraint than Barrès or Poictevin, much less an artist than either, Paul Adam has nevertheless striven, in novels and short tales, to give a body to one of the most interesting of the Symbolist ideas, that of recurrent rhythms in the affairs of men and of the universe, which rhythms art must express (modern music was the first to do it) by clusters of leading themes, running through many modalities. In "*Être*," a romance of the fifteenth century—a historic moment selected because it saw the trampling down of an epoch the only light of which (Dante thought it a great light) was a spiritual one, under the first magnificent brute struggle for material well-being that resulted in modern civilization—the magician, Mahaud, is a woman tormented by the desire for some such powers as to-day might be coveted by the followers of a Madame Blavatsky. In harmony with the general rhythm, however—which is the foundering of the spiritual life beneath periodic, and imperious, reversions to an insistence on the supreme rights of the flesh and the individual—Paul Adam shows this desire to be thwarted by the Countess's sensuous nature. She is a woman of knowledge and insight far beyond the age in which she lives ; as the mistress of a great castle she attains wide ascendancy over her surroundings ; she becomes a rallying centre of light in the darkness of confused times. But the struggle of contending forces is too sharp ; the equilibrium is lost ; the mind goes down, in ruin, in the closing night.

"The science she acquired dies with her," says Gustave Kahn ; "the influence she unfolded impels those who lived within its circle to start off, by opposed routes, upon the pursuit of some unknowable which they contain, yet which forever escapes them. The monks absorb themselves in ecstasy ; the soldiers throw themselves into the wars ; and the rhythm perceived, or initially unrolled, by the Countess Mahaud, is extinguished in death and

in the elements, having made nought but victims, since, resulting in nothing (because of her own faultiness), it was only agitation." In "En Décor" (a novel of the present day, but not such a one in tone or atmosphere as contemporary novelists have rendered us familiar with), Manuel dreams that in the girl whom he loves—a simple, receptive Margaret for a new Faust—he can "symbolize the treasure of his metaphysical being." Their love is the immortal symbol of the union of generative forces. "Manuel et Louise relurent la patrie première, et s'éblouirent aux communs reflets de soleils originels." They had "an immense joy in recognizing each other as fraternal, after the separation of centuries, and all the disguises of successive individuals in which the germs of their being had slept." The mystico-sensuous phraseology abounds in allusions to the Arcana of the Law; the Splendor of the Mystery; the elliptic flight of the Cherubim, etc. These things may be pardoned to M. Paul Adam, who is only thirty, and who believes firmly that the coming time is to be one in which, "disdaining the solicitation of useless pleasures, man will walk toward the science of things, the contemplation of rhythms and causes. . . ." His work merits attention because it outlines, more clearly than elsewhere has been done, the technical modes which, M. Jean Moréas prophesies, will rule the development of the novel of the future.

First, to use the words of another adherent of the school, we shall have the mode, the technique, which subjectives, in the soul of a single personage, the orchestration of worlds. ". . . Nothing exists outside the sensations of the hero. . . . The elements in the texture of this mode are: the struggle of ideas in the same brain; and the unfolding of the natural selection that determines the order of their succession."

We have seen what M. Maurice Barrès does in this kind. "The second mode of the novel will study the inception, in a philosophic brain, of thoughts calculated to modify a number of inferior brains in its surround-

ings. It will follow these thoughts in the human forms where the philosophic hero has sown them; and, in the successive avatars of the personalities moved by this rhythm, it will expose the series of its growth, or the reasons for its atrophy. In its third form the novel sets upon its feet as a hero no longer a definite human being, but the scheme of an Essential Idea, that, filtering through a group of human beings, acquires, in each form which it penetrates, such measure of intensity and of development as it can there find; sometimes losing some, or all, of its force, by reason of the superior power of an opposing rhythm; sometimes specialized in souls particularly affected by a preponderant cast of sensations, until it renders those souls all its own. . . ." Here we recognize the methods of Paul Adam.

To these pretexts for poems, which must circumscribe a philosophic or moral dogma, goes on our exponent, divers styles must adapt themselves, harmonious with the subject, the surroundings, the rhythm, the emblems of the human forms chosen. . . . Chipped phrases will be used for expressing a personage continually employed in exploring his own small impressions; wide phrases, with flat tints, will denote the aspect of waste, vegetating lives—the monotony of dead plains. "So that, in the Novel of the third manner, each personage, or each group of personages, only enters the tale accompanied by a particular *motif*, in assorted propositions; which is, or, at least, tends to be, the successor of the musical *motif* of Wagner."

III.

If one speak of these three prose-writers before the high priests and the chief glories of the Symbolist movement—Stéphane Mallarmé, Paul Verlaine, Arthur Rimbaud, Jules Laforgue; even Jean Moréas and Gustave Kahn—it is that their achievements go farther toward popularizing the Symbolist ideas. Such part of the wide public as the Symbolists can reach—and it is a very restricted part, at best—

must be reached more by such novels (of a kind) as those of Paul Adam and Barrès, than by the rare and delphic utterances of Stéphane Mallarmé, or the verse of Paul Verlaine, however exquisite. Poetry, in this age, is a poor propagandist. Most of all such work as Stéphane Mallarmé's, extremely limited in quantity, in almost private circulation (numbered copies of *éditions de luxe*, illustrated impressionistically by Manet, beyond the purchasing power, and wilfully beyond it, of all but the rich amateur), and presenting its symbols, its abstract conceptions, in language so abstruse that it confronts the reader, who has not been at the pains of acquiring the esoteric taste, with a picket-fence of unintelligibility, ten feet high, at the outset. The unintelligibility of Mallarmé has become what one might call his popular emblem. It has been accepted as a convention by those familiar with certain phases of contemporary French literature, as Robert Browning's obscurities were first accepted in England and America. Few have gone farther with Mallarmé, or tried to understand. Yet certain work of his—certain little pieces in verse, certain little poems in prose, ought to have given those fortunate enough to have made their acquaintance the desire to know more. In this essentially modern literary form, the poem in prose—a distilled evocation, in a few lines, of the whole gamut of impressions, suggestions, that the soul of inanimate things can call forth, or a sight, a sound suscite in the realms of psychological reverie—there is nothing comparable to the touch of Mallarmé, in any literature.

Baudelaire, who, after Aloisius Bertrand—of whom Sainte-Beuve wrote that he had "worn away his youth in chiselling, out of rich material, a thousand little cups of infinite delicacy"—was the originator of the poem in prose, never, with such delicious indirectness, imparted the idea through its image; never so produced, by the pervasiveness of an invisible under-current, the spiritual prolongation in the mind of the reader that is the test of the work of art. Oh, the melancholy incantation of "Frisson d'Hiver," the subtle, poignant

fragrancy of "Plaintes d'Automne!" By what sorcery, the words being so few, the materials so simple, does "Le Fusain," the sight of a young street Arab singing, resolute, pale, insistent, along the pavements, become metamorphosed into a whole tragic, sociological philosophy? Not a syllable that could be removed from the context in "La Pipe," not one that would bear substitution by another; and how the brown fog of the laborious London mornings creeps in; how the dampness clings to the deck of the Channel steamer, and to the thinly gray-cloaked shoulders of the "pauvre bien-aimée;" the bien-aimée about whose throat is wound the "terrible handkerchief that is waved as one says good-by forever." Surely this is the perfection of that "miracle of poetic prose, musical without rhythm and without rhyme," of which Baudelaire dreamed; and it is much more. Through these poems in prose, each and all, it is, through his translations of Edgar Poe—who, among the French Symbolists, has been given both a throne and a domestic arm-chair such as he never had at home—and through certain pieces of verse, in his earlier manner, that Stéphane Mallarmé must be approached by the profane. In the poems in prose, even though the symbol, once or twice, be rather out of reach, he is clear; clear to any but an obstinate determination to find him otherwise. In his verse, from the beginning, he shows himself, of all these abstractors of dreams, the master-abstractor. Yet, who would not be repaid for entering his sybilline domain, by the finding of such lines as his

SAINTE.

A la fenêtre recélant
Le santal vieux qui se dedore
De sa viole étincelant
Jadis avec flûte ou mandore,

Est la sainte pâle, étalant
Le livre vieux qui se déplie,
Du Magnificat ruisselant
Jadis selon vêpre et complie :

A ce vitrage d'ostensoir
Que frôle une harpe par l'Ange
Formée avec son vol du soir
Pour la délicate phalange

Du doigt, que, sans le vieux santal
Ni le vieux livre, elle balance
Sur le plumage instrumental,
Musicienne du silence.

That which detaches itself, through distant correspondences, vague analogies, from Mallarmé's verse, say in "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," and behind the first difficulties of phrases so constructed that never a word is where, by superficial logic, one would expect to find it, is a perception of veiled harmonies that go vibrating away toward the centre of things. You are not requested to see with Mallarmé, exactly; but it will be your own fault and loss, if you do not hear with him. The hearing once acquired, the Mallarmean devotee becomes filled with a great respect and enchantment; and perhaps with a too-patrician condescension for authors of guesses less cosmic, and of appeals more facile. These remarks chiefly apply to Stéphane Mallarmé's later manner; or, rather, to the later accentuation of those proclivities that announced themselves from the first. That first dates twenty years back, from the time when Mallarmé belonged, as also did Paul Verlaine, to the group of Parnassian poets—Leconte de Lisle, François Coppée, Théodore de Banville, Catulle Mendès. Even then he had a way of seeing things for himself, of expressing them for himself, that brought down his *confrères* criticism for his "extravagance un peu trop voulue." Nor did thicker jests from outside fail to make a target of him. "In what does Symbolism consist?" asks one, referring to Mallarmé. "Vulgarly speaking, in saying just the opposite of what you wish to say. For example, you wish to say that music, which is the new art, is gradually taking the place of the ancient art, which is poetry. First symbol: a house in which there is a funeral; the mortuary cloths drape the furniture. The house is poetry; poetry is dead. Second symbol: 'Our old *grimoire*;' *grimoire* is parchment, parchment is used for writing, consequently *grimoire* is the symbol of literature, whence myriads are exalted.' Myriads of what? Of letters, no doubt! . . ." From the same point of view a "Note de mon

Carnet," entitled "La Gloire," a brief page in which the poet touches the supreme comprehension of glory at its apotheosis, runs the risk of eliciting a great deal of airy badinage. For, whence comes this supreme comprehension? From a little excursion to the woods of Fontainebleau, in a prosaic train, filled with the ordinary crowd of omnipresent tourists, one day that the "pompous exceptional October" had rained all its beauty on the "ecstatic torpor" of the forest. The station reached, the poet waits for the train to disappear, like "a puerile chimera," bearing its equally puerile load away with it. For who else could have stolen furtively toward the forest, as he has done, feeling that the year has "d'amers et lumineux sanglots, mainte indécise flottaison d'idée désertant les hasards comme des branches, tel frisson, et ce qui fait penser à un automne sous les cieux?" It is but upon one that the day-watch of the immortal trunks will pour down a flood of superhuman pride; it is but one who may pass that threshold, where torches consume, in austere guardianship, "tous rêves antérieurs à leur éclat, répercutant en pourpre dans la nue l'universel sacre de l'intrus royal qui n'aura eu qu'à venir. . . ." And that one, that royal intruder, is the Poet—expected, awaited, by the trees. ". . . Glory! I only knew her yesterday, irrefragable; and nothing may now interest me called by others so. . . ." There are two ways of considering work of this sort. But, standing under those supreme forest-tops, one has an opportunity to recall the calm assurance of Stéphane Mallarmé's own words, at the close of one of his poems in prose: "I arose, as did the others . . . surprised, this time again, not to have received the same sort of impression as my fellows, yet serene; for my way of seeing, after all, had been superior, and even the only true one. . . ."

No one was apparently ever less affected by ridicule, misapprehension, adverse criticism. It is long now since Mallarmé has withdrawn into a hermitic seclusion of his own, giving very little of his work to publicity, and taking ab-

solutely no part in the polemics that have raged periodically in the Paris newspapers since that moment, seven or eight years ago, when the young reviews already alluded to announced the new birth. It was with "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," and with Paul Verlaine's "Romances sans Paroles," that the movement seemed definitely to have taken shape. Mallarmé at once became the master, the initiator of the new band of writers. Nor has he ever lost his Olympian ascendancy. Charles Morice, in his "Littérature de Tout-à-l'heure," defines his position when he says that, to the poets and prose-writers who, in the fresh departure of suggestive symbolism, are "seeking unexplored kingdoms for themselves," Mallarmé remains the absolute, the symbolic figure of the Poet. Much of this is due to his personal character, that appears, with a singular felicity, to correspond to his exalted ideals of art. Outwardly his life flows in the quietest and most commonplace channels. His house has been in a retired street of Paris for many years. His literary independence he secures by teaching in a college. His extreme scruples against publishing his work, that, to him, is never definite enough, ready enough, increase with the lapse of time; and the one great book, long anticipated, on which he has been understood to be engaged, and which is to be the climax of his life, say his friends, seems to come no nearer.

Two characteristic notes: Stéphane Mallarmé is a special lover of the organ, and of the ballet, that initial form of all art; and strangely enough, he is a copious and delightful *causeur*.

A very different figure is Paul Verlaine, a prince of Bohemians, most of whose winters, for several years, have been passed in one or another of the Paris hospitals. Here is "the one member of the Decadent and Symbolist school whose name will live," say the people who have an antagonism to all that school. With Mallarmé, he is considered the twin-corner-stone of the edifice. But no one could be more brusquely indifferent to the importance of being the initiator of any formula

whatever than this modern Villon, reckless, generous of impulse, rude of manner, atrocious, and lovable to his friends somehow through all—moral fall, disaster, endless trouble of his own brewing. He has no theories, and very few conscious precepts. Such as he have are summed in the winged advice of his "Art Poétique."

Que ton vers soit la bonne aventure
Éparse au vent crispé du matin
Qui va fleurant la menthe et le thym. . . .

No partisan disquisitions could be expected from the propounder of that lovely, that easy axiom, so wise, so difficult in its facility, and of its summary corollary,

Take eloquence and wring its neck!

Paul Verlaine is personal, first, and last, and wholly. It is hard to think of any poet equally so, to point to one who, by the side of his perfect singleness, has not at some time the air of a pose, an artifice, and a consciousness. From the moment in which he emancipated himself from the Parnassian traditions, everything he wrote was autobiographical. That Parnassian connection was illustrated by "Les Fêtes Galantes" (a transcription of the scenes and people that Watteau painted, a series of little biscuit figures, with powder and patch, living out, in fugitive coquetties, a dreamy comedy of loves and hates), still quoted, for the enchantment of its liquid measures, while that which comes later is overlooked by the general public, or forgotten.

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth, et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les arbres.

All that follows this period, "Romances sans Paroles," "Sagesse," "Amour,"

"Jadis et Naguère," "Parallèlement," is but a day-book, as it were, of the various phases of an agitated life, of the moral fluctuations of a character in which the mystic and the sensual impulses are equally strong. This battle of the flesh and the soul, heightened by peculiarities of temperament to an extraordinary pitch of intensity, is the eternal theme of Verlaine. He sings no other. But this he sings with that infusion of the modern spirit, so difficult to define, that converts the particular case into the symbol of the universal law. "What the profound truth may be concerning the sensations of modern man," writes Charles Morice, "in what precise sort mysticism and sensuality to-day divide the modern soul, *which the horizons of pure thought have not yet definitely conquered*, these are questions to which Paul Verlaine alone will have answered." One may carp at the "alone." But the italicised line is the gist of the quotation. To the Symbolists Paul Verlaine synthesises the last desperate struggle before the coming of that spiritual period to which they all—some more, some less vaguely—appear to look forward. Aside from this, he has given a powerful impetus to the pet Symbolist desire to revise the rules of French versification. He has done more than anyone else to restore the suppleness of mediæval French metres; he has taken adorable liberties with the cast-iron verse of Boileau; he has invented new rhythms; but all this less from any æsthetic resolution, one suspects, than from the necessities of his artistic being—a thing of caprice, irregularity, arbitrariness; yet with a sure method in its madness, an instinct that, touch what he may, charms the line into beauty in his hand. Others have not always escaped the grotesque in their desire for the new; Paul Verlaine is a juggler by the grace of God. And, finally, he has the Baudelairean quality of suggestiveness infinitely beyond Baudelaire. So high he prizes it that he exclaims,

And all the rest is but literature!

What spell more undefinable, in this kind, than that of the three verses following?

Je devine à travers un murmure
Le contour subtil des voix anciennes,
Et parmi les lueurs musiciennes,
Amour pâle, une aurore future.

Et mon âme et mon cœur en délires
Ne sont plus qu'une espèce d'œil double
Où tremblote, à travers un jour trouble,
L'ariette, hélas! de toutes lyres!

O mourir de cette mort seulette
Qui s'en vont, cher amour qui t'épeures,
Balancant jeunes et vieilles heures!
O mourir de cette escarpolette!

"They reprove," again to quote Charles Morice, "these adorable, these unique lines, all commentaries which would be equally useless both to the poets, who do not need them, and to the others, who would not understand."

It is impossible to conclude without appending three further and different verses, that give, with a might and a beauty almost appalling, the note of that ever-renewed spiritual conflict stamping every page. They are taken from "Sagesse," the most mystic, the most curiously and passionately sincere, of Verlaine's collections of later poems.

Les faux beaux jours ont lui tout le jour, ma
pauvre âme,
Et les voici vibrer aux cuivres du couchant.
Ferme les yeux, pauvre âme, et rentre sur-le-
champ:
Une tentation des pires: fuis l'infâme.

Ils ont lui tout le jour en longs grêlons de
flamme,
Battant toute vendange aux collines, couchant
Toute moisson de la vallée, et ravageant
Le ciel tout bleu, le ciel chanteur qui te ré-
clame.

O pâlis, et va-t'en, lente et joignant les mains!
Si ces hiers allaient manger nos beaux demain?
Si la vieille folie était encore en route?

Ces souvenirs, va-t-il falloir les retuer?
Un assaut furieux, le suprême sans doute!
O va prier contre l'orage, va prier.

It is certain that this is not the voice of a poet who can justly continue unknown, outside of a limited circle, save for an indefinite legend of general, semi-satanic disreputableness.

The "Romances sans Paroles" were written during an especially stormy phase of Verlaine's career, in Flanders, and in England. His companion along the high-roads, then, and in the tents . . . of jovial drinkers . . . was

a boy (it was in the early seventies ; the boy was not yet twenty), who had already written a number of short poems, and, at that period, published a brief volume of fragments in prose. This shock-headed boy was Arthur Rimbaud, who, in the last half decade, has been made the object of a special cult by the votaries of the new ideas. Those two or three years of intermittent poetic production ended with Rimbaud in a wild career of journeyings over the half of Europe, diversified by occasional police arrests for disorderly conduct, then in a total disappearance in the East, whence shadowy reports of death, mythical kingship among obscure tribes, and the like, have reached his few personal friends from time to time. Some of those first poems, in manuscript, were meanwhile being rescued from a threatening oblivion by the tenacious friendship of Paul Verlaine. "Illuminations"—the prose fragments aforesaid—were gradually coming to be regarded by the Symbolists as, in the words of one of them, "the condensation in a miraculous prose of all known philosophies, sciences, and literatures, with their concordances and rhythms. . . . The most extraordinary cosmogony the human soul has ever conceived . . . only to be compared to the poems of the Chaldeo-Semitic tradition, the book of Thot, and the poetic fragments of the Hindu gospels."

This prose of Arthur Rimbaud is one of which translation fails to give the "diamantine quality."

AFTER THE DELUGE.

So soon as the Idea of the Deluge had sunk back into its place, a rabbit halted amid the sainfoin and the small swinging bells, and said its prayer to the rainbow, through the spider's web.

Oh! the precious stones in hiding, the flowers already looking out.

In the main street of the town wares were being outspread and boats were dragged toward the sea, mounting up and up in the distance, as you see it in engravings.

Blood flowed, in the house of Bluebeard, in the slaughter-houses, in the circus. . . . Blood flowed, and milk.

Beavers builded. Smoke rose from the taverns.

In the great mansion, behind window-panes still drenched, children in mourning looked at marvellous picture-books.

A door slammed, and, in the hamlet square, a child spun its arms around, understood of the weather-vanes and all church-steeple-cocks everywhere, in the explosive wind-gust.

Madame . . . established a piano in the Alps. The mass and first communions were celebrated at the hundred thousand altars of the See.

The caravans started. And the Splendid Hotel was erected upon the chaos of ice and night of the Pole.

The moon, then, heard the jackals whimpering through the deserts of thyme—and eclogues in wooden shoes grunting in the fruit-garden. Then, in the violet forest, all a-bourgeon, Eucharis said to me, It is spring.

Swell, lake ; foam, roll over the bridge, and pass above the woods ; sable draperies and organs, lightnings and thunder, mount and roll ; waters and melancholies mount and raise the deluges again.

For since they have been quelled—oh, the precious stones in hiding, and the open flowers!—all is ennui! And the Queen, the Sorceress, who lights her live coals in the earthen pot, will nevermore deign to tell us what she knows, and what we ignore.

From the "Illuminations" also the following :

Let them lease me, at last, that tomb, white-washed, and with the lines of the cement in relief upon it. I rest my elbows on the table, the lamp lights vividly these newspapers that I am idiot enough to read over, lights these books that have no interest.

At an enormous distance above my subterranean drawing-room houses strike root, the mists gather. The mud is red, or black. Monstrous town, night without end!

Less high are the sewers. On both sides, nothing but the thickness of the globe. Perhaps the abysses of azure, and wells of fire? It is perchance on these planes that moons and comets meet, and seas and fables.

In hours of bitterness I imagine balls of sapphire, of metal. I am master of the silence. Why should the semblance of a vent-hole seem to pale up there, at the corner of the vault?

That attempt to use poetry and prose conjointly in the treatment of one theme, passing from one to the other as the moods of the subject dictate, which stands as a continuous challenge before many of the Symbolists—the right thing to be done, a literary form some time to be popularized—led Rimbaud later on to some experiments more curious than happy. Some of his earliest poems, those fortunately saved to the world by the efforts of Paul Verlaine, and appearing, for the first time, in the latter's "Poètes Maudits," "Les Assis," "Les Chercheuses de Poux," "Les Effarés," are marvels of geniality of vision, and of a grace and force before which Paul Verlaine sinks down in adoration. For a youth two or three years from twenty, they have a perfection of maturity almost uncanny in its suggestion of early decay. But they have the conventional moulds. Rimbaud just then took any form that happened, ready-made, to his hand. Later, his literary conscience becoming sophisticated, he began to work, says his friend, in "the naïf, the very and the too simple, using only assonances, vague words, childish or popular phrases." Verlaine himself, with all his sapient richness, has this extreme research of simplicity in the diction and the handling of a theme; he grew into a Primitive early. But the fastidiousness of Rimbaud, his too exclusive rejection of "effects," go extraordinarily far toward the last.

J'ai tant fait patience
Qu'à jamais j'oublie.
Craintes et souffrances
Aux cieux sont parties.

Ainsi la prairie
À l'oubli livrée;
Grandie et fleurie
D'encens et d'ivraies;
Au bourdon farouche
De cent sales mouches.

Rimbaud doubtless preferred his

Elle est retrouvée!
Quoi?—L'Eternité.
C'est la mer mêlée
Au soleil,

to the "Bateau Ivre" of his initial manner, which all the poets of the younger generation are said to know by heart, and to those matchless "Effarés," of which one can never say enough, those brown Murillo boys, a-gape in the snow about the red-hot breath of a baker's oven, so intent, spite of the cold searching their tatters,

qu'ils crèvent leur culotte
Et que leur chemise tremblotte
Au vent d'hiver.

This love of the barest rhythmic notation, and of that unseizable distinction that lurks in folk-songs and popular legends, tempted Jules Laforgue as well—Jules Laforgue, charming and *charmeur*, who died at the age of twenty-seven, delicate, well-bred wizard who was like no one ever but himself.

He also tried the mixing of prose and verse. His verse was always of the sort that the Symbolists approve; its harmonies and its unity were "psychic rather than syllabic." He had all audacities as to feet and accent. His poetry indeed seems little else than rhythmic prose divided, typographically, into separate lines. His prose, on the other hand, has poetical cadences, returns upon itself that give the effect of a refrain, vague reminiscences of rhymes, and of those sub-rhymes, in a minor key, that are formed by assonances. In his prose tales, the unique "Moralités Légendaires," he breaks into verse whenever the thought seems to sing itself into the lyric shape. Those two leading qualities, which the Symbolist work always, in some measure, possesses (or seeks to possess), an abiding sense of the absolute retained in treating of the most fugitive accidents and appearances, and a penetration of the hidden analogies existent in phenomena the most divergent, are developed in Laforgue to a degree of keenness the more striking because of his determined touching of things by their lightest, their almost frivolous, side. He tends

back to the centres continually ; always he gives the feeling of the affinities behind the veil ; and the operation is the more pungent that it is invested with his peculiar humor, a half sentimental, wholly tasteful spirit of mockery, that, in exactly the same mixture of ingredients, belongs to no other Frenchman. The "Moralités Légendaires" handle six myths, old as the world, in new guise. Laforgue's Hamlet is a very contemporaneous young man, his Lohengrin a modern Pantheist, not devoid of priggishness, his John the Baptist a nineteenth century socialist, preaching that "the times are near." The anachronism never degenerates into parody, being always saved by the poetic sense, and by that un-failing distinction that is the great Laforguean characteristic. It is perhaps by reason of this distinction that he, alone of all the younger French writers — of all the French writers at all, indeed — has been able to create the "Jeune Fille," without her stultifying ignorance, full of intuitive discrimination, ingeniously and properly conscious of her power and enchantment as the other sex . . . the little Eve, advancing, ravished with her rôle. . . . her eyes hymeneally illumined . . . all her hair upon her shoulders . . . in the wholesome rising sun. . . . Elsa, Andromeda, and the naiad beloved of the great god Pan, how exquisite are they all ! And Salomé : "'Oh,' exulted all hearts, 'how simple must be the fragrance of her skirt ! How long is art, how short is life ! Oh, to talk to her in a corner, near a fountain-jet, and to die . . . to die, that is, unless——'"

Jules Laforgue's way of seeing is always personal. In the Arcadian country where Pan pursues his nymph, "the sun makes his adieux, or, rather, says *au revoir*, quite without hypertrophic miens. (Those were the good old times !) The landscapes begin to thrill, and grow languid in late tender-nesses. The poplar trembles ; a distinguished tree that chooses its hour. And the weeping-willow weeps over the reasonless darkening of the mirror of its waters. The hills and the distances grow sombre with anxious solitude.

The little tree-frogs will soon begin to sing, and the stars will not be long in coming out. Nothing is missing but the *Angélus*. (Other times, other manners.) But, O twilight ! Innocence and fraternity, *à la grâce de Dieu ! O altars, not so ?* Let the Unknown remain at home ; and peace be on earth to couples of good-will." Or it is the lonely island-home of Andromeda : "O, monotonous and undeserved home ! . . . The sea ! From whatever side you survey her, hour after hour, at whatever moment you surprise her, always herself, never at fault, always alone, empire of the unsociable, great history in the process of making, ill-digested cataclysm ; as if the liquid state in which we see her were aught but a state of degeneracy ! And the days when she prepares to shake up that state (liquid !). And those, more intolerable still, when she assumes the ravaged air of one who has no glance it can consider its peer in which to reflect itself ! The sea, always the sea, without an instant's weakness ! In brief, not the stuff of which friends are made. (Oh, truly ! renounce that idea, and even the hope of sharing her rancors after her confidences, no matter how long you may have lived in *tête-à-tête* with her.) . . . O monotonous and undeserved country ! When will all this end ? And what ! For all infinity : space, monopolized by that indifferently limitless sea ; time, expressed by those skies traversed by indifferent seasons ! And what are we to understand of it all ? What can we do in the face of all this confused and ineffable moroseness ? As well die at once, then, having received a good, sentimental heart at birth. . . ." Or, again, it is Hamlet with the skull of Yorick. ". . . Alas, poor Yorick ! As one seems to hear, in one little shell, all the multitudinous roar of the ocean, so I here seem to perceive the whole quenchless symphony of the universal soul, of whose echoes this box was as the cross-roads. There's a solid idea. And do you imagine a human race that would look no further, that would abide by this vaguely immortal sound, that one hears in a hollow skull, by way of explanation of death, that is to say, by

way of religion? . . . They also had their time, all these small folk of History; learning to read, paring their nails, lighting a dirty lamp every night, in love, gormandizing, vain, crazy for compliments, handshakes, kisses, living off of gossip and parochial twaddle, saying: 'What kind of weather will it be to-morrow? Winter is coming. . . . We have had no prunes this year.' Ah! All is well that has no end. And you, Silence, forgive the Earth; the little fool does not know what she is about. When comes the day of the great reckoning of Conscience before the Ideal, she will be labelled with a piteous idem in the column of the immature evolutions of the Unique Evolution, in the column of negligible quantities. . . . But yet—no longer to be, no longer to be in it, no longer to be of it! Not even to be able to strain against one's human heart, any afternoon in the week, the melancholy of centuries compressed into one little chord upon the piano! . . ."

IV.

To follow the work of some of the other writers who, by nearer, or more remote, beliefs and sympathies, belong to the Symbolist school, would lead too far. There are those who refuse the designation altogether, and prefer to call themselves "Romans," as Jean Moréas does now; or "Magnifiques," as does St.-Pol-Roux; or "Mages," as does the extraordinary person known in Paris as the *Sâr* Josèphin Pôladan. These minor groups escape the general view, which must concern itself with the main tendencies of the present literary stirrings. Whatever may be the sectarian or personal bias of some of the *Jeunes*, they all describe ellipses about the symbolic idea. If one or another should take a meteoric flight into an ether of his own, the same tangential point of departure nevertheless exists. Between the mystifying vacuities of René Ghil and his "Coloration and Instrumentation of Vowels" at the one pole, and the work of Gustave Kahn—who, more logically than any of his brethren, has carried into effect some advanced theories as to the evo-

lutionary technique of the poem of the future—at the other, there is a wide space, strewn with a variety of æsthetic manifestations, almost all of which may be of the nature of *tâtonnements*, but few of which fail of some element of originality, or interest, or courage, at least. As to Gustave Kahn, he is altogether not to be overlooked. Naturalism having marked a phase in human history given up to the collecting of facts, and the time being now for "reducing the greatest multiplicity of facts to the smallest number of principles," he is imbued with the conviction that to give voice to this metaphysical, this symbolic synthesis, only a species of prose-verse is adequate; nothing but a medium as lyric, yet, at the same time, as elastic—as capable of unbarriered expansion, as the universal "rhythms" to be expressed—can be equal to the enterprise. And so he offers a simple musical notation, swelling or contracting as the feeling rises or subsides; a line of seventeen syllables bearing on a tide of meaning, a short one of two marking a return of thought upon itself. No artificial divisions and boundaries to impede the flux and reflux, the undulation of emotion and perception; no capitals at the beginning of each line to cut them up into idle sections to the eye; no punctuation to distract the latter by detail. Thus, for instance, "Une Nuit sur La Lande:"

Dans l'attente de ton sourire
les matins paraient les villages;
en l'attente de ton visage
les côtes vâtaient des courbes de sourires.

Et devant ta beauté sachant qu'il faut souffrir
les automnes sacraient leurs forêts de douleur
près des sources, en miroir de douceur.

Et pour sauver les âmes des passants,
les âmes et les sens qui vont à la ferveur
les hivers avaient des calmes annonciateurs
que parfois ta beauté passerait calme et sans sourire.

And again:

L'ombre s'amonceille aux pâleurs sur les terrasses
et fait éclore plus doux les flambeaux près des vasques

où rient comme un réveil de sa voix
 les panaches vivants des fontaines ;
 la ronde des fées et des masques ;
 d'opales génies s'accourent à ses terrasses,
 des ballets dansent sur ses dalles.

Impossible, once the strangeness passed, not to recognize that Gustave Kahn, with this species of recitative, based on assonances and discreetly balanced values of words and syllables, obtains some very striking effects, harmonious, subtle, and wave-like. Impossible, also, not to feel again the analogies between all such attempts and the leading spirit in modern music. Profoundly to analyze emotion in its constituent elements, in order, then, to synthesize it by the melodic line, the thread of dominant themes, was the object of Wagner. In Gustave Kahn's "Palais Nomades"—as a sub-title for which he gives "Wandering Voices"—vague suggestions, accents, arise on every side, which now separate, now answer each other, and meet in synthetic accord. And it is not difficult to find a correspondence between the ebb and flow of the Wagnerian orchestra and this rocking measure, whose chanting and complex flexibility gives very finely the feeling of immensity. Indeed, it has of late been remarked that the negligent Symbolist rhythms and rhymes seemed to be especially fitted for the operatic libretto, so close is the marriage between certain of these literary tendencies and the sister-art, as it has grown to be since that greatest of moderns, Richard Wagner. That painting is travelling a parallel road as well, the Symbolists do not omit to point out. There a large class agree in thinking that, as Jean Moréas declares, art can never find in the objective anything but an extremely restricted starting-point; and make one of their aims the striving after the abstract of a consensus of facts, sensations, actions, the looking for the absolute in any representation of human life. A few writers on art who, adopting the Symbolistic theories, have become attached to the skirmishing outposts of the movement, have endeavored to make clear the ultimate ends, and corresponding technical methods, of some of the new painters; to outline the similarity, for instance,

that exists between these theories and the work of Puvis de Chavannes, who seeks to harmoniously "inscribe" his pictures in the frame of causes, instead of making them simply copies of some odd corner of life or nature begun, and limited, without reason; and the almost hieratic expression of whose personages is always enclosed in a unification of tonality that purposes to be, and is, symbolic. They likewise turn to Eugène Carrière, one of the modern French painters who has been most systematically maltreated by popular judgments, and who, in his portraiture of the human countenance, retreats as much as possible from his subject, that he may gain that particular *justesse* of vision in the treatment of it which symbolizes, in the domain of form, the justice brought about by time in the consideration of events. The details of the human face appear to escape in his portraits, drowned in a luminous white-and-gray mist; what is there is something like the ghost of the sitter; in reality his true, psychological self; his spirit's likeness; suggested, indicated, not explained; the likeness of a soul obviously not bowed down to a particular Now and Here, but having affinities with the wider scheme of things, with the eternities. Idealistic, synthetic, symbolic, in their aims and methods, all the achievements of the neo-impressionists, following Manet's initial direction: Pissarro, Raffaelli, Renoir, Degas, Seurat, Signac; always that interest in the mass that alone is veracious; always the system of large spots; of shadows formed by complementary colors; always the effort to obtain the *ensemble*, and by means of the greatest simplicity of treatment.

V.

It is the complaint of the adversaries of all this exotic literature in France, that a large number of those who practise and propagate it, and take liberties so unprecedented with the French tongue, are not of French origin. And it is a rather noteworthy fact that this should be true. Jean Moréas, whose "Pélerin Passionné" has won repute

outside the Symbolist ranks, is, by birth, a Greek; Charles Vignier is a Swiss; Maurice Maeterlinck, the author of several dramas of a very remarkable power, a talent and personality among the most interesting and sympathetic of this group, is a Belgian; the extravagances of René Ghil hail from Belgium also; and Francis Viélé-Griffin, and Stuart Merrill—the former the author of the “*Cygnés*,” and editor of one of the Symbolist reviews, the latter a young poet held in much esteem by the new writers—are of American parentage. It might be possible, perhaps, to believe, on the strength of this variety of nationalities, in something more than a local manifestation; but, whether or no the main ideas for which the Symbolists are doing battle at present have their foundation in a wider-spread instinct of impending changes, for the moment this esoteric band suffers no danger from an excess of popularity. The Symbolists have no ready-made clientèle to hamper their inspiration, by exacting a repetition of what has once perhaps had the fortune to please. Their wares having no mercantile value, they are not tempted to inartistic overproduction. Latterly the Paris press has ceased to occupy itself with them in that temper of a time ago. We are told that they are working in silence. And though this silence be somewhat too frequently broken by a belaboring of heads on technical and other grounds, to be majestic, it seems agreed that of such is the atmosphere propitious to the incubation of momentous things. Better contumely than the easy breath of success aureoling the mediocre bald spot on the middle-aged pate of the divinities of the day.

And as to these momentous things? As to the future of Symbolism?

“You will never go to the great public,” said one of the Naturalist celebrities to Jean Moréas. How satisfactorily to answer that objection, that an art can never move the social strata which, with so exclusive an attitude,

appeals only to a mental aristocracy—is not clear. Evasively, the reply was that the Symbolists must go to the great public, in time, but, by another road. And, calmly, a Symbolist manifesto, penned by Jean Moréas, thus concluded: “All those who have suffered the revilings of contemporaries may console themselves by meditating upon the end of a letter addressed by Alfred de Vigny to Lord . . . at the time of the first performance of his translation of *Othello*. In it he compares society to a large clock having three hands. One, the largest, advances so slowly that one could believe it motionless; it is the mass of men. The other, somewhat lighter and swifter of movement, progresses rapidly enough to permit the eye, with a little attention, to perceive its progress: this is the mass of enlightened men. But, above these two hands there is another, incomparably more agile, and whose bounds one follows but with difficulty; sixty times it has seen the space before it ere the second hand has progressed, and the first dragged itself, thus far. ‘Never, no, never, have I looked at this third hand, this little dart, so restless, so bold, so emotional, springing forward, quivering, as it were, with the sense of its own audacity, or with the pleasure of its conquest over time—never have I looked at it without thinking that the poet has ever had—ever should have—this rapid advance march in the centuries; this advance upon the general spirit of his nation, even upon that of its most enlightened part.’”

In his present advance march the Symbolist poet is perhaps handicapped by some of the luggage he carries. When the slower portion of the world reaches the spot where now he stands, he may be found to have dropped some of it on the way, or mayhap himself to have vanished into air. But he should be the first to feel this small matter, if the spirit that was in him help to form the threads that will weave the texture of future things.



THE VIOLIN.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Viva fui in sylvis,
Dum vixi tacui,
Mortua dulce cano.

ALL the leaves were rustling in the forest,
All the springs were bubbling in the moss;
What light laughter where the brooks were spilling,
What lament I heard the branches toss,
Ah, what pipings gave me thrill on thrill!
All the world was wild with broken music—
I alone was silent, I was still.

White the moonbeam wove its weird about me,
 Starshine clad my boughs with streaming flame,
 Mighty winds caressed me out of heaven,
 Storm-clouds in a fleece upon me came,
 Earth's deep juices fed me all my fill—
 Strains swept through me fit for sovran singing—
 I, alas, was silent, I was still.

I was still, though callow buds were swarming,
 Still, though sylvan life throughout me stirred.
 Embassy though mine of praise and passion,
 Melancholy waiting on my word,
 Inarticulate those murmurs stole !
 What without the rhythmic thrall were transport?
 What were longing? Silent was the soul.

When the sleeting rains fled far on tempest,
 With the eery rocking under me,
 Part of the great planet flying northward,
 Star among the stars I fain would be.
 Wide upon the gale I spread my plume—
 Oh, not mine to burst in clamorous chanting,
 Syllabbling some eager song of doom !

I remember me of gladsome mornings
 Where the sun swept in a quickening flash
 Down long lanes to pass in glooms of verdure,
 While it gave my stem a golden plash.
 Happy outcry made the hollows ring.
 I had sung then with the singing children—
 Woe is me, there was no voice to sing.

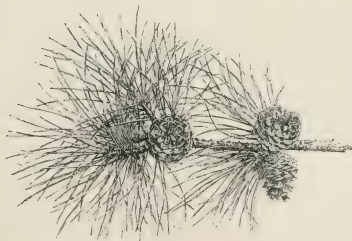
I remember me of summer twilights—
 Red the brand burned in the smouldering west,
 While two lovers leaned on me together,
 And I felt their tremor through my breast.
 Softly, softly sighed the lonely thrush
 Till the heart swooned in a joy of sorrow—
 I could only listen through the hush.

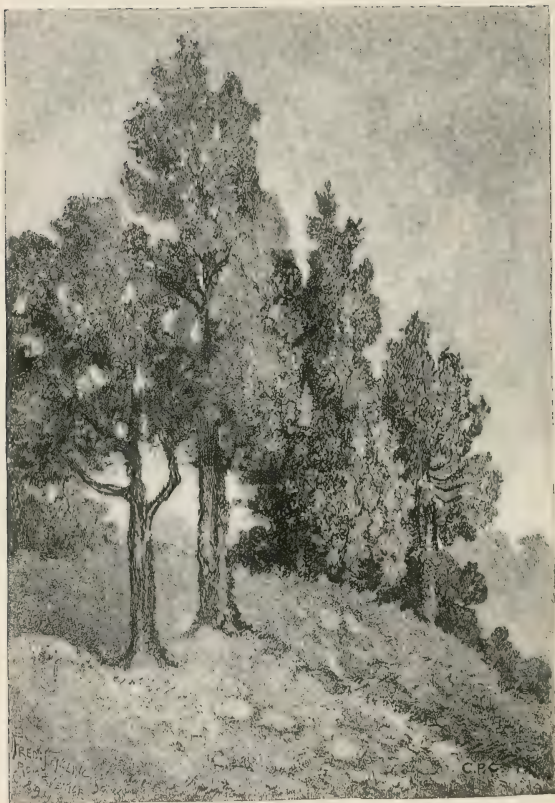
When the wanderer spent his soul with weeping
 Deep in the long bracken at my base,
 Low my shade bent round him as a covert,
 Wearying to whisper words of grace.
 Bitterly with grief acquainted then
 All his sadness passed into my being,
 Sadness that would never forth again.

Came the woodsman with his stroke and felled me;
Strong suns sucked the life from every cell;
Bending, purfling, hearing unsung warbles,
Came the craftsman with his cunning spell,
Gave me flowing lines beloved of men.
As old kings in strange gums swathed and vested
I lay dead. What mattered singing then?

Came the Master—drew his hand across me —
Oh, what shocked me, what great throb of bliss
Wakened me to pulse on pulse of rapture—
Soul my soul, I never dreamed of this!
Breath of horn and silver fret of flute,
Compass of all nature's various voices,
I was singing—I who once was mute!

Winding waters, silken breezes blowing,
Fragrances of morning, filled my tune,
Glimpses of the land where dreams are mantled,
East o' the sun and rearward of the moon,
Songs from music's ever-swelling tide,
Music beating up the walls of heaven—
I had never sung had I not died!





DRAWN BY J. L. H.

ENGRAVED BY FREDERICK JUENGLING.

The Cedars

—See *Point of View*, page 296.



Flower Meeting in Back Parlor of Andover House

THE WORK OF THE ANDOVER HOUSE IN BOSTON.

By William Jewett Tucker.

WITH SKETCHES AMONG BOSTON INSTITUTIONS AND THE BOSTON POOR, BY WALTER SHIRLAW AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE distinction is now recognized, though not as yet very clearly defined in the public mind, between what is known as the lower and the higher philanthropy. The lower philanthropy meant the attempt "to put right what social conditions had put wrong." The higher philanthropy means the attempt "to put right the social conditions themselves."

Of course, no moral significance attaches to the use of the term "higher" as applied to philanthropy. The term, like the phrase, "the higher criticism," is entirely free from assumption. Nothing could have been nobler in motive or in practice than that first simple charity which went out to meet the early poverty of the cities, and which was always ready to run upon its errands of mercy without stopping to ask too many questions. It developed characters of rare sensitiveness. Charity became one of the fine arts, creating

personal types of moral beauty. Men saw that it must be blessed to give, whatever it might be to receive. And when the problem of suffering grew weighty and urgent, with the growth of the city, this same spirit of charity grew strong, watchful, and inventive. It proved to be able to deal with classes, as before it had dealt with individuals. It was quick to follow out every hint and suggestion of unrelieved want and distress. Charities multiplied as the objects of charity were detected. The relief of the poor brought to light the child of poverty, the child of poverty led the way to his crippled brother, the diseased child pointed to the suffering mother; and when the region of disease was once really discovered, it was quickly occupied with every variety of institutional relief.

I recall a characteristic example of the spirit and method of the old charity in the person of a well-known philanthro-

pist of New York, who for more than half a century followed with an unerring instinct the subtle progress of distress and misery. When I knew him he had passed his three score and ten years. Yet each year seemed to add to the eagerness and intensity of his

the conversation as if there had been no interruption—there really had been none—he covered the face of his dead and withdrew, to take up again in its time his now solitary, but joyous, work. My honored friend was the embodiment of that charity, to the credit of

which must be placed the countless organizations and institutions which are the most conspicuous signs of a living Christianity.

But with the extraordinary multiplication and extension of charities, consequent upon the growth of poverty, disease, and vice, the question began to arise in some earnest minds, may there not be, after all, something better than charity, or, at least, may there not be a larger and better charity? Grant that the progress of Christianity has been marked by the relieving agencies and institutions which line its path, may not its progress be still more clearly marked by the relative decrease of these very agencies and institutions? May not Christianity be applied wisely, vigorously, and with better results at the *sources* of suffering? The seri-

ous asking of these questions gradually brought in the higher philanthropy, whose aim, as I have said, is not so much "to put right what social conditions have put wrong," as to "put right the social conditions themselves." The new philanthropy does not attempt to supersede entirely the old charity; it does offer itself as a much-needed helper and ally.

The intermediate step from the lower to the higher philanthropy was taken



Andover House, 6 Rollins Street, Boston.

search. An incident, associated with his greatest personal bereavement, revealed to me the whole spirit of his life. As I called upon him in his sorrow, he took me, after a little, into the presence of his dead, and there talked, as only the voice of age and love could speak. Suddenly he stopped, put his hand into his pocket, and took out a check. "There," said he, "is a check for \$25,000 from Mrs. Stewart for my woman's hospital." Then, resuming

through the charity organization movement, the motive of which was to economize charity. The moral as well as financial waste of the current charity had become appalling. It was estimated that the "pauper, the impostor, and the fraud of every description, carried off at least one-half of all charity, public and private." The poor man, who preferred to work rather than to beg, was supplanted by the pauper, who preferred to beg rather than to work. It was a comparatively easy matter for a professional pauper to utilize the charity of several different societies, especially those which were religious, for the support of himself or his family; while shrewd knaves, who saw the market value of an infirmity or a deformity, organized an army of cripples of every

cisive measures were taken to break it up through reforms in the method of administration. In 1869 a society was organized in London under the title, "The Society for Organized Charitable Relief, and for Repressing Mendicity," an organization which was quickly copied in the larger towns of the provinces. The first move in the same direction, in this country, was made in 1877, in the city of Buffalo, through the establishment of a like organization, which has since been adopted in most of the cities of the country under the name of the "Associated Charities." Naturally these societies began their work as a crusade against indiscriminate charity. They brought together, as far as practicable, all the benevolent agencies which were at work in a given community, they in-



Charlesbank Gardens

The New Park on the Shore of Charles River, with Public Baths and Appliances for Exercise.

sort, whom they stationed at the corners of the streets, or through whom they invaded the homes of the compassionate. The demoralizing effect of this traffic in charity was so evident that de-

troduced the scientific and systematic visitation of the poor, they sought out and exposed the iniquitous frauds which had been fostered by neglect, and in various ways decreased the growing

volume of pauperism. And the work of the "Associated Charities" necessarily led to the study of social conditions. It was impossible to deal with pauperism in any scientific way without investigating the sources of it. Still the inherited object of the "Associated Charities" was charity—the relief of suffering—the special occasion for its action being the need of seeing to it that charity reached the actual sufferer, and only in the right way. It belonged by origin, and in part by method, to the agencies which were trying "to put right what social conditions had put wrong." It was evident that a new type of philanthropy was needed, with the one distinct object of trying "to

ing representatives upon the boards of "Associated Charities" in its vicinity, it is not another charitable organization or institution. It has no moneys to disburse. As far as appears to a transient visitor, the House is simply a home where a group of educated young men—chiefly, but not necessarily, those who have had a theological training—live, study, and work. But the House is organized upon an idea, which the group is constantly working out, each man in harmony with his fellow. Evidently the great requisite in any attempt to modify wrong social conditions is the perfect understanding of those conditions. And the knowledge of any such conditions is best gained by



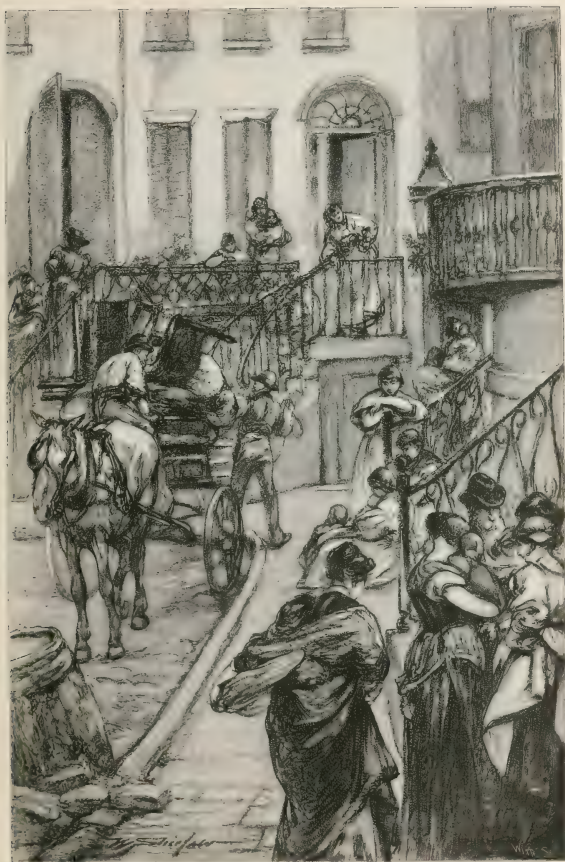
Reading-room at the Wells Memorial.

A Club-house and Savings Institution for Workingmen.

put right the social conditions themselves."

The Andover House has its place and does its work within the sphere of this new philanthropy. It is one of the agencies which represent, in a simple and unostentatious way, the principles and methods through which the new philanthropy is beginning to make itself felt in society. While in sympathy with all charitable movements, and hav-

practically subjecting one's self to them, at least to the extent of making them the daily environment of his life. Residence is the key to the situation in any locality. It is wonderful how many things come to one, in the way of the daily intercourse with his neighbors, which would entirely evade the most careful search from without. It is the unsought information which tells best the story of a neighborhood. And far

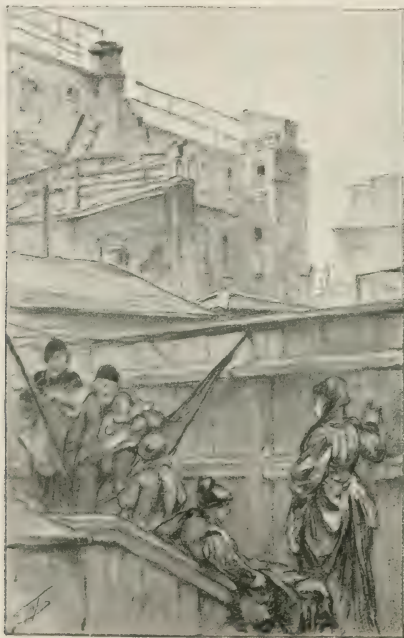


DRAWN BY WALTER SHIRLAW.

ENGRAVED BY W. D. WITTE.

The Ejectment—Common Street a Section of City of Boston

beyond any gain in the way of knowledge is the sense of identification with others which comes through residence among them. One is conscious of significance of living under wrong social conditions. I doubt if one person can well bear the strain. It is the group which saves the individual to



Jew Quarters—a Rear Section of South Street.

breathing the same social atmosphere, and though he may retreat from the more disheartening surroundings of his work into the shelter and cheer of the group, yet the scenes in the midst of which he lives are in mind by day and by night. The constant strain upon the sympathies is the test of the real

his work, and supplies that fund of good cheer which is indispensable to it.

This resident group is made up of educated men, of men, that is, trained to think upon social problems. It represents the contribution of thought rather than of money toward their solution. Doubtless some of the theories

held, though learned in the best schools, are found to need essential modification when tested by the actual fact. But they give intelligent approach to studies from life. And it should be said that much of the knowledge within recent books is based upon direct investigation, as with Charles Booth's "Labor and Life of the People," or is the result of reasoning upon ascertained facts. To call the present training of the schools in Sociology purely theoretical is a misnomer. It is in reality but one degree removed from life.

Further, the group represents the idea of special consecration on the part of its members. The work of the House proceeds from the religious motive. It is carried on without compensation, except in cases where expenses are met by fellowships. Some residents propose to make work of the nature there carried

ter. I doubt if there is any field which calls more clearly for the true missionary disposition and temper than resident work among the poor in the great cities.

The Andover House took its name from its origin. As might be supposed, a large number of the graduates of Andover Theological Seminary (about twenty miles from Boston) are in service in and around Boston. In October of 1891 a personal invitation was extended through these graduates, to all who were interested in establishing a settlement for social work in Boston, to form an association for that purpose. The invitation met with a quick and generous response, and an Association was at once formed which now numbers about three hundred members. This Association is made up of persons who are interested in this special type of work. No other



Harrison Street from Harrison Avenue, near Andover House.

on their life-work. Others will take the spirit of it into their after-duties, whatever may be their special charac-

qualification is asked for. Of course, the principles upon which the work is to be carried on are clearly stated in

the constitution which was adopted by the Association. As has been stated, the religious motive pervades the whole movement, but it is in no sense sectarian. It is not even inter-denominational. No regard is paid to denominational distinctions. The Council, which is the administrative body in the Association, is made up of persons of various religious faiths, and this has come about not at all by design, but naturally according to personal interest. The work is supported partly by membership fees, and partly by annual subscriptions. The past year a considerable additional

ington Street and Harrison Avenue, in Ward XVII., at the south end of the city. The street itself is quite exceptional in its appearance, being made up of two blocks of entirely respectable looking dwelling-houses. Some of the houses still remain in the possession of the original owners. The general section covered by the House is a narrow strip of about half a mile in length, lying on the south side of Washington Street, and falling away toward what is known as the South Cove. The social lines in Boston run north and south. With the exception of the "north end" the social movement is away from the south and east. Each street toward the west increases the social standing of its residents.

The population of the neighborhood is not the most picturesque in its poverty in the city. The most recent immigration—the Arab, the Russian Jew, and even the Italian—has not as yet really invaded the district, though it has made its appearance at the lower end. That stage of overcrowding has not been reached which discriminates in favor of the lowest and most degraded. And yet the population embraces some of the worst types to be found in the city. It is by no means homogeneous. Nearly all nationalities and races are represented in it. There is no social unity. The largest social unit is a group. Extreme social conditions are found in close contiguity. The visitor who passes from street into alley and court will quickly notice, but will not be apt to measure, the contrasts. The neighborhood is overshadowed

Centre of Portuguese and Italian Quarters, North Street—The Sailors' District.

expense was incurred in the furnishing of the house, a task which was graciously fulfilled by a committee of ladies from the Association.

The House is located at No. 6 Rollins Street, a short street between Wash-

owed by vice, though not as yet overwhelmed by it. The social evil is a more serious menace than drunkenness or gambling. In a word, the neighborhood is in precisely the condition in which some one section of a great city





The Boston Dispensary Established 1796.
The Present House Built in 1883, Corner of Ash and Hollis Streets.

is always to be found, which has been left to take the chance of the future, with little or nothing to expect from business or social movements, and without the advantage of any kind of unity.

This general section of Boston was chosen with the purpose of attempting to stay the tide of poverty and vice which is flowing in upon it, and of arresting the social disintegration which has already begun. While the section represents in some parts a family life of intelligence and purity, it represents in other parts most sorely the need of the three-fold work of development, recovery, and rescue.

The house accommodates at present six men, and is in charge of a most competent housekeeper, who, in addi-

tion to her care of the home, renders valuable service in the general work. The head of the House—Mr. Robert A. Woods—is a graduate of Andover, a former resident of Toynbee Hall, and now well known through his lectures upon social questions, and his book upon “English Social Movements.” With him are associated five men, graduates of different colleges and seminaries, who give their entire time to the work. The “spare time” of men who are engaged in regular pursuits is not sufficient for the work in hand. Business life in this country is so intense, that all which can be asked of those in regular business is a certain amount of volunteer aid in special departments. No resident is received for less than six months, and

the average term of service is more than a year. Naturally, the longer the time in residence the greater the results which may be expected. A certain ele-

journalists, architects, and scientific and literary men of the city, some ladies of thorough interest and experience in work among girls and young women,



How the Poor Live in the 'Saturnian District'—'Little Canada'—in Outer Section of Lowell.

ment of comparative permanence among the residents is absolutely necessary to any success. And next to permanence among the residents is regularity among the associate workers. A very efficient staff of associates has already been organized of those who give one or two evenings of each week. Among these, at present, are some of the younger

and a large force from the New England Conservatory of Music.

The local work of the Andover House rests upon certain well-defined principles, which it may be well at this point to carefully enumerate. The first principle is that the work is altogether personal, and in no sense institutional. None of the ordinary institutional re-

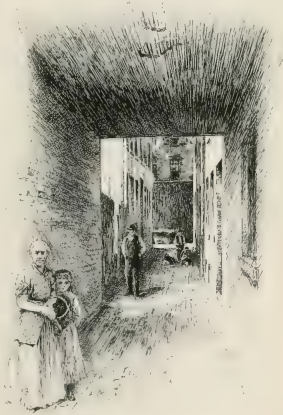
sults are to be expected. A thorough and consistent plan has been formulated, but no programme. The work of next year may not be that of this year. The one constant quantity is personal influence, personal invention, personal sympathy and courage, the individual and united purpose to increase the moral valuation of the neighborhood.

A second principle is that nothing should be done by the House which can be, or ought to be, done through existing organizations. All duplication of work is to be avoided. With this end in view, a careful estimate has been made of the various forces which are already in operation within the neighborhood, whether religious, moral, educational, or charitable. The aim is co-operation. Members of the House are identified with many of the organizations located in the vicinity. They serve on their committees, and are their agents and visitors. They report facts coming within their province, make suggestions, and in every way seek to increase their efficiency and usefulness. The Andover House does not crave notoriety in matters of reform, but it is intent upon securing such results affecting the public morals as may from time to time seem legitimate and practicable. It has already initiated some plans which have had a successful issue, but the work has been done through others. The object of the House is influence, not power.

A third principle, resolutely adhered to, is the avoidance of proselyting, not in appearance only, but in reality. The motive of the work, as I have said, is profoundly religious, admitting a consecration as deep as that attending any missionary enterprise, but the results arrived at are not specifically religious. Members of the House have the perfect freedom of their personal religious affiliations, and are encouraged to co-operate in every practicable way with the churches with which they may be identified. And at the proper time and in the proper way, there will be no hesitancy in holding meetings conducted in the true evangelistic spirit, in behalf of the people who are not otherwise reached religiously. But the attempt to change the religious faith of those

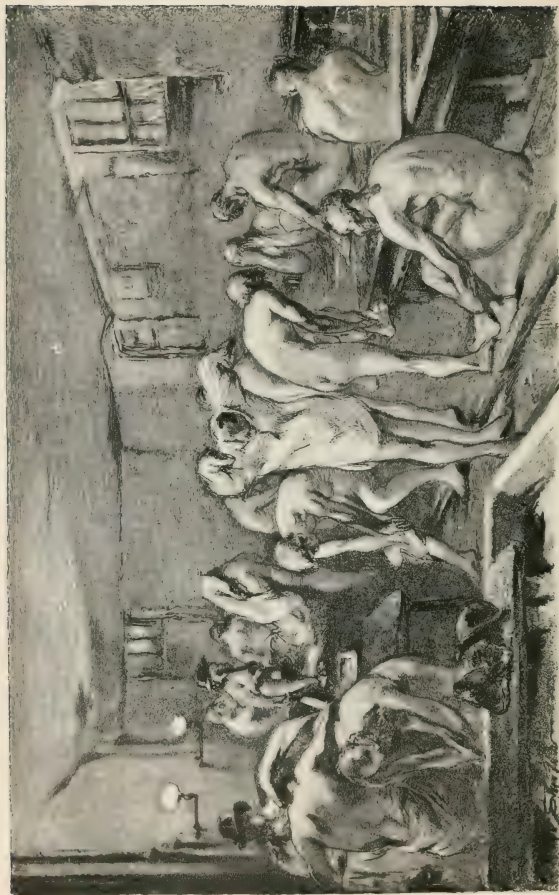
whom the residents may visit in their houses is not for a moment considered; and this, not as a matter of policy, but of principle. The one end and aim of the House is to create a true social unity, to which all may contribute who have anything of value to offer. Its chief object is not that of the churches. The religious motive permeates and informs its methods, but it does not seek chiefly religious results. Religion in and of itself, as illustrated in the various communions, will never give the social unity, in any community, which is now the most essential element in the change of social conditions.

A fourth principle is the development of the neighborhood from within rather than from without. The personal acknowledgment of this principle is



Frank's Court, back of Andover House.

through residence. That, however, is only the easy beginning of its application. The neighborhood must be in every way awakened, encouraged, and stimulated to work for itself. Perhaps



DRAWN BY WALTER SHIRLAW.

Tramps at Wayland's Lodge, Hawking Street

(Established in 1829 by the Overseers of the Poor. The rooms contain two hundred beds. Each man must take a warm bath on entering the Lodge, and receive a wholesome supper and breakfast. In return he cuts or saws wood for one or two hours. The wood is used in public buildings, or sold to the public, or given to the poor.)

ENGRAVED BY C. L. BUTLER

the quickest appeal can be made through the needs of the children. Later, the appeals from more general needs can be made, needs which the neighborhood can fitly ask the city to satisfy, and the final outcome may be the development of a commendable pride, as true as that which sometimes shows itself in village communities. But the constant method is improvement through self-help, not by patronage. I cannot overestimate the advantage of co-operation between adjacent classes in society. To bring together the extremes, as in ordinary mission work, is not a sufficient result. It is the coming together of those who are separated by the slighter differences in conditions—which are often the greater barriers—the mutual helpfulness of those whose lives really touch, that constitutes the permanent hope of any neighborhood. It is the acknowledgment of neighborship which realizes that fine social ideal—the community.

Acting upon these principles, the residents of the House began their work about a year ago. It should be noted that for the first six months there were but four in residence, and two of these could give only a part of their time. Naturally, the first object sought was a general knowledge of the resources of the neighborhood, and then acquaintance with the people, as far as possible, through visitation in their homes. But access to one's neighbors in a city is not an altogether easy matter, whatever may be the intent. Fortunately, the small boy proved to be a natural medium of communication with the families whom the residents wished most to reach. As soon as the boys in the vicinage heard of the House, they began at once to investigate its possibilities. And as they came in increasing numbers, they were organized into clubs, till every night in the week, except Sunday, was given up to groups as large as could be accommodated.

A library of the best boys' books was generously provided by one of the Council for circulation, and the residents taxed their invention to provide interesting and profitable entertainment. The boy, thus become a friend, opened the door of the home, and the heart of

the parent. Access to a considerable part of the neighborhood became simple and natural. Visitation, as far as there have been time and opportunity for it, has been conducive to the best results. Friendly relations have been established, which are simple and sincere. One of the more mature and experienced of the residents has gained a place in the confidence and affection of the families in an adjacent court, which any man might envy. He is known and trusted as their friend, to whom they turn in their temptations and trials, which are neither few nor light. And through him they are beginning to find themselves at home at the House.

After visitation came organization—so much, at least, as seemed necessary for the best development of those who had been reached. I have referred to the boys' clubs. These were transferred early in the autumn from the house to a hall near by, partly to allow the use of the house for the organization of other groups, and partly in accordance with the principle, which I have enunciated, that whatever can be done through other agencies should be done through them. Work among the boys is now carried on in connection with the Boys' Institute of Industry, which has established a branch in this part of the city. The place of the boys' clubs in the house has been taken by clubs and classes of young men and young women, and by groups of girls and of children—these last under the care of special teachers. The residents and their associates still take the entire charge of the work among boys, and devote much time to it. The theory of work is to be lavish with personal influence, to put a great deal of one's self into the thing which one undertakes, whatever it may be. From four to six residents and associates are present on each evening with each group of boys. To the ordinary exercises and drills of such clubs are added regular exhibitions through the microscope, instruction in drawing and carpentry, talks on electrical science, and a plentiful supply of good music. The clubs of young men and young women are furnished with fit objects of entertainment and study. One class in current

events is under the charge of an accomplished journalist. The following schedule of evenings illustrates this kind of work :

Monday.—Boys' Club (thirty boys under eleven years of age), at hall.

Tuesday.—Boys' Club (twenty boys over twelve years of age), at hall.

Wednesday.—Boys' Club (twenty-five boys from eleven to twelve years of age), at hall ; Young Women's Class (fifteen young women), at house.

Thursday.—Monday night Boys' Club repeated, at hall.

Friday.—Tuesday night Boys' Club repeated, at hall ; Children's Club (thirty children), 3 P.M., at house ; Young Men's Class (fifteen young men), 8 P.M., at house.

Saturday.—Wednesday night Boys' Club repeated, at hall ; Girls' Club (thirty girls), 2.30 P.M., at house ; Young Men's Club (ten young men), 8 P.M., at house.

Sunday.—8.30 P.M., music hour, at house.

At the present time organization has not advanced beyond these limits, but it will be extended among older persons if it seems the natural method of procedure ; otherwise some other means of mutual aid will be devised. It may prove to be better to establish entirely different relations with the working-men of the district. The residents have been cordially welcomed in their intercourse with the leaders of labor organizations, and it is hoped that there may soon be a conference between some representatives of these organizations and the members of the Council.

The house is frequently used for receptions, sometimes for the association, sometimes for workers in the various societies, temperance or charitable, in the ward, and sometimes for the families in different parts of the neighborhood. It is becoming more and more a true social centre. The table is found to be a fitting place where the residents may discuss with guests all questions of order or progress affecting the community. Much more is accomplished by the social than by merely official intercourse with those who may in various ways represent the political, or educational, or philanthropic affairs of the neighborhood.

While these more personal methods have been in operation, attention has been steadily directed toward the opportunity for material improvement, where it seemed to be necessary to moral development. I have said that the last stage of overcrowding has not been reached in the district. But the tenement-house question presents here, as everywhere where it exists, the dilemma, how to improve the tenement and keep the tenant. Little is gained morally by the erection of new and better buildings, if the old dwellers are driven out into even lower surroundings. Doubtless the beginning must be made in the elevation of the tenant through a certain amount of improvement in the tenement ; but after a little the process must be reversed and the further improvement of the tenement effected through the elevation of the tenant. It has seemed, therefore, to some of the business men on the Council, that it is necessary that control, by rental or purchase, should be gained of some of the worst tenements in the district, that the work of internal and external improvement may be carried on together. There is reason to hope that the methods of tenement-house reform developed by Miss Octavia Hill may be applied at no distant day to some one house, at least, as an object-lesson.

Without entering further into the local work of the House, which from the nature of the case cannot be fully forecast or even described in detail, I will refer to its more general scientific work. One object of the House is the study by the residents of social conditions. There are three sources of this study—observation in the field, conversation with experts, and books. The residents bring to their work a certain amount of attainment in the theoretical study of Sociology. Through the generosity of a friend of the House, residing in another State, a sociological library has been begun, which will enable the residents to continue their economic studies.

There are unusual opportunities in Boston for conference with experts on social questions. The value of the services of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, as Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor in Massachusetts, was recognized by

his appointment as United States Commissioner of Labor, and the work which he inaugurated has been vigorously maintained by his successor, the Hon. Horace G. Wadlin. The city has in its employ experts skilled in educational and economic affairs, and sanitation. The same remark applies to several of the educational and charitable institutions in and around Boston. And not a few private citizens, who have consecrated their leisure as well as their wealth to the service of humanity, have become authorities upon many questions of social urgency.

The field of observation open to the residents of the House is far wider than the limits of their actual work. Subjects reaching quite outside these limits are already before them for individual study and investigation. I am confident that *no general* field is so inviting to the student of questions which are partly social and partly political, as that of municipal politics. For the present, more questions of this sort await solution from the municipality than from the State. Boston has now reached that stage in its municipal growth when the most interesting and vital problems are pressing for solution. The Greater Boston, which Mr. Sylvester Baxter has described in his intelligent study, comprising the adjacent towns and cities, is nearly double the population of the city proper. But this greater city is already a fact in some particulars, especially as so recognized by the general Government in the postal service, and by the State in the system of sewerage. It is fast becoming a question, how long interests which are so closely related can be kept apart by political boundaries. An absorption of territory by Boston, corresponding to that already accomplished by Philadelphia and Chicago, would precipitate many moral and social issues which are to-day held in uncertainty. The time is opportune, whether changes are imminent or not, for the student of municipal questions to inquire into the social and political life of Boston.

Little reference has been made to the Andover House Association, which supports the House. Thus far its chief business has been the support of the

House. The main return from the House to the Association has been in the bulletins, which from time to time show the progress of the work. Something has been done in the way of lectures, delivered at the house for the benefit of all the members. These lectures were furnished altogether from the Association itself. A course of six lectures is inserted to show the nature of the subjects treated by the lecturers, and afterward in general discussion: 1. "The Housing of the People," by Hon. Robert Treat Paine. 2. "Sanitary Improvement," by Professor Dwight Porter. 3. "The Temperance Problem in Massachusetts," by Rev. William E. Wolcott. 4. "Women's College Settlements," by Miss Vida D. Scudder. 5. "Working Girls' Clubs," by Miss O. M. E. Rowe. 6. "The Child Problem," by Mr. C. W. Birtwell.

The House serves, through its residents and library, the much-needed purpose of a bureau of information on social questions. Preparations are also being made for lectures to be given, as desired, in the neighboring towns, according to the methods of University extension. Social clubs are being organized in many towns, some in connection with churches and some independently, for serious investigation and discussion. Eastern Massachusetts, with its large urban and suburban population, with its manufacturing centres, representing various and changing nationalities, and with its small village communities retaining still something of the original type of the early settlement, offers rare facilities for social study. More than this, it makes its appeal to the new philanthropy. The social problem of New England is as grave as that of any part of the country. Charity certainly cannot solve it. Something as true in spirit, but far broader and deeper in method, is necessary to effect safely the transfer from the old individualism to the future state of social unity.

The work of the Andover House has been set forth in this paper as an illustration of certain principles and methods which characterize a new type of philanthropy. The general features of the type are unmistakable. Details

vary according to the agencies employed. Some of the agencies are purely scientific and express little or no sentiment. But all depend in part for their scientific value upon the sympathy which attends their working. There are facts in social life which will not yield their entire content except under the sympathetic approach. Science, which is unsympathetic, does not find what it is searching after. Sentiment may be lacking, but not sympathy. Still the fact remains that the new philanthropy is making its strongest appeal to young men and young women, especially to those who have the best intellectual and moral training. It is impossible to overestimate the seriousness and the enthusiasm with which the incoming generation is attacking what it believes to be the problem of its time. There is a fervor about this consecration to the work of social Christianity like that which characterized the work of Christian missions at the beginning of the century. It may well be so, for the only cry in our time which compares in intensity with that which caught the ear of Carey and Mills, is the cry from the Christian cities. We are beginning to understand how much the apparently simple command of Christ meant, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor." The perfect obedience has not yet been rendered, but enough has been attempted to show that it requires careful study, inven-

tion, patience, sympathy, and practical heroism. Resident work "among the poor in great cities" has its reliefs, like missionary work in foreign lands, chief of which is the fact that it is work in a group. Like that, too, it has its grateful surprises, or perhaps one should better say, its grateful certainties, in individual results. The outcome is always found in some lives rescued, recovered, enlarged, with the possibility that one, at least, may be reached who may prove a greater blessing to his kind than all his benefactors. And the social result, while more undefined, is still appreciable to those who, as they work, can see in it the promise of the future society.

The growth of the movement represented by the Andover House is quite as rapid as its best interests allow. Three houses are already established in Boston working upon the same principles; one connected with Boston University, made up of graduate students and their wives; a branch of the Women's College Settlement; and Dorothy Hall, named after Miss Dorothea Dix, and composed of unmarried women; and there are two others in immediate prospect. Similar work in other cities has already been described in the pages of this Magazine. The general movement is a remarkable illustration of the value of the contribution of the personal element, when fully trained and consecrated, to a noble cause.





THE TALE OF A GOBLIN HORSE.

By Charles C. Nott.



HORSES are like babies—chiefly interesting to their owners. Occasionally they emerge from the enclosure of home life, and become interesting to other people. One in a billion may find his way into print. But most rare are the horses whose characters are worthy of record. The one of which I write comes a step nearer to humanity in this, that a shadow of mystery falls upon his life and end.

He belonged to the Fremont Hussars; but how he came into the regiment, no man could tell. It was in September, 1861, and the regiment, not yet completed, was in camp near St. Louis. Newly built sheds for horses and newly pitched tents for men lay in parallel lines, and around the encampment ran the high fence of the "Abbey Race Track." In this, the first flush of war, recruits poured in, a daily stream; and another stream, the troopers' horses, came flowing from the Government corrals. These two streams, however, did not flow in evenly together; sometimes the men were in excess, sometimes the horses. But whenever there was a surplus of the latter, although the mass

would remain the same, there would be a strange disintegration of the particles. Sixty horses the officer in charge would leave under guard at nightfall, and sixty horses would be found under guard at day-break; yet how changed! So many sick! so many lame! such a noticeable decrease in size and spirit! For the Fremont Hussars consisted largely of German veterans who knew a thing or two of soldiering and horses, and who held that the best of troopers would be useless to the cause of freedom unless he were well mounted. Wherefore, as the "reserved mounts" grew nightly worse, the six mounted companies appeared daily better. Such fine horses they rode; all so healthy and sound. "Why are our horses so goot? Why, because ve take so goot care of tem." One could not help liking these kind-hearted Dutchmen.

But when the seventh company came to be mounted out of the "reserve mounts," then there was awful swearing to be heard in the land—storms of harsh consonants—cataracts of Dutch oaths. And then the men already mounted, like disinterested patriots seeking to throw oil on the troubled waters, would address the to-be-mounted in calm and soothing words which pointed toward future arrivals of horses for future recruits, and intimated that at such fortunate epochs it could be made "all richt." Whereupon, the exasperated, with glances thrown toward the distant Government corral, and an ominous Germanic jerk of the head expressive of much inward resolve, would say to all concerned, "Never mindt, never mindt."

In this state of equine affairs, a newly mustered captain of the regiment await-

.. The story here printed is not fiction, although, as the reader will perceive, it is as improbable a story of a horse as was ever written. All of the facts actually occurred; the most improbable event in the narrative was duly substantiated by legal evidence at the time, and this evidence has been submitted to the editor. The author is one of the seniors of our Federal judges; the commanding officer of the regiment first referred to was Colonel George E. Waring, the well-known sanitary engineer; and another witness of the incidents narrated was Colonel James F. Dwight, recently one of the assignees in bankruptcy and a well-known member of the New York bar.

ing the arrival of his own private horses, and needing a temporary mount, looked despondingly through the reserve, and found no horse which it would become "an officer and gentleman" to ride. As he stood negotiating the purchase of a cheap animal from a brother officer, a sergeant came up, and said that there was a well-appearing horse in the ninth shed, a horse that no one seemed to own. The party walked around to the shed, and at one end of it, with three or four of the rejected "rats" of the regiment, found a large chestnut sorrel, in appearance much above the average of troopers' horses. How so good-looking an animal came to be standing there, instead of in some of the six companies' stables, was the first question. The sergeant had observed him standing there for three days past; one man believed he had been rejected by a Prussian veteran as too rough a trotter; another that he had thrown his rider; but no one really knew anything about him. The inspecting officers of the regiment chanced to be lounging near, and they averred that they had never inspected the horse. But he bore the regimental brand and stood in the regimental stables.

As the party approached the horse, the captain was struck with his breadth of forehead and dark, sinister eye. The sergeant also noticed the latter, for he immediately said, "That's a wicked eye he has." The horse quickly turned his head toward the sergeant and looked at him steadily with a mild, contemplative expression; the remainder of the party said they saw nothing wicked about him. As they waited for a saddle to be brought, the horse yawned, stretching his deep mouth wide, and disclosing a tongue that had been half cut off, *i.e.*, about mid-way in the tongue were the remains of a deep gash which had nearly severed it in two, and now left the lower half of a peninsula connected only by a narrow isthmus with the main continent.

The saddle came and an Austrian officer mounted. He was a noble of the "blue blood," on leave of absence, and a captain of the Hussars. He rode with the stiff, straight leg of a Continental cavalry officer, erect and commanding

above the saddle; awkward and unbecoming below—an unyielding seat, exacting and wearisome to man and beast. But like all of the Prussian and Austrian officers, he understood his business thoroughly, and when a trooper could not manage his horse on drill, it was his way to order the man to dismount and ride the refractory animal for him. Under his easy hand, the horse he was now trying appeared much better than when in the stable, moving off in a free, bold trot, with head and ears erect, like those hunters which English painters love to sketch trotting to the "meet," the red coat bending forward and rising in the stirrups with every stride. His trot was, indeed, a trifle too high and rough for a McClellan saddle and a "hard-riding" seat; but nothing to reject a good horse for; and there was a superior gallop with long and steady stride and hoof-beats falling regular as clock-work. There was no shying, starting, or stumbling; he was neither restive nor lazy; he moved quietly and freely; he was just the horse that an officer would choose for the daily drill; and the only objection that appeared was that he was not an easy horse "to ride hard."

"To ride hard" doubtless means to many an American, to ride furiously. In fact, it is the distinguishing term between the rising and falling, easy seat of the English gentleman, and the fixed, immovable seat of the English officer. When the Duke of Wellington was asked: "How long is a man fit to be a general?" he answered: "As long as he is able to see to everything himself and ride hard." In this topsy-turvy world of ours, there is a wonderful compliance of things to their conditions. All men have "built-*ed* better than they knew," if they have but built at all. It may be laid down as a general law of transportation, that whenever good carriage-ways are built the horseman dismounts. He mounts again for parade or pleasure, for exercise or excitement; but his transportation business he evermore will do on wheels. The English are an exception to the rule. They travel in the saddle, they ride to market, to Parliament, to their counting-houses, to their hunting meets. They ride twenty miles to lunch, and twenty back to dinner; and they

ride upon hard highways and smooth macadam roads. Generations of experience have taught them that the steady trot and shifting seat are the movements of the united horse and man, which yield to both, upon solid stone roads, the largest amount of ease with the least degree of strain. The trooper with his sabre, and the cow-boy with his lasso, cannot surrender the free activity of body and arm. They must always be in the saddle. In the deep prairie grass the trotter loses his feet, and the cow-boy rides upon an easy lope. The trooper must ride at all gaits, and hence he must "ride hard."

The Austrian dismounted and spoke well of the horse. So did the small crowd of horse-critics, officers and men, that gathered round him. For your horse is a leveller in society; and in the stable gentlemen and jockey grow familiar, without contempt, in a common enthusiasm; and in the cavalry camp, officers and men mingle around the leveller, whose best judge, for the time, is the best man—the authority of highest rank. So this horse, which had been dozing for days amid six hundred sharp-eyed horsemen—each in want of a better horse than he had—seemed suddenly to awake and arouse the interest of all who saw him.

The horse had not been bitted; he was not "bridle-wise," and knew but one meaning in his rider's spur. And there was no time to train him, for the "Department of the West" was a beehive then, without drones. The untaught officers from civil life's quiet ignorance had not time to train themselves. There was drilling of men, inspecting of horses, beseeching ordnance officers for arms, imploring quartermasters for clothing. Matchless was the zeal and the industry that reigned in every camp during "Fremont's hundred days." Yet in the turmoil of the time, this horse seemed to learn by looking on, and, at the end of a week, to know everything. The slightest touch of the rein upon his neck, the mere motion of the rider's hand, the gentlest pressure of the leg, would wheel him without the use of bit or bridle. So imperceptible were the means employed, that some who watched him thought

that he understood the commands, and made his "right wheel" or "left turn" at the mere word.

It was observed that this horse seemed to delight in drilling—in drilling, not being drilled. It was as the captain's horse, out of the ranks and viewing the unhappy condition of his kind, that he was happy. For, as the "coach" of a boat's crew is properly on the outside of the boat, so the instructor of cavalry is always on the outside of his squad. He moves but little, and the men in their evolutions revolve around him. Occasionally he changes his position, but then halts to command, and explain, and criticise. When the captain thus halted, and the reins were dropped, and the new horses in the ranks were crowding and kicking, and fretting, and sweating, then would this one's sinister eye glow with Satanic joy. When the squadron passed before him on the gallop, and dull horses were being pricked up by spurs, and fiery colts wrenched back by curbs, then would he stand placid as the Indian summer sky, and plant his fore-feet well in front and stretch his legs, and body, and long neck, and deep jaws, with such exquisite enjoyment as the sight of misery might give the animal with the cloven hoof and tail, from the stable below. If it were regimental drill, and he was denied the sweets of contemplation, then would he take his place in front of the line or beside the column, and move with the regularity of a machine, indifferent to the existence of all other horses. He never became excited; he never showed the ineradicable desire of his kind to race; he led down deep descents with no increase of speed, and up sharp acclivities without "losing distance;" he did not swerve a hair's breadth for a huge heap of broken stones, but mounted and traversed it at his measured trot. But when the hours of drill were over, and sounding bugles, and shouting drill-officers, and charging squadrons were gone, and the prairie was deserted and still, and any other horse would look toward the stable and seek to follow his mates, then a wild excitement would sometimes fall upon this one, and he would rear, and plunge, and kick, and gallop around and around like an escaping colt.

The horse was not long in acquiring a name. At first, he was known as "The Drill Sergeant," but there was soon a new development of character in which, as has been the case with many notable characters, he succeeded in making a name for himself. The afternoon drill was over, the October sun was sinking through the golden haze, and the captain, with his friend D., was sauntering from the drill ground to their quarters. It chanced that they came upon a young officer trying to force his newly bought horse up to some bloody hides that hung upon a fence beside the road. They volunteered a precept or two as they passed; but precepts are mere blank cartridges, worth nothing without the projectile of example. The young officer understood the fact, if not the philosophy, and he intimated a wish that the "Drill Sergeant" might be ridden up to the fence, and he and his colt be shown, not told, how to do it. D. had dismounted then and sent his horse to the stable, but he applauded the lieutenant's sentiment, and said that it was perfectly fair; nothing, he thought, could be more reasonable, and he really hoped it would not be passed by unnoticed. The captain touched the "Drill Sergeant's" neck slightly with the rein, who with veteran-like gravity, turned and advanced toward the fence. The captain was sitting loungingly in the saddle, with an air of easy listlessness, one foot playing with the stirrup, the reins hanging loose upon the pommel. He was thinking that the "Drill Sergeant" would march on until his breast touched the fence, and he was intending to say that if young officers would train their colts first, and acquire a moral control over them, they might ride them up to bloody hides also. He was indeed just turning in his saddle to give utterance to the precept, when there was a bolt which seemed to him a small earthquake—a bolt rearward, roundward, upward, downward, and he found himself some thirty feet distant, and the "Drill Sergeant" standing placidly again in the middle of the road. The rider was not unhorsed, as he confessed he deserved to have been. Without knowing how, he had kept himself on the "Drill Sergeant's" back, who was now, as has been

said, standing placidly in the road. The young officer promptly seized his opportunity and said, sarcastically, that he had expected to be shown how to do it—he added seriously that the captain had better not try it again, for that horse was a wicked one, and the "rock road" with its loose, broken stone, a bad place for a fall. D. blandly interposed, and thought differently. He thought the captain *had* better try it again—when surprised, he had not been thrown, and now that he was on his guard, there could be no danger. D. added that there was nothing more delightful than to witness a contest between the intelligence of man and the power of a brute. It did him good, he said. Besides, we cavalry officers should not mind a fall; we must get used to them.

The captain righted himself in the saddle and gathered up the reins. He had been preaching that with horses things should be done slowly and persistently: but as mutiny in officers is worse than mutiny in privates, even so, bolting by a trained and sedate horse is worse than bolting by an impulsive colt, and must be dealt with summarily. The captain turned the "Drill Sergeant" again toward the fence; again he advanced freely, and again, before the rider could find time or excuse for driving the spurs into him, there was the same rearward, roundward bolt, and they were standing in the middle of the road. D. applauded highly and said that, if desired, he would "certify on honor" that no horse ever did turn around so quickly in this world. He added that he honestly thought that the captain had better try it again; it was so very entertaining.

The captain and the horse, externally, were calm; but their two wills had crossed. As the horse turned for the third time toward the fence, a philosopher looking on would have asked whether in that brute body there was not some predeterminate resolve; whether the mouth with the bit in it was not more tightly shut, and the mane-covered forehead was not contracted and knit; whether the angry light that began to break from the eyes was not radiant from some angry soul

within. But here the cunning of the human intellect appeared and took its part in the game—that cunning which, when applied to the movements of contending armies, we call strategy—that covert ally which the brute did not possess. As the horse moved forward to the fence, but ere the bolting point was reached, the rider's spurs came biting fiercely upon his flanks, driving him forward, and the reins held him face to face with the spectre on the fence whither he would not go. Then the horse became a fury, and his dark, sinister eyes turned bloody red. The rider's knees gripped the saddle more closely, and his arms grew stronger to bend the strong neck of the animal and to rein around his defiant head; but as the fight grew hot, his cunning ally fled the field and the contest became more equal—strategy no longer took a part in the struggle; it was skill and strength against strength and skill—the sharp sting of the spurs, the iron hoofs beating on rocks and stones—each creature intuitively knowing and resisting every act of the other, neither of them gaining or losing an inch—the one no nearer his goal, the other unable to fling off his warring burden.

But it was a battle without result; the bugle sounded the “retreat;” the king of the tournament dropped his warder; the heralds proclaimed a truce. D. said it was delightful, charming, but that we must go to the roll-call and get ready for dinner, and have it out in the morning.

That evening, at the mess dinner-table, the battle was discussed. D. was glowing in his description and declared that the “Drill Sergeant” should be named “Tarquinius Superbus.” The majority thought differently and named him “Animus Furiosus,” and after that they called him “Animus” for short.

The following morning promised to be fateful, but the battle was not renewed. It is the unexpected that happens in war. On the one hand, the hides were gone; on the other, Animus walked serenely up to the fence, rested his neck upon it, looked blandly over with ears inquiringly erect and eyes, for the moment, as innocent as a dove's.

Innocent he continued to appear,

obliging, sensible, and grave, but in his heart of hearts was brewing a storm of resentment and revenge. A week or two passed in peace, and then came a day whereon the company to which Animus belonged was to be mustered into the service of the United States. Animus led the column to the mustering officer's official abode, he (and the mustering officer) alone unruffled, unexcited. His rider proud and exultant whenever he glanced back at the ninety splendid young fellows who rode behind. A splendid company it was, splendidly mounted, and as the tramping hoofs resounded through the streets of St. Louis, the two sets of hearts beat faster, and troopers and steeds seemed equally elate. There is an earthly satisfaction in the human breast that none but the trooper knows; when the cavalry cap works itself jauntily over, inclining toward the right ear with a saucy pitch forward toward the right eye, requiring the head to be held a little back, and the chin to be drawn a little in, and the chest to be thrown a little out; when the clattering scabbard, the jingling spurs, the champed bit, unite forces with the prancing, sympathetic vanity of the horse; when the eyes that won't stay “front,” but “right” and “left” up at second-story windows, not in rude civilian stares, but in gay, half-audacious, half-deferential glances! Oh, reader, when you see the troopers in Washington swaggering about the Army headquarters, envy them, for you know not (unless you have been a trooper) “how good” that swagger makes them feel.

Through the streets of St. Louis, Animus led, profoundly indifferent to the citizens around him; coolly disdainful of the ninety fretting, fuming steeds behind. The “fours” formed platoons, and the platoons wheeled into line, with a precision that must have made the caloused mustering officer think himself back at West Point. And then there came two girls, pretty and young, with smiling, sympathetic loyal faces, in whom the trooper's saucy airs took the form of pretty timidity; and they stopped and hesitated, and almost came forward, and partly turned back, and seemed to say that their important business did really

require them to go immediately straight onward down the street, but that they positively could never dare to pass so near to so many men and such terrible horses; and then the captain of the company—as became the captain of such a company—sought to move himself a trifle farther from the sidewalk and throw a chivalrous yard or two of safety to the timorous damsels; and then Animus flared up.

He had a crooked, Roman nose, had Animus, and a forehead that receded and rounded toward the ears; he was good-looking in a horseman's, and not in a lady's, sense of the term; and when his eyes turned red and his lips opened and showed white frothy teeth, I have no doubt but that this head of his looked much like a wild eagle's head on a horse's body. The two girls screamed and beat a retreat without any more pretty hesitation, and the rider's blood boiled up at the excuseless conduct, and he rowelled the horse with his burnished spurs and beat him with the flat of his polished sabre.

The horse seemed frantic; he dashed against the brick walls of the houses; he knocked the alignment of the company to pieces in a trice; he banged against front-steps and lamp-posts, and sent an aged cobbler fleeing through the back door of his poor, little shop; and he plunged and beat his hoofs upon the cellar door as if he meant immediately to go by that route to the place below. Then he stopped—suddenly—instantaneously—not quenched or quailing, but as if the fight then and there were but ammunition wasted, and he had better save the captain for a better opportunity. And after the affair was over, there came a strong conviction in the rider's mind that the horse might have done more, but would not; and friends began to advise that he should not keep that beast for service; for, they said, if one of his wild moods should come in action, it would be certain death to the man who rode him.

Again Animus lapsed into quiet working ways, biding his time to throw contempt at men and things. An opportunity came one fine Sunday, when there was a grand review at Benton Barracks. It was the first time the young soldiers

had seen a field of thousands, and to them the pageant seemed magnificent. If now, when artillery was thundering, and infantry presenting arms, and a dozen regimental bands were playing their loudest, this horse should rear and pitch as half the horses in the line were doing, it would not be unreasonable, and indeed would be attributed to commendable high spirit. The captain was thinking more of his company than of his horse, and indeed gave him no thought, till the general and his staff came down the line. Then, as the important moment approached when each individual volunteer knew that he must look his best, and all eyes were "to the front," and every man sitting erect, then he glanced down to see how Animus would take it, and in his astonishment whispered to D. (who was next on the officers' line), and nodded at the horse. D. looked out of the corners of his eyes (his nose being straight to the front, his head erect, and his sabre at a carry), and then he turned red as though he were choking, and shook with laughter as if he might fall off his horse; for then, as the gorgeous staff swept by, and the regimental bands blew their loudest blasts, and everybody was all excitement and other horses were well-nigh crazed—then Animus had composedly crossed his fore-legs like the legs of a saw-buck, and had dropped his ears back upon his neck like the ears of a rabbit, and had calmly shut his eyes and serenely sunk into counterfeit slumber.

But malice still reigned in the heart of Animus, and while he did his work with a gravity above horses, he never let slip an opportunity to do damage. One gloomy morning after the company had been moved from the Abbey Track into Benton Barracks, when rain had been falling and freezing all night and none but a sharp-shod horse could keep his feet, Animus was brought up to the quarters. The orderly had not dared to bring both horses together over the slippery ground, and when he went back, he hitched Animus to a post of the piazza. Animus did not mind being hitched; he had been hitched to that post a hundred times, where he would shut his eyes and doze by the hour. Around the corner of another range of

barracks stood an infantry regiment in line, and the sergeants could be heard calling their rolls. Nothing disturbed the horse, for nobody was stirring that morning, but the instant the orderly was out of sight, he began to pull violently at the halter. The red eyes were upon him, and the piazza post to which he was hitched was a contending foe. It gave way at the roof and broke off at the floor. It was a stout 4 by 5 inch joist, twelve feet long, and as an anchor would have brought an ordinary horse round "head to the wind;" and an ordinary horse breaking loose on a cold rainy day, if he had made off with it in tow, would have headed for his stable. Animus turned in an opposite direction and, holding his head on one side and his nose near to the ground, scoured off as fast as he could go, the joist skimming like a sled over the icy glare. He headed for the barracks, behind which was the infantry regiment, and all who saw him prayed devoutly that when he should turn the corner he would lose his footing, and fall and break his infernal neck. He did not, and as the heavy joist swung from centrifugal force almost up to an alignment with the horse, everyone thought that the infernal machine, like a Roman chariot with scythes on the axles, must mow down at least twenty men. But the infantry, when the tornado of horse and timber came rushing around the corner, broke ranks faster than the "double quick," and the joist merely grazed a number of heroic shins. Then Animus, seeing that he had failed in his diabolical, or rebel design, halted, was caught and brought back, looking both innocent and unconcerned.

But we must omit some of the incidents of his life and pass to his mysterious taking off. In the dreariness of winter and of barrack-life among strangers and sick and home-sick men, the greatest of blessings was a day's escape from the camp. It came occasionally in the guise of some duty to be done in the city, and one lucky morning, a coveted "pass" reached the captain's quarters. The orderly brought up the horses, and his happening to be lame, he rode Animus. A merry, active, light-hearted German boy was the orderly; familiar, yet never presumptuous; scrupulous

and rigid in the punctilious respect he always paid to his captain. None but a German could unite so much familiar ease with so much ceremonious deference. Unbidden, he held bit and stirrup as the officer mounted; untaught he "took distance" behind him and never varied from his respectful place. If the captain's horse trotted, his trotted; if the captain's galloped, his galloped; and never had the captain given the orderly command or hint. He had been quick to find out from old Prussian soldiers the respect which he should ceremoniously pay his officer, and was proud to pay it. But suddenly there came from the orderly a blast of Dutch execration; he was almost out of the saddle, and Animus about to finish the job. The captain sung out sharply to the horse, who stopped instantly, and the orderly climbed back and recovered his seat. For more than three months had the orderly taken care of Animus, and more than three hundred times had he ridden him bare-back to water. He could not account for this freak now. "Tee horse go quiet—I no do anything, and then he throw me off most;" and there came mingling terms of indignation and reproach addressed privately to Animus in smothered German.

The city, after the camp, seemed civilization, cleanliness, decency, comfort; a warm bath and an arm-chair luxuries too great for times of war. The captain entered Barnum's Hotel with such a loving feeling as no hotel can kindle again. And the cheery proprietors, Messrs. Barnum and Fogg—many a wounded and home-sick officer's blessing rests upon them—they seemed angels in disguise, with the difference that instead of seeking entertainment, they entertained.

The captain found a friend at the hotel and they dined together in the ladies' ordinary; and the ladies appeared divinely graceful after one had seen, for weeks, nothing but men in stiff Quaker coats, dyed blue, with a row of brass buttons down the front. And after dinner the two friends smoked and talked, and felt so at ease, by their two selves, with no dense throng around them; but part they must, for the lieutenant had been ill—lucky dog—and had a week's

leave, and was not to go back to the barracks that night.

When eight o'clock came the captain pulled on his overcoat, bade good-night, and with slow, reluctant steps, went down into the street. The orderly, true to a minute, was coming with the horses, riding the captain's mare, to keep the saddle dry; for the weather had changed and the cold north wind was blowing a gale and snow beating fiercely down. The captain pulled up his coat-collar and mounted; the orderly swung himself into his own saddle, and off they went through deserted streets, and dark, bleak suburbs.

But as they passed from the lights of the town into the gloom beyond, Animus again made one of his savage bolts, and again the orderly was half out of the saddle and clinging by the mane. The captain sung out to the horse as before, and the horse, as before, obeyed and stopped. They rode fast, they rode slowly, but again and again and again this performance was repeated; the orderly never quite unhorsed, the horse always stopping the instant he was commanded.

At length they reached the camp. As the captain dismounted at his quarters, he gave a reluctant, a delicate intimation to the orderly that it would be wise to dismount and lead the horses to the stable. The orderly, who was well-nigh in tears at Animus's ungrateful conduct, regarded the proposition as extraordinary, which it was; and he pleaded, with German vehemence, that the whole company would laugh at him and "the boys" would shout whenever they saw him: "Where's the man who couldn't ride his own horse to the barn?" which they would. He also urged that he could ride any horse in the world, and that no horse in the world would "cut up" at the end of a day's work, when his accustomed groom was taking him to his accustomed stable. The last argument seemed reasonable, and indeed the original suggestion began to appear absurd. The captain, in unspoken words, yielded the point; the orderly wheeled the horses and moved off, riding the one and leading the other. A shadowy sense of coming catastrophe kept the captain at his door, watching them until he saw

horses and horseman turn the corner of the barracks and disappear. Then he unpadlocked the door and lighted his candle. A small room roughly boarded off from the men's quarters, an army cot covered with a couple of rough army blankets, a "mess-chest table," a camp chair, a spare saddle, and horse-trappings, a fireless stove, an atmosphere laden with the dust and noise and stale tobacco-smoke of the men's quarters. The captain and his company were then the victims of a combination between unscrupulous political selfishness, on the one side, and arbitrary military power, on the other—a doubly dangerous union; for military power is bad enough alone, and needs to be restrained and guided by honor and impartiality. The company had been stolen from the regiment in which all had enlisted, and been taken to help make up a new command for somebody's son-in-law. Hence, at this time, the captain was friendless and alone.

He did not unbutton his overcoat nor kindle his fire, but paced up and down the narrow room, thinking at first of the horse, and then of Barnum's, and then of home. He thought and walked and walked and thought until, unexpectedly, the door opened and the orderly appeared. Pain and mortification and truthful resolve struggled in the lines of his face. "Cape-tan, tee horse trow me; he run away in the fair grounds, he jump over a pile of wood. I hav look-ed and look-ed, and can no find him."

What infernal imp had possessed this strange animal? The orderly was a good rider, a good groom, possessed of great power over horses. Others would follow him without bridles, like dogs. Why had this brute flung him off on the instant that he turned toward his own stable, and then galloped off into the darkness and the storm? When the orderly shot out of the saddle, the captain's mare had gone straight to her own stall in the stable.

The orderly got a lantern and led the way to the place where he was unhorsed, at the end of the barracks—thence and across the wide expanse of the parade, and into the Fair Grounds and to a pile of corded wood, five feet at least in

height and four in thickness. What horse would choose to rush at such a leap on a dark night and with slippery, snowy footing—at such a needless leap? But by the light of the lantern could be seen a horse's trail which led up to the wood-pile, broke off, and reappeared on the other side. They resumed the search. The trail led through the grove of the Fair Grounds, and at last was lost in the deepening snow. As the searchers stopped, the storm roared through the swaying branches above them as if the powers of the air were on the blast, and the horse had gone to meet them. The captain and the orderly came back into the encampment, where a soldier, plodding through the snow, told them that he had just seen a horse near by. They resumed their quest, and soon found Animus standing within the shelter of an empty tent. But on the snowy floor beneath him was a small red pool, and on his right flank, between the body and the leg, was a frightful gash—the gash you cut in carving the leg of a fowl—a “clean cut,” and large enough for one to lay in it his hand, wide-spread. Animus looked morose and stern—not sad or repentant.

He was led to his stable and the regimental farrier came, who brought other regimental farriers in consultation, just as humanity's farriers come and consult over human victims. “Extraordinary,” they all pronounced the wound, and without a precedent; and they all vouchsafed theories, but agreed on none; and finally they all concluded that nothing could be done—the patient must be abandoned to nature and cooling washes, and his “chances.”

A fortnight later, when the wound was at its worst, and the horse was standing, day and night, upon three legs, great news came roaring, and yelling, and hurrahing through Camp Benton—news of victory—of the first decisive victory of the war; that Foote had taken Fort Henry with his “Tin-Clads,” that the river was open, and the stars and stripes flying in Tennessee. An hour later came more significant news for some—“The Fifth Iowa Cavalry will march instantly.”

It takes a new regiment in barracks

at least twelve hours to “march instantly.” Rations to be cooked, tents to be overhauled (the guys gnawed by suspected mice, the pegs burnt by unsuspected criminals), men swearing that their horses must be shod, blacksmiths swearing that their forges must be packed, mules seditiously kicking the harness to pieces the moment they hear that they are to be put to some practical purpose; every man suddenly discovering that somebody has jayhawked his boots or his blanket; and the quarter-sergeant discovering that the boots are packed and loaded, and the blankets too few to go round; lieutenants and sergeants, corporals and men excitedly rushing to their captain in their individual perplexity; the captain for a time the unhappy mother of a distracted family, that wants everything and doesn't know what it doesn't want; finally, the sergeant-major of the regiment, coming round every hour to say to every company that every other company in the regiment is ready and waiting for this one, and that the colonel wants to know how much longer they must wait, etc.

The turmoil lasted during the night, but as the sun came up o'er the smoky city, the column moved; and the hoofbeats on the frozen ground and rumbling baggage wagons rolled out a farewell to Benton Barracks. The captain, then a member of a court-martial sitting at the Barracks, could not march with his men, and had to remain until the formal order should come dissolving the court. With an impatient heart he stood watching the long-drawn column wind around the parade and pass through the gateway of the camp, and saw, last of all, the orderly disappearing leading his own blanketed horses. Then he turned and handed a “pass” to his servant, and gave him directions to lead Animus slowly to the “sick stable.”

The “company stable” was but a stone's throw distant from where they stood, and only a few minutes had passed since “Boots and Saddles” had sounded and the company horses had been led out, leaving the wounded horse the only tenant of the long shed. Moodily he had continued to gaze at his

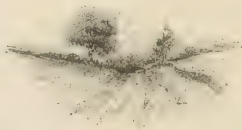
manger, giving to his departing mates barely a glance, but neither whinny nor regret. The man took the "pass" and went directly to the shed. In the first moment, when all eyes were withdrawn, Animus had disappeared.

"Disappeared but not lost," everyone said; for barracks and stables were enclosed by a wooden wall, twelve feet high and guarded by sentinels, and through the only exit no one could go without a "pass," and the guards at the gate were notified to stop him, thief and all. Moreover, the horse had not set his lame leg to the ground for a fortnight, and it was doubted whether he could hobble on three to the sick stable. Besides, who would want a disabled animal, not fit for service now, nor for months to come; and was not a man leading a desperately lame horse in broad daylight a noticeable object, that a thousand men would see and remember? The camp was searched—searched for two days through every stable, tent, and shed that could hold a horse. The case was stated to every cavalry commander and his word of honor pledged that, if the horse were "hidden away" by any one of "his boys," no matter what their genius for hiding horses away might be, he should nevertheless be found and given up. A reward was offered, and Animus was described by his peculiar regimental brand and tongue and wound; and the advertisement was posted in every quarter-master office and corral, and livery-stable. Finally a shrewd, quiet man was set at work as detective; and, six months later, the captain, piqued by all his failures, went back to St. Louis and himself tried to find a clue to the mystery. No clue was found. Animus had disappeared; that was what was said at first, and all that could be said at last; he had dis-

appeared. Indeed, it might be sung of him as of Thomas the Rhymer,

"And ne'er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen."

At this point, doubtless, there will be expected an explanation such as comes at the end of a novel. But the tale is true. The mysteries of truth are often lacking in the explanations of fiction. The case was laid before D., who had been a United States District Attorney before he became a captain of volunteers, and was versed in the ways of "working up a case" against counterfeiters on land or pirates at sea. He wrote back a letter—a beautiful letter—expressing in charming terms his regret, his very great regret, that so interesting a character as his friend Animus should have withdrawn from the sphere of human observation; but when he came to the explanation, his professional experience and legal acumen were futile; and he had to fall back (evasively) upon the supernatural; Animus was clearly a fiend—an emissary of the Devil or J. Davis (it made very little difference which, he said), who had marked the captain for his peculiar prey. On the day of his wound (which need not be accounted for), fearing that he was to become the orderly's horse and that the captain would thereby escape his toils, he resorted to strategy; and, like all fiends resorting to strategy, overacted his part; whereby vice is defeated and virtue escapes. Finding his schemes subverted and his efforts brought to nought, and disbelieving that he was to be the object of humanitarian care or Christian charity—the latter, moreover, being justly offensive to him—he seized upon the first moment when unseen by mortal or equine eye to vanish in a puff of smoke.





EZRA HARDMAN, M.A.

By Schuyler Shelton.

HARDMAN told his wife that they would need at least a week to get fairly settled in their new quarters at the university, and Mrs. Hardman regretfully subtracted that amount of time from the days she was so covetously hoarding. When the hour of their departure actually arrived, and she had watched the expressman take away their few trunks and boxes, and had tied the children's hats securely under their firm, round chins, her forced composure deserted her, and she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Hardman stood looking down at her with masculine perplexity. There was no time to lose, and several of his colleagues were already waiting at the station to bid him Godspeed. He wanted to go away smiling, and to be whirled off in triumph from the admiring and envious glances of his friends. He could not understand his wife's tears; why should she cry when they were coming back again after he had obtained his degree of doctor of philosophy? They would be absent for only two years, and the time would soon be over. It was an occasion for rejoicing rather than tears. There were few men who enjoyed his opportunities. Ever since he had received his sheepskin from the small college in southern Wisconsin, he had served as tutor at that institution, and had climbed slowly to the rank of professor of history. It had seemed to him

if only he might secure a doctorate from some Eastern college there was nothing he might not become. He was impatient to get out in the world, and to try his wings, and he had finally selected Maxwell University, at Fairview, N. Y., as affording him the finest facilities for his purpose. He considered it one of the leading Eastern universities, and would have been surprised and shocked to learn that Yale and Harvard regarded it as decidedly Western, and spoke of it scornfully as a fresh-water university.

Mrs. Hardman dried her eyes, and taking the younger child in her arms prepared to follow the fortunes of her lord and master. A kitten which they had presented to a neighbor the previous day refused to adopt its new home, and ran mewling after her. She tried to drive it back, but the child cried so hard for it that she was forced to pick it up and restore it to the baby's arms.

The professor had preceded her by several blocks. He held a bird-cage partly covered by a newspaper in one hand, and to the other clung tightly his older son, a boy of four years.

He was very happy as he walked down the village street in the bright sunlight of that pleasant September morning. He sang softly to himself in the joyousness of his heart, and his little boy in childish imitation danced at his side and sang also.

Hardman's breast swelled with pride when he found that many of the faculty had honored him by appearing at the

station to bid him farewell; the president of the college himself had called upon him, and given him a hearty handshake and his best wishes for success. He felt that he was a very lucky fellow indeed.

The succeeding days passed like a rose-colored dream to him. He did not notice the fatigue of travelling augmented by the alternate boisterous mischief and fretfulness of the children. Even when they had reached Fairview, and after a dreary search for rooms convenient to the campus, and within reach of their pathetically slender purse, had begun to move into a couple of small, desolate apartments, Hardman's cheerful courage did not fail him. He sang gayly as he put up the rickety old stove in the room which was to serve at once for parlor, dining-room, and kitchen, and when their few belongings were carefully bestowed, he glanced about with an air of contented pride.

The birds were singing as sweetly from their cage in the window as ever they had done at Wayback. The kitten was purring softly on the rug before the stove, and above the battered chimney-piece hung the faded bit of sheepskin announcing to this new world that Ezra Hardman had been admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts, in 1877, by Wayback College, Wayback, Wis.

The Hardmans, at best, were not seriously hampered with this world's goods, and of their scanty supply they had brought only the barest necessities. A faded "God Bless Our Home," worked in variegated crewels by Mrs. Hardman, when she was Minnie Smith, was the sole adornment they permitted themselves. They had contrived some seats from the packing-boxes, and these, with a couple of chairs, a table, and a stove, completed the furniture of the living-room. A few worn text-books lay piled in a corner.

The bedroom was furnished with even greater simplicity. Besides the bed and a small cot for the children it contained only a washstand with a tin basin and a cracked water-pitcher. It was not magnificent, but it satisfied Hardman, and as one of the students remarked later, "it didn't so much matter about Hardman's environment since his smile

was luxurious enough to furnish a palace."

He had not been a conspicuous figure in his native village, but becoming transplanted to a campus so thoroughly cosmopolitan as was that of Maxwell University, he stood out with alarming distinctness. Fortunately for his peace of mind he did not comprehend this fact, being one of those persons destined to go through life totally ignorant of the impression they make on others. He would never correctly interpret the curious looks and sly smiles and backward glances that accompanied his appearance on the campus.

He impressed the casual observer as at once ludicrous and pathetic. His legs were long and very much bent at the knee even when he stood at his straightest, and were encased in trousers of a whity-brown hue of that length familiarly known as "high-water." They supported a body at once so bulky and rotund as to give him the effect of an exaggerated Brownie. One felt sure Nature had framed his anatomy in some wildly sportive humor. His head was large and well-shaped, and lighted by a pair of honest, friendly, blue eyes. A snub nose and a large, smiling mouth, shaded by an extensive, reddish mustache, exactly matched by his curly hair, completed his description.

He settled down to work with a tremendous enthusiasm after having squandered some time in learning the routine of the institution, for Maxwell University had among its faculty ardent admirers of the system pursued at foreign universities. A conservative professor was wont to ask with sarcastic significance if anyone knew why the university had adopted the seminary method of instruction, and why candidates for advanced degrees were compelled to endure a final oral examination of three hours' length? On being answered in the negative he would reply: "Because they do in Germany."

The graduate students at Maxwell were expected to select some subject in which they were specially interested, and which afforded scope for original investigation, and to prepare weekly reports on their work throughout the semester. The sessions at which these

reports were presented were strictly private, and were presided over by a professor who, together with the members of the seminary, openly criticised the reports.

Hardman made his *début* in Professor Butler's seminary with his accustomed buoyancy. It was an utterly novel method to him, as he had never deviated from the straight and narrow path of question and answer, having been used to the old-fashioned system of laboriously memorizing useful information from a text-book. But after a time he "got the hang of the pesky thing," as he expressed it, and went to work on the subject of slavery. He thought it timely to preface his initial report in the seminary by some appropriate remarks of his own on the nature of slavery, but the professor cut him short, and reminded him that the seminary concerned itself with facts not opinions, however valuable these might be. This fell upon Hardman like lightning from a clear sky, for he had spent a week of solid work on the report, and felt that it was good; however, he accepted what he considered the harmless idiosyncrasy of a superior in good part and began again. But this time he made the mistake of taking his facts from secondary authorities, and so lost another week before he set out in the right direction. Privately, he considered the professor greatly in the wrong, and told himself he should never require one of his students laboriously to fish up facts from original sources when great men like Macaulay and Bancroft had gone over the ground so thoroughly themselves.

The head of the department of American history under whom Hardman was reading was Professor Butler, a scholar of high authority, and a cultured and elegant man of the world. He possessed a keen sense of humor, caustic rather than kindly, and he handled Hardman with the skill of the scientist rather than of the philanthropist. The young Westerner was in decided contrast to the courteous professor, and the seminary began to look ahead for sport when Hardman offered his report.

It had been an unusually benignant

day in early October, and students and professors alike were taking advantage of the mild air and warm sunlight. The campus was thronged with promenaders; in the distance on the broad, blue river flashed numberless white oars. From the clock-tower sounded four strokes, and simultaneously Professor Butler's seminary students emerged from the library. Hardman and a fellow-student, Markham, walked down the campus together. The usually cheerful face of the former wore a look of hopeless perplexity.

"They kinder seem t' set on me," he remarked, sadly.

"What have they done now?" asked Markham, sympathetically.

"Well, you heard him lay out my report," replied Hardman, "an' I guess he's tryin' t' lay me out too. He's give me some more French books t' read for examination."

"Well, French is easy," said Markham, consolingly.

"Taint very easy for me," sighed Hardman. "They didn't use t' make much of it to Wayback where I was learnt, and it comes like drawing teeth t' me now."

When Hardman reached home he found his wife and sons preparing to set out for a stroll.

"Oh, Ezra," cried Mrs. Hardman, as her husband's figure entered the door, "I'm so glad you come; we're goin' to walk, an' we want you should come too."

"I can't go," said Hardman, gloomily; "they've just give me some more work, and I dunno as I can stop for meals."

The children, divining with their unerring instinct that something troubled their parent, set up a prolonged howl, and were sent outside by their mother. They played the part of Greek chorus to Hardman, and faithfully reflected his moods by smiles or tears.

As soon as they were alone Mrs. Hardman put a work-roughened hand caressingly on her husband's worn coat-sleeve.

"Ezra," she said, sadly, "let's give it up. They're not like us here somehow—they're different, an' it's wearing you out. Let's give it up, an' go home, Ezra."

Her tired blue eyes were full of unshed tears as she lifted them to his face.

Hardman's cheerfulness, which never deserted him for long, returned. He smiled and took his wife in his strong arms.

"Why, Minnie," he answered, gayly, "you wouldn't make any kind of a soldier if you run away at the first shot. Doctor Hardman intends to earn his degree, ma'am."

She broke down and sobbed bitterly.

"We don't see nothin' of you now, Ezra, I an' the children, an' we used t' be so happy together at Wayback. Seems as if we shouldn't never get back there again. An' you ain't happy neither, Ezra, I can see that well 'nough. Nobody can't be happy here—all a-studying till their poor eyes gives out, an' they have t' wear specs, an' some here that ain't no more'n boys, readin' till they look like old men. I tell ye, Ezra, it ain't right. It wa'n't intended should be so."

Ezra laughed, kissed his wife, and told her "he couldn't spare no more time from his work."

She dried her eyes submissively, and said meekly: "Well, I'll go right along now with the children. We ain't ben out to-day; but I tell ye, Ezra, this college ain't no better'n a big, old spider-web made a-purpose to ketch flies an' kill 'em, an' the professors ain't far off from bein' spiders neither. Some day, Ezra, we'll be dreadful provoked an' sorry we come."

As Hardman had assured his wife on leaving Wayback, the two years at Fairview were not long in passing. It was now just before Commencement. He had labored faithfully over his thesis, and in accordance with the rules of the university had had it type-written and bound. He gazed at the fresh, printed pages, and read the gilt inscription on the outside cover announcing that the volume concerned

"SLAVERY,

A

THESIS

Presented for the Degree of Ph.D.,

by

EZRA HARDMAN,

Maxwell University,"

with an air of triumphant pride. He grudged sending it to Professor Butler for criticism, it graced the little home so well, and he enjoyed reading especially fine bits from it to his wife. He felt that now the struggle was happily concluded, and he could afford to take a well-earned rest. To be sure his oral examinations were scheduled to take place on the following day, but he did not greatly fear them, although a student had warned him they were "stiff," and also that Professor Butler was a "holy terror." "You just take your life in your hand at a final under him," he had said. "He has flunked more men to the square inch than any professor in Maxwell. You'd better spend the night in fasting and prayer."

But Hardman had no such intention of investing his time. He romped with the children until their bedtime, and after they were safely tucked away in the cot, he invited his wife to take a walk with him, and he astonished her by bringing up at the village pharmacy and treating her to a glass of soda-water.

"We'd ought t' celebrate to-morrow night instead," she said, looking fondly and admiringly at her big, uncouth husband. She was very proud of him, and believed him to be an intellectual giant as well as a very handsome man.

"We may not get the chance to-morrow," he jested, in the happy consciousness that only a day separated him from his title.

He went up to his examination the next morning with a stout heart. There were three professors composing his committee, and he greeted them all with his broad, suave smile.

The contest was pathetically unequal. Against the crude immaturity of the Western man were arrayed the keen, well-trained intellects of recognized specialists, who understood, perhaps too well, that they held the honor of the university in their keeping. Under such circumstances but one result could be reached. Hardman met his Waterloo, but he himself never knew it. He went out from that august presence without the slightest idea that he had failed to take the degree.

At the official consultation that fol-

lowed, the professors were decidedly embarrassed.

"You should have warned the poor fellow, Butler," said Professor Morton. "You might have saved him this."

"I did give him some pretty broad hints," replied he, "but he does not seem to have understood. Of course the case is extremely regrettable, but since it has gone so far why not give him the degree?"

"Is the university a charitable institution?" asked Professor Pierce.

"You know he has a family to support," added Butler.

"If he had appeared at the examination with a little son under each arm, and said nothing, it would have been the most effective thing he could possibly have done," remarked Professor Morton.

"Of course we all know very well that he is an applicant for the highest degree the university confers," said Professor Pierce, "are we satisfied to allow him to represent the university under the circumstances?"

"I must say frankly that I cannot consent to recommending him for the degree," said Professor Morton.

"Nor can I," said Professor Pierce.

"Suppose we compromise by giving him an honorary A.M.," suggested Professor Butler. "I know this will be to him something like asking for bread and getting a stone, but no better solution of the problem occurs to me now."

Having agreed to this proposition they separated, and Professor Butler went down to Hardman's rooms to announce the decision.

"It was one of the most painful experiences I have ever known," he told his colleagues later. "I couldn't get him to realize it at first, but after he did, it was terrible. They took it as they would take a funeral."

After Professor Butler's departure Hardman wearily began to pack away the humble household belongings he had so joyously disposed about the rooms only two years before. Mrs. Hardman silently assisted him. She could not trust herself to speak. Outside on the stone door-step the two children sat stroking the cat who purred contentedly between them in

happy ignorance of the crushing blow that had descended upon the family. Nor did the children realize the full extent of the misfortune which had befallen their father; but they knew that something awful had happened, and their little faces, so photographic of Hardman, wore an expression of childish despair.

Hardman took down the rusty stove-pipe, and gazed at it critically.

"I don't bleeve it's wuth carryin' home, Minnie," he remarked.

She shook her head in affectionate assent.

"I dunno but it's ez wuthy of goin' back ez I be," he went on, in sad meditation. "I dunno but it's done it's work ez well."

Mrs. Hardman paused in the act of folding a worn little dress belonging to one of the children.

"You sha'n't say that, Ezra," she said, with a suspicious break in her voice. "You done your work good an' faithful here, an' nobody can't make me bleeve you didn't. Ef they won't give the degree when you earned it fair, it's just because they're jealous."

Hardman was too hopeless to assent to this encouraging and comforting view of the case. He flung the rejected stove-pipe far out of the open window, and watched it become a magnificent ruin on the ash-heap at the foot of the garden. Above his head the canaries twittered apprehensively. It seemed as if the peaceful landscape before him was mocking him derisively. The distant blue river winked knowingly at him. He heard the silver-tongued university chimes chronicling his disgrace across the campus. Even the trees appeared to be whispering together about him.

He wondered how he would be received at Wayback. He had taught there to the best of his ability for the last ten years. Would they permit him to return, dishonored as he was, and take up again the sweet, accustomed life? He felt that he could not blame them if they refused, and demanded his resignation, and what institution could he hope to find willing to welcome a person thus doubly reproached?

He experienced a curious dislike for

himself, a strange sense of a dual identity as if he were at once some poor, hunted miscreant, and a member of a righteously indignant public judging him. He turned away from the window with a sudden darkness before his eyes and a queer ringing in his ears, and from out the darkness he felt a pair of warm and loving arms about his neck, and heard a tremulous voice say: "Oh, Ezra, I can't bear to see you suffer so; it breaks my heart. It don't make no difference t' me 'bout the old degree, Ezra, because, you know, I know you deserved it, an' I love you, Ezra."

Two days later the Hardmans' rooms were vacant, and they were speeding

away to the friends at Wayback who were eagerly waiting to welcome the new-made doctor with his distinguished honors.

A year after Hardman's departure as Professor Butler was glancing over the *Maxwell Herald* at breakfast, his eye was caught by the following paragraph: "It gives us pleasure to announce that Professor Ezra Hardman, who holds the chair of Modern History at Wayback College, Wayback, Wis., has accepted the presidency of that institution, and will enter upon his new duties immediately. President Hardman received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Maxwell University last June."

WOOD SONGS.*

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

III.

Ask me not why—I only *know*.
 It were thy loss if I could show
 Thee cause as for a lesser thing.
 Remember how we searched the spring,
 But found no source—so clear the sky
 Within its earth-bound depths did lie.
 Give to thy joy its wings,
 Unto thy heart its song, nor try
 With questionings
 The throbbing throat that sings.

For in thy clear and steadfast eyes
 Thine own self-wonder deepest lies,
 Nor any words that lips can teach
 Are sweeter than their wonder-speech;
 And when thou givest them to me,
 Through dawns of tenderness I see,
 As in the water-sky,
 The sun of certainty appear.
 So—ask me why,
 For then thou knowest, dear.

* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, October, 1892, for "Wood Songs" I. and II.



HISTORIC MOMENTS: THE DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS IN THE CAPITOL.

By Robert C. Winthrop.



THE death of the venerable ex-President, John Quincy Adams, in the Capitol, at Washington, forty-five years ago, having been selected by the editor as one of the "Historic Moments" for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, he has requested me to furnish him with some account of a scene of which, as he truly says, I am one of the very few surviving eye-witnesses.* He is right in thinking that I was the Speaker of the United States House of Representatives at the time, and that Mr. Adams's chair being very near the Speaker's desk, I was in the way of seeing clearly all that occurred. He is right, too, in thinking that my relations to Mr. Adams, during the whole seven years of our association as members of Congress from Massachusetts, had been peculiarly intimate, and even affectionate, and that the occurrence must have been one of intense interest to me. He had voted for me as Speaker, not many weeks before, under peculiar circumstances, and had administered to me the Speaker's Oath; and I, in my turn, as Speaker, had administered the oath of membership to him. But such formalities are hardly worth mentioning in view of the frequent interchange of hospitalities and friendly offices which marked our intercourse from first to last, and of which I have many inter-

esting reminiscences. Let me proceed, however, without further preamble, to the scene which I have been requested to describe.

I had attended a large reception at Mr. Adams's house, on Saturday evening, February 19, 1848, when he was apparently in the best of health and spirits, though well advanced in his eighty-first year, and when he seemed particularly kind and cordial in greeting his friends. A Sunday intervened, of which he was by no means unobservant. He was present at the religious services held in the Capitol at noon, and in the afternoon he again attended public worship at St. John's Church. At nine o'clock in the evening his wife read to him in his library—as we are told in Mr. Everett's Eulogy—"a sermon by Bishop Wilberforce on *Time*—hovering, as he was, on the verge of eternity."

On Monday morning, the 20th, he was in his seat at the House, with his proverbial punctuality. Prayers had been offered by the chaplain. The Yeas and Nays had been called by the clerk, and I was proceeding to make some announcement or to put some formal question, when Mr. Adams rose impulsively—I had almost said impetuously—with a paper in his outstretched hand, exclaiming, with more than his usual earnestness and emphasis:

"Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!"

The reiteration rings again in my ears as I write these words. But before he

* One of these very few, my friend, the Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, of Atlanta, Ga., has passed away since I began this article, in his eighty-fifth year.

could explain his object, or add another syllable, his hand fell to his side, and he sank upon the arm of his chair, only saved from dropping to the floor by being caught by the member nearest to him. An exclamation was almost instantly heard—"Mr. Adams is dying." Business was at once suspended, and the excitement and confusion which ensued can be imagined better than described. More than two hundred Representatives, in all parts of the Hall and from all parts of the country, were seen rising from their seats and pressing forward toward their beloved and revered associate, almost as if it were in their power to reverse the will of God and rescue him from the power of the great destroyer.

Few persons of equal eminence—or of any eminence—have been distinguished by such a presence at their death-scene. Fortunately there were several physicians among the members of the House. Dr. William A. Newell, afterward the Governor of New Jersey, had the seat immediately in front of Mr. Adams, and took the lead in repressing the throng, securing air for the sufferer, and rendering all the medical aid which was possible. He co-operated with others in removing Mr. Adams on a sofa into the Rotunda, and thence, with but little delay, at my urgent instigation, into the Speaker's official chamber.

"This is the end of earth," was heard from his lips, as he fell, or when he was placed on the little couch which was hastily prepared for him, with the addition, as was alleged, "I am composed," or "I am content." But all signs of consciousness soon ceased, and he lingered, entirely insensible, until a quarter past seven on Wednesday evening, the 23d.

I was with him during a large part of this time, and, in company with my colleagues from Massachusetts and a few others, was at his side when he ceased to breathe. Neither the House nor the Senate transacted any business during the three days, but adjourned from morning to morning, until the end came. The anniversary of Washington's birthday was one of the intervening days, but it was recognized with

few, if any, of the customary festivities. The impending death of Mr. Adams cast a gloom over the whole city.

At the meeting of the House of Representatives on the morning of the 24th, the full attendance of the members, and the crowd which thronged the galleries, evinced the deep interest with which the formal announcement of the death was anticipated. As soon as the House was called to order, the Speaker addressed the House as follows:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives of the United States:

"It has been thought fit that the Chair should announce officially to the House an event already known to the members individually, and which has filled all our hearts with sadness.

"A seat on this floor has been vacated, toward which all eyes have been accustomed to turn with no common interest.

"A voice has been hushed forever in this hall, to which all ears have been wont to listen with profound reverence.

"A venerable form has faded from our sight, around which we have daily clustered with an affectionate regard.

"A name has been stricken from the roll of the living statesmen of our land, which has been associated, for more than half a century, with the highest civil service and the loftiest civil renown.

"On Monday, the 21st instant, John Quincy Adams sank in his seat, in presence of us all, owing to a sudden illness from which he never recovered; and he died in the Speaker's room at a quarter past seven o'clock last evening, with the officers of the House and the delegation of his own Massachusetts around him.

"Whatsoever advanced age, long experience, great ability, vast learning, accumulated public honors, a spotless private character, and a firm religious faith could do, to render anyone an object of interest, respect, and admiration, they had done for this distinguished person; and interest, respect, and admiration are but feeble terms to express the feelings with which the members of this House and the people of the country have long regarded him.

"After a life of eighty years, devoted from its earliest maturity to the public service, he has at length gone to his rest. He has been privileged to die at his post; to expire beneath the roof of the Capitol; and to have his last scene associated forever in history with the birthday of that illustrious patriot, whose just discernment brought him first into the service of his country.

"The close of such a life, under such circumstances, is not an event for unmingled emotions. We cannot find it in our hearts to regret that he has died as he has died. He, himself, could have desired no other end. 'This is the end of earth,' were his last words, uttered on the day on which he fell. But we might almost hear him exclaiming as he left us—in a language hardly less familiar to him than his native tongue—'*Hoc est, nimirum, magis feliciter de vitâ migrare, quam mori.*'

"It is for others to suggest what honors shall be paid to his memory. No acts of ours are necessary to his fame. But it may be due to ourselves and to the country, that the national sense of his character and services should be fitly commemorated."

The Speaker was followed by the Hon. Charles Hudson, of Massachusetts, by the Hon. Isaac E. Holmes, of South Carolina, by the Hon. Samuel F. Vinton, of Ohio, and by ex-Governor James McDowell, of Virginia, who successively paid eloquent tributes to Mr. Adams's career and character.

Mr. Hudson spoke of him as "one whose public services are coeval with the establishment of our Government;" as "one who has come down to us from past generations, and of whom it might almost be said that he was living in the midst of posterity."

Mr. Holmes said of him, that "there was no incident in the birth, the life, the death, of Mr. Adams not intimately interwoven with the history of the land." "How often," added he, "have we crowded into that aisle, and clustered around that now vacant desk, to listen to the counsels of wisdom, as they fell from the lips of the venerable sage!"

Mr. Vinton declared, that "no man has heretofore died, while a member of

this body, who will fill so large a space in his country's history, or who has stamped so deeply his impress on her institutions."

"Such," said the eloquent Governor McDowell, of Virginia, "such for half a century has been the eminent position of Mr. Adams in the eyes of his countrymen; such the veneration and almost uniform homage entertained for his intellect and virtues; and such in all respects his great relations to this entire Union, and to the daily thought of its growing millions, that on this sad occasion the language of all its parts will be the language of lamentation. It is not for Massachusetts to mourn alone over a solitary and exclusive bereavement. No! Her sister Commonwealths gather to her side in this hour of her affliction, and intertwining their arms with hers, they bend together over the bier of her illustrious son—feeling as she feels, and weeping as she weeps, over a sage, a patriot, and a statesman gone!

"There he sat, with his intense eye upon everything that passed, the picturesque and rare old man; unapproachable by all others in the unity of his character and in the thousand-fold anxieties which centred upon him. No human being ever entered this hall without turning habitually and with heartfelt deference first to him; and few ever left it without pausing as they went to pour out their blessings upon that spirit of consecration to the country which brought and which kept him here."

A committee of thirty members was thereupon appointed to arrange and superintend the funeral of Mr. Adams, and it was voted that his chair remain unoccupied for thirty days, and that the hall of the House be clothed with symbols of mourning during the same period. The Speaker's Address was directed to be entered on the Journal, and he was ordered to appoint a member from each State and Territory of the Union to accompany Mr. Adams's remains to the place designated by his family for his interment.

A message was sent to the Senate officially communicating the event, and Senators John Davis, of Massachusetts

—commonly known at that time as “Honest John Davis”—and Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, then “the father of the Senate,” paid eloquent tributes to one who had been a Senator himself half a century before.

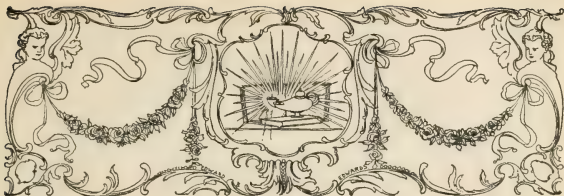
The funeral services were held in the hall of the House of Representatives on Saturday, February 26th. A sermon was delivered by the Rev. R. R. Gurley, the Chaplain of the House. “How blest the righteous when he dies” was exquisitely sung from the galleries. Abraham Lincoln, then a member of the House, was one of the Committee of Arrangements. Senators John C. Calhoun and Thomas H. Benton, Commodore Charles Morris, Mr. Justice McLean, and Mr. Justice Wayne, of the Supreme Court, were among the pall-bearers. Every State in the Union was represented on the committee which attended the remains of Mr. Adams to their final resting place in Quincy, Mass., and honors were paid to them in every city along the road.

That, certainly, was an “Historic Moment,” which witnessed so many of our most eminent statesmen laying aside all sectional, political, and personal prejudices, and uniting in such consummate honors to one whom not a few of them had so often warmly opposed. Henry Clay, who had been Secretary of State to Mr. Adams during his presidency, was not at Washington to take part in the tributes, having withdrawn from the Senate for a time; and Webster was kept away by tidings of distressing domestic bereavement; but their hearts were not wanting to the occa-

sion, as I had abundant opportunity of knowing. I was in consultation with Webster at his own house, on the morning on which Mr. Adams’s death was announced, and witnessed—I might rather say shared—his emotion.

An engraved portrait of Mr. Adams was at once subscribed for by the members of the House, and a marble bust of him was procured to mark the place where he died, in what was then the Speaker’s room, where it may still be seen. Meanwhile Mr. Arthur J. Stansbury, the veteran reporter of the *National Intelligencer*, had made a most vivid and accurate sketch of the dying statesman, of which I am glad to have preserved a copy. Nothing could be more exact or more impressive. More recently the spot on which he fell, in what was then the Representatives’ Hall, but which is now the Hall of Sculpture, has been carefully marked on the floor. But other memorials of that “Historic Moment” and of that illustrious man are still wanting. There is, I believe, no statue of John Quincy Adams at Washington, or even in Massachusetts. Nor has any artist portrayed upon canvas the scene which you have called upon me to describe. Copley immortalized himself by painting the death of Lord Chatham. But Chatham’s death was not more august than Adams’s. A brilliant eulogy was pronounced upon Adams by the prince of occasional orators at that day, Edward Everett, at the invitation of the Legislature of Massachusetts; but the statue or the historical picture, one or both, remain to be ordered and executed.





THE POINT OF VIEW.

THROUGH a growing frankness respecting their private affairs, the men of letters are in danger of dissipating a popular illusion that has yielded them hitherto no little reverence. In the general judgment there is scant discrimination between authorship and scholarship; and it has been commonly supposed that the authors were, of necessity, a very learned company, reading all or most that had ever been written, remembering whatever they read, and writing always from minds fairly bursting with information. Yet, to the hazard of this flattering supposition, and in a fine burst of conscientiousness, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson ventured, a few years ago, to warn the public in a preface that he was not as learned as he might seem in the succeeding book. He has even repeated the warning since, though in terms not quite so direct. A few months ago, under a similar impulse of uncalculating honesty, Mr. Andrew Lang confided to the world, in these very pages, the fact that he was no scholar. The true scholar, he said, was one whom he respected to the point of envy; but he himself was not of the race. The force of the confidence was broken a little, however, by a closing caution that "people who really care for books" (and we know that one of these, at least, Mr. Lang is) "read them all!" The man who reads all the books will, perhaps, come as near meeting the general impression respecting the erudition of men of letters as though he were a scholar out and out.

Following Mr. Lang and Mr. Stevenson has come, within these few days, Mr. Her-

bert Spencer, with the disclosure that of "a number of the most distinguished English authors, past and present," if his opinion were asked, he should have to reply that he had never opened their books; and that, throughout life, his time "has been chiefly spent in observing and thinking, not in reading."

And these are not the only instances in point by a good many. Besides them there is, for one, that lately published confession of some friend of Victor Hugo's, that Hugo himself did not gather the information for his historical works, and that a man who could write like Hugo couldn't afford to spend his time in study.

The popular fancy which such confessions tend to disturb is a natural enough one, because there can be no especial skill developed in writing without a considerable amount of careful reading. But there is, nevertheless, somewhat of a conflict between the reading and the writing habit. While a certain fixity in the one may be necessary to prosperity in the other, they easily develop into rival interests; and many a man has found himself brought by this rivalry into all the embarrassments usual to the attempt to serve two masters. Professor Lounsbury, in his "Studies in Chaucer," says that "the order of intelligence which enables a man to become a great scholar is something more than different in degree from that which enables him to become a great poet." We might with truth put "writer" for "poet," and say that the man of letters in any sort is swayed by a bent entirely different from

the scholar's. It must have been under some fretting sense of this that Emerson declared, "If you elect writing for your task in life, I believe you must renounce all pretensions to reading."

Though qualified by an "I believe," Emerson's statement is somewhat too absolute; his own career in part discredits it. Yet no less than it says has been, fitfully at least, the thought of many a man whose pleasure was to read, but whose ambition was to write. The history of literature furnishes a number of instances of the literary impulse arrested by the scholastic. An eminent one is the case of Gray, the smallness of whose production has been often lamented and much disputed over. Gray himself had some fine words about "inspiration" in explanation of it; but the immediate cause was the final overmastery of the writing by the reading habit. Amiel, whose morbid, mystical "Journal Intime" attracted so much notice a while back, is another instance. A "soul petrified by the sentiment of the infinite," or some such thing, is what he thought was his affection. And Mark Pattison, suffering from the same disorder, adopted this euphuistic account of it and wrote to the editor of the "Journal" to disclose that there was "in existence at least one soul which" had "lived through the same struggles, mental and moral, as Amiel." The trouble, in plain words, was that both wanted to write, but loved too well to read. In theirs and in the case of Gray there is a touch of pathos, because at bottom they discover a grave weakness of will. This is happily absent from the cases of Matthew Arnold and Lowell, who may also be cited, I think, as examples of the scholastic bent developing somewhat at the expense of the literary. Neither ceased to produce while life lasted, but, under the dominance of their studies, one resigned poetry to criticism entirely, and the other partially.

CONSIDERED opinion has at present swung so far from Dickens that it is not likely to stay where it is, and its point of final rest probably lies somewhere between the coolness over which it is now quivering and the unconditional admiration to which it flew at first. Possibly, though, the present coolness is a few degrees nearer the truth

of the matter than the unconditional admiration was, and the final judgment will be rather farther from the first than from the present one. At any rate, the truth of the matter seems not to be quite apprehended by Mr. Charles Dickens, the younger, when he says, as he takes occasion to say in an introduction to a new edition of "Old Curiosity Shop": "It would be well, I think, if a certain class of critics, great and small, who are so fond of using certain conventional cant phrases about Charles Dickens's pathos being exaggerated and forced and overstrained, and all the rest of it, would reflect for a moment that in such a case as this, for instance [the death of 'Little Nell'], what he gave to the public was simply what he felt himself."

No great writer has failed, in any of the significant parts of his work, to be in some sort himself, and to write with a considerable measure of feeling; and a great writer no one has yet sought, we believe, to deny that Dickens was. But the quality of feeling varies from man to man. In one it is deep and hardly stirred; in another, it is shallow and always in motion. It is nearer normal—or, at any rate, the prevailing belief among strong and well-governed men is that it is nearer normal—when it is deep and slow than when it is quick and shallow. When of the latter quality it stirs in most people a sense of unreality. Thus an abiding note of depreciation has crept into the phrases by which it is usually designated. Whoever would have an entirely respectful interpretation put upon his use of such phrases as "a man of feeling," "a man of sensibility," "a man of sentiment," must carefully declare his wish beforehand. To cooler apprehensions the man of feeling, of sensibility, of sentiment wants sincerity. With emotions so affluent it is not seen how he can be genuine. In truth, he need not be ungenueine. His emotions may fall short of absolute reality in this, that they are less keen and significant than he is apt to account them; but they are entirely real to him, and the first deception they work is on himself.

Now, the judgment against Dickens is, not that he lacked feeling, but that he was superabundant in it; that his free and ready emotions sometimes overmastered him and got portrayed in his writings, as in his own

consciousness, in terms too high-wrought and emphatic. That he was a man of warm and generous disposition, a kindly man through and through, no one at all acquainted with either his works or his life should wish to dispute. But the very fact that he was this is suggestive of that emotional temperament which, the contention is, he could not always keep under due control. Intemperance of the sort imputed to him is not uncommon in literature, and in literature of a very high order. It makes what we call the sentimentalists, of whom Mr. Lowell ventures to decide that even Burke was one. Men seemingly the least prone to it by nature have lapsed into it for moments, especially when writing under insufficient inspiration, as all who ever write sometimes do write.

Dickens was a great humorist, and with our conception of the humorist, we are wont to associate a particularly keen sense of reality. In the faculty of seeing things as they are, and of keeping himself free of illusions, seems to lie his peculiar strength. Of course the last test is the gentleness and grace of heart and hand with which this strength is exercised; but these, without a sense of the fine force of insight under them, would yield very little pleasure. "The humorist, if he be analyzed to the end," says Scherer, "is a sceptic;" and, if care is taken not to lay too narrow and harsh a meaning on the word sceptic, it is extremely well said. The last man, therefore, one should think, to fall into self-deceptions and take his own emotions too seriously—to become, in short, a sentimentalist—would be the humorist. But precisely this has happened more than once. Sterne, in whom humor is so characteristic a quality that he has been said to "have been useful in fixing the sense of the word," is as typical of the sentimentalist as is Rousseau, who had no spark of humor in him. The two characters mingle in some measure in Carlyle. It would be a study worth someone's while to discover the points of harmony between such seeming incongruities as the sentimental and the humorous temperament.

of that partly pleasant and wholly modern invention, a roving existence in which, for art, no impression is wasted. M. de Maupassant," Mr. James adds, "travels, explores, navigates, shoots, goes up in balloons, and writes. He treats of the north and of the south, evidently makes 'copy' of everything that happens to him, and, in the interest of such copy and such happenings, ranges from Etretat to the depths of Algeria."

For M. de Maupassant even to the depths of Algeria is not so far from home as might be; and it is to be noted that, in the main, only by glimpses from between the lines do we catch sight in him of the exercise of that "wholly modern invention," a roving existence in search of artistic impressions. The most admirable of his tales are admirable in themselves and quite apart from any foreignness of scene or of people. But there is a body of imaginative writers who, if stripped of their foreignness, would be left well-nigh naked; and yet so resounding a triumph has crowned their excursions into the uttermost parts of the earth that one might almost infer that the only sure proof of original genius in a novel or a poem is that it gets from home at least as far as Kurdistan.

It would be absurd to deny the cleverness with which many of these writers do their work. They would be noteworthy for their enterprise and industry alone. It is no small matter, even with our present speed and comfort of travel, to run half round the earth in search of materials for a tale. It is no small matter to find them, however far one goes. And, finally, it is no small matter, but, on the contrary, a very great matter, a matter only rarely compassed, to use them effectively, wherever found. Nevertheless, there is in the prevailing fashion for novelty and remoteness an excess, and a blindness to what constitutes true artistic creation, that give token of its proving one of the most transient of literary fashions.

If it do not prove a transient fashion, where is it going to end? A limit is more than conceivable to the discovery of new lands and new peoples. With travellers pure and simple, historians, scientists, philosophers, merchants, missionaries, all working at it, as well as novelists and poets, the

"AND between the lines of them," says Mr. Henry James in exposition of M. de Maupassant's short tales, "we seem to read

freshness must get rubbed off of every foot of the globe by a day not inconsiderably remote. Within the last three or four years it has got pretty well removed from Japan, upper India, southern Africa, and the islands of the South Sea. If, then, novelties in geography and ethnology are to continue a high concern of imaginative literature, what is to become of the novelist and the poet of the end of the next century? Or, if by the closest picking they manage to make the earth still yield them sustenance for their crafts, how will fare the novelist and the poet of the century following? They, surely, must go empty; unless, perchance, Mars be opened up.

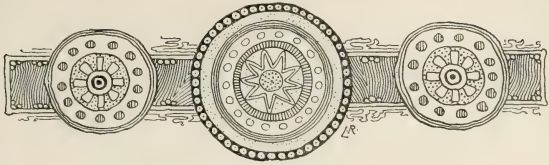
However, whether the fashion itself prove transient or not, most of the works produced under it must, I think, prove so. The masterpieces in literature, the productions whose durability is no longer open to question, depend for their effect remarkably little on mere strangeness of character or of scene. It is their great value that they portray people so nearly akin to ourselves, and in perplexities and crises so suggestive of our own. They have been, for the most part, emphatically national and have kept near home. And this has had much to do with establishing them in the fond regard of readers of their own race; for, however readers may enjoy being whisked hither and thither for a momentary sensation and change, their hearts' solid contentment is drawn, in the long run, most surely from familiar scenes. But while national, the literary masterpieces have been national even only in a large way, and might have been laid one place almost as well as another. They suggest, in comparison with the literature that is always straining after

the passing novelty, the familiar criticism of John Aubrey on Shakespeare. "His comedies," said Aubrey, "will remain witty as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum*; now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombities, that 20 years hence they will not be understood."

True, the fashion here in question is not precisely the one deprecated by Aubrey in the dramatists of the Restoration. But the two are identical in that under them both the author's attention is engrossed by small outer particulars that must soon change, or pass entirely away, and which will then lose most of their interest.

THE picture on page 356 of this month's issue of the Magazine, by an interesting though a sad coincidence, unites the last work, as far as we know, of two artists each in his kind. "The Cedars" was the last drawing presented to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and we think to any periodical, by Mr. Christopher Pearse Cranch, the poet and painter; and with it he had intended to publish some lines of verse which had not reached the Magazine at the time of his last illness. The engraving of this picture was, as far as is known, the last finished work of importance of Frederick Juengling, one of the foremost of American engravers, who began it during a visit to Europe made for the benefit of health which unfortunately never was restored. The picture increases this curious interest by the fact that, although drawn by the venerable poet after most of his active work had ceased, and engraved when Juengling was already ill, it represents the powers of both men at their best.





SOME NOTABLE FOOD PRODUCTS.

IT has been said that the march of civilization has been marked by the tin cans in which the pioneers have carried their sustenance and supplies of food into many a wilderness. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that but for the preparation of food for preservation, the exploration of unknown countries would have been impossible; but prepared foods have other and quite as important uses. The housekeeper may, if she so chooses, fully supply her table with valuable food products, made ready or partly ready for her use. Mankind can no longer depend upon the daily supply of food for daily and continuous needs. Fruits or foods of whatever kind can be, and are, now packed during any season, or wherever they are plenty, and may be kept or carried safely for consumption at any time. Prepared foods are, therefore, not only convenient but more economical to use than others. Various methods of manufacturing or preserving foods, or of utilizing products which were formerly wasted, have been invented, and these methods have been developed and perfected to the great improvement of the quality of the food supply of the world.

The packing of food for preservation and distribution in tin cans was begun in this country in about 1844. Salmon and lobster were the first products so treated, the former in New Brunswick, and the latter in Maine, by William Underwood & Co. During the first year only a few hundred cans of each of these were prepared, but now—so has the demand for canned goods increased—the aggregate production amounts to over seven hundred and fifty million cans a year, including all kinds of foods, soups, fish, meat, and fruits and vegetables.

Mr. Charles Mitchell, who came to America from Scotland, was the first to pack any food in tin cans in this country; but almost immediately he entered the employment of William Underwood & Co. Mr. William Underwood, who established this firm in 1822, was born in London, was there apprenticed to this business, and there remained until 1820. The beginnings of the firm were small; but now, with headquarters in Boston, they have factories in Boston, Cape Cod, Mt. Desert and Jonesport, Me., and in Nova Scotia; and there is no part of the civilized world where their goods are not sold and favorably known. In their coast factories, in Maine and on Cape Cod, they pack mackerel, clams, clam chowder, lobsters, and all fish, obtaining the materials fresh from the sea.

About twenty-five years ago the firm began the preparation and canning of devilled meats. They made no haste to get rich too rapidly by cheapening the quality of their goods after their sale was established, but strove, rather, to improve them year by year. The very greatest care has been used in the selection of the meats themselves, and the best skill and knowledge employed in the processes of their manufacture, with the utmost attention to cleanliness. As a necessary consequence, the sale of the goods has increased enormously and the trade-mark of the house has become a very valuable one—so valuable, indeed, that Underwood & Co. have had to protect their rights in their chosen trade-mark—the *devil*—and have them judicially determined. It has been decided by the courts that no other firm is at liberty to use this trade-mark. The interest of Underwood & Co. in representations of His

Satanic Majesty is a very important and certain one, for so well have the goods and the trade-mark become known that purchasers now ask for their devilled



goods with the devil on the label. It is told that in Spanish-American countries the natives are very anxious to obtain the picture of the devil on the cans, and obtaining it, paste it on the household

shrine. The devilled meats are used on the table in various ways, and there is nothing better with which to make delicious sandwiches for school-children, or for an afternoon tea, or an evening reception. They keep so well that they never deteriorate until the tin of the can is rusted by age.

A traveller, recently returned, says that, while in a mountainous district in the interior of Japan seldom visited by Europeans, the guide, whose duty it was to furnish provender, produced a can of Underwood's devilled ham, to the surprise and delight of the tourist. This indicates very forcibly the thoroughness of the distribution of these devilled meats.



At Limerick, Japan

Another specialty of Underwood & Co. is their Boneless Sugar-cured Ham. The meat is the choicest part of a ham, and is packed in cans of various weights. It is ready at a moment's notice, for luncheon, or tea, or in the evening. It looks well and is as much of the ham as is usually eaten in a private family. It is prepared with the same careful regard for quality that the firm exercises in preparing its other products.

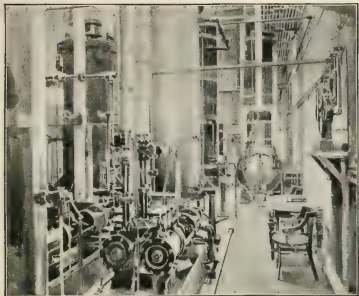
Few house-keepers have had a chance personally to observe the interesting

processes involved in the preparation for their tables of the juicy and delicious Ham, or of that toothsome relish and nutrient which is so pleasant an accompaniment to flesh, fish, or fowl when thinly sliced and cooked to a turn, Boneless Bacon.

The elaborate methods employed in the manufacture of many of the common necessities of life are often very pleasing, but nothing could be more interesting than the Machinery Room of F. A. Ferris & Company, of New York, where is their Pontifex Refrigerating Plant, by which each of their eighteen large curing rooms may be within a few hours reduced from Summer heat to any desired temperature, even to many degrees below freezing point, were that necessary.

In this wonderful refrigerating process aqua ammonia is in turn expanded by the application of steam heat into a gas, and afterward compressed again into liquid form. One of these changes develops a high degree of heat, which is carried off by a flood of running water pumped from artesian wells at a temperature of 53° to 55° Fahrenheit the year around, while the second process liberates a balancing degree of cold, and this is used to chill a chemical solution, practically unfreezable, to a zero temperature. This cold brine can be pumped through miles of pipe, chilling the rooms through which it passes by radiation just as buildings are heated by steam from similar pipes. Even in the midst of this machinery, no noise is heard save the slight click of the pistons of the steam-pumps, some of them carrying the artesian water, others moving the ammonia on its way from gas to liquid form again, and others sending the cold fluid to the most distant points of the establishment. Throughout the process, the same ammonia is used continuously, and with hardly perceptible loss. The importance of this method is understood when it is realized that for the curing of meat an even temperature of about 40° is required, and, by the work of the Pontifex, this mild Winter temperature is uniformly kept in the Curing rooms the year around.

From the time the Hams are cut from the freshly slaughtered animal, until weeks afterward they are delivered in packages for shipment, they are under the rule of established processes which go on with the greatest regularity,



The Pontifex Refrigerating Plant

cleanliness, and care. After the initial treatment of "chilling," by which the gases (commonly called animal heat) are withdrawn from the flesh, for many weeks each joint is in contact with a solution of salt, granulated sugar, and other ingredients, a secret formula, which has been perfected after long experience. Frequent manipulation insures the even absorption of the solution into the arterial system of the flesh. While this process is going on, the Hams remain in large stone vats. When the meat has been sufficiently impregnated with the salt, etc., it is said to be "cured," and is then ready, after washing in cold water, for the process of "smoking." No camera could present the curious appearance of what is called a Smoke-House, which will contain at one hanging 2,000 Hams. Twelve of these huge places are required to handle the products of the Ferris establishment, and sometimes three or four of them are finished off every morning.

After smoking and just before shipment the hams are wrapped in canvas in an interesting department dubbed "The Sewing Circle."

The clean light burlap, interwoven with rows of tasteful blue stripes, is a patented trade-mark of this house. Many boys and men find employment as sewers, and the celerity with which the seams are drawn together is one of the interesting exhibitions of the deftness of human fingers. After the hams are can-

vassed, a metal seal is affixed to the loop by which the Ham may be hung, and then they are passed over to the labelling table, and thence to the various dealers of the world.

Ferris & Company have been extensive advertisers, and their twin maxims. "Our constant aim is to make them the finest in the world," and "A little higher in price, but —!" are familiar to the eye of every intelligent house-keeper, and after viewing the facilities and methods of their manufactory, the visitor is ready to endorse the verity of both.

No invention of recent years, perhaps, has had greater effect upon the health and comfort of mankind than the invention and perfection of the machinery which has made possible the extraction of the oil from the seed of the cotton-plant, in an economical enough way. Within a very short time it was so difficult and expensive to extract the oil from it that the seed was looked upon as worse than useless; but now with the improved machinery the manufacture of cotton-seed oil has come to be one of the great industries of the country. The American Cotton Oil Co. now has one hundred and twenty-four manufacturing properties located in sixteen States, and the company's output of cotton-oil last year was 42,418,000 gallons. From 13,000,000 to 15,000,000 gallons of oil are exported each year, the largest shipments being made to France, England, Australia, Italy, Spain, and Belgium, in the order named.

Notwithstanding the importance of this industry in a commercial way, it is, however, still more important to the great consuming public, for the fact that cotton-seed oil has become an article of commerce has made possible the preparation of other new, improved, and highly palatable foods.

As general knowledge has extended, knowledge of better kitchen processes has grown, and the scientific aspect of cooking has received a larger degree of attention, and people have been awakened to the importance of greater care in the selection of food materials.

The objections to the use of lard are

numerous and well known, but for long it was believed to be indispensable and that no satisfactory substitute for it could be found. As a result of the development of the manufacture of cotton-seed oil, however, a proper substitute was at

So certain of its quality and so content that this Salad Oil shall be known to be just what it is are the Company, that they request purchasers to see that the words "The American Cotton Oil Co." are branded on the cork.



Cotton Picking in the South

length found in cottolene, a preparation of cotton-seed oil and beef-suet.

Cottolene may be described briefly as being pale yellow, nearly the color of natural butter. It is about the consistency and texture of lard. It is practically odorless, and is sweet and pure to the taste, having what may be described as a neutral flavor. It contains nothing but the refined, clarified cotton-seed oil and selected beef-suet; no salt, no water, not even coloring matter. It has received high endorsement from physicians and food chemists, because of its wholesome and nutritious qualities, and it is universally recommended by all the authorities on cooking. It has greater richness than lard without being greasy. "Rich, but not greasy," describes it accurately in that respect. It has become as staple as sugar, tea, or coffee.

The business of N. K. Fairbank & Co., who were the originators of Cottolene, is now conducted as one of the departments of the American Cotton Oil Co. Another department of The American Cotton Oil Co. is the Union Oil Co., of Providence, R. I. By this company is prepared another product of cotton-seed oil. It is the Providence Pure Salad Oil. It has been stated that perhaps three-quarters of the so-called olive-oil sold in America is not olive-oil at all.

Do we think too much, or do we think too little, of what we eat? Is it not true, if the taste be sweet and pleasant, we are apt to forget to ask the essential questions, "Is it pure? Is it healthful? Is it the best of its kind that can be had?" All of these questions relating to food apply no more forcibly to any food product than to baking-powder. In these latter days, the use of baking-powder has become a daily necessity. Every housewife should exact of her cook that she purchase only the best baking-powder. It is no easy task to select wisely and judiciously from the long list of powders now on the market, and to select from among them all the very best. The only safe way to do is, with our baking-powder as with our friends, rely upon the old and tried ones. New friends are well enough, but the old and trusted ones are indeed the best on whom to place our reliance. Of the long list of baking-powders which are advertised, few there are that have stood the test of time as has the brand of Sea Foam. For a quarter of a century it has ranked as the best baking-powder that could be purchased. The owners of this brand advertise it as a strictly pure Cream of Tartar powder—the Strongest, the Purest, the Best—and those who have tried and known its merits think that their claim



Packing Sea Foam Baking Powder.

is in every way justified. The accompanying cut shows the neat and cleanly way in which this famous brand of baking-powder is prepared for sale by the well-known house of The Potter-Parlin Company, 176 and 178 Duane Street, New York City.

The preparation of animal food for human consumption was formerly in existence in every town and village in the land; but now the business has been recreated and has become centralized in the hands of a few large concerns employing enormous capital and thousands of workmen. Few economic revolutions have been so complete or so far-reaching. The result has been to save every year millions of money which used to be wasted, and better meat and animal food products are obtainable than before. The change has been due partly to the growth of capital, no doubt; but mainly to the invention of the refrigerator car and other improved facilities for transportation. It is cheaper to transport dressed meat than the live animal, and it is an economy to kill and dress animals as near the point of greatest production as possible. The great meat-dressing and packing establishments of America are located therefore mainly in the West. One of the largest and most important of these is that of The Cudahy Packing Co.

of South Omaha, Neb. This company, with a capital of \$3,500,000, has an establishment covering over twenty-three acres of ground. Its buildings have a floor space of seventy-five acres, while the floors of the cold storage rooms alone are fifteen acres in extent. It is a great establishment, with all known facilities and conveniences. It employs 2,400 people, and by it annually over 500,000 cattle, about 2,000,000 hogs, and many thousands of sheep, calves and poultry, are turned into food. It owns 600 refrigerator cars. In these, kept always at a low and even temperature by ice and salt placed in receptacles at the ends and replenished from ice-houses at intervals of about two hundred miles on the journey, meat of the best possible quality is delivered all over the world in prime condition.

In this great establishment nothing is wasted. The best parts of the carcass are shipped as meat; other parts are used to be made into various and many by-products—into tallow, and lard; the hog stomachs yield 30,000 pounds of pepsin



Putting Up Beef Extract in Jars.

annually; the bones are turned into knife handles; parts of the hoofs and bones into glue, and finally all not otherwise used is burned and becomes phosphates or other fertilizers. One of the most important of these by-products is beef extract, and of this, this company prepares every year some 200,000 pounds of their "Rex" brand. The value of beef-tea in the sick-room has long been known; but of late years it has become recognized that here was a preparation, palatable, nutritious

beyond any other food, and readily digestible. Beef extract has become an important article of ordinary diet, with a wide variety of uses. Experiments in European armies have shown its marvellous nutrient powers, proving that soldiers fed upon it can endure more fatigue than those fed upon ordinary meat diet. In the household it may be used in the preparation of beef-tea, or to add flavor and quality to soups, gravies, salads, or it may be spread upon buttered bread, making a substantial sandwich. It is made of only selected lean beef; the water and all waste materials are eliminated, the product being a clear brown paste, appetizing and delicious; the utmost cleanliness and care are exercised in the processes of its manufacture. It is because of the knowledge and skill and care used in its manufacture that The Cudahy Packing Company have been able to make the "Rex" brand of Extract of Beef so justly popular and famous.

While so much care, invention, capital, and energy have been expended in the endeavor to develop and improve the manufacture and preparation of food whose use tends to lighten the burdens of the housekeeper or to lessen her expenses, other needs have not been forgotten or neglected. Due attention has

been given by learned and skilful men to the discovery and proper preparation of



Henry Hawthorne Smith
Oakland, Ca.

foods suitable for the sustenance of infants, and to add to the comfort and prolong the lives of invalids whose condition requires other than ordinary foods.

For many reasons there has always been a need for a proper artificial food for children, and there was a time, not so very long ago, when the hand-fed baby was supposed to be doomed to a doubtful, or at the best, sickly, existence. But the world has moved in more directions than one, so that better methods now prevail and the mortality of infants can no longer be attributed to hand-feeding if only the food used is judiciously chosen and properly administered. There can be no question that there are thousands of children in the country whose lives are a constant joy to their parents and full of promise for themselves, who but for the prevalence of these better methods would either not be alive at all or who would only cause hopeless anxiety, worry, and trouble to those responsible for their being or interested in their welfare.

The reasons for the difficulties of old can be easily enough understood. Then cow's milk, either alone or with water, sugar, or some starchy food, was chosen as food for infants. Cow's milk, although it is in some respects very like the human mother's milk, contains a smaller proportion of sugar and a notably larger proportion of cheese, and this cheese cannot be digested by infants except those of very unusual health and vigor. The addition of a proper amount of water re-



Miss F. H. Hallard
Lancaster, Mass.



Dorothy Grace Gibson
Great Falls, Montana

duces the cheese to the right proportion, but at the same time further lessens the already deficient proportion of sugar; if cane-sugar is added trouble arises, and the addition of starchy foods is even worse, for infants have at first little power of digesting starch, this power not being fully developed until they are over a year old.

Mialhe, a celebrated French chemist and savant, announced, in a paper read before the French Academy so recently as 1845, his discovery of the property in the saliva which changes starch into sugar and makes it digestible, and suggested the use of a mixture of wheaten flour and malt in a food for young children, on account of their inability to digest starchy matters. Baron von Liebig, to whom the world is so much indebted for his discoveries in physical and hygienic science, felt that a scientifically prepared food would prevent the great mortality among infants. Realizing this need and working upon the lines of Mialhe's discovery, and making use of the previously known fact that malt, under certain conditions, converts starch into sugar as it is similarly converted by saliva in the adult, devised a formula for the ideal infant's food. However, correct and ingenious as were the principles upon which his formula was based, the difficulty of its preparation almost forbade its use in the family.

Gustav Mellin, who had been an assistant to Mialhe, and who afterward became a chemist in London, England, experimented for years, and at last discovered a process of manufacturing the food upon the formula of Liebig in a form adapted to general use.

The Food devised by Mellin is a soluble, dry extract from wheat and malted barley, entirely free from cane-sugar and starch. The combination of diluted cow's milk with the dextrine and malt-sugar, and also the nitrogenous and phosphatic matters which are so essential for the healthy growth of the child, produces an artificial food so closely approximating to human milk as to be practically the same. It is not only a perfect food for infants, but it is of the greatest value to invalids of enfeebled digestion for whom food readily digestible and highly nutritious is indispensable, since it is ready for immediate assimilation by the digestive organs, and its nourishing and sustaining powers are at once felt by the system.

Numberless letters of grateful approval and photographs of healthy children who have been well nourished by it have been received by the Doliber-Goodale Co., of Boston, who are the proprietors of Mel-



Watsko Beneciman,
Philadelphia, Pa.

lin's Food, and these prove that it is correct in theory and satisfactory in use.

There has been a notable increase in the consumption of cocoa and chocolate in this country during the past few years. This has been brought about partly by the improved methods of preparing the crude materials for domestic use, and partly by a wider appreciation of the value of the product as an article of food. Baron von Liebig, the distinguished German Chemist, stated as the result of his careful and conscientious analytical tests that: "It is a perfect food, as wholesome as delicious, a beneficent restorer of exhausted power; but its quality must be good, and it must be carefully prepared. It is highly nourishing and easily digested, and is fitted to

The cocoa and chocolate manufacturing establishment of Walter Baker & Co., at Dorchester, Massachusetts, is not only the oldest but much the largest on this continent. It was founded in 1780, before the close of the War of the Revolution. It has prospered steadily and uninterruptedly; and the whole secret of its success is to be found in the fact that it furnishes articles of acknowledged purity and excellence. No alkalies or other chemicals or dyes are used in any of Walter Baker & Co.'s preparations. The exquisite flavor and odor of their Breakfast Cocoa is due wholly to the seeds themselves, since absolutely no foreign matter is added from first to last. The



Bird's-eye View of Walter Baker & Co.'s Mill, Dorchester, Mass.

repair wasted strength, preserve health, and prolong life. It agrees with dry temperaments and convalescents; with mothers who nurse their children; with those whose occupations oblige them to undergo severe mental strains; with public speakers, and with all those who give to work a portion of the time needed for sleep. It soothes both stomach and brain, and for this reason, as well as for others, it is the best friend of those engaged in literary pursuits."

To such a statement nothing need be added as to the value of the pure article. "But its quality must be good," says the Baron; and that is the important point for the consumer to consider when he comes to choose between the various manufactures which have been placed on the market.

ideal method of manufacture which they have adopted is not a chemical torturing by the addition of foreign ingredients, as in the alkali process; but it consists in the complete unlocking, by perfectly natural, mechanical means, of all the virtues of the seeds. One does not try to render the albuminoids of wheat and other grains soluble by means of ammonia, soda, or potash, nor does one think it desirable to increase the solubility of the albuminoids of egg and meat by adding caustic or carbonated alkalies to them before they are used. And yet chemical processes analogous to these have been devised and are sometimes used with regard to cocoa. One of the leading physicians has stated that the great majority of persons cannot bear the daily use of dilute alkaline liquids.

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DRAWN BY A. D. WENZELL.

A CENTURY AGO

—See *The Arts Relating to Women.*

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AN ARTIST IN JAPAN.

By Robert Blum.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



WAY back—was it 1872?—Cincinnati encumbered itself with a musical festival. I have a dim recollection of its being the very first—an inception of Teutonic ingenuity, inculcating in the native art public an appreciation leading to, and crowned at last by, the erection of Springer Music Hall. During that particular month of May of which I speak the town led a highly festooned existence, with much and vigorous demonstration of the kind so indispensable to all German "Jubelund Festtage." The event, however—quite apart from the significant epoch in the city's history—was incidental to an episode that to me had the force and suddenness of a revelation.

In and out of the crowd surging about the crude structure—the smell of the fresh, unpainted pine of the "Sänger-Halle," mingling with the odor of budding trees, wafted across from Washington Park—a boy was busily hawking ordinary Japanese fans. I think they were the first I had ever seen, and I became, what must have seemed to him, an amazing, if somewhat critical buyer. As enthusiastic a student, as I had been before an extravagant customer. I hung over the treasure, providently exploring my vast and fascinating prize.

The magnificent Japanese display at the Centennial Exhibition, in 1876, augmented the wild desire that had grown up in me to some day visit this country of art. In the years slipping by my aspiration was cherished only as an idle day-dream, and—like all dreams—fast became dim and indistinct, when suddenly I awoke to find it revived in the golden reality. I was on my way to Japan.

We had approached the coast during the night.

The sound of the steamer's whistle was still in my ears as I awoke the next morning with a vague sense of apprehension. In place of the full throb and beat, the engine's pulsations seemed strangely faint and feeble, and it hardly



Sketch from the Steamer-deck along the Coast



The Sampan

needed the renewed shriek—strained and hoarse, as if irritated by its efforts—to tell the cause of the ship's half-speed. That there was fog was only too apparent in the sickly and chalky light which found its way through the blurred port-hole. Nor was a more expansive view of the situation as seen from the deck conducive to anything but impatient staring and an over-abundant vexation which this change in the weather had brought about. The air was bleak, and filled with the drizzle of the fog pressing in on us from all around. It was easier, in the rawness of the cold, to believe in the closing in of an Arctic winter than the actual

spring at hand which favored this June morning with so remarkable a phenomenon. Shivering, I walked about the slippery deck, listlessly watching the coolie sailors at their various tasks of preparing the ship for port, and colliding, at the companion-ways, with precipitate passengers that gradually drifted into groups about the comfort-giving smoke-stacks. Yokohama, our destination, never seemed farther away, and could be barely credited with a mundane existence at all.

Imperceptibly, and certainly quite as unexpectedly, the fog lifted, and broke into shifting banks. About us stretched the immense expanse of Yedo Bay,



smooth, lazy, and gleaming with the sheen of satin in the opalescent light. The sun, veiled, formed of the sky a shimmering silver dome, made iridescent here and there the floating mist, flashed brokenly in luminous streaks, and sent out into the distance a wealth of tender, rose-tipped shafts to where—hovering in the air, intangible as a rainbow, high above the land-blurring vapor—appeared the snow-topped crown of Fuji-Yama. The land, close to the left of us, might have had, even with better opportunity to judge, characteristics similar to other coasts; but now there was no mistaking this country for any other—this was Japan.

It was while I was busy in my stateroom below, in a heated search for the inevitable last few and scattered belongings, and wasting energy over refractory valises and trunk-locks, that I heard the rattling chain of the anchor plunging



A Cloth-bound Head.



A girl looking back over her shoulder!—Page 406.

overboard. When I finally found myself free from the wiles of a particularly time-robbing shawl-strap, I hurried on deck. The first sight of the harbor was rather disappointing. As we lay at some distance out, Yokohama presented itself as a panorama; but, like nearly all panoramas, it was monotonous, and excepting a certain Oriental setting of verdured "bluffs" and hills, uninteresting enough. There was too much that was uncompromisingly ugly in the incongruous mixture of Western and Eastern architecture to admit of even passing interest. As a whole, the bustling port, with its "common-the-world-over" aspect, seemed prosperous and very enterprising. As everything depends upon the point of view, I dare say to a mercantile eye the spacious harbor, with its bristling population of ships, appeared successful enough; I found myself quarrelling with it only on personal grounds—as the background to the picture in the immediate vicinity of the steamer it was a lamentable failure.

Here, on the other hand, was abundant proof that we had reached Japan in the swarm of crowding sampans surrounding us like a large school of fish—boats of unpainted fir gleaming brightly in the sunlight, of a build unlike any seen elsewhere, curiously put together (a row of sunken copper cleets being

the only bit of metal apparently used in them), and having the double advantage of utility and trim decoration. There might have been perhaps in the odd high stem-pieces, even the flat bottoms (were it not for the straw matting and hibachi), and, to a certain extent, in the skilful manner of handling the strange spliced oar, a dim suggestion of the

it had been whispered—a rumor not un-mixed with some degree of malice, and emanating, I hasten to add, from the smoking-room—was coming to Japan to devote herself to missionary work. I say it with all deference due such a sensibility as she displayed, that I shared, perhaps equally, the shock received by a sense of propriety in sec-



The Slushy Rice Field

boats in old, far-away, Venetian days. But of a certainty the occupants could not have been mistaken for any other than Japanese—these small, wiry, dark-skinned people could belong to no other race.

This color-splashed crowd of half-naked natives, in full cry for patronage, was so splendid, so delightfully, confusingly picturesque, that I was lost to all else about me, and expended on them all my powers of observation. And it was only when, in my vicinity, a lady passenger gasped, "Oh, my! aren't they horrid?" and with heightened color fled, that I was recalled to my immediate surroundings. The lady,

ing such reckless disregard of wearing apparel. But whereas she found fault with finely bronzed forms bared of nearly all clothing, I, on the other hand, was incensed at the complacent scarecrows which those natives, wearing our costume, had made of themselves. And while it was easy to see that the lady might prefer the hybrid creature, a caricature decked out in billycock hat and congress gaiters, and generally riotous as to the fit and color—but clothed withal—I, on the contrary, confess to feeling a keen, even fierce exultation in the fine natural unconsciousness of a people who can afford to luxuriate in the quiet dignity of a loin-cloth.



Shop Curtains

No doubt the proper way should have been to go ashore per sampan. But in the trying moment of facing problems of so new and exceptional a kind, it was timidity more than desire that checked me in generously offering suggestions to the Japanese friend who was with me. And it was only after clambering down the ship's ladder and scrambling over a few intermediate sampans, and reaching the wheezy little tug—dodging showers of slushy soot and cinders as we sputtered along, and passing some radiantly complacent fellow-passengers in the clean-matted boats—that I regretted my taciturnity and felt that a mistake had been made.

There was little formality on the part of the officials at the custom-house examination. With unruffled mien, and a consciousness of superior privileges which even the least important of us at times assume, we awaited our turn. We held ourselves, in a measure, to be visitors to the Japanese people at large. An invitation had been extended from the Japanese Government through the Commissioners of the Third National Exhibition at Tokyo, and presented to us by the consul before leaving New York. When we produced this hieroglyphic sesame, the official affably supplemented his bow with cabalistic signs with a lump of chalk on our unopened trunks and baggage, and we were free, feeling equal to any hospitality the country might offer.

My very first impressions of Yokohama will always remain vague and blurred. We expected to go on to Tokyo as soon as the pleasant little farce at the customs had concluded. There was an interval of a few hours before a train would start—ample time for a call which my friend wanted to make, and in which he wished me to join him. All this was deliberated in the midst of a lot of clamoring jinrikisha-men; of the ride itself which followed I have, however, a brighter recollection, impressing me as it did with the decidedly uncanny feeling of a perhaps somewhat overgrown infant taken out for an airing.

I had purchased, before leaving San Francisco, a diary—something small and compact that could easily follow me and be always at hand—a new and untried





DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

"At work heaping brush on smoldering fires."—Page 408.

experiment which I promised should be a thing of curiosity to my friends at home afterward as well as a benefit to myself. While it has perhaps realized expectation as to the first, its tantalizing unreliability, only exceeded by its brevity, makes it of doubtful success in the other respect. All I find at these

thing. Room a mere shell, nothing in way of furniture unless a kakemono and a flowering twig in bronze bowl standing in queer recess in one of the walls could be called such. Everything about seemed remote—'was I really seeing it at all' I kept thinking. Tea was brought . . . some sweetmeats



Gun-hammer Queue.

not very stimulating
Went at once to the
S.'s, and suddenly d
et strangeness of
off shoes before enter
engaged saw how perfectly
the little foot of the girl standing by
me on "nda waiting to usher us into
the guest-room. This same little per-
sonage, placing some squ
ded silk on matted floor,
knees and bowed her head till . . .
touched the floor, murmuring some-

" . . .
friend of
the quiet
Took

While so en-
formed was
the girl standing by
ushering us into
the guest-room. This same little per-
sonage, placing some squ
ded silk on matted floor,
knees and bowed her head till . . .
touched the floor, murmuring some-

—small, aniline red and green globes,
tasting like marrons glacés. After the
awkward introduction to S.'s friend—
he speaks only Japanese—got up from
floor, my Western joints altogether un-
prepared for the ordeal of crossing my
legs *à la Japonaise*, to examine the neat
woodwork and carpentry of room. Ate
Japanese food for first time—repast in
shape of lunch—forget what S. called
it. A vegetable soup, fish (boiled), and
with it a delightful affair, the root of
lily;—eggs, and a few more vegetables,

tea, rice, and warm saké. I managed to feed myself somehow with the chopsticks—seemed to get everything where it was not wanted and nothing where it was. Hinted to S. to make proper excuses; went through a queer kind of etiquette of drinking saké with host. All I could do was to smile and look pleasant to what seemed a kind of sober and rather impressive 'Well-here's-your-very-good-health—I'm-very-glad-to-have-met-you, performance.' Hurried away to catch 2.10 train for Tokyo."

So much for the diary. It might as easily have been a dream for the little retained of the living reality of a day so filled with frequent and startling revelations. It is hard to own to it, but all has faded away completely—all but the jerking, rattle-jointed skeleton exhibited above. I do dimly remember—and the impressions partake more of the nature of a series of prints from under-exposed plates than anything else—a vista of strange streets, stranger architecture, shapeless blurs that stand for figures; one or two others of closer focus, the object occupying the greater part of the field; a head, cloth-bound, dark-visaged almost to fierceness, the steady eyes looking into mine with inscrutable thoughts behind them; shadows from gnarled pines along the sides, making of the street a crumpled kake-mono; a girl looking back over her shoulder, with powdered neck and flashing high lights on her lacquered, black, wobbling clogs, and the like more.

The railway between Yokohama and Tokyo, with its European system of cars, is only one of the many anachronisms which a perhaps over-confiding rubbing with the West has brought about. Everywhere over the land is apparent an over-reaching haste on the part of the Japanese to acquire the

mark of the beast. Innovation takes the place of renovation—the spirit of the nineteenth century, materialized in the person of the surveyor, is hard at it

levelling moats and old ramparts, and laying out boulevards through the *debris* of many an ancient palace. The days of Feudalism are long past; the most lovely halls and spacious grounds of Daimyo and Lord have made way for a modern European hotel or bank building. It is, of course, more than useless to lament the depressing fact that the Japanese display a wonderful alacrity to pull down and destroy everything, and to adopt anything that will tend to show

their mad desire to keep abreast with the rest of the world.



A Head





Such reflections hardly troubled my mind at the time, as I dodged about from side to side in the coupe, to catch a glimpse of the country on our way to Tokyo. Nor did I feel deterred from utilizing the comfort and speed of the modern railway train, or get less enjoyment from any disturbing thoughts of what the journey must have been under more primitive conditions, and when even the more modern *jinrikisha*, was an unthought-of luxury.

There were large tracts that reminded me of Holland in their far-stretching simplicity—landscapes similar in the slight, thin lines of limbless trees breaking against the sky in Corot-like delicacy; in the woody clumps where thatched roofs nestled in cool shade, but totally unlike in the Oriental attributes of slushy rice-fields, tea-plantations, bamboo-groves, etc. There were isolated spots and places where the arbor-trained pear-trees even recalled Italy for the moment; but on the whole, a country peculiarly distinct and different from any other I had yet seen. It would be hard to say just in what the principal characteristic lies, unless it be in a certain robust ruggedness coupled with vegetation almost tropical and rankly profuse; a country, however, that, while resplendent with natural beauties, would, perhaps, appeal to the botanist more than to a temperament which loves vegetation less for its own sake than as a paintable background for the works of man. A country, moreover, teeming everywhere with life—in the fields of sprouting rice where rows of doubled-up figures, in tucked kimono, handled and fingered the tender roots; in the meadows, still brown with last year's weeds, with groups busy in clearing the ground for the seed. To see them in the mellowing glow of a hazy June afternoon, in their colored costumes among the dried, ochre-tinted stubble, on the miniature dykes, or in the roadway, was of ever-recurring pastoral picturesqueness. But best of all was to see here and there the ruddy, salmon-toned bodies of some field-laborers—stripped of all save the snowy white loin-cloth—at work heaping brush on smouldering

fires, and wreathed in the sinuous thick smoke. Such a thing seemed a gracious gift of nature; a pleasure easier felt than described.

Every now and then the train pulled up at a little station, prosaically trim and precise—as these affairs must be, I suppose—and as suddenly jerked me back into a befitting realization of modernity. The platform bustled into spasmodic life with the shuffle and clatter of clogs. A brief delay of amusing irruption and absorption of fellow-travellers, then on again into the sunny country beyond; past the rich and teeming fields, filled with workers, digging, delving, manure-spreading; past sleepy villages, till, skirting for a moment the bay at Shinagawa, we open a vista of glassy waters, flecked with sail; of clear-toned sky, streaked here and there by the trailing smoke of distant steamers. And then—I hesitate to write it—a thickening, not to say



The Baby

sickening, maze of brick walls, reeking chimneys of shop and factory, a final plunge into the midst of the paraphernalia of an elaborate railway yard. We had arrived.

Once in Tokyo the attempt at description becomes more perplexing.



Street Scene in Tokyo

There was in a letter or two written at the time a wild attempt to put my novel impressions into words, of which this fragment may give some idea :

" . . . I am busy collecting my scattered ideas, and come to a realizing sense that it is not all a dream !

"Can I make plain to you the reality of something which even to me seems as yet unreal, and haunts me with the belief that I shall surely wake up and find myself back in the little room at the Benedick. This dread keeps me rushing about trying to crowd days into hours. Can I give you an idea of

Japan ? Perhaps I can answer best by asking, Was there ever lover that blurted out his feelings in words intelligible enough to be of the least satisfaction to his dearest and most patient of chums—or to himself for that matter ?

" . . . I expected much of it (Japan)—I expected to be interested—fascinated ; I was even prepared to find—to find it go beyond my expectation, but I was hardly prepared to drop into a new world. And yet a world not altogether unfamiliar—the thousand and one things that go to make up its sur-



The Unconventional in Weaving Apparel.

face life having, in a way, become familiar through its Art. I am only brought face to face with the breathing reality of it—a reality, nevertheless, so eluding that there is nothing to guide one in forming comparisons with what you may have seen or felt before. Life is on another—a different plane. If one could make the comparison it would have to be with such dead and gone civilizations as Greece and Egypt. Do you recall in some of our chats about Fortuny my speaking of the Orient as a conundrum, which with all their cleverness, Gérôme, Fromentin even, failed to answer satisfactorily? It was left for Fortuny to solve the riddle. Yes, I flatter myself that I hit the nail squarely there. What Morocco, Tangiers, was to his genius, that Japan holds out to the first man great enough to grasp it. Does the thought leave a pleasant taste in your mouth? It does in mine, accustomed as it is to the ashes from many a loaf of Life's bread."

At first the bustling thoroughfares seemed like so many turns of kaleidoscopes. There was a crowded foreground—a confused and blurred middle distance. A soft, sil-

very light, diffused a peculiar quality of color over the sombre monotony of Japanese architecture—a light of pearly tenderness, rarely noticed in America, but not unlike that of some summer mornings in Venice. In this atmosphere the heavy leaden gray of weather-worn buildings and the overpowering mass of blue, which in all gradations and the whole gamut of broken tints forms the fundamental color of Japanese clothing, is finely harmonized; the signs and curtains with the black or white characters hanging before the shops, the goods and wares exposed in the open fronts, and the occasional brighter bits of red or green in the kimonos of women and children, afford a decided and sharp contrast; while some rarer spot of white or a glimpse of the delicate pink or lemon obi of some passing musmee—quite apart from any fascination the wearer may unconsciously exercise—will attract the eye involuntarily. There is, however, at all times an absence of gayness; the streets, lined with strange, promiscuous, booth-like shops, thronged as they always are, preserve an even, subdued aspect. The houses of unpainted wood, unpicturesque in themselves, present in the conglomerate a bristling jagged line, spotted with signs and fluttering sun-screens of sombre reds,



Unfamiliar and Eastern—Morocco.

grays, and blues, sufficiently qualifying for the needs of the painter.

I was struck more forcibly than I can express with the appearance of the people. The unconventionality in wearing apparel was particularly pleasing to the eye, haunted as it still was with the sober meanness of Western attire. Clothed often in the simplest of garments, leaving limbs free and unfettered, the bronzed and finely developed figures of toiling coolie, itinerant vender, and strolling player were very tempting to the sketcher. The walk, the attitude, the face were new—born of other habits and ways, other channels of thought, and exerting the fascination of an existence strange to our comprehension. There haunted me in these early days a peculiar and pleasing odor—which as it faded completely after a time may have been but some queer freak of imagination—that seemed to hover about everything. Coming often suddenly and at an unexpected time or place, it carried to me the very embodiment of the enchantment inseparable from things Oriental.

One of my earliest purchases was a "Colloquial Grammar" and a double-back-action dictionary, for I hoped by this dual aid to learn something of the language. The consequent study on the four following days will always be associated for me with the vivid recollection of a poisonously green carpet and livid walls, which between them divided the room in the "European-plan" hotel where I had installed myself *pro tempore*. With unwary confidence and laudable enthusiasm I began fingering the leaves of the dictionary, and reading the open-

ing pages of the "Colloquial." It was not long before I found myself pondering over things as mysterious and fathomless as any the life outside had propounded. I soon made one discovery, however. I had laughed only a few days before when, in my wanderings about the streets, an extraordinary



A Leaf from a Sketch Book

sign above an open shop-front caught my eye. A small part of the oblong, white expanse at either end was given over to an artistic assortment of wriggling hieroglyphics, while the centre was occupied by the dignified legend, "HONORABLE MILK." While amused at its incongruity I had been puzzled as to what particular shade of meaning it might contain. I found that it was



CHAM BY ROBERT B. LUM.

simply a literal translation. The "Colloquial" seemed fairly alive with honorifics. The author says himself that "no language in the world is more saturated" with them; and darkly hints at some damaging qualities which they inflict on "not only the vocabulary but the very grammar itself." Not only is an exceeding reverence shown the person *per se* (in which the smallest tot and hoariest sage have an equal share), everybody being entitled the Honorable This or That; but in its profuseness it overwhelms even inanimate objects with polite distinction. Thus courteously referred to are *o* *yu*, "honorable hot water;" *o* *bake*, "an honorable ghost;" *o* *deki mono*, "an honorable pimple or boil." In addressing anyone, however, it behooves the speaker to allude to—say, his fine residence—in a befittingly depreciatory manner, as "my unworthy hovel;" while with decorous discrimination in speaking of the hovel of the person addressed, he will dignify it as "your honorable abode." It becomes really a matter of fine art when a person can juggle with politeness in this way:

Go burei mōshi-agemashita
August rudeness (I) said- lifted

I was very rude to you,

which with a little patient thought resolves itself into—"I may have been rude to you, but that in itself is sufficient glory, since it was in connection with so exalted a personage as yourself." As if it were to plainly say, "I have had the honor to be rude to you."

To inquire in just what the differences consist between the Japanese and our language would prove perhaps as useless as it certainly would be tiresome. Suffice it to say that every part of it was to me in structure and idioms incomprehensibly alien from all that we are accustomed to. It may be of interest to give an example from the grammar I have been speaking of to show how baffled and "snarled up" the unsuspecting student would be likely to become confronted with one of these long sentences.

Aru hito *ga naga-ya no mae
A certain person (nom.) block of houses of front

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wo tori masu toki, ishi ni tsumazukimashi-
(accus.) passes time, stone on when he had
tareba, naga ya no uchi no hito ga
stumbled, block of houses of inside of person (nom.)
baka ni shite, "Aitata!" to koe
fool to making, "Ah! how painful!" that voice
wo kakemashita kara, tsumazuita hito
(accus.) placed because (the) stumbled person
wa, ima imashii to omoimashita ga waza to
as for, disagreeable that thought though, purposely
otonashiku, "Iya! go men nasamashi!
blandly "Nay! august excuse deign!
kemashita no wa, ishi ka to omoimashitara,
kicked thing as for stone? that where as I thought,
anata no hana no saki deshita ka?" to iimashita,
your nose's tip was? that (he) said.

A certain man, passing one day in front of a block of houses, tripped against a stone. Thereupon some one inside the block of houses made fun of him, and cried out: "Oh, how I have hurt myself!" So he who had tripped constrained himself to be bland (although he felt disgusted), and said: "Oh! pray, excuse me. I thought that what I had kicked was a stone. But was it the tip of your nose?"

To whittle one's way inch by inch through that without the aid of a scroll-saw would be an effort to which the trials of Job were a pleasant pastime. And albeit "Japanese—with its exotic grammar, its still uncertain affinities, its ancient literature—is a language worthy of more attention than it has yet received," I felt I could not give it any more at the time short of insanity; and reluctantly availing myself of the courteous permission extended by the author of "leaving his work to the kind indulgence of the student," thought it best not to meddle with Providence in too reckless a fashion, and put the book away under lock and key.

In spite of what I have written of the general picturesqueness, it remains to be said—however reluctant I always feel to say it—that the havoc created in traits, manners, and customs—the destroying of much that is individual and characteristic—which the blind adoption of Western ideas has brought about, is enormous and depressing. Especially is it noticeable in the matter of dress. I found on part of the male population an unwholesome craving to shine in borrowed finery, which few resisted. All patronized hair-dressers of Western cult; the tedious and perhaps inconvenient mode of queuing the hair had probably been one of the earliest to be relinquished, and the

modification one of the easiest to acquire. The sight of the peculiar "gun-hammer" queues in the streets of Tokyo was a comparatively rare one; their wearers were invariably types of those trying to stop the hopelessly widening breaches in crumbling Conservatism. Was it wholly clinging to old traditions that helped the women of the country to repel Western innovations? or were other and unsuspected forces as well at work to keep them from making any concessions? Be it what it may, they preserve an individuality and character totally and delightfully at variance with those of the men. They are demure and decorous always, and seemingly so by nature; and in spite of the slavish subjugation to man and master, there is a cheerfulness of disposition about them, a contentment almost inconceivable of those in their position. I do not mean to imply that Western contact has been altogether without results in their case, but that the effect has been so slight and insignificant when compared with the wholesale and widespread surrender of the sterner sex; the concessions made are so half-hearted and timid, that the few who wear their hair *à l'europléenne* startle one not so much by the incongruity as by a boldness of assumption inconsistent with their character. The sight of a Japanese woman in European costume is an exceedingly rare one, I am glad to say;—the most venturesome resting content in permitting themselves the comfort and convenience of shawls and parasols.

I longed to leave the hotel with its lurid enticements of arsenic carpets, electric buttons and lights, and live among the people. I was daily hoping to receive from the Government, through my friend's intercession, the permission necessary for such a proceeding. I was getting restive under the prolonged delay in the securing of this "merely nominal official position—you know," which was to give me the—

to me most important—privilege of living outside of the foreign concession. I longed to work, to set up my easel in a place consistent with the life of the people about me. It was just as I began to despair and was driven to make other and self-devised plans, that I was helped out of all difficulty in an unforeseen way. I fell in with a young Japanese, a fellow-passenger on the ship out. He was temporarily out of employ, and intimated his willingness to be of any service until such a time as a turn should come in his fortunes.

He was a slender, sallow-faced youth, with the touch of a Western back-street tailor in the aggressive pertness of his attire, altogether out of keeping with the meek deportment of the wearer. There was, however, at times, under the thawing influence of our acquaintance, a mild ostentation, "having-mixed-with-the-world" air, which, if anything, increased the *naïveté* underlying his natural unobtrusiveness. His vocabulary was decidedly limited;—conversation acted on his restricted understanding like a pall, and added not a little to the difficulty I experienced in putting my position clearly before him. His kindly disposition and patient forbearance I "took to" at once; both were qualities of a kind, it seemed to me, to stand any strain our relations might impose. Such was Katsushika Yorikadzu as he appeared to me in our first and rather trying interview at the hotel.

"Ah, yis—I see—you wish house. Can get."

In the first flush of enthusiasm I suggested that this be done—that he get it then and there—at once.

"Y-e-s," with a quick, bird-like sideways tip to the head, and meditatively eying the question, as it were; 'bot—I thing mus' take prenty time." He would consult friends, and in the meantime we could also in rambling about be on the lookout for it. Evidently it was not so easy a problem to solve as I had expected.

EPITAPH.

By Graham R. Tomson.

Now lay thee down to sleep, and dream of me ;
Though thou art dead and I am living yet,
Though cool thy couch and sweet thy slumbers be,
Dream—do not quite forget.

Sleep all the autumn, all the winter long,
With never a painted shadow from the past,
To haunt thee ; only, when the blackbird's song
Wakens the woods at last,

When the young shoots grow lusty overhead,
Here, where the spring sun smiles, the spring wind grieves,
When budding violets close above thee spread
Their small, heart-shapen leaves,

Pass, O Belovéd, to dreams from slumber deep ;
Recount the store that mellowing time endears,
Thread, through the measureless mazes of thy sleep,
Our old, unchangeful years.

Lie still and listen—while thy sheltering tree
Whispers of suns that rose, of suns that set—
For far-off echoes of the spring and me.
Dream—do not quite forget.

AN IRISH PEASANT SONG.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

I TRY to knead and spin, but my life is low the while ;
Oh, I long to be alone, and walk abroad a mile ;
Yet when I walk alone, and think of naught at all,
Why from me that's young should the wild tears fall ?

The shower-stricken earth, the earth-colored streams,
They breathe on me awake, and moan to me in dreams ;
And yonder ivy fondling the broke castle-wall,
It pulls upon my heart, till the wild tears fall.

The cabin-door looks down a furze-lighted hill,
And far as Leighlin cross the fields are green and still :
But once I hear a blackbird in Leighlin hedges call,
The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall !

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE.

[The Letters of Carlyle here published have been preserved among the papers of David Hope, a merchant of Glasgow, to whom most of them are addressed, and whose relation as an intimate friend to both Carlyle and Edward Irving is in a great degree explained by the letters themselves. The presence among them of letters to Irving is explained by the fact that Mr. Hope and Irving used constantly to interchange their letters from Carlyle by way of giving each other news of him. Mr. Hope died in 1857, leaving his correspondence and other papers in the care of his brother, whose daughter, Miss Hope, now of Manchester, England, has permitted their publication here.]

[To Rev. Edward Irving.]

MAINHILL, 3d June, 1820.

MY DEAR IRVING :

For the last three weeks, my conscience has frequently reproached me on your account ; and tho' the frigorific mixture of Hunsteen's terrestrial magnetism and Herr Mohs' crystallography that my soul was enveloped in, prevented the things from being so acutely felt as might have been expected, yet they left the proper wounds behind them ; and now that I once more breathe the free air, the balsam ought to be applied without delay. To speak without figures—for the present one has little to recommend it—I shall be too severely punished if you apply the *lex talionis* to me. Of the two, there is no doubt that I have suffered more severely by my silence. Having no associate ; living, I might almost say, only in the abyss of my own thoughts ; I cannot without pain, lose sight of one who—widely as we differ on many points—participates more deeply in my feelings than any other I have met with. You must not doubt that I shall be a most exemplary correspondent during summer ; with proper encouragement, I propose not to be as long silent again—if I can help it.

You would derive little pleasure or profit from a detail of my insipid journey into Annandale. The road lay over moors and waste land ; had it been thro' Tempe or Eden, it would have made small difference ; the remembrance of the days I had spent with you, and the deep matters we had been discussing, gave a colour to my ideas which the aspect of material nature had

little power to alter, and I arrived at Dumfries the second evening after leaving you, in the same humour nearly as we parted. Nothing on my journey pleased me more than the character of a shepherdess—not, alas ! Arcadian in person or accommodation—but the wife of a raw-boned Scottish herd on the borders of Dumfriesshire. She was dirty as McClarty of deathless name, her children squealed, and her husband grunted with the pain of a vanishing inflammatory fever ; but whilst I wondered how human beings could support existence on such terms, the arrival of three women from Glasgow revealed a more touching scene. The husband of one of these women, on his way from Glasgow to Dumfries to seek work, had died suddenly in that miserable hovel ; his widow, with three little children, was returning to her own country under the guidance of her mother and sister ; the tears of these poor forlorn creatures, the genuine heart-felt sympathy and benevolence of poor McClarty altogether formed a picture which moved me deeply. When I left the “crib”—wishing that I were but an angel to relieve these unfortunates—I could not help asking : How is it that this poor slut, who has never read of sympathy or examined Sterne and the “Man of Feeling,” can yet experience a sentiment so warm and profound ? How have the hardships, the penury, the discomfort of her own situation failed to shut her heart against the hardships, the penury, and discomfort of others ? Does experience teach her imagination to represent such evils more vividly ? Does refinement lead to naked egotism, as some pretend ? Why or how does it happen ?

I could not say at all ; and so winded on my way without deciding the point. Nothing material has occurred to me since I returned to Mainhill. I wrote the first half of Hunsteeen and translated, from the German, the first half of Mohs ; I rejoice that I have so far done with them. Are not such things the *vaccination of science*, as Napoleon spoke ? *Elle ne durera pas cinquante ans.* Except a brief visit to Ruthwell, I have scarcely been from home since my arrival—my excursions in the world of literature have scarcely been wider. Rousseau's *Contrat Social*—in spite of the frightful notoriety which circumstances gave it—seems little calculated for a remote posterity. The misanthrope of Geneva resembles a certain great *Doctor* more than many of either's admirers are aware. With respect to Goethe's *Faust*—if I were at your side you should hear of nothing else for many hours ; and sorry am I that your brows will suddenly contract—if I give free scope to my notions even by this imperfect vehicle. I wish Goethe were my countryman, I wish—O, how I wish—he were my friend. It is not for his masterly conception of human nature—from the heroes of classical story down to the blackguards of a Leipsic alehouse—that I admire him above all others ; his profound sentiment of beauty, his most brilliant delineations of all its varieties—his gayety of head and melancholy of heart, open all the floodgates of my sympathy. *Faust* is a wonderful tragedy. I doubt if even Shakespeare with all his powers had sadness enough in his nature to understand the arid and withered feelings of a passionate spirit, worn out by excessive studies and the want of all enjoyment ; to delineate the chaos of his thoughts when the secrets of nature are bared before him ; to depict his terrible volition and the bitter mockery of the demon gives scope to that volition. All this and much more is done by Goethe ; and but for his *speaking* cats and a good deal besides of a like stamp, I should be an unexcepting admirer of the execution. Upon the whole, I advise you strongly to persist in German. These people have some muscle in their frames.

Enough of the polishing and burn-

ishing of our Gallic friends—commend me to Fichte rather than Voltaire. I tell you, go on with German—I will lend the very best of Schiller's plays—(I have lately got them all from Ewan of Kirkcaldy) as soon as they are bound. We shall have another point of union by this means ; if I had studied Italian still another.

But I must quit these prospects—or bring you in for a double postage. Have you heard from Pears or Dickson ? I have got two marvellous letters from the former. He invites me strongly to go and witness his school's examination. John seems to enjoy some measure of composure at Alnwick, if Castle-reagh would let him be. I had a kind of proposal made to me afar off by Allen to go and teach at York—the answer was some further inquiries about the affair ; and since I began to write I have got another letter from Allen signifying that the place in question is disposed of ; but inviting me strongly to go and see York in summer. *Que deviendrai-je ?* no matter, write to me soon—if you have any charity. (Kindest respects to Messrs. Grahame and Hope.)

Ever yours,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[To Rev. Edward Irving.]

MAINHILL, 14th August, 1821.

MY DEAR IRVING :

All hands being off to the Lamb fair, and I sole master of this house, so silent at this hour, I devote the morrow of my return home to discharging a debt which I have calculated on the pleasure of discharging any time these three weeks. Yesterday, from the period of my leaving Edin^h to that of my arrival here—from six o'clock in the morning to 11 at night—was a series of fatigues and disappointments and discomforts ; but a warm welcome awaited me at the end ; and to-day I have been out breathing the free breeze of my own hills, I have looked at the fields, green as a new-dug emerald ; I have seen all things, living and lifeless, happy ; and I feel happy myself to bear them company. So I am going to write with great alacrity.

Perhaps for a moment I experienced

some shade of regret when you told me of the necessary failure of our travelling project. The thousand pleasures I *might* have enjoyed rushed at once upon my mind, and the recollection that they were gone came along with the idea of them ; but a very brief consideration showed me that my own fortune, not yours, was to be blamed in the affair. The truth is if you had not disappointed me, I must have disappointed you ; the state of my health was such as to forbid the hope of enjoying anything or letting another enjoy anything in my company. You do not believe in any of these *imaginings*. My earnest prayer is that you may never believe in them. I was once as sceptical as yourself on that head ; till a stern experience convinced me far too well. Such disorders, I now, to my sorrow, feel convinced, are the heaviest calamity, the very heaviest, that the lot of life has in store for mortals. The bodily pain is nothing or next to nothing ; but alas for the dignity of man ! The evil does not stop here. No strength of soul can avail you ; this malady will turn that very strength against yourself ; it banishes all thought from your head, all love from your heart—and doubles your wretchedness by making you discern it. O ! the long, solitary, sleepless nights that I have passed—with no employment but to count the pulses of my own sick heart—till the gloom of external things seemed to extend itself to the very centre of the mind, till I could remember nothing, observe nothing ! All this magnificent nature appeared as if blotted out, and a grey, dirty, dismal vapour filled the immensity of space ; I stood alone in the universe—alone, and as it were a circle of burning iron enveloped the soul—excluding from it every feeling but a stony-hearted, dead obduracy, more befitting a demon in its place of woe than a man in the land of the living ! I tell you, my friend, nothing makes me shudder to the inmost core—*nothing* but this. One's spirit may be bruised and broken by moral afflictions ; but at least it will break like the spirit of a *man* ; moral afflictions will irradiate its painful strugglings, and the last gleam of being will be pure if

it is feeble. But here—I declare I will not speak another word on the subject. I can hardly excuse myself for saying so much—except by trying to suppose that it was intended partly for other purposes than those of a common valetudinarian. It is too true that I have been a very ill-conditioned person for a long while ; and you, who least of all deserved it, have not escaped without a share of my ill-humour. You must convince yourself, if possible, that *all* this proceeded from physical causes : call me an *atrabiliar*, but not an ingrate. I shall get well here ; and then I am persuaded you will reckon me a very decent character. In fact, it is high time I were well—above all if the effect which I have predicted is indeed the consequence of *wellness*. I have had no leisure for many days to think of anything, the pain has so distracted me ; and my faculties have all taken into the wildest courses, the whole inward man has become extravagant, unearthly. I require imperiously to be overhauled and severely castigated every way. If I *could* so employ my rustication ! I shall long for you often, tho' you never censure me—I hardly know another that has any right to do it. "Immaculate man !" you exclaim : not so, sir ; but every crime has its proper court. The Quorum, for instance, cannot go beyond five pounds sterling.

I was dreadfully busy for the last five weeks of my stay in Edin^h writing day and night, when sleeplessness and so forth had rendered me a fitter inmate for a Bedlam than a study. I was labouring at an account, the weakest in nature, of the *Netherlands, Newfoundland*, etc.—when a new call was made upon me. And from whom ? No other than our unforgotten Francis Dickson, crying bitterly for *one* line from Europe. I have not given it him yet ; but I will soon. He had kind remembrances to you, of course.

Frank is evidently not happy in his place. He is not healthy ; has too much work to manage ; and the people, he says, are in the *fishing* state—not the *hunting* as other savages—because they have nothing to hunt. He mocks, however, and sneers and swaggers as usual. I feel for poor Frank : he is a

kind of bastard genius, and I honour even a natural child of that family. I shall write to him very soon.

Quite a different individual—a friend of ours—was asking for me here lately—William Grahame, of Burnswark. I fear he has left the province; yet I have scouts on the outlook for him all over Lockerby to-day, and still entertain some hope of seeing him. Bid him write, if I fail. “He is the freest, best talker” they say here “excepting”—I shall not mention the exception *now*.

Nothden’s Grammar is gone to Had-dington. I saw the fair pupil in Edinburgh. She is certainly the most—fit to read German of any creature I have met with. Take no fear of those people, I tell you. They are good men—some are even excellent. Schiller, for example, you most certainly would like. He has all the innocence and purity of a child, with the high talents and strong volitions of a man: a rare union, of which I never but in one instance saw anything like a *living* example. The trash of Germany, their Kotzebues and his spawn, I know little of, very little, and yet enough. We shall eschew them altogether. My paper is done—and I have not spoken the five-hundredth part of my mind. Write to me whenever you want to get a second fraction; it will be a double pleasure to me here. My best regards to your mother and sister.

I am always,

your friend,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[To D. Hope, Esq., Glasgow.]

3 MORAY STREET, LEITH WALK,

23d March, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR:

I received your kind letter in due time; and should have acknowledged that mark of your attention long ago, had I not been excused in my own eyes by the expectation you held out to me of an opportunity to acknowledge it more agreeably by word of mouth, in your visit to Edin^h, which I then thought was near at hand. “February” is come and gone, and you have not shown face. I continue, however, to expect you: and by way of fortifying

your purpose to beat up my quarters when you arrive, I am going to foist this sheet into a packet of Mr. Irving’s, which I have already loaded with letters to him and Mr. Grahame, thus making it a messenger to nearly all of the very few friends I reckon as mine within the bounds of your extensive city.

Some account of your projected marriage had reached me while in Annandale: but I received your authentic detail of the business with fresh interest—not only as it explained a rather curious transaction, but as it afforded me a proof of your confidence, which I am very proud of thinking I possess in such a matter. Various thoughts strike me on considering that business; and certainly the most agreeable of them is the clear persuasion that you have acted with perfect integrity and honour—nay, with even scrupulous attention to the interest of others, and an almost culpable neglect of your own, throughout the whole negotiation. As for the loss itself I am not sure that you have much cause for regret, when all is reckoned up. The young lady’s conduct I can find an explanation if not an excuse for, and the evidence of testimony forces me to believe that her general demeanour displayed many graceful qualities. But she was a person of genius, if I mistake not: and much as I admire, not to say idolize, that characteristic in a mistress (or *sweetheart*, as we call it), I confess I should pause before recommending it to any honest man in a wife. These women of genius, sir, are the very d—l, when you take them on a wrong tack. I know very well, that I myself—if ever I marry, which seems possible at best—am to have one of them for my helpmate; and I expect nothing but that our life will be the most turbulent, incongruous thing on earth—a mixture of honey and wormwood, the sweetest and the bitterest—or, as it were, at one time the clearest sunshiny weather in nature, then whirlwinds and sleet and frost; the thunder and lightning and furious storms—all mingled together into the same season—and the sunshine always in the *smallest* quantity! Judge how you would have relished this: and sing with a cheerful heart, *E’en let the bonny lass gang!*

Before long I trust to see you more happily mated than you could have been in this instance. There is no happiness, properly speaking, I am told, without a good wife: so I counsel you to bestir yourself while it is in season. I prophesy that you will make an excellent husband to any lady worthy of you; and I doubt not in due time to have the happiness of seeing your hospitable fireside enlivened and adorned as I and all your friends could wish. You know the old story of the scissors: a single blade of them is good for nothing but scraping a trencher or so; together they clip everything before them, from cambric up to white iron. What a lesson to bachelors and spinsters!

I designed to give you a full picture of all my doings here; but not having room or time now, I must refer you to our friends Irving and Grahame, either of whom will give you ample satisfaction on every point.

They will tell you how I am partly in the prospect of entering as tutor into an English family against August; how I am writing sometimes, often meditating to write, and not unfrequently on the verge of being sent to pot entirely, by the *worst of stomachs*.

I had likewise some news in store for you, but not of importance enough that you should regret the want of them. In our native Annandale there is nothing but embarrassment. The farmers all are poverty-struck to a man; so are all that depend on them, of course. A striking proof of their necessity in Hodam parish is the fact that even Sharpe has at last consented to a reduction. Irving, as you know, was here preaching lately. Nothing since the days of Knox or the Erskines has excited so much speculation in the theological world as his appearance here. They think him the cleverest and strangest person they have ever fallen in with. The talk has been interrupted a little by a ridiculous prediction, imputed to Professor Leslie, that horrible convulsions were to occur in the atmosphere last Friday—none of which occurred—but it is not exhausted yet. He was touching on the Catechisms: I could fancy the *Closehead* folks, if he had read that ser-

mon to them, all rising as one man to cast him forth of the Tabernacle, or at least withdrawing *en masse*, with the most wintry air imaginable, and leaving him to utter his "heresies" to empty benches and bare walls. At Edin^b they proceeded more moderately: some admired, several did not, most knew not what to think. I have not listened to a sermon displaying equal mind in my whole life.

But you see, my dear sir, that I must now "cease to darken counsel by words without wisdom." I have spent an hour very merrily in chatting with you, and shall go to sleep no worse for it. I expect to spend several hours with you still more agreeably, when you come Eastward: and failing this, I have a kind of half intention of visiting Glasgow about the beginning of May; when—woe to your oranges! Woe to the quiet of your house!—unless I relent and stay at home.—Excuse all this *palabra*, and believe me to be (my dear sir)

Most sincerely yours,

TH. CARLYLE.

[To D. Hope, Esq.]

3 MORAY STREET, 23d Dec., 1822.

MY DEAR SIR:

Mr. Warrund Carlile being here to-day, and having kindly undertaken to officiate as our Postman, I embrace the opportunity of his conveyance to scribble you a line or two, in the hope of bringing myself before your thoughts in a friendly attitude, and of perhaps inducing you to "go and do likewise." You wrote to me during the period of his sacred Majesty's visit to our city; but the letter did not reach me till after many days, and I could only reply to your agreeable request by empty wishes that you might feel no inconvenience from my inability to comply with it, and vain hopes that you would see the Defender of the Faith without obstruction on that score. I trust you did get lodgings and witness all the pageantry of the time quite comfortably, and at your ease.

Since the end of August I have been here in my old quarters, and following very nearly the old mode of life. Almost the only difference is the presence

of my Brother, who has been here for nearly three months, busied in the study of Medicine and Natural Philosophy, sciences which the young man seems quite ambitious of mastering. He goes away early in the morning to mind them, and leaves me to my books and papers, to study or scribble, or doze and pick my nails, till two o'clock calls me to another scene of duties with my old friends the Bullars, who used to consume so much of my time when you were here. I am happy so far as Satan and the "worst of stomachs" will let me.

In Glasgow, at this season, I can easily conceive that such a thing as whining or discomfort is nowhere to be found. Is not this the time of jubilee and jollification—of haggis and geese—of dance and song, and port and cold rum punch? The means of being sad when you are healthy and all the world around you is piping to the tune of plum-pudding and roast-beef? I rejoice to find, by Mr. Carlyle, that you are now in a condition to relish these good things, having quite recovered your soundness of body, and never lost your elasticity of spirits. It is the very first of blessings, and one which I hope you will long enjoy.

In Edin^b all things are just about as they were. Two thousand dull heads set a-working in the university; twenty times as many hard hands in the various workshops of the place, manufacturing shawls and instruments and furnishings and all the apparatus of luxury; politicians wrangling; the "mob of gentlemen" talking insipidities and giving dinners, or gone forth to slaughter hares and woodcocks; all minding the solid prose of life, and seeking to invest it with what little decoration they can find in literature, ale, champagne, devotion, whiskey, love, etc., etc., quite in the usual way. For me, I keep as much apart from all their operations as I can; it is not above once a fortnight that I enter their old black harlot of a city, and then my stay in it is as brief as an angel's visit. I never think without shuddering of the life that is led there; the very atmosphere—compounded of coal-smoke and more gases and odours than ever chemist or perfumer dreamed of—were itself enough

to make me loathe the whole concern. My paradise must lie many miles from any paved street—some green nook, it should be, in a far valley of the Highlands, by the clear and quiet waters, with smooth lawns around me, mountains in the distance, and the free sky overhead. Put a bright white cottage down in such a place, give me books and food and raiment and conveniences, with liberty to break the heads of all that come within a furlong of me (except some few select persons, to be hereafter specified) and then—should I be pleased? I know not—but if you hear of any such establishment, I beg you will give me notice.

Seriously, I am a very talkative individual, as you may see, fond to excess of nonsense, and apt to occupy the sheet of my correspondence with *bletherings* which lead to no useful result. You must come hither to Moray Street, if you want to hear me talk sense. I desire you to prove whether I am not a philosopher, by actual inspection. When you arrive, I hope to be in better health and spirits to entertain you than I was last time. Come and try.

There is no intelligence from Annandale but of a distressing kind. People are grown so poor that they have taken to robbing kirks: and the schoolmaster of Hoddam was nearly carried off by the Devil about two weeks ago; he (the Devil) being in the shape of a large mastiff.

Write to me whenever you have time. I am always,

Sincerely yours

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[To D. Hope, Esq.]

5 GREAT CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,

LONDON, 19th Dec., 1834.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am in your debt for two very interesting letters; welcome and interesting, tho' the last was on a most mournful subject. Thanks for your remembrance. In a world so full of change, it is something to know that a face which has known one's some five-and-twenty years (you have not forgotten the *gig* day) still smiles on us; still says, this Earth is not wholly a Gol-

gotha, but a kind of Home, at least a friendly Inn.

Poor Irving's death I had anticipated like yourself; especially since I saw him last in autumn. Nevertheless, the news of it shocked me, as only a few such occurrences now can. Poor fellow! he was here the week before leaving this huge Confusion of a Place: it was most touching to see the feeling of old years feebly struggling thro' the distractions that had now closed thick over it; I once or twice even raised in him a faint laugh of the true old Annandale time—most melancholy to remember. This mad City (for it is mad as Bedlam, nine-tenths of it) killed him; he might have lived prosperous and strong in Scotland, but there was in him a quality which the influences here took fatal hold of; and now—Alas! alas!

As to writing some word or other about an event so impressive to me, you shall hear how it stands, and I let you hear without loss of time. A Bookseller here applied to me a week ago to do something of the sort you mention for his magazine. I consented, thinking the man meant to give a Portrait of the deceased, and that if I did not, some other friendly and qualified hand would; whereupon three days ago the man came down to me with the piece in type; but introduced into such an *Irish stew* of circumambient matter, that I decided forthwith in having the thing either printed separately, or suppressed. The Bookseller, much surprised at my squeamishness, could not so readily decide; not even to-day, when after your letter I again applied to him. He is in communication with Henry Drummond, has schemes and irons in the fire (a good, well-meaning man, too) and begs to be allowed *till Wednesday*.

On Wednesday, then (or more probably Monday), I expect to be able to dispatch you a printed copy of the thing (it is only two pages), and (decide as the man may) liberty to publish it anywhere you think fit. I say, decide as he may: for so you will find it, and understand it better than now. I had good mind of Adam Hope, Rector of Annan Academy, and also of old Mr.

Johnstone, to both of whom Irving like myself owed much. I had even introduced the latter; but fancying myself writing under *such* magazine conditions, found it would not answer.

I often speak of both these men; declare again and again that Adam's history is legible to this day in the population of Annan: the venerable John Johnstone* is my model of an Apostolic Priest; more Priestlike in his humble simplicity than Archbishops to me; and more *honoured* too, for I have seen the Cuddylane Population (most brutal of the creatures of God) suspend their quarrelling and cursing till *he* had passed thro' them, and touch their hat reverently to him. So potent is goodness; the idea even in coarsest souls, that here is a good man! Had it been the Archbishop of Canterbury with all his gilt coach-pannels, they would have thrown dead cats at him. I have often told this, to the amazement of the shovel-hatted; and mean to write it somewhere. Will you remember me kindly to Mr. Johnstone the Younger. Say that I still recollect vividly and with gratitude how the first grounds of the Latin tongue began to dawn on me, under his care; for my poor schoolmaster had sunk me into shoreless confusion. I rejoice to hear and see occasionally by the papers that such a man is prosperous and respected.

You ask what I am doing? The short answer is: writing Books! The long, plain one would lead us far, too far. I may say in general that I am here to try conclusions with Destiny, and expect the toughest of tough disheartening battles; with which, nevertheless, by God's blessing I am minded to fight, while life is in me. Puffery, Quackery, Delusion, and Confusion of all conceivable sorts prevail to the very heart of literature; so that whosoever *declines* serving the Devil in that matter, it is like to go hard with him. "Thou shalt die!" threatens the Prince of the Power of the Air (for Puffery). "Be it so," the antagonist must answer.

But the prose truth of the matter is I am daily and nightly putting together

* Rev. John Johnstone, minister at Ecclefechan, Annandale, and father of Rev. J. Johnstone, for many years minister of a Presbyterian church, Jersey City.

a kind of book on the *French Revolution*, which if I live, will be out by and by. We shall then see what is to be done next. There are a few good men here too; a few, or the place would take fire. One has much to learn; much there is to encourage, if much to obstruct: we must do the best we can.

My wife returns her kind regards; will be greatly pleased to make your acquaintance. Now that I know your Brother's address (Rev. W. J. Hope), I will certainly make him out: he is an old friend of mine; I remember him one winter in Edin^h, very kind to me. Pray tell him so next time you write.

Your letters were both put into the Post office—if the Parliament be dissolved before Wednesday?

I believe I can still get a frank: will try at least. And now, my dear sir, good night!

Ever affectionately,
T. CARLYLE.

[To David Hope, Esq.]

CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
24th Dec., 1834.

MY DEAR SIR:

Here is the little piece of writing I told you of; which I have had some difficulty in getting a copy of for you at the set time.

It is to appear in *Fraser's Magazine*, as you will see; there is to be some of other kind of thing on the same subject printed near it or beside it, from the pen of Henry Drummond. You are at perfect liberty to print *this* anywhere and everywhere; or (if you judge *such* to be the fitter way) to let it stand unprinted: "able editors" will decide, if you yourself do not. My name had better not be mentioned (tho' that is a small matter) in connexion with it: I mean the Editor had better not allude to me; for I suppose you *must* tell him. And so I leave the matter with you.

Your account of poor Edward's last hours differs very considerably from that current here among his followers. They report speeches of his, etc., etc. I assure every one concerned, that *my* authority is one of the most punctual veracious men living, and that I will

believe him. It were perhaps well, however, if you took a little pains to verify all that while it is still time: there may possibly enough some printed Narrative appear, when the contraction is not so ready, and so falsehoods will get themselves perpetuated. It is a very mournful thing for me to find how *universally*, except among his own sect, the noble Edward is regarded here, even by tolerant, reasonable men, as little better than an empty quack! Such is the nature of popularity: to-day in the clouds; to-morrow down in the gutter, and even there not low enough.

The Parl^t not being dissolved, I am still in time for a frank. Woe to you Town-Councillors that *must* be Politicians! Whither do you think the world is tending? To the HOWE POT? That is the Annandale version of it.

If you see Mr. A. Glen (Farie, Glen & Co., I think they call themselves), pray tell him I received his letters, and was much obliged by them.

My wife joins me in wishing all good to be with you. Surely you will be in London some day, or I in Glasgow. Forget me not.

Ever yours faithfully,
T. CARLYLE.

[To David Hope, Esq.]

1 MORAY STREET, Friday.

MY DEAR SIR:

This is a book which I promised to send to Mr. Grahame, whom I understand to be at present embarked or embarking for America.

He desired me to forward it to you at Glasgow, who he said would immediately transmit it after him. He was anxious to have it with him on the voyage, but this I suppose is impossible.

You have an account against me for *tobacco* in your books, which I am very sorry I have never yet got paid. If you could inform me of any method to send it over, I would send it with thanks; for it was a favour in the hour of need by which I contracted it. Some time or other I shall certainly pay you.

I am just on my way to London in a monstrous hurry; so I cannot tell you anything at present. I am to be there

some time; if you would send your Glasgow news to me to the care of the Orator (who will know my address), I would not fail to answer you in due time.

Meanwhile, with sincere good wishes and esteem, believe me always,

My dear sir,
Most faithfully yours,
TH: CARLYLE.

[To D. Hope, Esq.]

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
LONDON, 11th June, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR:

Let me present to you a new friend of mine, well recommended from beyond the waters, and of a pleasant quality in himself: Mr. Henry Barnard, from Connecticut, New England. When he visits Glasgow will you explain to him a little what he has to see; give him furtherance and welcome such as a stranger needs and merits?

I have never yet seen your worthy Brother, but mean surely to do it. I shall hear of you, perhaps see you, in Annandale, where we hope ere long to be.

With true good wishes
Ever faithfully,
T. CARLYLE.

[To David Hope, Esq.]

SCOTTSBRIG, ECCLEFECHAN, 17 Sept', 1850.

MY DEAR SIR:

For some three weeks I have been in these parts; find Grahame and all your friends and my own pretty well; and now I am thinking to pick up my staff again, and journey farther—uncertain a little whitherward in the first instance.

Before returning to Chelsea, there is one problem in the way of travel which has always for some years past suggested itself as a thing that ought to be done: a *deliberate sight of the Island of Iona, Icolmkill*, or whatever they call it: one of the remarkablest spots to me in all her Majesty's dominions. Alas, I fear I have by no means strength and spirits sufficient for the enterprise just now. Nevertheless, I will give myself a chance; and so

address a question or two to you, by way of making the conditions clear. You have Glasgow steamers, I believe, which call there; by a little trouble, which you will not grudge me, information enough may probably be had in your neighborhood.

First, then, please tell me when (on what days and hours) the steamers sail towards that Island; how long they naturally stop there, and what interval there is till they call on their return; *item* (if you can) whether one finds any public house or other place of refuge on the poor Islet,—a miserable boggy spot, I understand,—or if one has to live under the canopy till civilization and the Glasgow steamer revisit one? In short, I want to *see Iona*; care little about Fingal's Caves, the picturesque etc., etc.; and will restrict myself and you to that one point. Probably there is some paltry little ray of a guide-book about it? If you c^d lay hold of such a thing, and send it by post, that (in addition to your own word) w^d probably be the shortest method.—And so enough for this day: I am in great haste and confusion for the moment; but

Ever yours truly,
T. CARLYLE.

[To David Hope, Esq.]

SCOTTSBRIG, 25th Sept., 1850.

Thanks, Dear Sir, for your prompt and copious intelligence about Iona: your letter came to hand just as I was setting out for Dumfries; for which reason I have been so long in replying and am so hasty now in doing it.

My decision at once was, that the thing would not do for this season: we will leave it standing for another, when happily I may be better provided with introductions & other furtherances and equipments. Thank your friend too for his kind commentary added to the Steamboat Bill. Grahame has just sent me a (very flimsy) little book upon Iona; which I will read out before calling on him to-night, as my scheme runs. The few days more permitted me in these parts I am now to spend with some friends in the Cumberland and Westmoreland region; whither I go the day after to-morrow. So adieu to

poor old Scotland ; adieu to you and all kind friends there, till, if Heaven be bountiful, we meet some other time !

Believe me

Yours always truly,
T. CARLYLE.

DAVID HOPE, Esq.

[To David Hope, Esq.]

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,

LONDON, 3 Dec., 1850.

MY DEAR SIR :

Is your Brother William still in these parts, and at all engaged in the teaching department ? If so, will you let me ask you for his address ?

A very worthy poor Scotchman has just called upon me, much wanting instructions as to his method of attempting to get employment in that line, for which he is intrinsically well qualified, tho' quite new in the ways of this big babel ; and I in my great ignorance of such matters, have bethought me of your brother's experienced sense and humanity as one of the likeliest courses for entering upon this affair.

We are puddling away in the midst of foggy frost, reek rain, and "No Popery"—getting up our "Chrystal Palace" very fast (if that could do anything for us), and little else that I see. My two months of roaming, in Wales and the Scottish Border, do not seem to have done much for me : I am the same complaining creature you have always known me ; and shall likely continue such, I think. After all, as the Psalmist has it, "Why should a living man complain ?"—Because he is a fool, I do surmise, and for no other reason !

Believe me always

Very truly yours
T. CARLYLE.

[To David Hope, Esq.]

CHELSEA, 4 Nov., 1854.

DEAR HOPE :

I have done nothing in the reviewing way for very many years back ; and am so busy, at any rate, with an abstruse

mass of *prose* matter that I cannot go into the *poetic* line at all—but must leave "Hannah and her chickens" to battle with the *Gled* on their own footing, as they best may ! For your sake, or to oblige any friend of yours, I should have been very glad ; but, on the whole, even to Mr. Cochrane it could not be of much real service, or perhaps of any at all—if not even of less than none. So we leave it there.

I have not been in Annandale, nor indeed have quitted home at all, since the sad errand I had at Christmas last. I am fond enough of my poor old country ; but feel very like a *ghost* when I go to it now. My work is not quite done either ; my only remedy for all things is, to stand well to that. If I only could—but, alas, tho' "the spirit is willing," etc., etc.

Poor Grahame is indeed getting very dim : pray be kind to him among you, for he is a right good soul, and never did other than kindness to any friend—or to any enemy, I might almost say, if he ever had one ! I am glad to think of my old friend and benefactor, Mr. Johnstone, as returned to his native region, after so many wanderings. May all good that can be yet possible wait on him there. It is a long time now since he drilled me in the *syntaxes* ; and, with beneficent mockery and otherwise, brought me to understand that I as yet understood nothing.

My sister, Mrs. Aitken, will perhaps have called upon you (or perhaps not) before you read this. She is in Glasgow, I believe, for a couple of days just about now ; looking into her eldest Boy's position with her own eyes : if help to her, in any form, lay in your course, I am sure it would be ready enough on demand. My poor Brother John is in Edinburgh, for the present week ; his principal employment lately has been the sorting up of sad mortuary details ; and no doubt his outlook is sorrowfully changed—and I suppose, very uncertain as yet. I remain, in haste, but heartily as ever,

Yours faithfully,
T. CARLYLE.

A NEW ENGLAND FARM.

WRITTEN, DRAWN, AND ENGRAVED

By Frank French.

THE entrance to a deserted house confronted me. The beautiful lines of the carpentry which formed the pilasters and the entablature compelled my admiration. The wood-work had once been painted. Traces of white were visible in the least exposed portions. Nature had coated the parts which the elements had robbed of paint with a pellucid film of gray, over which the sunlight played felicitously, revealing its silvery tones. Crowding about it was a tangled growth of shrub and vine run wild. A syringa-bush stood demurely, holding her blossoms protectingly up against the shimmering gray of the weather-boards. Clinging to her skirts, however, and adding to the general look of lawlessness, was a cluster of neglected, untrained suckers of her own breed, showing, in spite of her pretensions, that she, too, had fallen from grace.

Whir-r-r-r-r! I dodged involuntarily as a humming-bird, with a droll compass of sound entirely out of proportion to his tiny size, darted over my head to the sweet blossoms, where he hung and flitted and poised, gleaming like a living coal of fire, the almost invisible flickering wings like heat-waves radiating from the burning breast. This little touch of living color upon the gray, with the blossoms and the verdure, set my fingers itching to get at my pallet and brushes.

It was the first day of my vacation. I had left the cars at Canterbury, familiar to me in childhood, as it joined Loudon, my native town. I felt too indolent for an elaborate sketch, and that fine door-way could not be hastily drawn, so I lay down upon the cool grass and gave myself up to the inevitable reaction which follows a sudden transition from city streets to country lanes. With the odors of the clover-scented door-yard came memories from youth, and the vision of a school-teacher who had taught one summer in the old white school-

house at Loudon associated itself with the door-way. Her beauty was angelic, and her character as charming as her face. I was deeply in love with her. She was a young woman of twenty, and I a child of eight. As I sat upon the high bench, trying to touch my bare toes to the floor, and gazing longingly at her, I imagined myself a big man with great courage and daring, protecting her from all sorts of terrible dangers. She was gentle and frail and tender-hearted.

One day, for some misdeed, I was kept after school to be whipped, and by her!

She looked serious. She felt very badly to be obliged to punish me, "one of her best boys." She took a good deal of time in getting the particular sapling she wanted, and, as she talked, she laid it down and picked it up nervously. Suddenly, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears; then she kissed me and laughed, and said she knew I would never do so any more; then, taking me by the hand, we walked down the road together. My boy heart was clean gone, and, though I say it, the glamour of that youthful sentiment returned as I imagined her descending that steep stair, with light hand upon the old mahogany rail, and standing graciously in the door-way to complete the picture.

Some missile struck my hat and startled me. Looking up into the tree, I was saluted with a volley of chatter, as a chipmunk made a sudden rush at me down an overhanging branch. He had pelted me with a bit of bark, and when I moved followed up his aggressive tactics with a more noisy demonstration, which he continued now and then to repeat. Thus aroused, and remembering that great events were sometimes recorded upon the door-stones of New Hampshire houses, I began a search for some clew to the fate of my first love and the handsome young man I used to

envy. Pulling away the leaves and moss I uncovered many initials rudely cut upon the stone, among them this inscription, more carefully done than the rest :



Yes, they were married; and here the record ended.

I looked into one or two of the rooms, but seeing nothing of interest and oppressed with the loneliness of the place I resumed the burden of my sketching traps, and sought the roadway. As I trudged along, filled with haunting impressions of that old, sun-dried, wind-shaken nest from which the birds had flown, I was joined at the cross-roads by a middle-aged man in *négligé* costume, who carried a basket of fresh wild strawberries. Greeting me politely he raised the covering of ferns which he had placed above the berries to keep them cool and fresh, and told me that he had gathered them all from a field by the roadside, assuring me that the flavor was much finer than that of the cultivated berry. He advised me to test their quality from the vines near at hand. I was welcome to take them from his basket, but he thought the act of plucking them and observing the comfortable, leisurely way in which they left the stem and rolled over in the hand added something to the pleasure.

Glad of so agreeable a companion, I told him who I was; that I used to live in that region, and that I was on my summer vacation, desirous of renewing old friendships, and in search of the picturesque. I then alluded to my discovery of the deserted house, and of the cherished memories of the family who owned it when I was a boy. In turn he told me that he was John Wentworth, formerly of New York. That before becoming a resident of New Hampshire he had looked up the history of several deserted farms—the Chase place among the number—with a view to finding out, in a general way, the causes which led to their abandon-

ment. He thought the history of this case a typical one and valuable from that point of view, while to me it would have special interest. Seating ourselves beneath a balm-of-Gilead tree, he proceeded with the story, which ran somewhat as follows :

"Old Uncle Daniel Chase," according to tradition, was an excellent farmer. "Aunt Abbey," his wife, seconded his efforts so efficiently that they were able to bring up their five children in comfort, and give them good common-school and academic educations out of the proceeds of the farm alone.

Ellen, the only daughter, and Abner Blake, were married just before the war broke out. He was among the first to respond to the call for volunteers, and was killed at Antietam. Ellen is said to have died of a broken heart. The eldest of the Chase boys enlisted on his twenty-first birthday, and came home, after the war was over, too much broken down in health for the hard life of a New Hampshire farmer. He went West, and is said to have done well. The next two sons entered professional life and have gained fame and fortune. Charles, the youngest, went into mercantile life with great expectations, and finally came to grief.

Uncle Daniel mortgaged the farm to tide him over, and in the end lost heavily. Since his failure Charlie seems to prefer poverty in the city to hard work upon the farm. The old folks have been dead these two years, and there is no one left to till the ancestral acres. The old place, with its one hundred and fifty acres of mowing pasture and woodland, is now for sale for eight hundred dollars. "This," said he, "is but one among a thousand similar cases in New Hampshire alone."

I was much saddened by this recital, and asked if he did not think the outlook for the future of the State a gloomy one. He replied that he did not; that new conditions had arisen; that many former residents were coming back and purchasing the farms for summer homes; that thousands of summer visitors came yearly, attracted by the charms of the hills, the lakes, and the mountains, leaving behind them

a very large sum of money, nearly equalling that realized from the entire agricultural product of the State. He gave me to understand that the people were learning that there was profit in the beauties of nature, that a tree could bring financial return through its play of light and shadow, its sheltering companionship—with a comfortable rustic seat beneath it—better than when split up into cord-wood; that the clouds at sunset—when seen from a broad, comfortable piazza—might have a golden lining in more senses than one; that the pretty country roads which wound their fascinating way along, exerting in their vanishing lines an active charm, an attracting force, wooing the steps of unsophisticated youth out into the mysterious world beyond, could—if kept in good repair—be made to entice as strongly in the opposite direction and draw the world to them.

Said he: "I have cultivated intimate relations with my neighbors, and criticize pretty freely; but, though we do not always agree, we get along well together; and no doubt we are of some help to each other. Give a New England woman a barrel of flour, and she can do more with it than any other living woman; but it must be admitted, she has something yet to learn about the use of the gridiron. With well-cooked chops, steaks, and roasts, and plenty of fresh vegetables, forced in hot-bed and cold-frame for early summer use, plenty of chickens, fresh eggs, milk, and cream, and less pie and cake, her table would be much more acceptable."

He then arose, and with apology for keeping me so long seated upon the "hard side of a granite ledge," invited me to accompany him home. He told me that he had bought an abandoned farm and would like to show me what he was doing with it. I gladly accepted his invitation, and proceeding, we rounded a bend in the road, when he pointed to his home, which lay before us, upon high ground, but with friendly hills rising protectingly about it, except to the west, where a beautiful vista stretched away to Mount Kearsarge. The house appeared to have been recently built, but in the severely

plain style common to New England farm-houses. There were some touches about the windows, the front entrance, the long slope of the unequal gable, and the quiet level line which the lintel of the ample piazza formed across the structure which gave evidence of artistic design. The roof and walls were covered with hand-rived and shaved pine-shingles—its only extravagant feature—which, innocent of paint, had already assumed a silvery gray. The trim was white and the blinds green.

There was no sign of ostentatious display, but as it nestled there in the hollow of the sheltering hills, surrounded by old-fashioned flowers, an apple orchard lying comfortably against the southern slope of the hill at the back, two grand old sugar-maple trees standing in great dignity in front, with a grassy field sloping away like cushion of olive plush beyond, the sense of repose was so marked as to confirm at once the appropriateness of the name it bore—"Rest Hollow."

I found the interior equally charming. Its leading features were light, harmony of color, and utter absence of all mere ornament. The walls were kalsomined in quiet tints. The floors were light wood, waxed, with here and there a pretty rug. The furniture was mostly of bamboo—light, cleanly, artistic. There were low, simple cases containing books. Upon the table were magazines, reviews, and the Boston morning papers. Upon the quiet background of the walls were a few good pictures, gratefully relieved by the simplicity of their setting, and copiously illuminated by the unobstructed light which came through the broad windows; while in pleasant nooks were plain glass vases containing flowers, which lent a gay and sprightly air to the apartments. I expressed my delight to my host, who replied that he and Mrs. Wentworth had tried what they could do with simple means, and he was glad if I found it agreeable.

After a delicious dinner—as simple and unpretentious as the house—we started for the woods. Mr. Wentworth put a book in his pocket, while I took my sketching materials, and we wandered over grassy pastures and shadowy rambling wood-paths. He told me that

he did not care to go into general farming, it was more pleasant and profitable for him to devote his spare time to his

pay good interest on his investment, and also his tree-planting expenses, and at no cost to his forest, which was im-



books and his pen. Forestry, he said, was his chief diversion in the country, as well as his plan for making a farm pay. As we proceeded, he seemed to know every tree, and could tell by certain private marks upon their bodies how much some of his favorites had expanded in the four years that he had been their master.

A splendid beech stood at an opening, stretching out twining arms as if to return a caress. "See," said he, "how this beech spreads out in this little clearing, rejoicing in the sunlight which is all about it; presently I will show you beeches in the thicker part of the wood sending their tall, branchless trunks thirty—forty—fifty feet upward. The sunlight being excluded, except from above, they climb up to meet it—one of the secrets, by the way, of success in timber-raising; the tall straight trees being the most valuable. The natural tendency, however, is to overcrowding, as young trees constantly spring up and the growth is rapid. Here and there I cut out enough timber to let the sunlight in freely, which destroys the insects injurious to forest growth."

He told me that he selected and marked for cutting during every summer a sufficient number of large and small trees to yield enough money to

proving rapidly under the treatment. "The sugar-maple," said he, "requires plenty of room in order to reach perfection." He had thinned out around those which grew naturally upon the place, and had planted about two hundred more upon the southern slope of a pasture, placing them in groups of irregular shape, but always giving them at least thirty feet between, except that, here and there, for picturesque effect, he had planted a pair nearer together,



Kelly's Corners.

with, now and then, a hemlock or a birch for variety. Chestnut and butternut trees were also sparingly interspersed.

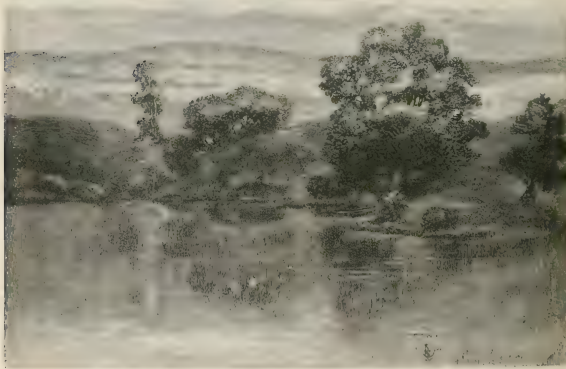
Wandering on we came to "The Pines," a group of ancient monarchs of the forest "primeval," rearing tall, gray, moss-grown pillars, a hundred feet above, supporting deep green arches, pierced sparingly with openings to the sky. The stillness was complete to the verge of solemnity—unbroken by any hint of life or motion, save a faint breathing of the air in the feathery tops of the pines, and a certain consciousness of life and movement in the swelling root upon which I sat, and in the calm ranks of venerable protectors who stood guarding the solitude.

In this silent place, after resting briefly, Wentworth read, while I audaciously planted my easel, set my pallet, and essayed to paint. As I worked and occasionally glanced at my companion, reposing upon a soft bed of pine-needles,

show that he was happier at that moment than if seated in the private room of a safe deposit vault, under an electric lamp, cutting off coupons.

Returning, we followed the brook to the pond. A splendid oak stood upon the bank, and underneath it a boat lay moored. Our path led over a hill, from which we looked down into the cool, mysterious depths, eloquent in suggestions of bass and pickerel.

After tea Wentworth left me to sit in the twilight upon the piazza, while he attended to some duties about the place. Presently an old man, whose tall, gaunt form bent beneath the weight of a bag of flour which he carried upon his back, stopped at the gate and set his burden down with a "Good-evenin'." Seeing none but a stranger he was about to go on, when I asked his opinion as to the



THE POND.

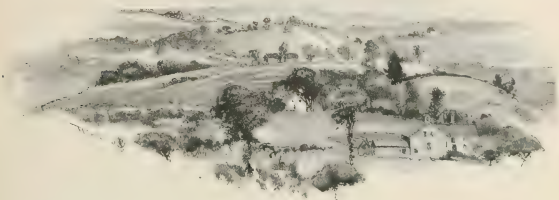
absorbed in his reading, I was convinced that he was realizing bigger dividends from his investment in an abandoned farm than California mining stocks ever paid; and that a true analysis would

prospect of fine weather for the morrow. He immediately sat down upon a boulder.

"Wall, my friend, there ain't no place in all creation nor any other part o' Can-

terbury where you can tell what the weather is a goin' to be any better than on John Wentworth's piazza right where

buggy and walk up a steep incline ; and, as we scrambled along over the rocky road, we tore off handfuls of



Canterbury Hills

you're a-sitting. You look at old Kearsarge, and if he's got his cap on, you can be sure 'twill rain. My eyes ain't very good, 'n' I can't see's well as I used to." Following his suggestion I was rejoiced to behold the old bald peak unobscured by clouds.

True to the evening's promise the morning was fair, and my host proposed a ride. Our turnout consisted of a broad-seated topped buggy and a rather undersized horse of the Morgan stock. While "Trusty" might not appear to advantage on McComb's Dam Road or the Riverside Drive, she was well named, for she would go without guiding and stand without tying ; so we travelled as companions, humoring each other, resting under shady trees, drinking at wayside watering-troughs, picking wintergreen, or cropping the tender herbage by the way as suited the nature and inclination of each. The hubs of the buggy made a countrified and not unmusical chock, chock sound as we drove through aisles of quivering birches, bathed in cool shadows where the brooks gurgled softly under the wooden bridges, or out into the sunlight which shimmered down through overhanging leafage or burst upon us at the clearings, while the brown thrush kept us company flitting in and out along the way.

Occasionally, to relieve Trusty and stretch our legs, we would leave the

sweet-fern, and, rubbing it in our palms, inhaled the fragrance ; plucked spears of grass and chewed the juicy ends ; and laughed at the saucy antics of the little goldfinch as he tore out masses of downy thistle-seed, cocked his head impudently, and then went bounding on in graceful curves before us. At the top of the hill we paused and looked back across the enchanting valley to the distant mountains, whose granite sides rose in subdued proportions against the sky, and down into the great basin of pure air beneath.

We passed the old church on the hill, and the school-house at the corners, with its pleasant memories. I recognized the old "turtle hole" in the corner of the pasture, and stopped to peer around, as I used when on the way to school, for the old turtle log. With one short thrust a dark chunk pushed itself into the water with a "chig." "Chig, chig, chig," followed from other dark chunks, which of a sudden enlivened that quiet little pool and set it twinkling from centre to circumference, till the fringe of flags at the edge nodded.

We climbed Catamount at Pittsfield and skirted near the summit the shores of Berry Pond ; enjoyed the view from the old Quaker burying-ground, across the valley to the Sandwich Mountains and the omnipresent Kearsarge ; and upon the hills at Gilmanston overlooked other valleys and hill-tops. We drove

through long stretches of woods ; climbed by winding roads over rounded gravelly hills ; caught glimpses of blue mountains and lakes, still ascending, till the beautiful view from Liberty Hill in the town of Gifford lay before us,



"Where the great lake's sunny smiles
Dimpled 'round her hundred isles."

On the near side rose the Bellknapp Hills ; to the north and west the White and Franconia Mountains — range

upon range—with Mount Washington standing guard over all. Winnepesaukee—"Smile of the Great Spirit"—none to whom your blue waters made a familiar picture in youth can behold you without emotion.

Leaving the highway we visited Zion's Hill, where once dwelt a sect called the Osgoodites. The spot is marked by crumbling foundations and a little burying-yard upon a knoll so rocky that one wonders how the graves could have been dug. The occupants of those stony beds did not favor soft luxury in life, and, though gaining enviable repute for honesty and good character, they did not believe either in doctors or ministers, as the following epitaphs attest :

"*Josiah Haines died May 29, 1838, aged 60.*

"He was a blessing to the saints
To sinners rich and poor ;
He was a kind and worthy man,
He's gone to be no more.
He kept the faith unto the end,
And left the world in peace.
He did not for a doctor send,
Nor for a hireling priest."

"*Mrs. Haines died Apr. 26, '38, aged 39.*

"Here beneath these marble stones
Sleeps the dust and rests the bones
Of one who lived a Christian life,
'Twas Hannah Haines, Josiah's wife
She was a woman full of truth,
And feared God from early youth,
And priests and elders did her fight,
Because she brought her deeds to light."

Seated upon the wall of the little enclosure, Mr. Wentworth repeated a part of one of their hymns :

"It is enough to make one stare
To see professors curl their hair ;
Oh ! how they love to make it shine,
This little fox will spoil the vine.

"A ruffle made of finest lace,
On purpose to wear round the face,
Only to please the carnal mind,
This little fox will spoil the vine.

"If you do build your house too high,
'Twill clip your wings, you cannot fly ;
You'll get exalted, you will find,
This little fox will spoil the vine."

In view of this virtuous teaching it would be interesting to know the cause of the ruin which lay around.

We retraced our way along the side-hill road, overgrown with grass and almost obliterated from disuse, to the main travelled road again, reaching Shaker Village in time for dinner, and received gentle entertainment from the placid sister who presides over the hospitalities of the Church Family. This sect believes with Paul that "he who marries doeth well, but he who marries not doeth better." And they neither marry nor are given in marriage, their communication being "yea, yea" and "nay, nay." Though one might not agree with their interpretation of Scripture, the most exacting epicure could find no fault with their raspberry short-cake.

Caught in a shower on our homeward way we sought shelter in a friendly barn, and on the invitation of the proprietor we repaired to the house and took tea with a merry, vigorous, intelligent family. Mr. Eastman is one of the stirring progressive farmers who can turn his hand to any new crop which promises a profit, and the conversation turned to the changes in agricultural





Carterbury Meeting House

methods and pursuits in recent years. "You know we never thought of raising celery for the table when we were boys. And there's asparagus, we used to have a little in the corner of the garden to put in bouquets of flowers, but nobody ever thought of eating it. Now the city people come around here and they want all these little notions, which bring more profit if rightly taken care of than corn and fat cattle used to. Then we are raising a better grade of horses, and there is always a market for good road-horses. We can't make money as fast

as you city people can, but I guess we live longer. Look at mother—you wouldn't think she was eighty-three, would ye, now?"

Grandma Eastman tossed her chin up and bubbled over with laughter at the complimentary reference to herself, and told us of the things *her* mother could cook after her hundredth year. She told how Cousin Joel came from the West to visit her mother after she was a century old, and, at the leave-taking, he said, sadly, "Waal, Aunt Hannah, I don't s'pose I shall ever see you again."

"Why, Joel," says she, "ain't you feel in' as well as usual?"

At sunset we took leave of the East-



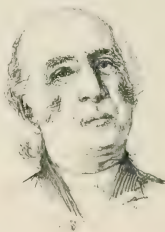
Grandma Eastman.

mans. The rain had left pools in the road in front of the house, and they mirrored the rosy clouds which floated above; drops of water hung from the grape-leaves upon the trellis, and glistened upon the blades of grass about the door-yard. Just across in the garden a mass of old-fashioned hollyhocks rose eight feet high, flanked on either side by pink phlox and sweet-williams; beyond were the beehives, the string beans, the beets, the celery, and the orchard. The swallows swirled around the chimney-top; the martins gossiped upon the door-steps of their pretty little house away up on a pole. Pansies grew by the stoop. With hearty "good-by" we drove down that enchanted road whose water-filled wagon tracks led on like ornamental tracings of burnished gold. The distant murmur of the piping frogs produced a constant motion and vibration of sound. The deepening gloom of the forests and the fading color in the sky, the scent of the leaves of the trees and the wet mould about their roots, the odor of the ferns and the resinous breath of the pines appealed each to its proper sense.

We travelled on for an interval in silence. Each absorbed by his own thoughts. Presently my host, after an apology for speaking of his private affairs, referred to remarks which had been made by some of those whom we had met, tending to the impression that he was wealthy. He said he felt im-

pelled to speak freely to me about it, as he was unwilling to leave a false impression upon my mind; that in order to be fully understood it would be necessary for him to relate something of his history, which ran as follows:

He received a liberal education and inherited from his father a well-established business and a home in a fashionable neighborhood in New York. His tastes did not run in the direction of business, but, with the hopefulness of youth, he thought that after a few years of close application he could retire rich, and devote himself to more congenial pursuits. For a time he made money, but social demands and business cares accumulated, robbing him of leisure, and the halcyon days to which he had looked forward seemed further away than ever. As competition became more and more fierce he lost heavily, until it got to be a difficult matter to keep up the mode of life to which he was accustomed, and his business was on the verge of disaster. His forty-seventh birthday found him enduring a



Jonathan Wakefield.

disappointment the like of which many a man has ended with a bullet.

There came a time when he could no longer conceal his trouble from his wife. She took a cheerful view of things and sat right down, as she said, "to look the thing square in the face." She advised him to sell out business, house, horses, carriages, furniture, everything, but a few choice pictures and his books before all was lost, go to some quiet



Merrill's Pond.

country place and rest, and plan for the future. Acting on this advice they had drifted to New Hampshire.

Said he: "Our farm cost no more than I have spent many a time during a single season at fashionable summer resorts."

I remarked that, while life in the country during the summer must be delightful to him, I could hardly understand how a city-bred man could content himself there in the winter. "Oh," said he, "we reverse the usual order of things and take our vacation in winter." We enjoy the autumn, which is glorious here. When cold weather comes we pack our choicest belongings in convenient cases prepared to receive them, have them taken into the house

of a neighbor, lock our door, and go to New York for the winter. I must admit that when we come down the East River some bright November morning and see the masts along the water front, the busy shipping, the restless tugs, the crowds upon the ferry-boats, the great streams of humanity crossing the beautiful spider-web bridge above our heads, and feel the mighty throbbing of the restless heart of the city, it thrills us as nothing else can do. But we keep out of the whirl; go to a quiet boarding-house; attend the theatre, opera, art exhibitions, everything we want to see,

in a quiet way. I look after my business interests a little and pursue certain special lines of study until the spring comes again, when we are glad to return with the apple-blossoms and the birds to this quiet little Eden. And it is all done so easily on the remnants of a fortune which in New York would have dwindled away to nothing in a few short years. To be perfectly frank about it, I have not over twenty thousand dollars in the world, and yet, without great wealth, I have learned a way to rescue from the toil and moil of life a few tranquil years. In view of this fact, I think you will agree with my country friends when they call me rich. However, there is in New York a certain circle of business men who formerly knew about my affairs, who think

of me only as a ruined man. I have good reason to believe that some of those who commiserate me are straining every nerve to keep up appearances and out of bankruptcy.

"By the way," said he, bringing Trusty to a standstill, "right here grow a quantity of orange field-lilies

—Mrs. Wentworth is very fond of them. I want to take some home to her."

The daylight had entirely faded into night, but so gradual had been the transformation that our eyes had accustomed themselves to making the most of the faint reflections which came



from the stars. To me, however, the lilies were invisible ; but Wentworth knew just where to find them, and gath-

amused by the intelligent creature, but my mind was preoccupied with the revelation it had received of the life of the



A Rained Man

ered a large cluster without difficulty. Trusty was again allowed to proceed, and, as horses do when approaching home, she quickened her pace and went spinning forward at a lively gait, rushing madly up the steep pitches, tearing down the corresponding declivities, and whirling us around sharp curves, imparting a pleasant swaying motion to the buggy. The rapid hoof-beats were muffled by the damp gravel ; and mingling with the soft, crushing sound of the wheels was heard the faint squeak of the whiffle-tree. Wentworth was greatly

man—a life so simple and unspoiled that the blandishments of wealth and society could be exchanged for the sweet entertainment furnished by the birds, the animals, and the flowers, with naught but self-congratulation ; so blessed with leisure as to be free to enter the great storehouses of art and knowledge ; so composed that hand and brain could work untrammelled. Then came to me, with unwonted force, that grand interrogation, "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment ?"



THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL.

A MEMORY OF THE MIND OF A CHILD.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

CHAPTER XI.

"MAMMA"—AND THE FIRST ONE.

THE chief tone of her world was given to it by the gentle little lady who was her mother—the most kind and simple English lady—of a type the most ingenuous and mild. What the Small Person felt most clearly was that "Mamma" was so entirely and sweetly this gentle and kindly *lady*. Of course it had not been necessary to formulate this, even in thought, but it was an existent fact which made life pleasant. One could not have borne existence—even as a Small Person—if one's "Mamma" had not been a lady. There were Mammams who were not quite so nice—who wore more ribbons in their caps and who could be seen at a greater distance, and who had not such soft voices, and such almost timidly kind smiles and words for everyone. The Small Person was always thankful after interviews with such Mammams that her own was the one who belonged to her, and to whom she belonged.

It was so interesting to hear of the days when she had been a little girl also.

"When I was a little girl and we lived at Patricroft——" was the slender link which formed a chain of many dear little stories of quite another world.

She had not been Romantic. The

Small Person had a vague feeling that she herself might have been the subject of memoirs of a sweet and not awe-inspiring kind. "Mamma" could never have been denunciatory. She seemed a little like Amelia Sedley, but not so given to weeping and not so silly. There were two little water-color pictures, which hung in the drawing-room. They were supposed to represent, ideally, Amy Robsart and Jeanie Deans. They had sweet pink faces and brown ringlets, and large, gentle blue eyes. They were very much alike, and the Small Person was very fond of them because Mamma had one day said: "Poor Papa bought them before we were married because he thought they were like me. I used to wear my hair like the picture of Jeanie Deans."

To the Small Person this surrounded them with a halo. The vision of "Poor Papa" overcome by youthful ardor before he was married to Mamma, and tenderly buying these two little pictures because they were like her, and had ringlets-like hers, was simply delightful to her. How could she help loving them?

Was Mamma clever? No, I think not. The Small Person never asked herself the question. That would have been most sacrilegious unlovingness. And why should one have thought of asking more of her than that she should be "Mamma." One would not ask one's

self if an Angel were clever. And, also, one did not think of wondering how many years she had lived. She was just the age of a mamma. Only as long as she lived her mind was like that of an innocent, serious, young girl—with a sort of maidenly matronliness. Not being at all given to eloquence or continuous conversation of any sort, it was a wonderful thing that her mere existence near one meant so much—that it soothed headaches, and made sore throats bearable; that it smoothed stormy nursery seas, and removed the rankling sting of wrong and injustice. One could have confronted any trial, supported by the presence of this little, gentle, very ingenuous and unworldly Mamma.

She was a sweetly feminine thing and her literature had been feminine as herself. The Small Person found out about that. She had read "improving" works when she was a young lady. She had a great respect for Miss Martineau and Mrs. Ellis and her "Daughters of England." She had read poems in Keepsakes and knew all the beauties of Dr. Watts. Mrs. Barbauld she revered, and a certain book called "Anna Lee, the Maiden, Wife, and Mother," she admired most sweetly.

"But you ought not to read tales so much," she used to say, with a gently heroic sense of maternal duty, to the Small Person. "You ought to read something Improving."

"What is Improving, Mamma?" the Small Person would reply.

Gentle little lady Mamma! I am afraid she was vague—though the Small Person did not realize that it was vagueness she always observed in her blue eye when she asked this question. The answer was always the same:

"Oh!—history and things, love. History is always improving."

The Small Person used to wonder why History particularly. It was never suggested that grammar, geography, and arithmetic were stimulating to the mind—but history always. And she knew all "Pinnock's England" and "Pinnock's Rome" and somebody else's "Greece." Could there have been in Mamma herself a lurking fondness for the Story which was not "improving?"

There were three or four mentioned at different periods which she seemed to remember interesting details of with remarkable clearness. "The Scottish Chiefs," "The Children of the Abbey," "Fatherless Fanny," "The Castle of Otranto," and "The Mysteries of Udolpho." Certain incidents in them being inadvertently described to the Small Person so inflamed her imagination that the most burning desire of her life was to be the happy possessor of these rich treasures. It was years before she came upon them, one by one, and then somehow their glory had departed. The mysterious secreted relative wandering about the cloister's ruins had lost her sorrowful eerie charm, the ghastly, apparently murdered victim, concealed by the heavy curtain, had no impressiveness, and it was not really a shock when he turned out to be only wax. Emily—the beautiful persecuted Emily in "Udolpho"—was actually tedious in her persistent habit of "giving vent to her feelings in the following lines." But when Mamma told bits of them with a certain timidity engendered by their romantic lack of the element of "improvement," what thrillingly suggestive things they were!

What a beautiful thing this pure and gentle heart was—quite as simple as the heart of a child, and filled with sweetest, lenient kindness to all things! What a beautiful thing for a little child to grow up in the mild sunshine of! What brilliant strength could have had such power—if it had not had its sweetness too! How did one learn from it that to be unkindly and selfish was not only base but somehow vulgar too—and that the people who were not born in the "back streets" naturally avoided these things as they avoided dropping their h's and speaking the dialect?

Nobody ever said "Noblesse oblige," nobody ever said anything about "Noblesse" at all, and yet one knew that in certain quiet, unpretentious houses the boys and girls must be "ladies and gentlemen," and to be so one must feel inadmissible some faults it was by no means difficult to fall into. There is, after all, a certain quaint dignity in the fixed qualities understood by some

English minds in the words "lady" and "gentleman." The words themselves have been vulgarized, and cheapened, and covered with odd gildings and varnish, and have been made to mean so many objectionable things, that it has seemed better taste to let them drop out of fashion—but once their meaning in simple, gentle minds was something very upright and fine. They were used in this sense in the days of the Small Person—at least she believed them to mean nothing less.

In searching the past there is no memory of any lecture delivered by "Mamma" on the subject of good morals, good manners, and good taste. Anything from "Mamma" in the nature of a harangue would have seemed incongruous. Perhaps it was because through all the years *she* never was unkind or ungenerous, because she was good to everything—even to disreputable and objectionable stray cats and lost dogs brought in—with bursts of enthusiasm—for refuge; because she never uttered a vulgarly sharp or spiteful, envious word, or harbored an uncharitable thought—perhaps it was because of these things that one grew up knowing that her unspoken creed would be:

"Be kind, my dear. Try not to be thoughtless of other people. Be very respectful to people who are old, and be polite to servants and good to people who are poor. Never be rude or vulgar. Remember to be always a little lady."

It was all so simple and so quite within the bounds of what one could do. And, all summed up and weighed, the key-note of it was but one thing: "Be kind, my dear—be kind."

There was an innocent, all-embracing prayer, which the entire Nursery said unfailingly every night and morning, through all its childhood—some of them, perhaps, far beyond childhood, because of the tender homely memories it brought back. One of them, at least, in after years, when the world had grown to wider boundaries and faith was a less easy thing, found a strange, sad pleasure in saying it because its meaning was so full of trustiness, and so sweet.

Surely it was "Mamma" who was responsible for it—"Mamma" who had a faith so perfect and simple, and who, in asking for good, could have left out in her praying nothing, however poor and small.

As she grew to riper years the Small Person often pondered on it and found it touching, in its all-embracingness.

It began with the Lord's Prayer—the first words of this being said devoutly as, "Our Father, 'chart in Heaven," and the more *slowly* one said it all, the more devout one was supposed to be. The child who "gabbled" her prayers was "a wicked thing." It was very awful, when one was tired or preoccupied, to find out that one was "gabbling." Discovering this, one went back and began again, with exceeding deliberation.

But it was the little prayer which came after this which so took in all the world—leaving out none—in its blessing:

"God bless Papa and Mamma," it began, lovingly, "and Grandpapas and Grandmamas"—though when the Small Person first remembered it the Grandpapas were gone, and one could only say "and Grandmamas," because the Grandpapas had "gone to Heaven," and so needed no praying for, because in Heaven everybody was happy and God took care of them without being asked every night and morning by the wearers of the little white nightgowns, by the little white beds, in the Nursery. "God bless my Brothers and Sisters," it went on, lovingly, again, "and my Uncles and Aunts and Cousins." And then, that none might escape and be forgotten, "Pray God bless *all* my Relations and Friends," and, then, in an outburst of sympathy, "Pray God, bless Everybody." And modestly, at the end—and with the feeling that it was really a great deal to ask—"And make Me a Good Child—for Jesus Christ's Sake. Amen."

One felt, with all one's little heart, that this could be only done "For Jesus Christ's Sake"—because one *knew* how far one was removed from the little girl who died of scarlet fever in the Memoirs.

And then one finished with three dear

little verses which seemed to provide for all in one's child-life—and which remembered one's friends again, and took one even to the gates of Paradise.

In Nursery parlance it was always spoken of as "Jesus tender."

"Did you say your 'Jesus tender'?" was sometimes sternly demanded by one little white Nightgown of another. "You were such a little bit of a time kneeling down, if you said it you *must* have gabbled."

It was this:

"Jesus—tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light."

That seemed to make everything so safe when the gas was turned down.

"Through the Darkness be Thou near me"—

the strange, black Dark, when anything might come out of corners, or from under the bed, or down the chimney, and if one heard a sound, one could only huddle one's head under the clothes and lie listening with beating heart. But if "Jesus tender" was there, and would keep one safe till morning light, one need not be really afraid of anything. And then came the little thankful part:

"Through this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care.
Thou hast warmed and clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer."

And then the last, where the poor little sins were asked mercy for, and the friends were embraced again, and one was left happy—taken care of—dwelling in Paradise with the Tender one:

"Let my sins be all forgiven.
Bless the friends I love so well,
Take me, when I die, to Heaven.
Happy there with Thee to dwell.
For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

It was very sweet and very trusting—full of belief, and full of love and kind faith in and for all the world. And whatever of faith might fade in the glare of maturity, which made all things too real or too vague, to say simply every night and morning through

a whole childhood, words as confiding and as kind must be a good beginning for an innocent life—for any life, however spent.

The First One—a development of that notable seventh year—was written one Sunday evening in Summer, when it was clear twilight and the church bells were ringing. She sat at the Sitting Room Table which for the time was merely a table made to rest things upon. She was fond of the act of scribbling, and frequently had filled pages in blank books with lines of angular letter m's joined together. The doing it gave her the feeling of writing with rapidity and ease as older people did. There was something in the free movement of the flying pen which she liked extremely. The long summer twilight of these Sunday evenings was always emotionally impressive to her. She did not know why, but that they seemed so quiet, and the house was so still, and one did not play with the Doll or run about. She had never been forbidden secular amusement, or talked to rigidly, but somehow there were certain things one felt it was not exactly proper to do on Sunday.

Sunday, in fact, was rather a nice day. After breakfast one was dressed with such care for church. The Small Person and her two sisters, exceedingly fresh as to frocks and hats, and exceedingly glossy as to curls, walked to church with Mamma and the governess and the two brothers, whose Eton collars presented their most unimpeachable spotlessness.

The sermon was frequently rather long, but one did one's best by it in the way of endeavoring to understand what it was about. The Small Person was dissatisfied with her character because she was conscious that her mind frequently wandered, and that she found herself imagining agreeable scenes of a fictitious nature. She also found that when she checked these sinful mundane fancyings and forced herself to strictly follow the Reverend James Jones, she was guilty of impatient criticism, entirely unbecoming a little girl. The literary ideal of a perfect little girl in those days—a spotless little girl, who,

being snatched away in her youth by scarlet fever would create quite a commotion in Heaven by the rectitude of her conduct—was the painful young person who had memoirs written about her, relating the details of her sufferings and the Example she had been to every one about her—particularly to all other children who were not of the moral *élite* as it were. The Small Person had extremely high standards. There was nothing she would have been so thankful for as to find that she might attain being an Example—and suitable for memoirs—but she had an humble, sorrowing consciousness that such aspirations were in vain. This was evident on the face of it. The little girls in memoirs could not have been guilty of the vileness of “not listening to the sermon.” They heard every word of it and preached it over again to their companions on the way home, by way of inspiring them to religious enthusiasm. They never thought of *anything* but the preacher while they were in church, and they never read anything but the Bible, and were in the kindly habit of repeating chapters of it aloud to people left alone with them. They always knew a text to say when anyone did anything wrong, and it always converted the erring one upon the spot. “Thou shalt not steal,” they said, solemnly, when a boy was going to steal an apple, and he never thought of such a thing again. “Thou, God, seeest me,” they said when Tommy had taken a lump of sugar, and was reveling in the crime, and he immediately put it back into the bowl—probably very much the worse for wear—but he never *looked* at the sugar-bowl again so long as he lived.

The Small Person felt she could not accomplish these things—that there was a fatal earthly flaw in her nature. Perhaps it was because she was Romantic, and no memoir had ever been written about a little girl who was Romantic. Whether it preserved them against scarlet fever or against the memoir she did not ask. But sometimes she had a sad lurking fear that if a girl out of a memoir had heard her dramatic performances with the Doll she would have said to her :

“That is *not* a bark. It is only an Arm Chair. You are not playing on a lute made of silver. You are only tooting on a tin whistle which cost a penny. You are not a gentleman. You are a little girl. And you are saying what is not true. These are all lies—and liars go to Hell.”

It made her feel inclined to burst into tears when she thought of it—so she thought of it as little as possible. This may have indicated a shifty irresponsibility of nature or a philosophic discretion. She could not *live* without the Doll. She felt it sad that she was not made to be an Example, but she tried to be as unobjectionable as was compatible with her inferiority and lack of fine qualities.

And, somehow, she liked Sunday. Having had another Mamma she might have disliked it greatly, but as it existed in her life, it had rather the air of a kind of peaceful festival. She herself was in those days too unconscious to realize that it combined with its spiritual calm certain mild earthly pleasures which made an excellent foundation for its charm. One did not go to school; there were no lessons to learn; the chaos of the Nursery was reduced to order; the whole house looked nice and quiet; one was so specially spotless in one's best frock; there was always such a nice pudding for dinner (never rice, or bread-pudding, but something with an aspect of novelty). For a little while after dinner one remained in the drawing-room, and sometimes Mamma—who belonged to the generation when “the figure” was not a matter treated lightly, would suggest that the Small Person and her two sisters should lie quite flat upon their backs, upon the hearth-rug, “for fifteen minutes by the clock.”

“It is very good for your backs, my dears,” she would say. “It makes them straight. It is very important that a young lady should hold herself well. When we were girls—your Aunt Emma and I—back-boards were used.”

The Small Person quite delighted in this ceremony. It was so nice to stretch one's plump body on the soft rug—with the sense of its being rather a joke—and hear about the time when people

used back-boards. It appeared that there had been schoolmistresses—gentle, extremely correct ladies who kept boarding-schools—who had been most rigorous in insisting on the use of the back-board by their pupils. There were anecdotes of girls who would “poke their chins forward,” and so were constrained to wear a species of collar. There was one collar, indeed, celebrated for certain sharp-pointed things under the chin, which briskly reminded the young lady when she “poked.” The knowledge that scholastic and maternal method had improved since those days, and that one would never be called upon to use back-boards or instruments suggestive of the Inquisition, was agreeable, and added charm to lying on the rug and turning one’s eyes to the ormolu clock on the mantel every now and then, to see if the three five minutes were gone.

After that one went for a decorous saunter round the Square, where one always encountered the Best Friend and her sisters, and perhaps other little girls, all in best frocks and best hats, and inclined to agreeable conversation.

About four one returned to the drawing-room, and the event of the day took place. Everyone took a chair, and being given an orange, disposed of it at leisure and with great but joyful decorum, while Mamma or the Governor read aloud.

“Where did we leave off last Sunday,” the reader would ask, turning over the leaves.

The Small Person always knew. She revelled in these Sunday afternoons. During the rapture of their passing she heard “Ministering Children,” “The Channings,” “Mrs. Halliburton’s Troubles,” “Letters from Palmyra,” and “Letters from Rome,” an enthralling book called “Naomi,” which depicted dramatically the siege of Jerusalem, and divers other “Sunday books.”

Yes, Sunday was a day quite set apart and was really very pleasant to think of. A far more brilliant woman than “Mamma” might have made it infinitely less an agreeable and bright memory. Hers was the brilliance of

a sweet and tender heart which loved too kindly to give one dreary hour.

None of the younger ones went to church in the evening.

“I am afraid you might be sleepy,” said Mamma, which was an instance of most discreet forethought.

So not going to church, the Small Person had her evening hours in the quiet house, and liked them greatly.

The form and merits of the First One have not remained a memory, but the emotion which created it is a memory very distinct indeed. As for the creation itself, it cannot have been of any consequence but that it *was* the First One.

I see the Sitting Room with its look of Sunday neatness, the Green Arm Chair wearing a decorous air of never having braved the stormy billows, the table with its cloth quite straight upon it, and the Small Person sitting by it with pen and ink and an old exercise-book before her, the window open behind her.

The pen and ink and book were to scribble with, because it amused her to scribble. But all was so quiet around her, and the sound of the church bells coming through the open windows was such a peaceful thing, that she sat leaning on the table, her cheek on her hand, listening to it. What is there that is so full of emotional suggestion in the sound of bells ringing in the summer twilight? The Small Person did not know at all. But she felt very still and happy, and as if she wanted to say or do something new, which would somehow be an expression of feeling, and goodness, and—and—she did not know at all what else.

She turned her face over her shoulder, to look at the sky, which showed over the tops of the houses in the Back Street. It was very beautiful that evening—very blue, and dappled with filmy white clouds. It had a Sunday evening look.

After looking at it, she turned slowly to the exercise-book again—not with any particular intention, but reminded by the pen in her hand of the pleasantness of scribbling. A delightful queer and tremendously bold idea came to her. It was so daring that she smiled a little.

"I wonder if I could write—a piece of poetry," she said. "I believe—I'll try."

No one need ever know that she had attempted anything so audacious, and she could have the fun of trying. There was no one in the room but the Green Arm Chair, and it could not betray her—besides the fact that it would not if it could. It was such a nice old thing. It had a way at times of seeming to have forgotten the adventures of its wild and rather racketty past and of seeming to exist only to hold out its arms benignly to receive Grandmamas. As to Pirates on the High Seas, it seemed never to have even heard of one.

A piece of poetry was a thing with short lines, and at the end of them were words which sounded alike—which rhymed.

"Down on a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head
As if to hide from view."

"Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion."

"Believe me, if all those endearing young
charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day
Were to fleet by to-morrow and fade in these
arms
Like fairy dreams gone to decay."

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour.
It gathers honey all the day,
From every opening flower."

These were pieces of poetry, and they gave one something to build on. "Bed, Head, Led, Shed—Charms, Arms, Farms, Carms." No, Carms was not a word. Oh 'Calms.' And Calms was a real word. That seemed to open up vistas. It became quite exciting—like a sort of game. There were words spelled differently from each other, it seemed, which would rhyme. And the church-bells went on ringing with that soft sound which seemed to make one think things.

What should the piece of poetry be about? How pretty that ringing was! Oh, suppose one tried to write a piece of poetry about the bells. Bells, Shells, Tells, Sells—Ring, Sing, Fling, Wing.

And she wrote a "piece of poetry" about the church-bells, and of it there is no record whatever, but that it was the First One. How long it was before she wrote another I am not at all sure. She did not seem to rush madly on in her downward career.

Time could not possibly be calculated in those days. A month seemed to hold a Future. *Anything* might occur in the way of rapture during six weeks' holiday. If one heard that a thing would happen "Next Year," one could not feel actual interest in it. "Next century" would not have made it much less vague.

But I think she was nine or ten years old when, on another Sunday evening, she broke forth again. She had read a great deal of the "Secrétaire" by that time, and had found that in Magazines published for grown-up people there were many things to read. She had discovered that *Punch* was a source of delight, and a person of the name of Charles Dickens had attracted her attention. Perhaps the fact that she had made his acquaintance, and that she had discovered *Punch* had given a new flavor to her romanticisms. But to the last the adventures of the Doll were never clouded in their seriousness by any sense of humor. Her charm would have been lost if one could have treated her lightly, or made fun of her. *She* was Reality.

The Sunday evening when she wrote her next piece of poetry was a dark and stormy one. It was a winter evening. The rain was falling and the wind howling outside. Her sisters were in bed, every one else but one servant at church, and she was sitting in the drawing-room.

She had pen and ink before her again, without any particular reason, except that she wanted something to do, and again it was the sounds outside which gave her her impetus. There were no church-bells. They had stopped ringing long before, and the wintry storm had begun after every one must have been safely in church. It was the sound of the wind which moved her this time. It sounded all the more weird, as it rushed wailing round the houses, because she was

quite alone. Sometimes it seemed to exhaust itself in sounds like mournful cries heard very far off. That particular sound had always affected her very much. When she had been a little child lying awake in the Nursery bedroom she had been heart-broken by a fancy of a baby lost in the darkness of the night and storm, and wandering alone, crying, crying for some one to find it.

This Sunday night it made her melancholy. Even the cheerful sounds of the bright fire of blazing coal were not enough to overpower the feeling. And she felt so alone that she began to wish "Mamma" and the Governess would come home from church, and wondered how they would get through the rain. It seemed lonely when the wind sounded like that.

And suddenly, as a means of distracting herself, she began to write another "piece of poetry."

It began by being a very harrowing thing. The immortal whole was never seen by her after that night, but the flavor of the first verse was so fine that it would not be easy to forget it. The "Secrétaire" had given her an acquaintance with more than one darkling poem, recording and immortalizing the sentiments of lofty-minded persons who were the victims of accursed fate and who in the depths of their woe were capable of devoting many verses to describing their exalted scorn of things in general—particularly suns which would unfeeling persist in shining, stars that continued heartlessly to remain bright, and skies whose inconsiderate blueness could not be too scathingly condemned. And the very loftiness of their mental altitude was the cause of their being isolated from the "hollow world." They were always "alone." Alone. That was a good idea. The piece of poetry should be called "Alone." And the wind should be heard in it. How it wailed at that particular moment. And this was the soul-stirring result:

ALONE.

Alone—alone! The wind shrieks "Alone!"

And mocks my lonely sorrow.

"Alone—alone!" the trees seem to moan.

"For thee there's no bright to-morrow."

There were no trees—but that was immaterial. And there was no sorrow—but that also was of no consequence whatever. There was, however, a touch of unconscious realism in the suggestion of the to-morrow not wearing a cheerful aspect. The next day was Monday and it would be necessary to go to school again, which was a prospect never holding forth inducements of a glittering nature. She was *not* warmly attached to school.

But the first verse really impressed her. Up to that time I remember she had never been impressed by anything she had done. The First One had not impressed her at all. She had only found it very absorbing to write it. But the tone of this struck her. It was the *tone*. It seemed so elevated—so grown-up—so like something out of the "Secrétaire." It suggested Lord Byron. It seemed to begin a little like some of those things he had written about ladies—intimating that if he was not very careful indeed they would fall hopelessly in love with him, which might lead to most disastrous results, but that, being the noble creature he was, he *would* be careful, and "spare" them—which the Small Person always thought extremely nice of him, and so beautiful when expressed in poetry. But she had not come to the lady in her poetry. In fact, she had not thought of her at all, which was quite remiss, as she had imagined the sufferer whom the wind shrieked at to be a gentleman. Perhaps such had been the feelings of Quentenravenswoodmaltravers when the eldest Miss Grantham's papa had disapproved of him. Gentlemen in that situation, in the "Secrétaire," always felt that trees and things were taunting them. But it was cheering to reflect that *he* had had a "bright to-morrow" on the occasion when he drove home from church with the eldest Miss Grantham's head on his shoulder.

Oh, it really was quite a beautiful piece of poetry—at least the *beginning* of it was. And she sat and gazed at it respectfully.

I have wondered since then if one has not reason to congratulate her on the thing which happened next, and on

the result of it. Perhaps *Punch* and the witticisms in the grown-up magazines, and perhaps the tone of thought of the gentleman of the name of Dickens were her salvation. If it had been possible for her to write a second verse as harrowing as the first and to complete her piece of poetry with the same sentiments carried to the bitter end, this being repeated through her ripening years and giving tone to them, it seems not impossible that the effect upon her character might have been a little lowering, or at least not of the most bracing nature.

But this was what happened. Though a wildly romantic, she was a healthy and cheerful-minded Small Person, and intense as was her reverence for this first verse she found she could not possibly write another. She tried and tried in vain. She frowned gloomily, and listened to the wind howling. She thought of the "Corsair," and the ladies Lord Byron had "spared." She strove to depict to herself the agonies of Quentenravenswoodmaltravers before Miss Grantham's papa relented. But it was no use. She became more and more cheerful, and at last found herself giving it up with something like a giggle, because it suddenly struck her as rather funny that she was sitting there trying so hard to "think of something sorrowful."

And it occurred to her that she would try to make it into something amusing.

It is quite possible that unconscious cerebration connected with some humorous poems in *Punch* or the grown-up magazines guided her. She wrote the rest of it—and there were a number of verses—quite rapidly, and with great enjoyment. She laughed a great deal as she was doing it. It was quite a primitive and aged idea she used but it seemed intensely amusing to her. The gentleman who had begun by being mocked and shrieked at by the winds and trees developed into an unmarried gentleman whose bachelorhood exposed him to many domestic vicissitudes and unpleasantnesses. He seemed a very hapless gentleman, indeed, and his situation was such that one did not wonder that the winds in the first verse

"seemed to moan" at him, even though they intended it for another gentleman.

She finished the last verse in a burst of ecstatic low giggling. When it was all done she did not think of respecting it or admiring it at all; it did not impress her, it simply made her laugh.

I wonder if it can have really been at all actually funny. At that age one laughs so easily. I know nothing about the verses but that there was an interesting incident connected with them, and that they made someone else laugh.

Just as she finished them "Mamma" came home from church, and hearing the front door-bell ring she took her papers off the table. It would not have done to let "the boys" know she had been trying to write poetry. They would have made her life a burden to her.

But "Mamma" was different. Mamma always liked to be told about things, and perhaps the verses would make her laugh, too. It was always nice to make her laugh.

So she took the exercise-book under her arm, and went upstairs with it, still flushed and elated by the excitement of composition.

Mamma was standing before the dressing-table taking off her nice little black bonnet. She never wore anything but black after "Poor Papa" died, though he died young.

She turned, smiling, as the Small Person approached with the exercise-book under her arm.

"Well, my dear?" she said. "What have you got there?"

"I've got a piece of poetry," said the Small Person. "I want to read it to you and see if you don't think it's funny."

She forgot to say anything about having written it herself. She was so full of it and so eager to try it on Mamma that it seemed unnecessary to say it was her own. Just warm from the writing of it, she took it for granted that it was all understood.

She looked so elated and laughing that Mamma laughed too.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Let me read it to you," said the

Small Person. And she began. "It's called 'Alone,'" she said.

She began with the melancholy verse and did her best by it. Mamma looked a little mystified at first, but when the second verse began she smiled; at the third she laughed her pretty laugh; at the fourth she exclaimed "How funny!" at the fifth and sixth she laughed more and more, and by the time all the others were finished she was laughing quite uncontrollably. The Small Person was flushed with delight and was laughing too.

"Do you think it's funny?" she asked.

"Funny!" exclaimed Mamma. "Oh, it is *very* funny! Where did you find it? Did you copy it out of one of the periodicals?"

Then the Small Person realized that Mamma did not know who had done it and she felt rather shy.

"Where *did* you get it?" repeated Mamma.

The Small Person suddenly realized that there was an unexpected awkwardness in the situation. It was as if she had to confess she had been secreting something.

She became quite red, and answered almost apologetically, looking rather sheepishly at Mamma,

"I—didn't get it from anywhere." She hesitated. "I thought you knew. I—I wrote it myself."

Mamma's face changed. She almost dropped her bonnet on the floor, she was so astonished.

"You!" she exclaimed, looking almost as if she was a little frightened at such an astounding development. "You wrote it, my dear? Are you in earnest? Why, it seems impossible."

"But I did, Mamma," said the Small Person, beaming with delight at success so unexpected and intoxicating. "I really did. My own self. I was sitting in the drawing-room by myself. And I wanted to do something because it was so lonely—and the wind made such a noise. And I began to write—and I made it mournful at first. And then I couldn't go on with it, so I thought I'd make it funny. See, here it is in the exercise-book—with all the mistakes in it. You know you always keep making mistakes when you write poetry."

Dear Mamma had never written poetry. It was revealed afterward that "Poor Papa" had done something of the sort before he was married. But never Mamma. And the rest of the children—Aunt Emma's children and Aunt Caroline's and Uncle Charles's—had never shown any tendencies of the kind. And the Square children never did it. I think she was a little alarmed. She may privately have been struck with a doubt as to its being quite healthy. I am afraid she thought it was enormously clever—and, in those days, one not infrequently heard darkling stories of children who were so clever that "it flew to the brain," with fatal results. And yet, whatever her startled thoughts were, she was undisguisedly filled with delight and almost incredulous admiration. She glanced at the exercise-book and looked up from it quite blushing herself with surprise and pleasure.

"Well, my dear" she said, "you *have* taken me by surprise, I must confess. I never thought of such a thing. It—why it is so *clever*!"

And she put her arms about the overwhelmed and ecstasized Small Person and kissed her. And for some reason her eyes looked quite oddly bright, and the Small Person, delighted though she was, felt a queer little lump for a moment in her throat.

This being, I suppose, because they were both feminine things, and could not even be very much delighted without being tempted to some quaint emotion.

CHAPTER XII.

"EDITH SOMERVILLE"—AND RAW TURNIPS.

I FIND it rather interesting to recall that, having had the amusement of writing the poem and the rapturous excitement of finding it was a success with Mamma, the Small Person did not concern herself further about it. It is more than probable that it had a small career of its own among her friends and relatives; but of that she seems to have heard nothing but that it was read to a mature gentleman who pronounced it

"clever." She did not inquire into the details and was given none of them. This was discreet enough on the part of the older people. She was not a self-conscious, timid child, to whom constant praise was a necessity. She was an extremely healthy and joyous Small Person, and took life with ease and good cheer. She would have been disappointed if Mamma had thought her "piece of poetry" silly and had not laughed at all. As she had laughed so much and had been so pleased she had had all the triumph her nature craved, and more might have been bad for her. To have been led to attach any importance to the little effusion or to regard it with respect would certainly have been harmful. It is quite possible that this was the decision of Mamma, who probably liked her entire unconsciousness.

It was possibly, however, a piece of good fortune for her that her first effort had not been a source of discouragement to her. If it had been, it is likely that she would have done nothing more, and so would not have spent her early years in unconscious training, which later enabled her to make an honest livelihood.

As it was, though she wrote no more poetry, she began to scribble on slates and in old account-books thrilling scenes from the dramas acted with the Doll. It was very exciting to write them down, and they looked very beautiful when written—particularly if the slate-pencil was sharp—but the difficulty was to get a whole scene on to a slate. They had a habit of not fitting, and then it was awkward. And it happened so frequently that just at the most exciting point one's pencil would reach the very last line that could be crowded in and strike against the frame in the middle of a scene—even in the middle of a sentence. And it destroyed the sentiment and the thrill so to break off in such a manner as this:

"Sir Marmaduke turned proudly away. The haughty blood of the Maxweltons sprang to his cheek. Ethelberta's heart beat wildly. She held out her snowy arms. 'Oh, Marmaduke!' she cried. 'Oh, Marmaduke, I *cannot* bear it,' and she burst—"

You cannot get in any more when

you come to the wooden frame itself, and it was trying to everybody—Sir Marmaduke Maxwellton included—not to know that Ethelberta simply burst into tears.

And it spoiled it to sponge it all out and continue on a clean slate. One wanted to read it all together and get the whole effect at once. It was better in old butcher's books, because there was more room, though of course the cook never had "done with them" until there were only a few pages left, and even these were only given up because they were greasy. Sometimes one had to scribble between entries, and then it might happen that when Ethelberta, "appalled by the sight of a strong man weeping, bent over her lover, laying her white hand upon his broad shoulder, and said, 'Marmaduke, what has grieved you so? Speak, dearest, speak!'" Sir Marmaduke turned his anguished eyes upon her, and cried in heart-wrung tones: 'Ethelberta—my darling—oh, that it should be so Onions 1d. Shoulder of Mutton 10s.'

And old copy-books were almost as bad, though one sometimes did get a few more blank leaves. But with her knowledge of the impassioned nature of the descendant of the Maxweltons and his way with Ethelberta when he was expressing his emotions freely, the Small Person could *not* feel that "Contentment is better than riches." "Honesty is the best policy," "A rolling stone gathers no moss," were sentiments likely to "burst forth from his o'ercharged bosom as he gazed into her violet eyes and sighed in tender tones"—which not infrequently happened to him. Yes, it was extremely difficult to procure paper. When one's maturity realizes how very much there is of it in the world, and how much might be left blank with advantage, and how much one is obliged by social rules to cover when one would so far prefer to leave it untouched, it seems rather sad that an eager Small Person could not have had enough when she so needed it for serious purposes.

But she collected all she could and covered it with vivid creations. It was necessary that she should take precautions about secreting it safely, however.

"The boys," having in some unexplained way discovered her tendencies, were immensely exhilarated by the idea and indulged in the most brilliant witticisms at her expense.

"I say!" they would proclaim, "she's writing a three-volumed novel. The heroine has golden hair that trails on the ground. Her name's Lady Adolphusina."

They were not ill-natured, but a girl who was "romantic" must expect to be made fun of. They used to pretend to have found pieces of her manuscript and to quote extracts from them when there were people to hear.

It was great fun for the boys, but the frogs—I should say the Small Person—did not enjoy it. She was privately a sensitive and intensely proud Small Person, and she hated it, if the truth were told. She was childishly frank but desperately tenacious of certain reserves, of which the story-writing was one. She liked it so much, but she was secretly afraid it was a ridiculous thing for a little girl to do. Of course a child could not really write stories, and perhaps it was rather silly and conceited to pretend, even for amusement, that she was doing it. But she never let anyone see what she wrote. She would have perished rather. And it really hurt nobody, however silly it was.

She used to grow hot all over when the boys made fun of her. She grew hot even if no one heard them, and if they began before strangers she felt the scarlet rush not only to the roots of her hair but all among them and to the nape of her neck. She used to feel herself fly into a blazing rage, but the realization she began her first conscious experience with at two years old—the complete realization of the uselessness of attacking a Fixed Fact—used to make her keep still. The boys were a Fixed Fact. You cannot stop boys unless you Murder them; and though you may feel—for one wild, rushing moment—that they deserve it, you can't Murder your own brothers. If you call names and stamp your feet they will tease you more; if you burst out crying they will laugh and say that is always the way with girls, so upon the

whole it seems better to try not to look in a rage and keep your fury inside the little bodice of your frock. She was too young to have reached the Higher Carelessness of Theosophy and avoid feeling the rage. She was a mild creature when left alone to the Doll and the Story, but she was capable of furies many sizes too large for her. Irritable she never was, murderous she had felt on more than one occasion when she was not suspected of it. She was a great deal too proud to "let people see." So she always hid her scraps of paper, and secreted herself when she was covering them.

Mamma knew and never catechised her about them in the least, which was very perfect in her. She doubtless knew that in a rudimentary form they contained the charms which enriched the pages of the *Family Herald* and the *Young Ladies' Halfpenny Journal*, but she was too kind to interfere with them, as they did not seem to interfere with "Pinnock's England" or inspire the child with self-conscious airs and graces.

My memory of them is that they were extremely like the inspirations of the *Young Ladies' Halfpenny*. The heroines had the catalogued list of charms which was indispensable in the *Journal* type of literature. One went over them carefully and left nothing out. One did not say in an indefinite, slipshod manner that Cecile was a blonde. One entered into detail and described what she "had" in the way of graces. "She had a mass of silken, golden locks which fell far below her tiny waist in a shower of luxuriant ringlets. She had a straight, delicate nose, large pellucid violet eyes, slender, arched eyebrows, lashes which swept her softly rounded, rose-tinted cheek, a mouth like Cupid's bow, a brow of ivory on which azure veins meandered, pink ears like ocean shells, a throat like alabaster, shoulders like marble, a waist which one might span, soft, fair arms, snowy, tapering, dimpled hands, and the tiniest feet in the world. She wore a filmy white robe, confined at her slender waist by a girdle of pearl and gold, and her luxuriant golden tresses were wreathed with snowdrops."

Heroines were not things to be passed over as mere trivialities or everyday affairs. Neither were heroes. Sir Marmaduke Maxwellton covered nearly two whole slates before he was done with, and then entire justice was not done to the "patrician air which marked all of Maxwellton blood."

But how entrancing it was to do it. The Small Person particularly revelled in the hair, and eyes, and noses. Noses had always struck her as being more or less unsatisfactory, as a rule, but with a pencil in one's hand one can "chisel" them, and "daintily model" them; they can be given a "delicately patrician outline," a "proud aquiline curve," "a coquettish tilt," and be made Greek or Roman with a touch, and as to hair, to be able to bestow "torrents" of it, or "masses," or "coils," or "coronals," or "clouds," is an actual relief to the feelings. Out of a butcher's or greengrocer's book there is a limit to the size of eyes, but within their classic pages absolutely none.

Edith Somerville's hair, I remember distinctly, was golden-brown. The weight of the "long, thick, heavy curls which fell almost to her knee" was never stated, but my impression—the cold, callous impression produced by a retentive memory drawing from the shades of the past the picture its volume made on the Small Person's mind—my impression would be that no mortal frame could have borne it about. Edith Somerville would have been dragged to earth by it. Her eyes were "large, soft, violet eyes," and were shaded by "fringes" almost as long and heavy as her hair. But neither of these advantages restrained her from active adventure and emotions sufficiently varied and deep to have reduced her to Hair Restorer as a stern necessity.

She was not created in a copy-book or recorded on a slate. She was Told.

She began in school on one of the "Embroidery" Afternoons. On two or three afternoons each week the feminine portion of the school was allowed to do fancy-work—to embroider, to crochet, to do tatting, or make slippers or cushions, with pink lap-dogs, or blue tulips, or Moses in the Bulrushes on

them in wool-work and beads. They were delightful afternoons, and the reins of discipline were relaxed.

Sometimes some one read aloud, and when this was not being done low-voiced talk was permitted.

It was not an uncommon thing for children to say to each other:

"Do you know any tales to tell?"

The Small Person, on being asked this question, had told something more than once. But being asked on this special afternoon by the little girl sitting next to her, she did not reply encouragingly.

"I can't think of anything to tell," she said.

"Oh, try," said her small neighbor, whose name was Kate. "Just try; you'll remember something."

"I don't think I can," said the Small Person. "The things I know best seem to have gone out of my head."

"Well, tell an old one, then," argued Kate. "Just anything will do. You know such a lot."

The Small Person was making wonderful open-work embroidery, composed of a pattern in holes which had to be stitched round with great care. She hesitated a moment, then took a fresh needleful of cotton from the twisted coil which was kept thrown round her neck, so that it was easy to pull a thread out of.

"I don't want to tell an old one," she said; "but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll make one up out of my head."

"Make one out of your own head!" said Kate, with excitement. "Can you?"

"Yes, I can," answered the Small Person, with some slight awkwardness. "Don't you tell anyone—but I sometimes make them up for myself—just for fun, you know—and write them on slates, but you can't get them all in on a slate."

"You write them!" Kate exclaimed in a breathless whisper, staring at her with doubting but respectful eyes.

"Yes," the Small Person whispered back. "It's very easy."

"Why——" gasped Kate. "Why—you're an Auth'ress—like Charles Dickens."

"No, I'm not," said the Small Per-

son, a little crossly, because somehow she felt rather ridiculous and pretentious. "I'm not. Of course that's different. I just make them up. It isn't a bit hard."

"Do you make them up out of things you've read?" asked Kate.

"No, that wouldn't be any fun. I just think them."

Kate gazed at her, doubtful respect mingling itself with keen curiosity. She edged closer to her.

"Make one up now," she said, "and tell it to me. Nobody will hear if you speak low."

And so began the first chapter of "Edith Somerville." It may have been the Small Person's liberality in the matter of the golden-brown hair, her lavishness as to features and complexion, and the depth and size of the violet eyes which fascinated her hearer. Suffice it to say she was bound as by a spell. She edged closer and closer and hung upon the words of the story-teller breathlessly. She had an animated little face and it became more animated with every incident. Her crochet-work was neglected and she made mistakes in it. If there was a moment's interruption, for any reason whatever, the instant the cause was removed she snuggled excitedly against the Small Person, saying:

"Oh, go on, go on! Tell some more, tell some more!"

The Small Person became excited herself. She was not limited by a slate-frame and she had the stimulus of an enraptured audience. She "told" "Edith Somerville" all the afternoon, and when she left the school-room Kate followed her while she related it on the way home, and even stood and told some more at the front gate. It was not finished when they parted. It was not a story to be finished in an afternoon. It was to be continued on the next opportunity. It was continued at all sorts of times and in all sorts of places. Kate allowed no opportunity or the ghost of one to slip by.

"Just tell a little 'Edith Somerville' while we're waiting," she would say, whether it was in the few minutes before Miss Hatleigh came in, or in a few minutes when she was called from the

room by some unforeseen incident, or on the way down-stairs, or in the cloak-room, or waiting for the door-bell to be answered when the Small Person went home to her dinner or tea. It was not only the Embroidery Afternoons that we utilized, any afternoon or morning, or any hour would do.

For a short time the narrative was an entire secret. The Small Person was as afraid of being heard as she was when she entertained herself with the Doll. When anyone approached she dropped her voice very low or stopped speaking. "What makes you so funny?" Kate used to say. "I wouldn't care a bit. It's a beautiful tale." And somehow one of the other little girls found out that the beautiful tale was being told, and Kate was made a go-between in the matter of appeal.

"Lizzie wants to know if she may listen?" the Small Person was asked, and after a little hesitation she gave consent and Lizzie listened, and a little later one or two others attached themselves to the party. There were occasions when three or four little girls revelled in the woes and raptures of Edith Somerville.

The relation lasted for weeks. It began with the heroine's infancy and included her boarding-school days and the adventures of all her companions of both sexes. There was a youthful female villain whose vices were stamped upon her complexion. She had raven hair and an olive skin, and she began her career of iniquity at twelve years old, when she told lies about the nice blonde girls at the boarding-school, and through heartless duplicity and fiendish machinations was the cause of Edith Somerville's being put to bed—for nothing. She was always found out in the most humiliating way and covered with ignominy and confusion, besides being put to bed herself and given pages and pages of extra lessons to learn. But this did not discourage her; she always began again. An ordinary boarding-school would have dismissed her and sent her home in charge of a policeman, but this school could not have gone on without her. Edith Somerville would have had no opportunity to shine at all, and her life would have become

a flat, stale, and unprofitable affair. Nothing could damp the ardor of the little female villain with the large black eyes. When they had left school, and Cecil Castleton, who had purple eyes and soft black hair, loomed up at Somerville Hall, with a tall, slender, graceful figure and a slender, silken mustache, then the female villain began to look about her seriously to invent new plots in which she could be unmasked, to the joy of all the blond people concerned. Cecil Castleton's complexion was not olive and his hair was not raven—it was only black, and soft and wavy, and his eyes were purple, which quite saved him from being a villain. You *could* not be a villain if you had purple eyes. The female villain was naturally deeply enamoured of him, and wished to separate him from Edith Somerville. But of course it was no use. She would do things it would take days to tell about, and the narration of which would cause the school-room audience to gasp and turn quite pale, but Cecil Castleton always found her out after Edith Somerville and himself had suffered agonies. And it almost seemed as if he could scarcely have helped it. One might have imagined that she was extremely careful to commit no crime which could not be exposed. She was always dropping things where people would find them when she had been listening, and she sat up at nights to keep a diary about the lies she told and those she intended to tell, and even wrote letters to her aunt that she might gloat in black and white over the miseries and estrangements she was planning. Sometimes she even put these letters into the wrong envelopes, particularly when she intended to accept an invitation to take tea with Edith Somerville's bosom friend. This feebleness of mind may, like her character, have been the result of her complexion, but it gave thrill and excitement to the story.

And how the audience was enthralled! It would be a pleasing triumph for a story-teller of mature years to see such eyes, such lips, to hear such exclamations of delight or horror as this inchoate Small Person was inspired by.

Naturally, stories told in school and at odd times meet with interruptions.

"Young ladies, you are talking!" Miss Hatleigh would say sometimes, or one would reach the front gate, or some one would intrude, and then everything stopped. When it began again it began with a formula.

"—And so—Edith came floating lightly down the broad old oak stairway while Cecil Castleton stood waiting below."

It always began "And so." That seemed to join it on to what had gone before. Accordingly, if the Small Person paused for a moment, Kate, whose property she had become, and who exploited her, as it were, and always sat next to her, would make a little excited movement of impatience in her seat, and poke her in the side with her elbow.

"And so——" she would suggest. "And so—and so—— Oh, do go on!"

And the others would lean forward also, and repeat: "And so?—And so?" until she began again.

The history of Edith Somerville being completed she began another romance of equal power.

It was also of equal length, extending over weeks of relation, and at its completion she began another, and another, and another. There is no knowing how many she told, but however her audience varied Kate always sat next to her. There were never more than two or three other listeners. The Tale Listeners were a little exclusive and liked to keep together.

It was through a brilliant inspiration of Kate's that a banquet became part of the performance. The Small Person was extremely fond of green apples—very green and sour ones, such as can be purchased at the apple-stands only sufficiently early in the year to be considered unfit for human food. A ripe and rosy apple offered no inducements, but a perfectly green one, each crisp bite of which was full of sharp juice, was a thing to revel in.

Knowing this taste, Kate had the adroit wit to arrive one afternoon with her small pocket bulging.

"I've got something!" she whispered.

"What is it?"

"Something to eat while you're telling 'Edith Somerville.' Green apples."

They were such a rapturous success and seemed so inspiring in their effect that they founded a custom. The Listeners got into the habit of bringing them by turns. Green gooseberries were also tried and soon Kate had another inspiration.

"If I can get a little jug downstairs," she whispered one afternoon, "I am going to fill it with water and bring it up hidden in my frock. And we can hide it under the form and take drinks out of it when no one is looking."

This may not appear to be a wildly riotous proceeding, but as jugs of water were not admitted into the school-room and if one wanted a drink one went decorously downstairs first, the idea of a private jug and concealed libations was a daring and intoxicating thing.

Only Kate would have thought of this. She was a little girl with a tremendous flow of spirits and an enterprising mind. She was sometimes spoken of by the authorities, rather disapprovingly, as "a Romp."

The Romp managed the feat of bringing up the jug of water. It was quite thrilling to see her come in as if she had nothing whatever concealed behind the folds of her skirt. She walked carefully and showed signs of repressing giggles as she approached the Listeners.

"Have you got it?" whispered the Small Person.

"Yes—under my frock. I'll put it under the form."

It was put under the form and, as soon as it was considered discreet,

drinks were taken—sips out of the side of the jug, combined with green apples. Nobody was particularly thirsty, and if they had been there was plenty of water downstairs, but that was not contraband, it was not mingled with acid apples and "Edith Somerville."

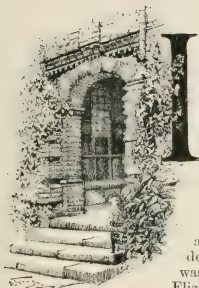
There was a suggestion of delightful riot and dissipation in it. It was a sort of school-room Bacchanalian orgie, and it added to the adventures of Edith Somerville just the touch of license needed. The Small Person's enjoyment was a luxurious thing. To fill one's mouth with green apple and wash it down furtively from the jug under the form was bordering on perilous adventure. She was very fond of bordering on adventure. When apples were no longer green somebody brought raw turnips. Perhaps it was Kate again. She was a child with resources. Some of the girls seemed to like them. The Small Person did not, but she liked the sense of luxury and peril they represented. She was so pleased with the flavor of the situation that she bore up against the flavor of the raw turnips. She never told her fellow-banqueters that she did not enjoy them, that she found them tough and queer, and that it needed a great deal of water to wash them down. She took large bites and obstinately refused to admit to herself that they were on the whole rather nasty. To admit this would have been to have lost an atmosphere—an illusion. And she was very fond of her illusions. She loved them. She went on telling the stories and the listeners hung on her words and nourished themselves with deadly indigestibles. And nobody died—either of "Edith Somerville" or the raw turnips.

(To be continued.)



THE RESTORATION HOUSE.

By Stephen T. Aveling.



The Porch.

IN the year one thousand six hundred and sixty, on May 28th, there were great rejoicings in the City of Rochester, in the County of Kent: Charles Stuart the Second had arrived in Rochester from the Continent on his way to London, and the monarchy was about to be restored. Rochester had been the centre of a portion of Cromwell's army, which under Colonel Gibbon had been quartered upon the city. Gibbon had been loaded with honors and lands by Cromwell, and doubtless expected to be dispossessed of them on the revival of the monarchy.

Rochester being a loyal town, the house of many a good royalist had been confiscated by Gibbon under Cromwell's orders. The house of Francis Clerke was one of these—a house built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when England was "one great stonemasons yard." Its ground plan was a letter E, in honor of the Queen, the two outer projections forming wings, and the centre projection the porch.

It is built of red brick, and has an oak roof covered with red tiles. Most of the window-frames, mullions, etc., are of oak, but some are of moulded brick. The porch, and the wall on each side of the porch, appear to have been cased with a brighter red brick, some fifty years after the erection of the building. Some elaborate string-courses, mouldings, pilasters, and decoration in brick-work were then added.

Clerke was Recorder for Rochester, and afterward Member of Parliament. His father had also been member, and was knighted by King Charles the First.

Francis Clerke's house being one of the largest in the city, Colonel Gibbon took it and dwelt in it, Clerke afterward redeeming it by paying to Cromwell's commissioners £200. The documents relating to this payment are still preserved in the Record Office. Cromwell wanted the money rather than the house.

The loyal city of Rochester had suffered under Cromwell, and welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm the King's return. His journey was from Dover through Canterbury; at the former place the Mayor and Aldermen presented him "a large bible with gold clasps."

"On Monday, the 28th of May," says the chronicler, "he came unto Rochester about 5 of the clock in the afternoon, and went immediately to Collonel Gibbon, his house, where, after he had a little refreshed himself, he went to Chatham, to see the 'Royal Sovereign' (a large ship which lay there),* and returned that night to Collonel Gibbon, his house, where he lay, and was by the Collonel presented with a most dutyful and loyal address from him and his Regiment, which was then Quartered in Rochester."

The royal and episcopal lands which had been granted to Colonel Gibbon during the usurpation, and which by the return of his sovereign he was on the point of losing, were wisely confirmed by the King, and Gibbon was made loyal by the generosity of the King. The town was fully decorated with banners and ribbons "and silver bodkins." "The citizens had hung up, over the midst of the streets, many beautiful garlands, curiously made up with costly scarves and

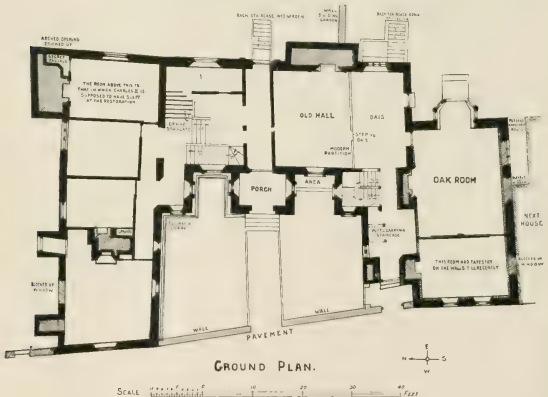
* The King, during his abode at sea, gave new names to the whole navy "consisting of twenty-six goodly vessels."

ribbons, decked with spoons and bodkins of silver, and small plate of several sorts; and some with gold chains, in like sort as at Canterbury; each striving to outdo the other in all expressions of joy.*

The walls were adorned with hangings and carpets of tapestry and other costly stuff. There were maids "clad all alike in white garments," with scarves about them; who, having prepared many flaskets covered with fine linen and adorned with rich scarves and ribbons, which flaskets were full of flowers and sweet herbs, strewed the way. There were multitudes of country people making loud shouts, and in many places "sets of loud music;" also the old music of tabor and pipe. The street

severe as that of any tyrant king. Hair and beards were beginning to grow on the Cromwellian heads and faces, and a long curling wig covered the cropped poll of many a Puritan returned to loyalty. From the picturesque windows of the overhanging houses, flowers were thrown down in the King's path as he rode. The Cathedral bells rang out a merry peal, and from a turret of the keep of the great Norman castle, one hundred and twenty feet high, a royal flag spread itself to the breeze. This tower, externally, is scarcely altered since that great day, and it was even then five and a half centuries old.

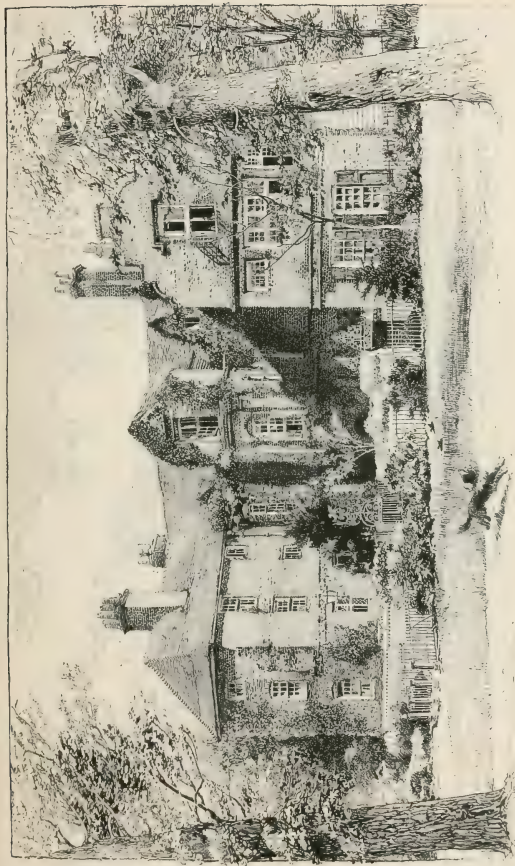
The king rode a magnificent horse and was sheltered from the sun by a handsome canopy supported by four



was thronged and every window crowded with people, and there was scrambling for money by the small boys and girls. Snatches of royalist songs, which had been prohibited for many years, now came from the lips of loyal men who had groaned under a despotism as

banner poles borne by four loyal adherents. "On his right rode his royal Brothers." "There were divers gallant troops of horse, consisting of the nobility, knights, and gentlemen of note, clad in very rich apparel, also several foot regiments of the Kentish men." Then came the King's equerries and footmen, and divers of the King's servants who came with him from beyond the sea;

* *England's Joy; or, a Relation of the most Remarkable Passages, from his Majesty's arrival at Dover to his Entrance at Whitehall. London. Printed by Thomas Creak, 1660.*



Residence in Hulse, Rochester, England

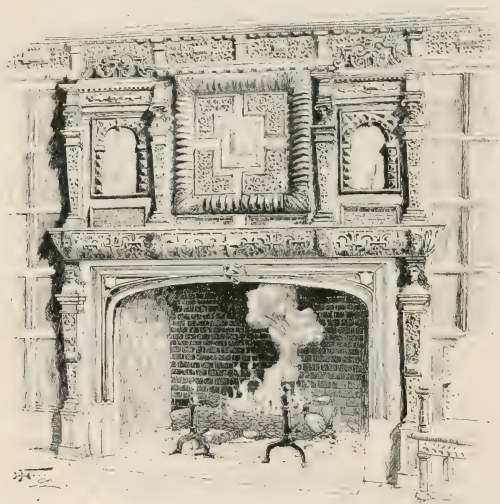
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DRAWN BY HARRY FERN.

the gorgeous retinue contrasting greatly with the puritanical garments which the city had been accustomed to see during the previous twelve years.

The good old John Marloe, Mayor of Rochester, and the aldermen met and welcomed the King, and presented a loyal address, and the people as one man welcomed "the King's return to his own." There was royal feasting and merry-making that night in the dining-hall of Francis Clerke's house—henceforth to be called the Restoration House in honor of the King's visit. The hall exists now as it was then, with the same

from the upper end of the hall; also the lower chimney-piece of stone, lately discovered behind a wood boarding which had covered it for many years, and the hearth where the wood logs used to burn. Beyond the wall, at the upper end of the dais, is the withdrawing-room, almost in the same state as when King Charles saw it. The oak mantel, or chimney-piece, with its carved illustration of *peace* on one side and *war* on the other, and its carved heads (probably portraits of the first owner), has fortunately been well preserved, notwithstanding the numbers of boys and



Chimney and Mantel-piece in the Withdrawing Room.

panelled walls, upper mantelpiece, and window.

The dais, where the high table stood for those entitled "to sit above the salt," is still there, and the staircase leading

girls who have been in the room—the house having once been used as a school. This room on the plan is marked "Oak Room." Over this drawing-room is a similar room with a Tudor bay-window



The Back of Restoration House, showing the Bay Window.

of excellent proportions, and there are remains of some beautiful carving which once adorned its walls. Adjoining this on the north side, and over the dining-hall, is a room some thirty-five feet long; beyond this the grand staircase, "wide enough to drive a horse and carriage down;" and again beyond this, the chamber where the King slept.

Before the feasting was over and the guests had gone to rest, John Marloe, the Mayor, and Aldermen and Council, visited the King and begged his Majesty to accept a silver basin and ewer. The choice of present was a curious one, but a late chronicler suggests that the corporation was anxious that the King "should leave the city with clean hands."

The quaint record in the Corporation books is as follows: "John Marloe Mayor 1659—60. At a special meeting

for the Mayor Aldermen and Com. Council of the said Cittie, the 25th day of May 1660. It is ordered and agreed . . . whereas John Marloe Esq. . . p^d and disbursed for a faire piece of plate (being a bason and ewer gilt) to be presented in the name of the Mayor and C. &c. to the King's Ma^{ty} on his highness passing through the same Cittie the sum of one hundred pounds and whereas several Gen^l and other psons in about the Cittie have subscribed to contribute. . . the Corporation to pay so much of the said £100 as shall not be repaid."

Francis Clerke, who had suffered through his loyalty, was honored with knighthood by Charles the Second. He represented the City of Rochester during the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William and Mary, until his decease, in 1691. His father was member dur-

ing the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and was knighted by the latter. The bedroom of the king was panelled and decorated in black and gold, but a fire (luckily confined to this room) destroyed some of the panelling. The cornice, with its original decoration, still remains. A large window with the original frame and glass was lately discovered, and there is a handsome carved chimney-piece of wood, from which at least twenty coats of paint have been removed. In place of the destroyed panels the walls are now covered with seven cartoons illustrating Tennyson's "Enid."

After living in the house many years, I discovered by chance that there was a secret passage from this room, through one of the panels, to the room above and the roof, and through the room below into the garden. This passage, which had been unknown to those dwelling in the house in later years, was not unknown to the jackdaws, as they had found access through or under the roof. Year after year they had made their nests, piling up stick upon stick, until the whole passage was blocked.

Fortunately this "bird-made inflammable pile" did not take fire when the

feet of space could not be accounted for—the inside and outside of the building not agreeing. It was so cleverly arranged and concealed that, but for this measured plan, it might even now have been undiscovered.

Tradition assigned to the house two underground passages—one to the river and one to the Cathedral. I had no faith in these traditions until one day an old man, who was working in the garden, assured me that when a boy, "sixty years ago," he had seen one passage opened. He pointed out a slab in the cellar, which, he said, covered the entrance to the passage which led to the river. I had the slab removed, and found a square bricked space about four feet square and twelve feet deep. I descended by a ladder and found that a passage led from this space. The passage passed through and under the foundation of the house diagonally, with the building on the north side. Its width was about two feet and its height five feet eight inches, and I could just walk into it without inconvenience. Unfortunately, at some time a well had been sunk through this passage, and my ramble was checked by the convex brickwork of the well. It has been suggested that the well might originally have been a trap, and that the walls had been extended upward at a later period, when the original use of the passage had passed away.

In the wall of the ground floor is an opening with window cut at the exact angle of the passage. This was evidently intended to watch signals at the passage end. The walls on this side of the house, as in front, are covered with ivy, of which the stems are in some places ten inches in diameter, and the roots have been found touching the water in the well, thirty-five feet below the level of the garden.

Charles Dickens, in "Great Expectations," describes Restoration House (Chap. XXIX.) as *Satis House*, and as inhabited by Miss Havisham. "I had heard of Miss Havisham up-town—everybody, for miles round, had heard of Miss Havisham up-town—as an immensely rich and grim lady, who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers, and who led a life of seclusion.



View of the Staircase passage as Open Door.

room was partly burnt, or the result would have been serious. The passage was discovered by an architect who made a plan of the house, when several

. . . I had stopped to look at the house as I passed, and its seared red-brick walls, blocked windows, and strong green ivy, claspings even the stacks of chimneys with its twigs and tendons, as if with sinewy old arms, made up a rich, attractive mystery."

Great precautions had been taken by some previous occupant of the house for protection against robbers; bars, bolts, chains, and locks almost defied admission. The many blocked windows were probably due to that iniquitous tax which existed until about fifty years ago—the window tax. Each window over seven paid a tax of seven shillings and sixpence. Windows above a certain size paid as two or even three. I found thirty windows closed against the light of day—lath and plaster outside and inside, with the original oak frame and the glass complete between them. The glass in some cases had become opaque by the decomposition of the surface, but the frames were, and are still, as hard as bone. There are fifty-two windows in the front of the house alone, the tax therefore would have been very heavy.

There was a period (some one hundred years ago) when people liked low ceilings and stuffy rooms. To accomplish this, false ceilings were in some places added. On removing these I found another ceiling some eighteen inches above them. Between most of the floors and ceilings the space is filled with silver sand. The smallest hole pierced in a ceiling entails a continuous fine stream of sand as through an egg-glass. Whether the sand was placed there to deaden sound, or to prevent the passage of rats and mice, is uncertain. As sound is readily conveyed from the extreme parts of the house, and there is an absence of rats and mice, it is assumed that the latter suggestion is correct.

Besides windows and ceilings I found two entire staircases built up, the balustrades being enclosed between the



The Staircase

lath and plaster on each side of the wall. I have converted a "dark and dismal house" into a light, airy, and bright dwelling, without sacrificing one atom of the original work, and the house now very nearly represents what it was in olden days.

The growth of the ivy is so rapid that it is necessary to cut a very large quantity away every year, sometimes nearly half a ton.

Every stranger looking at the house exclaims, "That house must have a history and a ghost." Many a story has been told of the ghost which has, from time to time, been seen (or is said to have been seen) within its walls, and many a servant has, from fear, refused service in this so-called haunted house.

I came into possession of this old mansion in December, 1875, and on April 27, 1876, slept in it for the first

time. At ten o'clock on that night my family retired to rest; having some letters to write I sat up later. At a quarter to twelve I was startled by a loud noise—a sort of rumbling sound which appeared to proceed from the hall. I left my writing and went to the hall, and found that the noise proceeded from the staircase, but I could see nothing unusual.

The staircase has massive oak posts and balustrades. The walls are covered with tapestry in pleasing colors and composed of rural and pastoral subjects, given to the then owner of the house by the "Merrie Monarch" after his visit* (for two hundred and thirty-two years this beautiful specimen of the needle-work or handicraft of the seventeenth century has been preserved, and it is still in a perfect state); and on the landings of the staircase are some old carved-oak chests, and high-backed Elizabethan chairs, which picture to one a suitable habitation for a ghost. Fortunately, or unfortunately, however, I had no belief in ghosts, and commenced an investigation of this extraordinary noise. Could it be rats, or mice, or owls? No, the noise was ten times louder than could possibly proceed from these creatures; besides, I knew there were no rats in the house. The noise was repeated, but much louder (two drum-sticks upon a large drum would not have made more noise), and I was able to localize it; still could see

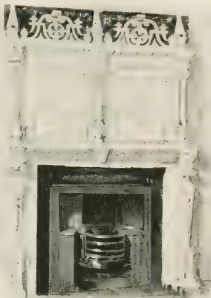
nothing. I thought someone had fallen on the stairs, and I shouted, "Who is there?" A reply came, "Hush!"—first softly and then very loud—too loud almost for a human voice. As no person was visible I was puzzled and went upstairs by another staircase, and ascertained that none of my family had left their bedrooms, and that certainly no trick was being played me.

The same rumbling, rolling sound was repeated, and as I stood on the top of the great staircase I felt a little uncomfortable, but not frightened. The noise seemed to proceed from a large carved-oak coffer or chest (as old as the house), which stood on a landing about halfway up the stairs.

I approached the chest, from which appeared to come the word "Hush!" Could it be the wind whistling through a crack? No! It was far too loud for any such explanation.

I opened the lid of the chest and found it empty. Again the noise, now from *under* the chest. I was just strong enough to move the chest. I turned it over, and slid it down the stairs on to the next landing. Again the noise and again the "hush," which now appeared to come from the floor where the coffer had stood. I then felt I would rather have had someone with me to assist in my investigation, and to join me in making the acquaintance of the ghost; but although my sensations were probably the most uncomfortable I ever experienced, I was determined if possible to unearth the mystery.

The light was imperfect and I went to another part of the house for a candle, in order to examine the floor. In my absence the noise was repeated louder than ever, and not unlike distant thun-



Chimney-piece in a Bedroom

* Tapestry was the usual gift of a monarch. These pieces are said to have been made at Mortlake, in Surrey, where the royal tapestry was made in the seventeenth century. The favorite present of Queen Victoria is an India shawl.

A servant once took a piece of this tapestry from the wall, and I found it being beaten on the lawn as though it were an old carpet. Even the moths have more reverence for royal tapestry and have not injured it. It is thought that something has been worked into it which insects object to.

der. On my return I was saluted with "hush!" which I felt convinced came from a voice immediately under the floor.

By the light of the candle I examined the dark-oak boards, and discovered what appeared to be a trap-door about two feet six inches square; the floor at some time had been varnished and the cracks or joints of the trap had been filled and sealed with the varnish. I now hoped I had found the habitation of my troublesome and noisy guest. I procured a chisel and cut the varnished joint, and found that there was a trap-door, as I supposed.

By the aid of a long screw-driver I was able to move the door, but at that moment a repetition of the noise immediately under me, made me hesitate (for a moment) to try and raise it.

With feelings better imagined than described, I raised the lid and looked into a dark chasm; all was still. At that moment a tall old clock (now called a "grandfather" clock) with a wooden case painted green (which I have since scraped and have found to be beautifully inlaid with birds and flowers in various colored woods), and with a large striking-bell, suddenly with a loud "whirr" struck the hour of twelve, and in the distance I heard the Cathedral bell tolling the hour of midnight. A long African spear was in the corner near me, and I struck this into the opening; I then tied a string to the candlestick to lower it into the opening; but I was for the first time nervous or, I may say, frightened at what I saw.

It was not the celebrated traditional ghost of the house—a nun with a babe in her arms and a rope dangling from her neck, or the flock of sheep which had been heard being driven up the staircase; but to leave the ghostly subject for a moment, it might be mentioned that it was anticipated that Charles Dickens, in the next chapter of "Edwin Drood" would have introduced Restoration House. Alas! the next chapter was not written.

Mr. Robert Langton, in "the Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens," says: "His last visit to Rochester was on Monday, June 6, 1870, when he walked over from Gad's Hill, accompanied by his dogs. On this occasion

he was seen by several persons leaning on the fence in front of Restoration House, and apparently examining the old mansion with great care. It was remarked at the time that there would be some notice of this building in the tale then current, and nothing was more likely, for on the following day, Tuesday, or possibly Wednesday, we find he had, in the last chapter of the story ever to be written, reintroduced "The Vines,"* a fine open space immediately in front of Restoration House."

Returning to our ghost story, I must go back to the morning of the day when the extraordinary noises were heard in the old house. On that morning I went through the house examining the pipes and taps of water and gas-supply; one old main water-tap I turned *on*, but neglected to turn it *off* again. About a quarter of a mile from the house is a brewery (alluded to by Dickens), and the owner of this house was formerly the owner of the brewery also, and for many years the house was supplied with water from it.

Under the staircase was a large tank, and this was filled each night when the pumping in the brewery took place. The tank and brewery supply had ceased to be used, but the tank remained full of water, and the pipes communicating with it full of air. At a quarter to twelve on the night in question the brewery pump was set to work, and my turning on the connecting tap having put the brewery and house again in communication, the moment the pump began to work the air in the pipes was driven from the brewery end into the tank, and being forced into the water, bubbled up to the surface, causing a most extraordinary rumbling, rolling sort of noise. Every now and then the water and air escaped to the surface, making a sound which resembled "hush."

There were no carpets on the stairs and the house was not completely

* "The Vines" was formerly a vineyard, and it will be noted that in the tale Dickens calls it the Monks' Vineyard.

It was really the vineyard of the Monks of Rochester. The account of Brother John Dane, the Cellarer of Rochester Priory, rendered 7 Edw. II. (1384), supplies curious items of payment in connection with this vineyard of the Monks.

furnished—this assisted the noise and the reverberation. What did I see, when I looked in the chasm, which alarmed me? A man's face—which must have been a reflection of my own, the candle brilliantly lighting it up and producing a "Pepper's ghost."

Had I not investigated this mysterious noise, I should have been annoyed every midnight with the gambols of this aerated water from the brewery. There was some little disappointment in finding the ghost was a real ghost, and not a visionary sort of thing. Doubtless many a ghost-story—I might say all ghost-stories—would have a similar explanation and end if they were similarly investigated.

I have little more to add.

In June, 1667, the celebrated Samuel Pepys visited Rochester, and in his diary

he describes his impression of Restoration House. "I strolled into the fields, a fine walk, and there saw Sir Francis Clerke's house, which is a pretty sight, and into the cherry garden, and there met with a young, plain, silly shopkeeper and his wife, a pretty young woman, and I did kiss her."

A well-known writer of the present day, in describing his visit to Rochester, says: "Here is Restoration House. Antique peace rests on that ivy-grown front, on those quaint windows and chimneys. You enter in, and staircases and passages and wainscoted chambers carry you centuries away. There are human beings who fancy (of course it is a vain fancy) that, might they but fly away to such a house, they would be at rest from a weary world, whose burden is beyond heart or strength, and where things in general tend to be gritty."

WORTH WHILE.

By Edward S. Martin.

I PRAY thee, Lord, that when it comes to me
To say if I will follow Truth and thee,
Or choose instead to win as better worth
My pains, some cloying recompense of earth—

Grant me, great Father, from a hard fought field,
Forespent and bruised, upon a battered shield,
Home to obscure endurance to be borne
Rather than live my own mean gains to scorn.

Far better fall with face turned toward the goal,
At one with wisdom and my own worn soul,
Than ever come to see myself prevail,
When to succeed at last is but to fail.

Mean ends to win and therewith be content—
Save me from that! Direct thou the event
As suits thy will: where e'er the prizes go,
Grant me the struggle, that my soul may grow.

IN RENTED ROOMS.

By George I. Putnam.



THE third floor back was crying.

Not boisterously, like your person of apoplectic grief. Just quietly, with now and then an audible sob that had frightened her at first; some one might hear her. But now she had been crying some time and had forgotten that danger; for she was very miserable.

The young man who lived overhead came up the stairs with the light, quick tread he had acquired behind the counter, and heard her. At first he was not sure—crying girls were not much in his line—and he stopped to listen. That settled it. There came a sob that scattered doubt.

"H'm," said he to himself, and he crept on to his room yet more quietly. He felt sure she would feel worse yet to know she had been overheard.

He knew this girl on the third floor back—that is, he knew her by sight. They got table-board in the same house, and he had seen her at meals. But their seats were far apart, and the landlady was too worried with her cares to see that all the lodgers were properly introduced one to the other. And without an introduction two lodgers might not converse together. This was the first element in the etiquette of the place.

But he had seen her, and was impressed. Her appearance commanded respect, and he was all that was respectful and respectable. That she was alone was proven by the fact of her being there. People with funds or friends did not from choice inhabit this house with its front-door legend: "Rooms and Table Board." And she was crying.

He heard, and was sorry for her. He was in a book-store, and gave himself credit for finer sensibilities than those of the ordinary retail clerk. Really, he was not a bad little fellow.

And the house-partitions were thin—and the sound of her sobs made his heart swell with sympathy. He wanted to do something for her, but his idea was vague; so he sat down to think. Thinking was an accomplishment upon which he prided himself.

If you haven't lived in rented rooms you can form no idea how tremendous a thing it is to take the initiative in an affair of this kind. All conventional precedent was against his doing anything; his heart alone was for it. And he was not an originator; so what to do and how to do it were weighty problems with him.

He would probably have done nothing had not her sobs become more violent. They suggested hysterics, and that made him jump. There was a lady in front of his store once, went into hysterics when a dray ran over her little dog. A policeman threw water in her face, and she recovered. It made a profound impression on the little clerk, and now when he jumped up he did not sit down again. He marched with quite a firm step down the stairs, and delivered a decided knock on the door of the third floor back.

A moment intervened, during which he remembered that even people in the house who had been properly introduced never called at each others' rooms. He would have run away then but he didn't dare to; that seemed worse than waiting. So he waited, and heard the sound of dabbling in water. Presently the bolt was pulled back and the key turned in the lock, and the door opened. And she stood holding to it, red-eyed, with a damp little ball of handkerchief crumpled in one hand.

Then it suddenly occurred to the little clerk that he had nothing to say. So he turned pink, and stammered appealingly. At first, she was aware of nothing but grave offence against conventional precedent; but presently, from her superior height, she discovered the offender behind this bugbear-

ish obstacle; and immediately she found a new interest in him.

"Well?" said she, at length.

"I heard—I—I felt sor—don't you know—I wanted to do something, you know."

Such an embarrassed little fellow as he was!

She perceived that his motive was good, and after a shade of hesitation opened the door wide.

"Will you sit down?" said she.

He would have done anything she suggested, and he was glad she said what she did. It would have been so easy to say something cutting, severe.

He stepped in and took a chair. She left the door wide ajar, and sat on the other. Of chairs there were but two.

The little clerk made another gallant effort to say something, and glanced comprehensively about the room as though seeking a clue. An open letter in heavy writing lay on the table, but he did not connect that in any way with her grief. Quite casually she put her hand over it, folded it, and slipped it under a book.

"This is kind of you," said she then, for she saw he had nothing ready for delivery. "I appreciate it. You heard me crying and felt sorry for me. That was good of you, for we are strangers, you know, as things go. Well, I'm not crying now, or any more. It's over, and I thank you for stopping it. I had enough and wanted to stop."

"Yes," said he, "I thought of that—hysterics, you know. And I thought if I could do anything, you know—"

"Yes, I know," said she, smiling at him pleasantly. "You were good. You've done me good already. I can't tell you about it—you would hardly care to know—but I felt as though there wasn't any goodness in all the world—as though faith and constancy were empty terms—lonesome, in consequence—blue, I guess you'd call it," she concluded, laughing nervously. "So you see you ministered unto me at the darkest moment."

She had risen, and the clerk rose too. He felt there was nothing more to do or say. He got as far as the door, and there hung, lingeringly, to the knob.

"Only, don't do it again," said he,

with a desperate attempt at lightness of manner. "Blues, you know—they're n. g. Don't have anything to do with them."

"I shan't promise," said she. "Only, if I do—why, then—"

"Just call on me, please. I'll fix 'em," he called back from the end of the hall. "Good-evening," he nodded, from half way up the stair. "Meet again," and he was in his own room, with his head whirling.

After that they met often, and not altogether by chance. The little clerk made a point of seeing her. And if she cried again, he did not know it. Still, it was evident she was not always happy. She let her thoughts go away from herself—far, far away, it seemed. And she had considerable correspondence, mostly in envelopes of a uniform business-like shape and size. He noticed that her hours of abstraction usually followed close upon a letter. So he made sport of it, and assumed a directing air.

"Look here," he would say, "here's too many letters. They don't make you feel good. I'll have to cut down your postage allowance."

Then she would come back to earth by an effort, and make some sort of answer. And one time she turned to him very seriously, and said:

"Tell me what you would do if you had a very good friend, and you should find yourself disappointed in him—or should fear that you might?"

"Don't know, you know," said he. "But I think I'd stay by him and believe in him just as long as I could. Give him every chance in the world, for a 'very good friend' is mighty uncommon, you know."

She looked into his eyes so long and steadfastly that he began to feel uneasy, and to wonder what he had said that was out of place. Then she took his hand and gave it a hearty shake. This did not seem unconventional, for she was quite a little bit larger than he; and they had come to count strongly upon each other.

"You are right," said she, warmly. "One must have faith in a friend, or there can be no friend. He shall have every chance in the world."

He left her soon after that, and went up to his room. There he thought it over. The deference to his judgment he found as delightful as it was extraordinary. It increased his self-respect, and almost gave him added stature. To set forth a line of conduct for someone, he told himself, furnished a delightful sensation. He liked it—and he liked her. He wondered if she would always, in any event, so defer to him?

Sometimes it seemed to him that this was a question that should be settled at once, in so far as a question of the future could be settled. These occasions would spring from almost nothing—a nod and smile in passing, her easy carriage in walking, a greeting that showed she was really glad to see him—that she placed a value on his friendship. Then he would go to his room and sit at the open window. Out across the city somewhere he would see, springing through the intervening blocks, a palatial residence—his and hers. He would smile at this, first happily, then doubtfully; but he would scowl away the doubts, get out his bank-book, look at the familiar balance, and say, quite defiantly: “Well, why not? Some day it will come.”

He would slap the book back in the drawer, and stride up and down the apartment—four good strides each way—pause, hands in pockets, to study the pattern of the carpet; decidedly, it was not good—something finer in that palace. Stride on again, coining money at each stride, and at each stride coming leagues nearer the palace—and her. Expand his chest—Ah-h-h—and throw out his arms on each side. Sometimes when he did this his knuckles hit the wall; then he would start, shake his head, look at the bruised flesh, and sit down.

Then would come a disconsolate sense of wearied longing to no purpose. Everything, even his stature, seemed to militate against him. Of course, he knew that some of the world's great men had been small men; and then—

Off again, striding up and down, full of strong purpose. Wouldn't wait for the palace before deciding that question. Make that balance only a little bigger—a good solid backing for sup-

port, when it should come to that. And then. Well, then—

Really, he had most magnificent ideas and aspirations. He knew books of a certain class pretty well, and these books fostered his manner of thinking. Prevaingly, he was optimistic—hoping the best for himself, thinking the best of everybody else—a good little chap who had no business whatever to be alone.

And right beneath, in the third floor back, she sat re-reading a letter she had just answered. And she could hardly keep from singing as she read it—till, in view of the termination of her great trouble, she reverted to that day when she cried and the clerk came to her relief. And—dear little fellow—he had been good to her—and had bolstered up her faith, and, knowing nothing of it, had aided in working out her great happiness that was now to come. She said she would tell him of it, and she smiled to think he would be really pleased to know what he had done. He had acted so disinterestedly that—well, Jack would be happy to know about that phase of the affair, too—and she would tell him later, when she was really Jack's wife.

That evening after tea, then, they were in the parlor, quite alone. Somehow they were often alone together now; when they appeared, the other lodgers delicately withdrew. It would have been embarrassing for her if she had thought of it; but she had no thoughts save for Jack. And as for the clerk—why, he saw it and called them blessed. And there it was.

It was twilight, but not dark enough for the gas. They could see each other plainly, and the conventionalities were undisturbed.

Off somewhere, out of sight, a hand-organ was playing, and the tune came mingled with the happy cries of children dancing to the measure. He thought he had never heard anything quite so pleasant.

“I am going away very soon,” said she, suddenly; and her voice had a conscious effort in it.

“Going away,” he repeated, and he looked up at her, startled. He had not anticipated such a catastrophe. But

she did not appear cast down by the prospect. "Going away! Why?"

"Oh—somebody wants me to. I—can't you guess?—I'm going to be married."

He sat down quickly, as though he had received a physical blow. It came so suddenly, after the organ's music, and the children's cries. But they were hushed now and he noticed it.

For some moments he was very still ;

and then he looked up at her and smiled whitely.

"I'm very glad for you—very," said he.

She had been looking at him, at first startled, and then swiftly comprehending. And now, after a hesitating bit, she came behind his chair.

"You're a good boy," said she, with gentle tenderness. Then she kissed him once and left him.

THE CITIES THAT WERE FORGOTTEN.

By Charles F. Lummis.



HE most remarkable hiatus in American history—and perhaps in all history—is that which sunders the past and present of the Quivira. Individ-

uals have now and then lost identity ; but never elsewhere was there a town so consummately confounded. Altogether gratuitously, but so fully that a century will scarce identify it to the slow world, it has become the Iron Mask of cities. Such gilded myths never hung so long before on one unshifting spot ; and the Golden Fleece itself fathered less heroism and hardship, less disappointment and thirsty death. Probably a hundred Americans know of the Dorado of South America, to every one who ever heard of the Quivira ; but a strange ashen ruin in our own land has become the home of a myth as startling and as potent in history, as that which sprang from the yearly plunge of a gold-dusted Cacique into Lake Puatavítá. The fable of the Quivira it was which led to the first great interior exploration of what is now United States—eighty years before the Saxon had penetrated to a hundred miles from the Atlantic coast, and nearly three centuries before he got so far inland as were the Spanish chasers of the Quivira—and it played an important part in the opening and colonization of the vast region between Kansas City and California. Three hundred

and fifty years ago it inspired an astounding march which has never since been paralleled in North America ; and to this day it has not ceased to count its yearly victims. And besides playing golden will-o'-the-wisp through all that the world has been and seen since good Queen Bess dropped pinafores, it stands alone as the largest blunder of history—and also as the stage of the Ultimate Folly.

The myth of the Quivira, for centuries a vagabond, sat down at last in one of the astounding ruins of the Manzano Plains, one hundred and fifty miles south of Santa Fé, and eighty southeast of Albuquerque. If those who fritter abroad, still ignorant of their own land, with the plea "America is so new, and has no ruins," might see the cities of the accursed lakes, they would grow modest as to the castles of the Rhine. And if our histories, which seem to fancy that America began with Jamestown and Plymouth Rock, might imbibe somewhat of that eternal pursuit, that sleepless seeking, of which the Quivira is one monument, it would be the better for justice and for intelligence.

The birth and development of this most romantic (and historically most important) of North American myths, is so curious, and in one way so complicated, that one scarce knows from which end to approach it—whether from the terminus of cause, or from that of effect. There are some reasons, however, which

make it seem best to trace the first half of this strange double story chronologically.

The Quivira myth was born in New Mexico in 1540, of poor and none too honest parents. Its father was an Indian captive; its mother that drab, Opportunity; its nurse, who went bankrupt in the suckling, the most remarkable explorer that ever trod North American soil. And it all came to pass by one of the most brilliant executive minds of the sixteenth century, that great first Viceroy of New Spain, Antonio de Mendoza.

Generally speaking, the New World had already been conquered by and for Spain. There was still an infinity to be done; but the broad foundations of Spanish America had been laid—and in a cement which time will never crumble. Mexico was no longer an empire to be fought for, but a province to be developed; and the reaction after conquest means always danger. Already the young Spanish blades there

“For want of fighting had grown rusty,
And ate into themselves for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.”

Just as the rust grew menacing, came Fray Marcos's discovery of New Mexico—and Mendoza saw his opportunity. To the ambitious and already renowned soldier Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, he gave an expedition of these restive cavaliers, and strict orders to take them hunting and never bring them back.

The first half of this command Coronado carried out with a vengeance. He led his fistful of an army through the exploration of thousands of desert miles within our own area that not one per cent. of present Americans ever dreamed of. His expeditions discovered the greatest chasm on earth—the Grand Cañon of the Colorado—and most of the other marvels of the Southwest, three centuries before a Saxon ever saw any of them. In the latter weeks of 1540 he had his quarters at the pueblo of Tiguex—now the pretty town of Bernalillo—on the Rio Grande, in central New Mexico. Thence he made a reconnaissance to the pueblo of Pecos; and there the myth was born.

It is a striking truth that in the whole opening of the two Americas fable was a far more important agent than fact; and this was as marked in the area which is now ours as in the southern continent. The first of our present States to be entered by Caucasians, and the earliest town in our nation to be founded, were entered and founded under the lead of fairy-tales. As it was with Florida, so with the Southwest. Had it not been for the mythical brodering given the real “Seven Cities of Cibola,” Mendoza would never have sent Coronado into New Mexico; and but for sequel-myths, the greatest pathfinder would never have made his unparalleled march.

Disappointed, of course, in the fabled gold of the Seven Cities—which were merely Pueblo towns like Zuñi, their surviving child—Coronado was revolving the best way to carry out the second part of his orders, to colonize and stay. It chanced that the Pecos then had a captive Plains Indian—very probably a Pawnee—whom they had bought from the Apaches. This slave was notable among his long-haired Pueblo masters for the fashion in which his head was shaven—only the scalplock being left, after the custom of his people—and will go down history under the nickname the Spaniards gave him, of “the Turk.” Whether he was sole progenitor of his disastrous offspring cannot be positively known; but the presumption is strong that he had to father a creature of his captors. He had nothing to gain by the invention, but they a great deal—namely, to rid themselves of their unwelcome guests.

At all events it came to pass that “the Turk,” apprised of the failure of the Spaniards to find that yellow stone they were seeking, informed Coronado that he wot where there was much. Before he came to captivity and New Mexico, he knew a tribe of the plains which had great store of this substance. The tribe was called Quivira, and he could lead to its range. No sooner said than attempted to be done. Coronado took his “army” and his guide, and went again rainbow-chasing. The Turk led them east into the trackless plains, intending—as he afterward confessed—to lose them and

let them perish in those appalling wastes. But, like many a later confidence-man, he had attempted the wrong greenhorn. At about the centre of our present Indian Territory, Coronado, finding that he was being duped and that the guide was leading them in a circle, sent back to Tiguex the bulk of his little force, and taking the lead himself, carried his thirty men through frightful hardships to very near where Kansas City now stands. And here he found the Quivíras—but I hardly need say, no gold. There was in the whole tribe one solitary fragment of any metal—a bit of native copper worn on the necklace of a war captain. The Quivíra was a Teton nomad—a cousin of the Sioux—drifting with the buffalo, which was his politics and his profession; planting a little corn when the bison stood still, leaving it when he wandered—a mere aboriginal Gypsy, without house or wealth or art. It is all plain enough. Every eye-witness who then or thereafter saw the Quivíras, describes them precisely as utter barbarians, clothed only in skins, eating raw meat, and having no bread, no metal, no towns, no arts whatever, "*una gente muy bestial, sin policia ninguna en las casas, ni en otra cosa*,"* and that was the reward of the most amazing expedition ever made on our soil!

Having thus broken the golden bubble of the Quivíra, and with it his own stout heart, Coronado beheaded his treacherous guide, and, with his little following, retraced his fearful way to Tiguex, where we must leave him. But his having reduced it to an absurdity was not the end of the chimera. It was too vigorous a youngster to perish of mere annihilation. Truth crushed to earth never rises again with half the agile alacrity of error; and it was not half a century after Coronado had fully shown up the Quivíra swindle before it began to find other victims. Even the hard-headed colonizer of New Mexico, the founder of the second and third Caucasian towns in all our country, Juan de Oñate, was not proof against the bright mirage, and chased it assiduously, but in vain. And

after him came many another—Alonso Vaca, in 1634; and Governor Luis de Rozas, in 1638; and Diego de Guadalupe, about 1654; and Juan Dominguez de Mendoza, in 1684, and many before and many after—and many a one of them laid their bones to whiten along the thirsty trail of that elusive vision. It has been for three hundred years the siren of the Southwest. I know of but one thing so remarkable as that so many Spaniards—so many college men as well as soldiers of them—should have given ear to that golden lie; and that is, that a hundred times as many Americans trust it as implicitly to-day.

So much for the original myth of the Quivíra—a wilful and treacherous falsehood, in the first place; and in the second, distinctly invented only for, and applicable only to, a nomad tribe in north-eastern Kansas; and thirdly, nailed and pilloried as a lie in that same year of its birth, 1540. To trace the modern perversion of what now becomes the Gran † Quivíra, we will begin the other end-to.

South of Albuquerque, the chief commercial town of the Territory, the narrow valley of the Rio Grande is rimmed on the east by an arid plateau, twenty miles wide; and this in turn is walled by a long Cordillera of ten thousand-foot peaks—the Sandia, the Bosque, the Manzano, the Oscuro. Climbing that rugged barrier, or threading one of its passes, the traveller thence descends through park-like pineries to the edge of the infinite eastward plains. In the centre of his bare, brown vista gleams a chain of ghastly white salines, the accursed lakes of Tigua folk-lore. These once were fresh—the story runs—the home of fish and water-fowl, the drinking-places of the bison and the antelope. But in one of them dwelt an unfaithful wife, and for her sins the lakes were accursed to be salt forever. Beyond them the dead plain melts upon the indeterminate horizon. Between them and the Cordilleras, dark, low ridges fade from pine-clad slope to barren prairie. Far southeast and south are the spectral peaks of the Sierra de la Gallina, the Sierra Capitana, the Sierra del Carrizo, the Sierra Blanca, and to the farther

* *Relacion del Suceso*, p. 326. See also Coronado's *Carta a su Magestad*, 1541, p. 246 et seq.; Juan Jaramilla's *Relacion Hecha*, p. 315; Castañeda's *Cibola*, p. 194; Torquemada, Gómara, Herrera, and every other Spanish source bearing on this point.

† Great.



A Quivira Myth-maker

north the dim blue shadows of the range of Santa Fé. It is a strange, weird outlook—a visual leap into space. There is nothing else quite so like it as the eastward view from the top of Pike's Peak.

Along the smooth, timbered lower slope of the Manzano is a north and south line of ancient Pueblo ruins. The mounds of long-abandoned Shúmnac and its sister towns bleach beside their squalid successors, the Mexican plazas of Chilili, Tajique, and Manzano. A little farther south, and pointing a right-angled triangle, are the bones of the

three chief cities of the Saline—Abó, Cuarai, and Tabirá. It must be understood that I use the word "cities" here with a restriction, and not in the sense of the Romantic School. These were cities like Montezuma's "capital," though smaller. There was no hint of a metropolis—no palaces, no temples, no splendor. Like those of enfebled Mexico, these towns were mere piles of earth and stone—Pueblo communities exactly such as are seen to-day in Taos, Acoma, Zuni. None of them, here or in Mexico, were entitled by size or magnificence to be called cities, and the term is applied to

them simply because architecturally, socially, and politically they were of an organization complete beyond what is expressed by our word "town." Each was a self-governing, independent commonwealth, compact and fortified; a republic within walls; and as such they seem more fitly entitled "cities," with due insistence upon the special limitations of the word here.

Twenty miles south of the New Mexican hamlet of Manzano and the riddle of its ancient apple-trees, is the noble ruin of the pueblo of Abó. Its site is a wee bead of a valley, strung upon a deep and ragged arroyo, between an eastern rocky ridge and the long acclivity to the mountains. The pueblo itself was a large hollow square, over two hundred feet on a side, of unbroken, three-story stone houses, terraced toward, and opening upon, the safe inner court. Outside, and parallel with, the north end of this quadrangle, was a separate block of three-story buildings. So far the ruins present nothing novel to the student of Pueblo antiquities. They are merely the usual tousled mounds of fallen building-stone and inblown sand. But a few rods north of the pueblo tower, the giant walls of a noble edifice—such walls as would have been long ago immortalized in American literature, were they in Rhenish Bavaria instead of a land which might be fancied to have a patriotic interest to Americans. Amid the talus of tumbled stone these two vast parallel walls, forty-two feet apart, one hundred and fifteen feet long, and twelve feet thick at the base, soar sixty feet aloft in rugged majesty. Their ancient masonry of darkly-rufous sandstone, in adobe mortar, is almost perfect in alignment still. A spade slides smoothly down their plane surfaces. The two end walls of the structure are gone to utter wrack; and the one-time floor is lost under a dozen feet or more of their jumbled ruin. The long-potent Romantic School would have it, of course, that this was a temple of the Sun, and built of "dressed stone," as usual. It is as well to note, in passing, that there is no dressed stone in any ancient ruin of New Mexico or Arizona—though there are numberless handsome walls which the theorizer will

(not altogether inexcusably) insist were wrought. But while the pre-historic aborigine here had no tools wherewith to dress any rock but tufa, the natural cleavage and the fragile lines of the sandstones were extremely kind to him, and he could pick from his quarry ready-made slabs which had every appearance of having been roughly worked.

The wee oasis of Abó is not now a solitude, though the tribe that builded its dark piles long ago faded from off the face of the earth. A half-dozen Mexican families dwell under the gigantic cottonwoods that sap the puny rill; and here is the home of the *paisano* genius—immortalized in territorial proverb—who

"*Jué por Socorro, y no supo porqué.*"

He made the long and trying journey in safety; but on arriving at Socorro knew not why, and had to return to Abó to ask his *comadre*. "For what went I?" This information gained, he trudged back his fifty miles and fulfilled his mission, and trudged home again. His house and all are built of ready stone from the huge dark walls that frown down upon the degenerate present.

The second corner of the forgotten triangle is fifteen miles east of Abó, within rifle-shot of the Mexican townlet of Punta de Agua. Here, in another bowl-like little vale, with outlook between its rim-ridges to the weary sea of prairie, crumble the reliquie of the ancient pueblo of Cuaráí.* Like Abó, the ruined city itself is a huddle of interminate mounds of masonry, and less imposing than many longer-abandoned pueblos. But, like Abó, too, it is companioned by a huge and mysterious edifice—an edifice in ruins, it is true, but so tall, so solemn, so dominant of that strange, lonely landscape, so out of place in that land of adobe box-huts, as to be simply overpowering. On the Rhine it would be a superlative; in the wilderness of the Manzano it is a miracle. Its great, shadowy walls are neither so lofty nor so thick as those of Abó; but neither are they so breached. The great rectangle is practically complete, with three walls largely perfect, and part of the fourth. The masonry is quite as fine

* Spelled also in the older MSS., Cuaric.

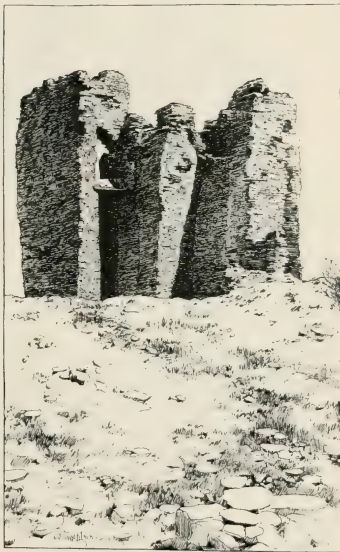
as at Abó, and the architecture as imposing. A big modern chapel, a few rods to the east, is built of plumbed stone, but the ancient temple seems scarce to feel the robbery. Its roof long ago disappeared, but the massive walls stand firm as the mother ledges, and still hold the careful mortises for long-forgotten rafters. At the foot of the hillock is a tiny rivulet, sentinelled by a tall and lonely pine; and upon the hill-side, a few hundred yards south, is a large, strange circular enclosure fenced about with upright slabs of rock.

The third and southeast corner of the triangle is thirty miles from Cuaraí, and about the same distance from Abó; much farther from the mountains than they, but hardly more in the plains—since it is an outlying huddle of round ridges. The country here is much higher than on the western side of the Cordillera—the pueblo which we now approach is 6,047 feet above the sea level. Access to it is difficult and dreary. The nearest water is thirty miles away; and the explorer must carry not only provisions, but water for himself and animals. Toiling down the edge of the ghastly plains, thence into long, smooth trough-valleys, along the eastern acclivity of the dark wooded Mesa de los Jumanos, ankle deep in the sands of Médano, the traveller feels at every step, with every breath, a crowding influence he knows not what.

Mid-ocean is not more lonesome than the plains; nor night so gloomy as that dumb sunlight. It is barren of sound. The brown grass is knee-deep—and even that trifle gives a shock, in this hoof-obliterated land. The bands of antelope that drift, like cloud shadows, across the dun landscape suggest less of life than of the supernatural. The spell of the plains is a wondrous thing. At first it

fascinates. Then it bewilders. At last, it crushes. It is sure as the grave—and worse. It is intangible but resistless; stronger than hope, reason, will—stronger than humanity. When one cannot otherwise escape the plains, one takes refuge in madness.

But on a sudden, the tension is re-



Abó—the Western Wall

lieved. A mile to the south, where a whaleback ridge noses the uncanny valley, stands out a strange ashen bulk that brings us back to earth. Wan and weird as it is, it bespeaks the one-time presence of man, for Nature has no such squarenesses.

I do not believe that the whole world can show elsewhere, nor that a Doré could dream into canvas, a ghostliness



Cuaraí from the Southwest

so *à propos*. Stand upon the higher ridges to the east, and it is all spread before you, a wraith in pallid stone—the absolute ghost of a city. Its ashen hues which seem to hover above the dead grass, foiled by the sombre blotches of the junipers; its indeterminate gray hints, outspoken at last in the huge, vague shape that looms in its centre; its strange, dim outlines rimmed with a flat, round world of silence—but why try to tell that which has no telling? Who shall wreak expression of that spectral city?

Come nearer, and the spell dwindles; but it is never broken. Even as we pass our hands over that forgotten masonry of pale limestones, or clamber over fallen walls with tangible stubbing of material toes, the unearthliness of the haggard scene does not wholly cease to assert itself. Only, we now know that it is not a ghost-city, which the next breeze may waft away. It is a ruined pueblo again—but such a pueblo! Not in size nor in architecture—there are several others as large, and some as imposing, but in color and in setting it is alone. Small wonder for the folly of its later devotees it seems the rightful

home of superstition, and here the wildest myth need not be ill at ease.

This was the pueblo of Tabirá, infinitely better known, in this day of grace and putative light, as the “Gran Quivira.” It was one of the larger pueblos of New Mexico, and in its day had perhaps fifteen hundred inhabitants; not more. It was a village of unusual shape, prescribed by the topography of the ridge; a long, narrow array of three and four-story terraced houses in vaguely parallel blocks, facing each other across narrow alleys. Six circular estufas, partly subterranean, yawn at random amid the ruins. The walls of the houses have toppled to high rubbish mounds—hardly one stands to tell its former stature. Only a few rooms of first and second stories, long innocent of roofs, gape from out the moraine of time.

But at the centre of the southerly blocks is still the gray, quadrangular wall—now sadly battered—of a very large building, with traces of an enclosure at its east end. And in the western terminus of the village, just on the brow of the slope that falls away to the strange valley and looks across to the

sombre Mesa de los Jumanos, is another and a gigantic ruin, whose like is not in all our North America. Its walls, thirty feet high and six feet thick, roofless and ragged at the top, two hundred and two feet front and one hundred and thirty-one feet in greatest depth, are of the same spectral bluish-gray limestone, broken into irregular but flat-faced prisms and firmly laid in adobe mortar. The northern part of this bewildering ruin is one huge cruciform room, thirty-eight feet wide and one hundred and thirty-one feet long, with an eastward gateway fifteen feet wide and eleven high, under a mighty timber which upholds fifteen feet of massive masonry. South of this enormous room is a honeycomb of chambers of ordinary size, divided by long halls, and with sides still standing to a height of twenty feet. Of these rooms there are a score. It is plain that they had no upper stories, as

their arabesques softened but not lost in the weathering of centuries. Some of the rafters must have weighed a ton and a half to two tons; and the trees which gave them were at least fifteen miles away.

Here is the asylum of the modern Quivira-myth; the Mecca of the South-western fortune-hunter; the field of the Last Folly. That it should have been chosen from among all the fifteen hundred pueblo ruins in New Mexico for credulity to butt its head against, is not strange physically. Its bleak, unearthly site, the necromancy of the plains, its ghostly aspect, and its distance from all water, were enough to stop and hold the later treasure-seekers, who had heard vaguely that "Coronado hunted the Quivira," but utterly failed to hear that he found it—found it in northeastern Kansas, and found it worthless. These new victims found this



Interior of the Ruin of Cuaraí.

had the dwellings of the pueblo. There is also a rear entrance from the south to the great room, through a spacious antechamber. In one of the apartments of the honeycomb is still a perfect fireplace; and here and there over the vacant doorways are carved-wood lintels,

unprecedented ruin of Tabirá a century ago; and to them we owe the misnomer of Gran Quivira. Since their day its rest has been yearly broken. At first were those who pried in the débris-choked lower rooms of the pueblo, and gophered under the mighty walls of the

temple. But they were only poor *paisanos* who could neither read nor ask of history. Within the last decade members of the superior race drilled down through a hundred feet of the eternal bedrock in quest of *buried* treasure, and the ruins of Tabirá are so peppered with their shafts that it is unsafe to move about by night.

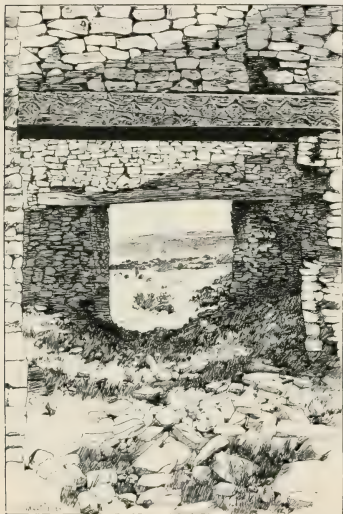
For the myth of the Quivira has come to Tabirá to stay. Neither fact nor reason will ever fully dislodge it, and it will always count its dupes. It has even grown, in that arid home, to start-

turn the compass inside-out; to give the lie to the sober record of eye-witnesses, and the ear to professional myth-makers. Scarce a month goes by in which the territorial newspapers do not print some new fable or allusion to the old; and even as I write, an expedition is fitting out in Albuquerque to seek "the buried treasure." The folk-lore of the Mexican population has suddenly become exuberant with new Quivira tales. Every now and then an awestruck shepherd staggers in under a new version. He has leaned against a

great boulder, which forthwith slid in its carved grooves and disclosed a subterranean passage, whose farther darkness was aflame with jewels and yellow ingots. Or a huge white snake has risen from the ground at midnight to show him the *locus* of the treasure; or a spectral goat led him; or he has heard, just at high noon, the roar of a great subterranean river. *Et id fabularum genus omne.* The superior prospector, besides swallowing all this, has improved upon it by adding a "dying confession" and cipher manuscripts, and mystic maps that "have come down from the old days." There has even been in the Territory, for nearly a generation, a standing reward of \$10,000 to him who should discover the lost water of Gran Quivira.

This second edition of the Quivira myth is not at first sight so remarkable. It seems merely the wonted accretion of fable around the mysterious. It is only when we turn to history that we can conceive the full folly of this perversion—the bewildering blunder of the Cities

that were Forgotten. For they once were so well known! There is no mystery about them—as well should a Hot-tentot explorer make a mystery of Bunker Hill. They are as stable in history as Plymouth Rock. And above



Tabirá—Rear Entrance with Carved Lintel.

ling proportions. The Quivira of Coronado is forgotten, and in its stead is the grand Quivira. It is no resurrection of the old myth, but the invention of a new. To keep in it the vital spark its nurses have to stand history upon its head, and



Tabirá.—Main Entrance to the Great Hall.

all, they have no remotest kinship with the Quivira. That was eight hundred miles northeast of them. That was an errant village of tepees—these fortified towns of immemorial stone. That was always Quivira; these were always Abó, Cuaraí, and Tabirá. About the only point of resemblance was that neither had ever a particle of gold or of any other treasure whatever. No one ever confounded the two until long after the world was old enough to know better. The ruins are pueblo ruins, as a matter of course; and as a matter of history, they are ruins of the *Tompíros Pueblos*, a branch of the now extinct *Píro* stock. The first Caucasian to penetrate the country of the Accursed Lakes was Francisco Sanchez de Chamuscado, who discovered these then living towns in 1581, and set them in history. A year later came Espejo, who also saw and described these pueblos—which Chamuscado noted as the best towns he had yet found. In 1598 Juan de Oñate, the first governor of New Mexico, paid his official visit to these cities of the Salines,

and received the formal submission of their people to the Crown of Spain. The usual humane and comprehensive Spanish policy reached as well the pueblos of the plains as those of the Rio Grande. Statecraft exhaustively studied their material, the Church their spiritual needs. On the 9th of September, 1598—twenty-two years before the *Mayflower*—a priest was assigned to these three cities, and their numerous neighbor-pueblos. This was Fray Francisco de San Miguel, one of the chaplains of Oñate's little army. His station was at Pecos (a pueblo deserted in 1840), whence he had to administer his enormous parish to the south. That the size of his circuit did not hinder his missionary success, nor that of those who came after, is written not only in the conversion of those wild tribes to Christianity, but also in undecaying stone. For the huge and mysterious ruins at Abó, Cuaraí, and Tabirá were merely Christian churches, built by the pueblos under the patient guidance of the Franciscan fathers, and with the aid

of Spanish tools. The mission of Tabirá was founded by the fraile Francisco de Acevedo, in or about 1628;* and the smaller church was built soon after. In time its needs outgrew it; and some time after the death of Fray Acevedo, in

we have to thank not only the world's carelessness, but also that red history-maker, the Apache. This scourge of the plains was always particularly attentive to the exposed cities of the Salines—which had more pregnable loca-



Ground Plan of Tabirá

A, A, A, A, tanks; B, large church and convent; C, old church; D, cemetery; S, S, S, ancient acequia.

1644, the enormous newer church and "convent" were erected. It seemed to have been designed to make Tabirá a central mission; and accommodations were provided for the residence of a considerable number of priests. But these huge edifices were never fully finished. The churches of Abó and Cuaraí were erected under the same régime and at about the same time; all three aboriginal cities were as much a part of Spanish missionary work and Spanish history as was Santa Fé itself. The civil legislation for their benefit, the slow, sure uplifting of those savage flocks by their gentle Franciscan teachers, is not unrecorded—from Fray de San Miguel down through the resident missionaries, Fray Francisco Letrado, Fray Acevedo, Fray Juan de Zalas, beloved Fray Geronimo de la Llana, and all that heroic list. There were no fairy-tales about the Manzano pueblos then—nor long thereafter. So late as the latter half of the last century an official map of New Mexico marked the ruined pueblo of Tabirá in its proper place—the place since usurped, in popular superstition, by the Gran Quivira.

That these cities so suddenly disappeared from the world's knowledge,

tions than the usual pueblo fort-town—and at last overthrew them. The exact date is not sure, but it was positively between 1670 and 1675. It was a period of his goriest activity. In 1672 he made the massacre of Há ui-cu, one of the Zuñi towns, two hundred miles west. In 1675 he wiped out the New Mexican pueblo of Senecá (on the Rio Grande, where San Antonio now stands) killing Fray Alonzo Gil de Avila and many of his flock. And between these two grim entries he wrote his crimson autograph across the six chief towns of the Manzano plains—the Tigua pueblos of Chilili, Tajique, and Cuaraí, and the Piro pueblos of Jumancas, Abó, and Tabirá† The scant survivors of the latter towns fled to El Paso, and their score or so of descendants, who live to-day at Senecá, in Chihuahua, are all that is left of the once potent Piro stock. Those who escaped death at Cuaraí, being Tiguas, fled to their brethren at Shee-e-hu-bac, now Isleta—whose fathers all had come, according to their traditions, from other Apache-erased pueblos of the Manzano plain. Even the Jumanos—those strange neighbor

† Vide Fray Juan Alvarez, MS. Carta; Fray Silvestre Velez de Escalante, Carta al Padre Morfi, and other undisputed sources.

* Vetancourt: Menologio, p. 260, etc.

"Rayados," who were unique in the Southwest by their fashion of tattooing or slashing their faces—were swept off by that same merciless besom. With 1675 the last germ of aboriginal life had vanished from that once populous era. For a century the plain was utter desert and in the undisputed clutch of the Apache; and only the huge vertebræ of those dead cities bleached in glaring sun and savage snows. At last the Mexican post pioneer crept in; and now a few hundreds of his children are scattered along that vast solitude. The fence of an enormous American cattle-rancho stretches almost to Tabirá. But it was too late for the fallen cities. Already they were forgotten; and the unread new neighbors, instead of rehabilitating that heroic past, served but to distort it to an ignoble if romantic caricature. That zeal which made Christian conquest, without arms, of this savage wilderness, has fared as ill with the myths as have its monuments with the facts, of latter days. The one has been "borrowed" to frame a Captain Kidd fable; the other to build goat-corral.

Of the three great churches, that of Cuará is largest, having a floor-area of 5,020 square feet. That of Tabirá comes next, with 4,978 square feet; and then, Abó with 4,830. These figures are for the auditoriums alone, and do not include the extensive "convents" attached to each, of which that at Tabirá is most extensive, covering 13,377 square feet. The walls of Abó are much the noblest and most massive, and those of Tabirá the crudest, though no less solid. The pueblos of Abó and Cuará had each a tiny but sufficient rill; but Tabirá is absolutely dry. There is neither spring nor stream in thirty miles. But this is hardly a rare thing among pueblo ruins; and it is well known that aborigines were wont to "kill" their water when forced to abandon a town, lest it give comfort to the enemy. We know, not only by record, but by eyesight, of several cases

where, with infinite labor, the Pueblos actually obliterated a spring to keep it from their savage neighbors. But this though a probable, is not an essential, factor in the problem. On the brow of the acclivity east of Tabirá—and connected with it by a still traceable ditch—are three large reservoirs of earth, rudely rimmed with stone, to catch and hold the rain and snow. This was the waterworks of Tabirá, and an adequate system. The Piros had no animals, unless a few sheep and horses already derived from the Spaniards; and their crops of corn, beans, and squashes grew then as now, by the annual precipitation and without need of irrigating. The reservoirs were ample for their duty—to supply water for domestic use. It is entirely possible that there was also a near spring which was plugged at the downfall of Tabirá; and the least crazy of the prospectors who still throw away their means and sometimes their lives there, are those that seek the water which would make available a great range of such pasturage as is now almost unknown in New Mexico.

Such, in brief, are the cities of the Salines—the Cities that Were. Prominent and clear figures in the earliest history of our land, definite and mythless as Hoboken, they suddenly dropped into popular oblivion. Their identity seemed as lost as though they had never been; and when their resurrection came it was not to be remembered but recreated—not rediscovered but invented. For a century their weary bones have been made to masquerade in a romantic mummery which would be laughable, had it not been the closing tragedy of so many lives. It is only within a decade that the light of record and common-sense has been turned upon them, and that Bandelier's conclusive researches have laid forever the myth of the Gran Quivira and brought back to the memory of history the cities that were so long forgotten.



A GLIMPSE OF AN ARTIST.

By Viola Roseboro'.

I WAS trying to find the stage-door of the Grand Opera House. At the time of which I write—I don't know how it is now—this entrance was unmarked by any sign that might enable the uninitiated to distinguish it from various other grimy doors, leading perhaps to shop-cellars and store-rooms, on the same dingy side street.

After walking up and down the block and trying some of these, only to find them locked, I turned back to a corner where I had seen an actor standing—by the fear of being late to rehearsal forced to the disagreeable expedient of asking information of him.

It took little subtlety of perception to discover his profession in his demoralized, handsome, shaven face, and still less was needed to inform me that the necessity of speaking to him was an unpleasant one. He stared at me as I approached him with the impersonal, coldly brutal insolence that, as it happens, is the typical phase of this sort of rudeness in the one profession where the sexes meet on an equality.

After taking his time about it, with his cigar still in his mouth, and without moving, he briefly directed me.

The next time I saw him he was playing the part of *Jacques* in the "Two Orphans," and I, transfixed with amaze-

ment and delight, was watching him from the wings.

I never saw a more perfect histrionic performance, nor one that, considering the possibilities of the part, showed more genius. A perfect picture of dark, brutal masculine beauty, wearing a costume that in its squalor and its æsthetic splendor was itself a work of genius, he swaggered gayly and murderously through the play, as lustily, deadly dangerous as some light-footed, jungle beast of prey; and yet the thing was not so simple as that merely would come to; there was a delicately suggested something of low Paris, of the Faubourg St. Antoine about him, that was the finest bloom of the player's power. I began to clap my hands before I knew it, and, villain though he was, the house caught the sound and followed the hint; for the magnificent vitality and beauty of his bearing, at some trifling point where the moral issues were not too pressing, even that Grand Opera House audience gave him a round of applause. "Nobody else ever got a hand in that part," said a voice by my shoulder, and turning, I saw one of the underlings of the company, a thin, plain, middle-aged man, who helped the property man and took the parts too small to be given to anyone else. He was watching the stage now with a brightening of his gooseberry eyes, while the gusto of appreciation wrinkled still more his worn, old, painted face.

"Tell you," he continued, encouraged by my heartfelt exclamations, "tell *you*, he's an actor; he bankrupts the bakery in this piece, I don't care who's starred on the bills."

I have misreported this speech; the underling called the actor's name, and it is hard for me to substitute another for it. Here was an artist who, chiefly through his own extraordinary worthlessness as a man, missed his recognition, missed—oh, so much worse!—his opportunities, but who was a great artist, and of whom now, when he lies in some Potter's Field, I wish to make a little record. I make it from my point of view; he is to me the material for my own art, and it is part of my small plan to suggest what an incomprehensibly low barbarian he was. I do not think he would mind that much, receiving the tribute I give his acting—in fact, I do not think he would really care at all; for the tribute he would care immensely, and so it strikes me as a mean thing to him that propriety and taste forbid the use of his own name, his stage name that is (which was undoubtedly not his real one). Perhaps propriety and taste would take a different turn if all the world were a stage and all the men and women merely players in a more prosaic sense than Shakespeare's; but as I speak to an audience who count the player's gift for less, and various other things for more, I will refrain from the seeming brutality of giving a name you might possibly find among your old play-bills. And now I am taxed to invent another as good; I am sure I shall not succeed, for the one I suppress was admirably chosen in its combination of a suggestion of good blood, direct manliness, and a faint flavor of romance, but let Henry Dolignan answer my purposes. I asked the utility man, then, something about Henry Dolignan, how he came to be where he was—that is, in a professional position, not imposing nor highly remunerative, though, indeed, with more of honor and money he might have been worse fitted with a part.

"Aw—he drinks like a fish, and he's all-fired bad-tempered, too, when he's drunk," was the answer, as, Dolignan

having made his exit, we turned away from the stage. "Nobody but the Missus 'll have him 'round at all. She's the best-natured woman in the business, and then, of course, she'll never this side of Judgment Day get another actor like that to travel with her. The whole profess knows that Dolignan can act over the heads of most all the stars going."

The man—he was called Cal about the stage, and as he took several small parts in the piece, accredited on the bills to different nobly named imaginary actors, I have not the least idea which cognomen he claimed for himself—Cal, then, now darted on to the stage for the close of the act. As the curtain came down and I was going to my dressing-room, he came up beside me again and, continuing the conversation as if it had never been interrupted, said, "He got a hundred dollars a week at Wallack's once, and I bet they never had anybody there at any price with more of the right stuff in him. Tell you, he's an actor," repeated Cal, with emphasis, as he pulled off his white wig preparatory to a change of personality in the next act, and then, holding it under one arm, helped the property man with the glasses and decanters to be used in its festivities. Cal's enthusiasm for the acting of a man who rarely noticed his existence (Dolignan was haughty in his attitude toward the stage's small fry), and who succeeded—even though missing recognition and rewards—where he himself toiled and failed, was unique in its degree; the other members of the company were more blinded by the absence of the world's livery of greatness, and yet everyone with whom I discussed the performance of *Jacques* said substantially the same thing. Dolignan was too hopelessly out of the race for even his confrères in the most poignantly jealous profession in the world to care to belittle him, and jealousy once out of the way, there is no other class of artists so vividly, burningly appreciative of achievement in their art as actors. Always their talk about Dolignan included that bit of history, "He got a hundred dollars a week at Wallack's once." His passion for drink and his quarrelsome-

ness (the one seemed to be chiefly the result of the other) were the only stumbling blocks mentioned as barring his path, but it very soon appeared that these were by no means all that lay between him and respectability.

One night, for instance, during my first weeks with the company, I found him, before the curtain rose pacing the stage, dressed for the performance, a gay handkerchief knotted around his head, and a short pipe in his mouth, and with a beautiful dark-eyed baby boy on his arm, borne as if the pair were a royal challenge to painters and sculptors. After meeting the star and showing the child to her, he turned to the wings and jovially called the name Annie several times. Just as a note of awesome irritation was beginning to sound through the mellow tones a little, scared-looking, plain, shabby woman appeared, and he introduced her to the star, resuming completely his charming bluff kindness of manner, as his wife. I saw one passing actor look at another with a specially freighted glance, and when the two were beyond ear-shot of the domestic group, one said to the other, "Well, Dolignan's got cheek, playing it on the Missus that way."

"The woman's all right, she's fooled, you can see that with half an eye," said the other.

"Wonder if the last one before is still in Chicago?"

"It's a touchy game to play in New York State."

"Aw," was the amazing answer. "Can't you see he always gets 'em the same little, starved-out, shaky kind that wouldn't buck against a mouse. He never has any trouble—to speak of."

"The Missus," as the company delighted to call her, always showed Dolignan a certain amiable affectation of deference; it was not all affectation, which was a pretty and uncommonly gracious trait, and balm to the man's embittered soul. Now she talked babylore with the pair, drawing upon her own maternal experiences, until the orchestra was "rung in," and she hurried to her dressing-room.

As she entered the wings her husband met her and gave her a glance of amused meaning; she threw up her pretty eyes

and hands with a light gesture of response and a little grimace that said—what it would take me pages to tell, but among other things that she knew quite enough of Dolignan's matrimonial vagaries, and that it was not the smallest use for anybody to take the least notice of them, and that the smoothest, easiest way was to ignore them. In the meanwhile, till the curtain rose, Dolignan continued proudly to promenade the place with his youngster, speaking cheerily to its mother when he came near the dark corner she clung to, and for the time altogether enjoying and believing in his performance of the part of a big, simple, devoted family man.

It was a sight to see; he did it almost as well as the Parisian criminal, though with this difference, that the more loosely knit texture of an impromptu performance permitted glimpses of an egotistic satisfaction such as did not mar the *Jacques*. He discussed his baby, his teeth, his diet, and his weight with most of the women about; it was noticeable that the men just now avoided him, generally with a touch of something like embarrassment; the inferior flexibility of the masculine nature even in actors stood in the way of their co-operation in such facile mumming as they, neglecting fine distinctions, felt this to be.

My views as to the baby were not asked; I was a new-comer, I did not come in contact with Dolignan in the play, and since the day when he had pointed out to me the stage-door we had never spoken. Our acquaintance was destined to be continued by my acceptance of another service from him. We were, in technical phrase, playing the New York circuit, that is, we played at different theatres in the city and out of it, but did not go far enough in any direction to deprive us of the coveted privilege of living in town. One night, after I had been with the company a month, we went to Flushing, Long Island. During the evening I discovered that I had left my latch-key at home. At first the accident seemed trifling enough, but when it appeared that a number of the men of the company had arranged to spend the night in Flushing, and had engaged all the available rooms at the inn, I really

found myself in a dilemma. I had but little money with me, and in any case a solitary young woman without baggage could hardly expect a welcome at any desirable New York hotel at one o'clock in the morning. The women of the company I knew very slightly, and for a time no one seemed particularly interested as to where I should spend the night, no one, that is, but one young Englishman, also a new member of the company, new to the stage as well, and a gentleman; but as he was not one of those who had engaged rooms in Flushing he could not help me, except by the offer to spend his strength, and if necessary, the night, ringing the bell of my apartment-house, and banging upon its inhospitable door. I thought it probable that the drivers of the morning milk-wagons would finally draw pleasure from the spectacle of his energy.

But after the curtain had risen on the last act he came to me with a queer little smile on his face, and said: "There seems to be a way for you to escape entertaining me on your door-step, after all; I don't know just what you'll think about it, but that brute Dolignan has a room engaged here which he wishes to put at your service. "He spoke to me about it, because he says—with a ceremonious air of regret—that he has not the pleasure of your acquaintance, and because he's on the stage now, but he's coming to you himself as soon as the curtain falls. Why, Miss Addington, I don't know Dolignan, you know—but really I think he's cast himself for a gentleman, as he understands it, in this affair. I'm afraid going back to town would be rather uncomfortable. Dolignan's coming to me looks—some way it makes me think he's on his good behavior, he was so dignified about it. He knows, you know, that I laughed at those yarns of his about having been in the army. He's terribly afraid that I'll try to guy him with army shop-talk." And Newman laughed his boyish English laugh.

Dolignan was an Englishman, too, or said he was—probably the whole subject of his origin was a dark one to himself as well as to others. He had, you see, for years told that he was once an

officer in the English army. Newman had really been in the army, had just left it, poor boy, and his contempt, indignant contempt, for Dolignan's pretensions had been echoed about to the general amusement of the company. Dolignan talked at one time about fighting Newman, who was two-thirds his size, but when the boy declared with simple gusto that he'd be proud to take a licking for the honor of the service, and sweetly and cheerfully announced his honest intention to make his chastisement as expensive a luxury to the bigger man as he could, no more about combat was heard.

It was most characteristic of Dolignan that even after this he bore his detractor no real malice. That he, big, vital, tempestuous animal that he was, would not fight simply because he was a coward is too easy an explanation to compass the truth, which here, as usual, is difficult, subtle, and complex. The fact was, that to Dolignan the whole thing was too unimportant, too slight to be worth a blow—received. It had nothing to do with acting, or had to do with it only so far as the literal fact of one of his past improvisations was questioned. What had literal facts to do with improvisations, anyway? And besides that was all past, let it go.

Mr. Dolignan was as far as most geniuses of his kind from a taste for analysis, and probably never a word of this interpretation of his state of mind entered his head, but I am satisfied of the accuracy of my interpretation. When he came to me between his last scenes, and with a little prefatory word about its being time we assumed an acquaintance, though we had it not, insisted on my taking the room he had engaged, his manner was so reassuring that I accepted his sacrifice after a merely perfunctory protest. "But what will you do?" I asked next. He smiled. "What difference in the world does it make, Miss Addington, what an old campaigner like myself does? All I'd ask would be a chair, and a light, and a book, and I'd like nothing better than reading the night out. I dare say, though, that the landlord will insist on giving me a shakedown somewhere."

Now, I doubt if Mr. Dolignon had averaged in his life an hour's reading a week, and I am sure that for years, whenever he saw himself fated to a night out of bed, drink and gambling were the refuges that presented themselves to his thought; but he delivered this little speech with an excellent manner, and evidently with the fullest confidence in that odd superstition (promulgated chiefly by people who hate the cold, unsensuous face of type) that to read is in itself virtuous. The manner was, in truth, very like young Newman's, that is, of the best quiet English kind. Plainly Dolignon was enjoying a rehearsal of a new part; not that his consciousness took note of his model as such; his unconscious mind was the governing power with him.

The members of the company who were returning to the city hurried off as soon as possible to catch their train, and Mr. Dolignon escorted me to a little old-fashioned tavern, old-fashioned enough to be able to put forth the standard Long Island boast that Washington had slept in it. The distance was short, and once there Dolignon immediately put me in the sleepy landlord's charge, and lifted his hat with a grave good-night. The success of his imitation of Newman was greatest when perhaps he was giving it least attention. After turning away he came back, and, begging my pardon, asked with genuine diffidence if I would consider it an intrusion or too much of a bore—if it would suit my convenience to allow him to order breakfast for us both before I came down in the morning, and if he might have his with me. "There's a train leaves at ten something, so you will not need to be in a hurry," he added, after thanking me for my answer.

The next morning I was shown into the little sitting-room of the place, and there Mr. Dolignon and I were served with breakfast more in the fashion of an English country inn than of an American hotel, and I never till this moment thought of it that this was probably due to the efforts of my cavalier. I know, at any rate, that he took a personal pleasure in the fact that I found things pleasant. I was in good

spirits, as with a sense of adventure, and I was amused and touched with the absurdity, the topsy-turviness of my *role of proteg e* here, and with the scrupulous conscientiousness of my unique chaperon.

He was as proud as a child of his beautiful behavior. He served me with the benevolent pleasure of a host, and he tempered his cordiality by a florid, ceremonious respect that constantly repeated the assertion, made in his first burst of confidence; "I tell you, Miss Addington," he said, "I know a lady when I see one, and I know how to treat her. It's a pleasure and an honor to me to be able to show you that," said Mr. Dolignon, with emotion; and as for myself, I could have wept to see anything so infantine left to go about the world in the guise of a great mustached blackguard.

On the point of his moral, or immoral, character he himself soon began to discourse, taking a saddened tone effectively touched with quiet, desperate humor.

"It's no news to you, Miss Addington," he said, toying attentively with a spoon, "when I say I'm a good-for-nothing, reckless outcast; an outcast with no hope before me, and"—raising his dark, melancholy, smiling eyes—"deserving none; but I've not quite forgotten——"

I ventured to interrupt him. "I'm very glad, Mr. Dolignon, to take this chance to tell you one thing I know you to be; you are one of the finest actors I ever saw, or ever expect to see." The man stared at me with widening eyes, then his mouth—his mouth that generally looked so coarsened and depraved—quivered and twitched piteously; he mastered himself and said at last, brokenly, "God bless you for that, God bless you for it." Then he rose and stared long and silently, his hands in his pockets, into the glowing grate-fire, while the servant wheeled away the table. When he turned and spoke it was with the sincerity and dignity and the impersonal pride of the artist, and with the bitter humiliation of the man who had cut himself off from the artist's high hopes.

"Before God, it's the truth," he said,

his beautiful voice vibrating like a 'cello note ; "I am an actor, and one of the best—or no, meant to be one of the best God ever made. You know that, don't you? They all know, these little sixpenny stars, and all know that I can act, but they wouldn't say it the way you did just now. I've been that old drunken Dolignan too long, and I've not played parts the papers took any notice of since I was a young chap at Wallack's—they gave me a hundred dollars a week there—but all sorts of fakirs get that and more now; I've been on my beam ends too long for people to talk about my being one of the finest actors they ever saw. I'll not forget that you said it. I can tell you one thing, too; that is, that you know acting when you see it, you know it without waiting for help from the papers or the bill-boards. Maybe that's funny, but it's the sacred truth. I know I can act; I know I've got it in me as not many alive have, and when some of these little stock company cane-suckers in their fine clothes come and offer me a drink, and tell me they believe I've got some talent, and that I might get on, get up a bit if I'd keep straight, they don't know—that's the hell's sting of it, girl—they don't know why I'm mad and curse 'em, and go off and get drunk on my own whiskey. I know where I'm short. I'm a good enough actor to know what mighty few of 'em do know, and that's when I've seen my master. I've been about a bit in my time; I know we ain't got the touch on it right through they have in Paris, for instance; we don't get that training; but I'll tell you one thing, that is, that if I'd had the chance, if I could have kept my chance, if I'd not been the devil's own fool, I could have done it for myself till I could have dared to measure with any of 'em. I have the advantage that God Himself made me for this business.

"No, no; that's all behind me. There's no reform for me. My dear young lady, I'll tell you a piece of news: I don't care a tinker's malediction about the errors of my ways, except about the drink; it's that that knocks me out in the profession, and

it's that I've got no hold or hope against. You might as well try to discipline yourself to keep your hand in the fire. They tell stories about asses doing that, too, but I ain't made that way. Yes, it's time you started; you will let me walk to the station with you, won't you? Thank you. Now let me say something: I don't put myself out about many people in this cockpit of a world, they are not apt to be in a worse fix than I am; but if you would ever give me the chance to do something for you, I'd be almighty glad, and the more trouble it was the gladder I'd be. That's a good deal more than I'd say to people I owe more—according to their way of thinking. But you've struck the spot where my gratitude lies. I don't know how such as you get on in this business, you've got a nice enough little vein of talent, you might do very well in time, but I don't see—however that's none of my business. Sometimes the old rounders, stars, and managers will listen to what I've got to say about acting and people more than they would to someone they'd treat better. I'll watch my chance to put in a word that may be some use to you, and as my acquaintance would reflect small honor on you, I'll take care not to claim yours—do it as if I didn't care a curse about it. Oh, I know the cattle, and how to make 'em believe what they hear; it's just as easy when it ain't so as when it is, if you know how, I'm sorry to say, for your sake—you're one of those that would fare better if things were otherwise."

The last was hurriedly but carelessly added, as an after-thought. Mr. Dolignan felt a great kindness for me just then, but for excellent reasons his own acting was a vastly more interesting topic than mine. I greatly enjoyed his talk of himself (reprehensible as some of it certainly was). Its tragic enthusiasm stirred my blood with sympathy and sorrow, for I believed he was right in his estimate of his power, and underlying it all was more mind than I had looked for; though, indeed, acting like his does not come about without a good share of mind behind it, however useless and out of sight in most of the

affairs of life that mind may be. Dolignan's was a truly typical actor's organ; you could never tell when it would appear, nor for how long it would lie dormant, leaving him to meet the world in the meantime as a varied and ornate fool.

The other actors had left on an earlier train, and the last courtesy I owed him that day was his quiet choice of one later than my own. At the moment I failed to recognize that it was a courtesy, but during my journey my mind turned to the intolerable ennui I knew he must be suffering in that deserted village (for to him any place without show-folks must be counted empty), and I saw that he had made his first payment for my compliment by thus relieving me of his detrimental society.

It turned out, as at the time I feared it would, an expensive sacrifice for more than himself; that night, when I got to the theatre I found everything in a commotion because Dolignan had not yet come, and presently we learned that he was too drunk to appear—that is, very drunk indeed. There was a recasting and doubling of parts—the catastrophe was one for which there was always a degree of preparation—and the performance went on. Dolignan was said, by someone who met him coming from the Long Island Ferry, to have begun his potations this time “uncommon early.”

His bravado about not caring for the errors of his ways except as they interfered with his career did not look so picturesque when I heard the next day—from the property man, who stopped me on the street—that he had that morning given “that pore little woman they call Mrs. Dolignan a black eye, pore thing.” The property man was an Englishman himself, and similar tales had been told in the past as to his methods of maintaining family government—tales which he, in this woman's country of ours, winced under, and now he was most anxious to impress me with his indignation at Dolignan's brutality.

That night Dolignan was at his post, very sulky, barely bowing in answer to my greeting, and playing his wild part with a more desperate and sinister

gayety than ever. The *Jacques* of the night before had seemed, despite all the dramatist's efforts, as fundamentally harmless as a big calf.

As the company was to start West shortly, and as I was not going with them, I imagined that my opportunities for profiting by the personal acquaintance of this particular child of genius were at an end, but I was mistaken. I was walking one morning of this week in Madison Square Park, on the Broadway side, when a loud oath and frightened shout in the street caused me to turn in time to see an exciting little scene that was over in five seconds. A gentleman, well known by sight to many of the passers-by as a great American tragedian, was caught before a tremendous, fast-rolling express wagon, other vehicles barring his way on every side, and not a tenth of a second to lose. Before thought could grasp the situation a big man had sprung from a passing car, and throwing himself powerfully against the horses as he caught them by the bits, he, at great risk to himself, so aided the frantic driver that the great tragedian, a slight, rather frail person, was left to get out of the way in safety, and not a dozen persons about realized that a national catastrophe had then and there been averted. The tragedian realized it, however, and when both he and his rescuer had skipped—necessity imperiously dictated that this should be their movement—out of the thickest of the fray, turned to speak to him.

I had recognized the big man as Dolignan, and now I saw, from the way the two met, that they were acquaintances. I had stopped a moment when an accident was imminent, and as I again pursued my way my path crossed that of the two men just as they entered the park. I bowed to Dolignan, but he stared at me, blankly, as I at the instant thought, but it was really with the abstraction of a person coming to a resolution. I was past him when I heard his voice calling my name, and I turned, to enter upon one of the queerest conferences that even I ever took part in.

To Dolignan, probably to the great tragedian, there was nothing remarkable

in asking me, an actress, to stand on the sidewalk and talk to them. Women of business affairs are likely to find strong reasons, now and again, for conducting important interviews where they can, and actresses of various grades are continually expected to accept the street as the natural field for discussing their engagements. I was now to accept it as the natural field for discussing Mr. Dolignan's.

"Wait a minute," said that worthy, speaking softly, but with a strong excitement throbbing through his words; "you can do me the greatest favor in the world, perhaps. We three drew a little to one side of the broad walk. My first feeling, after the simple automatic impulse to do what was asked of me, was that amiable instinct and my general interest in everything were really carrying me too far. It was evidently not about my business that I was being stopped by Hal Dolignan. But there was a supplication, an agitation in his face that straightway shamed my small tentative scruples of ladyhood, and appealed to my simple humanity.

"Miss Addington, I don't know you enough to ask anything of you, but I've just told Mr. — that you've been playing in the company with me this season—you'll say that I've been up to the mark, won't you?"

The tragedian spoke before I could. "Dolignan, we can't go into this thing here. I'll look into it, and certainly I'm likely now to try to do what you want. Come see me——"

"Look into it now," said Dolignan, "that's what I ask. I know how it will be before I can see you again. You'll think of something else to do for me. You'll buy me an annuity; before Heaven I believe that's what you'll do. You're a good fellow, Mac, but I don't want the annuity. You're a good fellow, but—I never was much of a liar—I saved your life just now to get the parts. I don't care what the salary is, but, Mac, have a little mercy, give me the parts, let me have half a show once before I die."

Words cannot paint the exquisite power of this brief plea, the half-mocking, half-tender bravado of the first sentences, never hiding the piteous ea-

gerness below it, and at last passing away in that direct prayer, spoken with a simplicity utterly child-like. The stroke by which he defined his own motives in the rescue was masterly; it was as plain as a mathematical demonstration that it turned what was a nasty half-suspicion in the other man's mind into a certainty that was full of its own tragic and humorous appeal.

Dolignan said no more; he showed himself the artist he was in that. There was a moment's silence; his eyes looked like an imploring dog's.

"You haven't lost your talent—I can see that for myself," said the tragedian, with a grim humor that was not unkindly.

"I really seem to have no place in this interview," I said at last. "I scarcely know Mr. Dolignan, but I can tell you—I suppose that is what is wanted—that he has lost but one night since I've been in the company with him, and then he sent word that he was ill in time for a substitute to be gotten; at other times he has always out-acted anybody in the company, as you can probably guess," and I bade them good-day and hurried away, hastily examining my conscience to see how much it was strained; pleased, idiot-like, to find I had kept within the letter of the law, and rejoicing that I had escaped without disclosing the fact that I had played with the "Orphans" only six weeks. Evidently Dolignan's was a very demoralizing influence.

No one without experience of stage affairs is apt to guess how finally and completely damning to an actor's career is the suspicion that his capacity to appear nightly with the regularity of the returning hour is uncertain. What is an amusement to the rest of the world is the all-absorbing business of life behind the scenes, and any irregularity in any performer's relation to the performance is a thing vitally affecting the interests of all concerned in it. The "Two Orphans" is a play demanding so many people, and it has been running along so many years, that a substitution can be accomplished in its cast on short notice with altogether exceptional ease. Otherwise, even the good nature of the Star could never have

availed to keep Dolignon in his place, for, as I knew, his record for the last few weeks had not been exceptionally good.

That night, when I arrived at the theatre I found him awaiting me at the stage door—not the one that he had once pointed out to me with so unpleasant a manner. He held out his hand to me silently. "God bless you," he said, as he held the door back for me to pass. I knew by this profound cordiality that he had conquered with the great Star, that he had a new engagement and some parts to his mind. To be sure, unintelligent logic might have led me to expect as much grateful consideration in the case of failure as in that of success, but sometimes my intelligence is sufficient to enable me to judge human beings without logic.

"I've got the engagement—for this season too—as his leading man," said Dolignon, stopping again in the passageway. "Do you know what that means? That means *Othello* and *Iago*, both." He stared down at me in triumphing silence for a moment. In answer to my congratulations and questions he said, "Yes, sir, my engagement begins at the end of the month. I've had luck. There's some kind of row on with the fakir they've got, so now they're going to fire him. I'm to give the Missus notice to-night. It's a little irregular, but she won't mind; I suppose, in fact, she'll be more than half glad to get me off her hands, now I've seen her through New York. Are you in a hurry? I'd like to speak to you a bit; there's not much chance after the piece is on; it's ten minutes yet till the curtain goes up. I'll only take a minute." We had gone into the dim, dusty, all but empty green-room; he placed a chair for me, sat down himself, and stared moodily at the floor. "It seems the damnest nonsense when I come right up to it," he abstractedly remarked at last; he never used the mysteriously tabooed word to me when he remembered himself. "The fact is, Miss Addington," he went on, "I've got a kind of feeling as if you were a sort of mascot where I'm concerned. That's why I stopped you to-day—I suppose I ought to beg your pardon about that, come to think of it. But you see you

know, you see for yourself what I could do. It seems——" He stopped.

"It seems to me as if that gave you a sort of claim on me, when I can serve you in anyway."

"Thank you, I suppose I had some such notion myself, though I shouldn't have got myself up to say it myself. I'm glad you did, though. I don't want to bore you, but I'm going to make the struggle of my life now—to stop drinking. I've got to stop, and"—a pause, he was looking at me now—"I believe it would be the greatest help in the world if you'd let me come and call on you a few minutes every day—for me to know that I had to show up to you."

There was an impersonality in this appeal that must have been witnessed to be fathomed; but withal, and despite all I detested about the man, despite my bottomless distrust of him in every conceivable non-artistic capacity, my heart melted, not only to the great actor, but to the creature himself.

No wonder Mr. Herbert Spencer thinks that the strength of the maternal sentiment in women unfits them for political duties, by the bias it gives them in favor of those most needy and least worthy. At that moment I would have wrecked willingly all that worthy tragedian's prospects for life to give Dolignon what he called half a show. But then, you see, an artistic enthusiasm, too, weakened my sense of justice here; I believed Dolignon to be far and away the finer actor.

Well, it was surely a queer business—that institution of daily calls from Dolignon. Dolignon could furnish a remarkably emotional respect and regard for me at moments—for moments; all sentiments and opinions, good and bad, passed easily with him into momentary emotions, and I embodied to his notion several things to the reverend names of which he was professionally accustomed to thrill; but when it came to sitting down opposite me as an afternoon caller, and that not once, as an experiment in manners, but every day for two weeks, the nightmare of boredom with which he felt his superstition had saddled him lit his eye the first day he came as with terror. I saw

that unless I bestirred myself my reputation as a mascot would be more than destroyed, its ashes would bring forth the grim fact that I had driven a fellow-being to suicidal intoxication. I did my best; I set him talking about himself. It was not hard to do, and yet I feel compunction at having put the matter so crassly, for most of us are more offensively vain in talking of ourselves than was he. It was not perhaps that his vanity was less, but his impersonal enthusiasms were more, and then he possessed such an exceptional advantage in having something to be vain about; his professional ardor continually led him into interesting digressions about people and performances unconnected with his own glory. We talked shop all but exclusively, there lay all Dolignon's interest; not an uncommon state of affairs with an actor, to be sure, but in him this typical condition was the outcome of causes typical, too, but unusually deep and single in their workings. He was, as we have seen, one of those fortunate people in whom the gift and the inclination met, and the one was as strong as the other was great; all the world moved before him as but the material and the scene for acting. The dramatic instinct of childhood was in him unaltered in kind, and it is only by remembering the unanalytical attitude of the child, the attitude that unhesitatingly accepts all the world's outward phenomena as mere suggestions for imitative play, that one can realize his real standpoint. It is not a logical position, even viewed merely as to the emotional force of acting; of course it is because there is a reality which it interprets that acting is moving, but Dolignon's mind was no such close-knit organ as to let this delicate pedantry stand in his way. He did not always, through every turn of life, feel that people ate and drank and loved and hated for the final enrichment of the drama; he, too, did these things, and, at the moment, for their own sake, and it was part of his admirable mummer's outfit that he should have an uncommon intensity in his feelings; but when these feelings, one after another, were past, all that remained with him—one might almost say

all that united them in memory to give him identity—was his abiding sense of their value as the stuff of which acting is made. He had, in fact, to a degree calculated to force repudiation of it upon its most devoted exponents and expounders, the temperament which they defensively define as, *par excellence*, the artistic; that is, there was not the germ of character in him; the hour, the moment made him, and he was no more surely to be counted upon for evil, where a touch of purpose, of continuity were asked, than for good. To be sure, his temperamental brethren might impressively point out that he could act, when not overwhelmingly intoxicated, and, in fact, here was one fruitful passion that had the force and fixity of a principle; and he was right, however it may square with our ethical preferences, in believing it was only drunkenness that effectually crippled his career. I verily believe that he could have played virtue better after one of his most definite engagements with vice, fortified as he would then have been by a natural reaction, and seeing all the beauty of holiness with the discriminating appreciation of an outsider—so different are the moral ideas of the Maker of actors from those of some famous æsthetic essayists.

There are forty mysteries in the psychological processes of acting, and not the least, nor to me least painful, is that giving grounds for the proposition supported by Mr. Augustine Birrell, and as he thinks—with reason—by Shakespeare, that the practice of this entrancing, deep-rooted art is in itself demoralizing. I am too profound an optimist to assent to an opinion opening the way to such an alarming train of pessimistic admissions as I speedily perceive looming up in the background here, but though I imagine that there must be something greatly wrong in the fundamental conditions of our stage (the Greeks seemed to have managed better) to give occasion for such opinions, I recognize, as have so many great actors, that there is occasion for them not easily explained away; and it is not with any swelling sense of settling the whole difficulty that I humbly submit one little fact to the controversy, and that

is, that no acting ever could have demoralized in the smallest degree the plastic Dolignan. I believe there are rarely lofty and simple natures of whom the same thing could be said; Dolignan's immunity, so differently obtained, was equally assured.

It appears there were more sides than one to his proud declaration that God made him for this business.

By singular good fortune he was to begin his new engagement in a fortnight. During that time I saw him, as he had planned, every day, sometimes for only a few minutes, sometimes for an hour. He was always perfectly sober, always a little distraught and half-crossly humble until the interview was launched, when, as you have seen on other occasions, he became unconscious of me, except as an audience. He said but little about his new parts, though he was having to work at them hard. He even expressed a feeling similar to Goethe's, as to the undesirability of talking about artistic work in the making.

"You just upset yourself gassing about a part," said he; "the more you like it the more apt you are to kind of turn yourself against it somehow, telling what you are going to do instead of just lying low and doing it."

Nevertheless he did confide to me that *Iago* was the greatest thing an actor ever got hold of.

"Greater than *Othello*?" I asked.

"Well, of course that's according to how you look at it," was the answer, given with an air of impartial authority; "we've seen *Othello* played for all it's worth."

"It's worth a good deal," I ventured.

"You bet," he solemnly responded, nodding his head slowly; "it's just worth all that emotion can make a part, way-up emotion too, but I tell you there's a kind of go—I don't know what to call it—swing—I don't mean any two-for-a-nickel swagger either, but there's something to be gotten out of a villain that I never saw in leading business yet. It can't get sympathy, of course, but just for pure acting, well, *Iago* for me!"

"Do you have to give in to the stage management much about your ideas?"

"Some," he answered, rather gloomily; "of course you've got to knuckle to the star; it takes away most of my best points, but I expected that; but the little things, those that count most to yourself, whether you can make the house see 'em or not, the way I do the business they've laid out for me, I run myself. As long as I don't interfere with other people, I don't let 'em dictate to me there; Mac wouldn't, now that he's let me in at all; he knows I know my business, and he knows I know he knows it."

Toward the end of the fortnight he grew very nervous and moody. He told me, as if it were a joke, but with a question in his eye, that he'd get seats for me if I wanted to come to Philadelphia for his first night.

When that proposition was dismissed, to my great delight he invited me to come to his last rehearsal, in New York, of the play in which his hopes were centred, "*Othello*."

The whole play was not gone over, but the great scenes between the two men were acted rather than rehearsed, and some of them, with an exchange of parts, were acted twice; and there, on that gloomy, bare stage, with various superfluous people, stage hands in shirt-sleeves and actors in silk hats, drifting distractingly about, I had my poor best opportunity to take Dolignan's measure. At moments his acting triumphed over everything, even, incredible achievement, over the wretched necessity of frequently returning to his own every-day personality. But he had evidently put himself in some finely tempered state that enabled him to meet all the distractions of the occasion without lapsing from the exaltation of creation, and it was the most curious thing imaginable to see how this exaltation served him equally—no, not equally, but served him—whether he turned it into the agony of the Moor, or the unhuman, indefinitely vivid life that burned in *Iago*.

He was not one without judgment as to his own work. It was in *Iago* that I, sitting solitary in the shadowy empty house, found him supremely fine. His *Othello* was often piteous and terrible, and, what you will perhaps find more

singular, it was constantly informed with a simple nobility; inevitably it could bear no comparison in detail and finish with the playing it recalled; but it had a true ring of its own, and there were moments, sounds, movements that tore the heart and disqualified one for criticism. The man's symbols of feeling carried, they struck his auditor with the force he aimed to give them—an infallible proof of a high histrionic vocation.

But in the *Iago* (though I might well hesitate to make a statement so likely to be viewed as self-condemnatory)—I could feel no lack of detail, could conceive no higher finish, except the finish of setting, of fair opportunity. It was an inspiration; it was accomplished with so triumphant a union of identities—the actor's and the character's—that no experience, no refining could be expected to seriously better it. It answered, that is for itself and for the spectator—far be it from me to say more—the question of *Iago's* motive; no one could have asked it about this *Iago*. There he lived in his soldierly beauty and empty pride, telling with quick-changing voice and look and movement the dark story of his tremendous temperamental zest for life (that zest that was such a ready basis for his assumptions of bluff heartiness, such an element of universal fascination), and of his quick mind's disenchantment with all beneath the visiting moon, its utter despal of the whole round of existence; a creature born without affections and with a wonderful, superficially penetrating, sceptical brain, perishing in the conflict between ennui and irrepressible impulses of activity, mirthlessly mocking at the barrenness of revenge, and playing with passion's fools around him without malignity, but—more awful—with the utterest, bitterest indifference to everything but his own fostered interest and entertainment in the poor, reckless sport—a devil rationally and subtly conceived.

But oh! the gap between written words, between mere cold mental analysis, things that this great artist would have contemned too much to try to un-

derstand, and *Iago's* presence, gratifying eye and ear and brain, and touching the soul with cold terror.

You have divined that the man never played the part; that that day, when the weary, fearsome game had been played out, when the arch-plotter, caught like his victims in the death-trap he had set, had finally seen the end with a chill, bottomless carelessness that was like a glimpse of hell itself, the curtain fell on that performance forever. Dolignan never played with the great star. He drank himself insensible the day the engagement was to begin. I heard of him no more till I came upon this brief paragraph in a newspaper. "It appears that Henry Dolignan, an actor of some talent, and who was once a member of Wallack's company, died last week in Moline, Ill., of delirium tremens. Dolignan was known to no one in the place, left no money or valuables, and was buried in the Potter's Field. These facts have been brought to light by members of The Cellar Door Company, who have been playing in the place."

I had always found my sentiments about Dolignan the most wonderfully and hopelessly inconsistent I had ever simultaneously entertained. For the man I had felt too great a contempt for it to be otherwise than good-natured, and for the player, the unconsciously deep-sighted, the joyous, the heart-broken artist, my heart swelled with reverence simply, that irrepressible reverence which one who deeply loves an art, this art with its intensely personal quality of all others, pours out on the source of his expanded being.

Now, at last, in the stillness after the sorry end, my feelings resolved themselves into harmony, and at last I had a better comprehension of the big, bad, foolish, unguided child, with his one golden gift and his helpless temperament, who would have been good enough in a good world, and who in his wild stumbings through what was for him something like the worst of this one, had once reached out his hand to me for help.



Medal of Charles VIII.



Medal of Anne of Brittany

ANNE OF BRITTANY'S CHÂTEAUX IN THE VALLEY OF THE LOIRE.

By Theodore Andrea Cook.

AT the château of Langeais, in the winter of 1491, was celebrated with great rejoicings the marriage of Charles VIII. of France to Anne of Brittany.

The little town upon the right bank of the Loire, some few miles west of Tours, is scarcely changed since the days when Philippe de Comines and the Duke of Orleans rode down the straggling highway talking to the Maréchal de Gié of the wars in Brittany. The château which Jean Bourrée built for Briçonnet, stands there too, towering above the houses and reflecting the sunbeams from its tall slate turrets, rising like vast extinguishers into the clear blue air. From either side of the main street, which seems to serve only as an approach to the great gates of the fortress at the end, there branch out little avenues lined with queer slanting roofs and curving window-frames, with a background of river-banks or of the sloping vineyards rusted red brown in the warm sunlight of Touraine. It is all but little changed, and the chief memory that hangs about the place is still the marriage that brought Brittany to France and joined the ermine to the *fleur de lys*. The château of Langeais itself is peculiarly happy in the good fortune that has given it the grace of modern habitation, the added charm of living presence, to lend a harmonious reality to the memories which its ancient stones recall; for within the walls where the royal marriage contract

was drawn up, where the English garrison had been quartered in the days of the Hundred Years' War, where Du Bellay long afterward laughed with Rabelais, that prince of talkers, over the festivities at Rome or the latest fashions of Ronsard's cultivated muse, it is still possible to wander pleasantly from room to room, to people hall and stairway with the vanished ghosts of history, to recall the throng of men and women who once filled the château with a life so different to our own.

But rarely is it possible to follow out the destinies of one who has long ago passed from the changes of the world, in the very walls which once echoed to the falling of her footsteps or sounded to the murmur of her words; still more rarely can this be done in France, the land of revolutions, the land where all that had to do with monarchy has been so ruthlessly attacked, often so irrevocably ruined. But in Touraine this may yet be done. Along the valley of the Loire filled with the châteaux of the kings of France, and with the pleasure-houses of their greatest nobles, there is more left of the old life and its monuments of living stone than perhaps in any other space of equal extent in Europe. If there be a fault it is only the absence of the beautiful English parks that most strikes the stranger in this valley; in very few places are the old trees left standing, if ever they were planted. A perfect French Renaissance château, such as Azay le Rideau,

set in the perfect surroundings of such a home as Hatfield, is apparently an impossible combination. But though sometimes, as at Chinon,

"All within is dark as night,
In the windows is no light,
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before ;"

yet in the greater number of cases the old castles are preserved with a refinement and a good taste beyond all praise : so that, as with the great château at Blois, repairs have been so carefully made, that the freshness of the first realization of the Renaissance architect is put vividly before the modern traveller.

Throughout the whole land of Touraine are scattered numerous evidences, less in size, but equal in finished beauty, of the exquisite school of art and architecture that flourished along the fair valley. Such an instance is the Hôtel Gouin, at Tours, a house still lived in and still preserved with the clearness of its arabesques undimmed and the delicacy of its carving and construction unimpaired.

Anne of Brittany was still a Queen of France when this French school of art was on the point of reaching its perfection, when the wing of Louis XII. at Blois was possible, but Azay was not yet achieved ; yet there remain but few châteaux in the Loire Valley that, either in beauty or in interest, can compare with the various homes of Anne of Brittany. At Langeais she first entered Touraine, where she was to live in Amboise, in Loches, in Blois, and in this last to die ; and though she stayed but a little while in Langeais, it is, perhaps, of all her habitations, the one which survives in the greatest perfection at the present day ; for by the care of its owner, M. Siegfried, its parks and terraces are fresh and verdant, its circling buttresses are strong, the very life within its walls is lived amid surroundings in harmony with the aged battlements of the fortress built in the reign of Louis XI. It needs but little reconstructive faculty to imagine the wedding procession crossing the

drawbridge amid a blare of trumpets between the lines of the Royal Guards, and passing the great entrance gates, just a tinge whiter than they are now, to the hall whose windows can be seen from the courtyard within. Inside this hall was drawn up the formal contract in which was already shown the acute Breton instinct which was a characteristic of the Queen till death. It was a contract whose importance may allow us to linger a little, not unprofitably perhaps, in the great room hung with faded tapestry that looks out upon the park beyond.

The little bride who had been brought here from the west had not been won without a struggle, and had been worth the winning. She was born at the château of Nantes early in the year 1476, and very soon the troubles which beset her native duchy brought the young princess into prominence. When she was but nine years old, the little daughter of Duke Francis was made solemnly to swear, in the presence of the Estates of Brittany assembled, that, so far as in her lay, she would do nothing that would harm the independence of the duchy which she was soon to inherit as her own. From every side there threatened danger — from England, from Spain, above all from France the clouds were gathering. The two first were quickly disposed of, but the quarrel of the young Louis, Duke of Orleans, with Anne de Beaujeu, who was regent during the minority of Charles VIII., soon involved Brittany in a struggle which could have but one fatal issue for her freedom. The old story of the reign of Charles VI. seemed likely to be renewed ; the regent was bitterly opposed by the princes of the blood, and when opposition became no longer possible at court, Louis d'Orleans fled for protection to the Duke of Brittany, the old enemy of Louis XI. A war became inevitable, and equally inevitable was the defeat of Orleans and his party at St. Aubin du Cormier. The shame of this reverse brought Anne's father to his grave, and she became Duchess of Brittany in her own right ; but still the situation remained dangerous and uncertain, for the duchy was at the mercy of her husband, whoever he

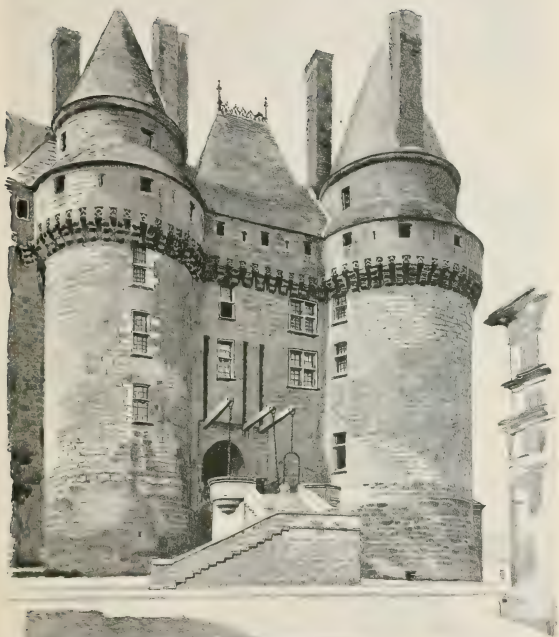
might be, and suitors were not wanting to carry off so rich a prize. Orleans himself had done his best, the Seigneur d'Albret had been tempted to alliance by the promise of the princess's hand, Maximilian, the son of the Emperor, was an acknowledged suitor, and to this last the ambition of the youthful duchess soon inclined her. To the amusement of all Europe she took her first step into the world of politics by suddenly announcing her intention of marrying Maximilian, but no further results followed than the solemn insertion of an aged German ambassador's leg into the ducal couch. Madame Anne was far from satisfied; and still the quarrel with France dragged on, unappeased and apparently interminable.

It may well have been the astute daughter of Louis XI. who originated the idea of settling the Breton question by pacific means, since stronger measures seemed inevitably fruitless. In any case, an entirely new suitor now came forward for the hand of Anne of Brittany, a suitor backed by the army of France, and offering a throne by way of wedding gift, a suitor whose claims were even pressed by his old rival D'Albret, and strangest of all by Anne's first flame, the Duke of Orleans, whose favor with the powerful Anne de Beaujeu was priced at the successful negotiation of the Breton marriage. Maximilian alone seemed to come off hardly amid this general reconciliation; his wife had been the heiress of Burgundy; he could not be allowed to gain still further footing in the great estates of France, and he had to look on grumbling while Charles VIII. not only spoilt his second attempt at matrimony, but also repudiated his daughter, betrothed to the young French king at the Treaty of Arras, that Margaret of Austria, who was to play so prominent a part in European politics afterward, and to leave an enduring monument of her love for art in the famous carvings of the church at Brou. The treaty was rapidly concluded; Orleans fulfilled his somewhat delicate commission faithfully, helped by the Prince of Orange and by Du-nois; Brittany was to keep her inde-

pendence, but the King of France should be her duke. Accordingly from having been the weakest spot along the Gallic coast for England to invade, the western headlands now became the firmest bulwark against the traditional enemies of France. Arts and industry recovered quickly when once the desolated province was at peace, and the church of Folgoat and the tomb of the Duke Francis at Nantes remain to this day proofs of the prosperity and talent that were rife in Brittany when its duchess had become Queen of France.

Thus it was that more than usual importance attached to the contract signed on that December morning in the château of Langeais, and the courtiers who were watching the firm young Breton queen in her first attempt at royalty, might well admire the courage with which she asserted her own independence and quietly claimed all that could be got in return for the rich dowry she was giving. Her foresight even extended to the provision that in case of her present husband's death without an heir, she should, if possible, marry his successor, and in any case keep the sole control and independence of her beloved duchy. Perhaps she alone, among the throng that filled the great hall, had courage enough to imagine the death of the rough, good-hearted young monarch who stood by her side; the rest were taken up with the pleasures of the fête, with dreams of the future, with all the aspirations of which Charles had already eagerly spoken to the young companions, who were only too ready to follow him in any hare-brained, chivalrous adventure. But the Court made only a short stay at Langeais and soon left it for Plessis-lez-Tours, the château of Louis XI., close to the town of Tours.

Of the castle whence Quentin Dureward set out to escort the ladies of Croÿe, and where the frightened peasants watched the terrible old king battling with death during the last hideous months of his reign, little is left save one unornamental wing, a few dubious and evil-smelling excavations, and the traces of crumbling walls and towers scarcely visible amid the ruins of a long-lasting neglect, still further



Otto H. Bacher
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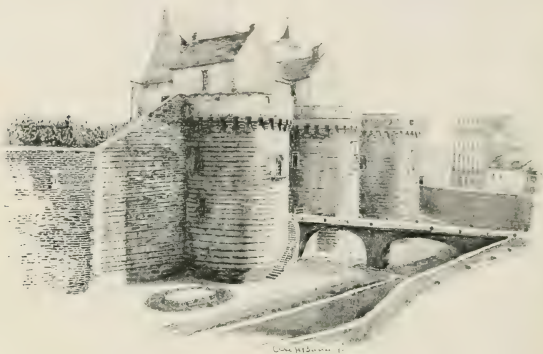
DRAWN BY O. H. BACHER.

Entrance Gate and Drawbridge of the Château de Langeais.

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

blemished by modern and odoriferous manufacture. Even when Charles VIII. brought his bride to Plessis the château which his father had surrounded with circle within circle of mantraps, gibbets, and other cheerful evidences of wel-

lived joy of children, boys who were to die in the first years of their youth; the king himself was not much in her company, for politics near home had to be settled, Maximilian and the English to be pacified, Spain more easily, for



The Château of Nantes

come to the inquisitive stranger, cannot have been a pleasant place of sojourn. Anne must have been glad enough to find herself, later on, at St. Denis, clad in white satin, amid a rejoicing crowd of enthusiastic Parisians who welcomed her first public appearance as a consecrated Queen of France. Among the rest, Contarini, the Venetian ambassador, was watching her, and with the quick eyes of his artistic race noticed her small stature and her slight but perceptible limp, her smiling yet resolute face that knew already how to win a favor, her watchful jealousy of the young king who rode beside her with his coarse good-humored face, prominent eyes, and overpowering nose.

And now for a time she fades out of public life; her first reception by the good citizens of Paris was the best that was ever to be given to her, for her sympathies were not always the sympathies of France. She was to have the short-

Ferdinand and Isabella were occupied with the conquest of Grenada; but all somewhat too hastily, for the young king's mind was set on foreign wars. New movements seemed to be in the air, America had but just been discovered, printing had but just begun to scatter broadcast the learning of the ancients and the research of modern students, and the easily excited brain of Charles VIII. was soon roused to the great expedition into Italy which was the result of all the dreams of chivalry and conquest taught him by his strange education at Amboise.

It was at the castle of Amboise on the Loire, between Tours and Blois, that Anne of Brittany waited and watched her children die, while Charles careered unopposed through the Italian towns, and grim Savonarola thundered that the long threatened scourge of God was come upon the delicate wickedness of Italy.

The view of the wide sweep of the Loire from the gardens of Amboise, poised high above the river-bank, is one of the finest among many in the châteaux of Touraine. The castle, that has but just been saved from ruin by the timely restoration of the Comte de Paris, now languishes again during his exile, and there is hardly a trace of its old splendors save in the great round towers that rise sheer from the town nestling beneath, and in the long façade wherein is the rusted iron balcony from which Catherine de Medicis and the Guises watched the slaughter of the Huguenots.

While the king was loitering at Ly-

can show is the tomb of the children of Charles VIII., which was originally in the great church of St. Martin.

"The grief of the queen," says Comines, "was violent and lasted long," and the king's awkward attempts at consolation could only make it harder to be borne, for in the dance that was produced to soothe Anne's melancholy the Duke of Orleans footed it the merriest of all, feeling himself a step nearer to the throne of France. The same historian tells us how Charles tried again to smother grief, this time in bricks and mortar: how he brought workmen from Naples and built the round towers at Amboise, in which the ascent is so



Inner Courtyard of the Château de Langeais

(To the right is the hall in which Anne of Brittany was married to Charles VIII.)

ons, on his return from Italy, came the news that the Dauphin, the only son left to him, was in peril of death. Within three days the boy was dead.

In the cathedral of Tours the most beautiful monument which the town

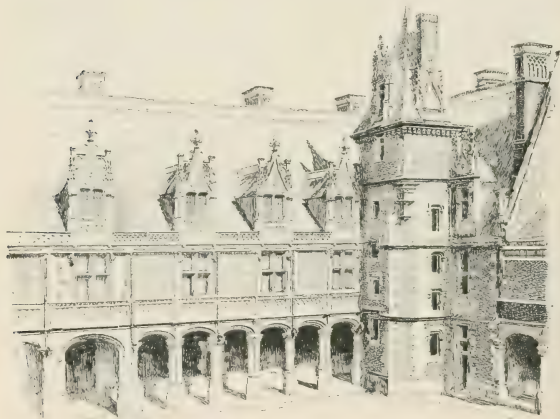
contrived, with a gradual slope of red bricks without any steps, that it is possible to ride up on horseback to the top, as did the Emperor Charles in the next century when he paid a visit to King Francis.

Beyond the grove of clipped lime-trees in the garden and at the western end of the long terrace on the river-wall, is a low doorway beneath which Charles met his death. This romantic dreamer and conqueror of Italy died in a very prosaic fashion. In passing through the low arch, to watch a game of tennis, he hit his head against the stone lintel and died after a few hours of unconsciousness.

The widowed queen left Amboise for a time; but we shall meet her there again, for the strange presentiment that may have prompted the last clause she inserted in the contract at Langeais came true, to the surprise of everyone. Charles VIII. was dead, and dead without an heir, and his successor, Louis

He brought her home from Brittany to the famous palace of the Orleans family, the great chateau of Blois, where the statue of Louis XII. on horseback stands above the gateway of the wing he built.

Nantes and Langeais we have seen already; the first a type of the old Breton fortress hardly changed at all from the necessities of constant defence; the second with all the machinery of warfare still apparent, yet with a subtle difference just beginning to show in the arrangement of the rooms, in the facing of the inner court with battlements and embrasures, useless but appropriately decorative. At Amboise the vast round towers, the gardens hanging high above the town, the long embattled terraces



Exterior of the Apartments of Anne of Brittany in the Wing of Louis XII. at the Chateau of Blois.

XII., the same Duke of Orleans who had met Anne in her first youth long before, now divorced the wife who had been forced upon him, and married his first love in the Cathedral of Nantes in January, 1499.

and galleries, far removed from the dangers of attack, yet already instinct with a fresh charm of ease and habitation, show in the same way that the English have left France at peace at last, that the Black Prince's troops

have ceased from harrying the green garden of France, that it is time to give a new grace to the castle that shall be dwelt in with a new sense of security, a new longing for the beautiful, unfettered by the stern necessities of war.

At Loches we shall see this change in architecture strikingly emphasized; the old heavy-buttressed wall with narrow windows rises side by side with the smiling new building of the French Renaissance, the larger casements, carved and beautiful, flung wide to let in the light that had come, and come more abundantly. And so it is at Blois, where Louis XII. built his new palace without fear of invasion, with no thought but of what he knew of best and loveliest for man to dwell in. The old machicolated battlements with their grim meurtrières, their deep moats and cunning drawbridges have disappeared, and frieze and cornice, carved panel and sculptured niche are strewn in profusion across the entrance-wall in which all pretence of military architecture is well-nigh forgotten: while once within the courtyard the imagination of the old master-masons of the Loire, quickened by contact with the Italian influences which the Dukes of Orleans brought to Blois, gave itself full swing, in delicate carving above window and doorway, soft flutings and fretted embroidery to columns in the court, subtle ornamentations even to the chimney-stacks above the high pitched roof. The king could find enough that was solid and uninterestingly strong in the great keeps of Chinon, where the castle of the Plant-

genets frowned across the deep ravine at the entrance of the French fortress, and that again was but an out-work to the intrenched Tour du Coudray within. Dungeons there were in plenty, and to spare, in the mountain of masonry at



Chapel of St. Hubert, built by Anne of Brittany, at the Château of Amboise.

Loches, beneath which Comines wiled away his hours of prison with notes for his history, and where Ludovico Sforza ended his life of bloodshed and intrigue in blackness of darkness some hundred feet below the light of day. Blois was built to hold more cheerful guests: the old feudal fortress that the Counts of Champagne had reared upon the ruins of the Roman camp had gone like the rough times of fighting and distress that saw it built; the government of Louis XII., "The Father of his People,"

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had begun, and the walls of his queen's favorite dwelling place at Blois were an earnest of the blessings of his reign, a promise of the still more beautiful additions to the architecture of France that were to leave their most exquisite

paigns to find Blois filled with preparations for a visitor of no small importance; the Scottish guard, with golden crowns embroidered on their white surcoats, were moving to and fro with the Breton soldiers of the queen, forming



Door of the Chapel of St. Hubert at Angoulême

example in the carved open staircase of Francis I., in that side of the courtyard of Blois where Anne of Brittany, while the king was away across the Alps, strolled among her flower-beds or watched the faithful body-guard of her countrymen upon the *Perche aux Bretons*.

But life in her palace above the Loire was not always uneventful, and the king returned from one of his Italian cam-

ps in line to greet the royal cortège that was advancing to the château. The Archduke Philippe le Beau (son of that same Maximilian whose ineffectual suit we have already noticed), with his wife Jeanne, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, was travelling through France to visit his good friend Louis XII., and the court chamberlain of the time has left a minute description of the ceremonies, the furniture, the food, and

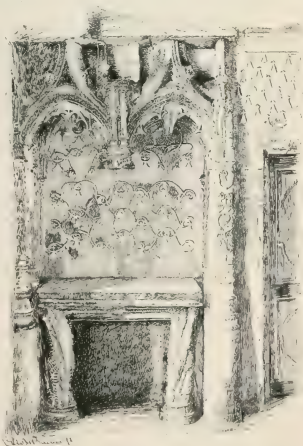
the amusements of the many dignitaries assembled together on the occasion. Claude, the little daughter of the queen, was not yet of an age to appreciate the elaborate greetings and processions of which she was the unwilling object, and doubtless much preferred the privacy of her own little room next to the king's, where she could admire the small lambs and ducklings, in beautiful pink and yellow down and feathers, playing about the folds of her tapestry, with various mottoes embroidered near them to point the hidden moral of their gambols, all of which might be watched at ease from beneath the great green canopy above the royal cradle, without fear of interruption from Madame de Tournon, who slept beneath the black hangings in the corner opposite. Expeditions might even be timorously made into her mother's boudoir, all hung with the figures of warriors fighting; or if this were somewhat too martial for the little wanderer, there was an enchanting kind of zoological garden in the bedroom beyond, which was filled with life-like representations of strange beasts and birds, and savages from unknown climes, of great and fascinating interest.

Meanwhile the weather outside was bad, and the royal guests had to amuse themselves as they could until they left the castle as pompously as they had arrived. But the visit had not been so entirely given over to correct festivities as the good chamberlain would have us believe. Unfortunately for Anne's reputation as a patriotic Frenchwoman, politics had their place as well, and the general unpopularity of the marriage then proposed between her daughter Claude and the archduke's son, and eagerly encouraged by the queen, was very clearly shown in the Estates which were held at Tours soon after.

That veteran in war and politics, the Maréchal de Gié, had ventured in vain to express his disapproval; the queen neglected his advice just as she disdained to notice the coldness of her re-

ception by the citizens of Paris about this time; it was only when the king, who began to see clearly perhaps when his illness had given him the time to think, had solemnly betrothed his daughter Claude to the young Francis, Duke of Angoulême, that the queen felt herself obliged to submit, outwardly at least; but she was still far from acquiescent, and not the least dramatic among the episodes of her life is this silent struggle which now began between the Breton and the Savoyard woman, as to which should be the mother of the future King of France.

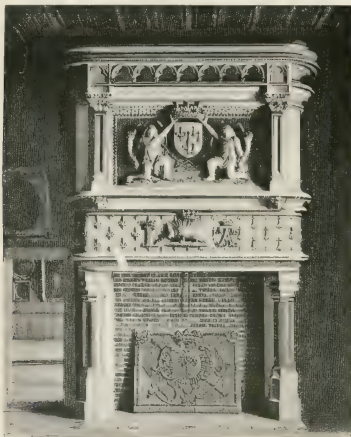
But Providence refused to bless Anne with a man-child; the terribly realistic entries in the journal of Louise de Savoie show how eagerly events were watched from Amboise, where the young heir Francis was playing with his sister Marguerite and little Fleuranges, under the watchful eye of the Maréchal de Gié. The tension was too great to last long without some sudden outburst of the pent-up feeling on both



Oratory of Anne of Brittany in the Château of Loucé.

sides, and the blow fell on the least deserving, upon one who had put his trust in princes, and had taken no other care for his own safety than to serve them loyally. During the illness of the king, the cautious little Breton lady had sent several barges down the Loire to Nantes

her life, she was neverable to rest quiet for long without a visit to her duchy, and as soon as travelling was possible after the king was out of danger, she set out once more from Blois to Amboise on her way westward. It was on this journey that she built the marvel-



Ruin of Anne of Brittany in the Château of Blois.

filled with her private treasure to be safely stored in Brittany; and these De Gié stopped by virtue of his power as warden of the river-bank between Blois and Saumur. The queen was seriously enraged, and her malice against the honest old minister never ceased until, by the help of his former colleague, the Cardinal d'Amboise, she had deprived him of his dignities and driven him from Amboise in exile, though never in disgrace, to the castle he had built upon his own estates.

The Amboise we saw during the reign of Charles VIII. was now to receive a notable addition during one of the queen's many journeys into Brittany. It seemed as if, until the last years of

lous little chapel at the corner of the castle court. Its light yet strong buttresses run upward like slender stems from the low soil to the parapets above, and there break into graceful fantasies of lacework and embroidered parapet, crowned by the tall thin spire. Within, the miracle of carving is still more delicate, clinging to the sculptured angles of the walls and draping every window with its twining foliage of stone. But the traveller in these days will find more to wonder at than the handiwork of the queen's masons; beneath a side window in this chapel is the stone which covers "what are supposed to be the remains of Leonardo da Vinci." It is a pitiful epitaph for the most wondrous intel

lect of his age, for the great Italian artist whom Francis, the royal dilettante, brought from his home and left to die in an obscure corner of the valley of the Loire. The chapel is dedicated to St. Hubert, and in the extraordinary carving above the doorway is set forth the legend of the miraculous stag with the crucifix between its horns, which met the saint as he was hunting.

Still another of the shrines which owed their being to Anne of Brittany is preserved at Loches. The famous Collegiate Church had already been in existence there some time, standing between the tomb of Agnès Sorel and the donjon of Foulques Nerra; and the hollow pyramids that rise mysteriously above its nave still give it a character of its own distinct from that of any other ecclesiastical building in the world. The great porch, too, at its entrance, with its strange gray carvings in striking contrast to the cold white stone within, is one of the finest examples extant of Romanesque architecture.

But Anne was not content with the Collegiate Church. Within the new wing that had been built by Louis XII. was her private oratory, a marvel of stone-carving like her chapel at Amboise; everywhere is repeated the ermine and the twisted cord, the favorite emblems of her Breton ancestry; and though sorely handled by the vandalism of 1793, the altar where she prayed can still be recognized as the traveller passes through the little shrine from the winding staircase to the Revolutionary cells beyond. The very book the queen used in her devotions, "*Les Heures d'Anne de Bretagne*," is still to be seen, part in the library of Tours, part in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris, filled with exquisite miniatures in the style of Fouquet.

At Loches the transition already noted, from the old architecture to the new, is most clearly to be seen; for next to the strong and uncouth walls of Charles, which branch out from the tower through which Agnès Sorel passed to meet her royal lover, rises the new wing of Louis XII. with its broad windows, its wealth of carving, its wide terrace looking out across the

rugged town beneath, toward the abbey of Beaulieu. Here was another home of Anne of Brittany, though but a passing one, for either Amboise or Blois must have been far preferable as a settled residence. Loches can have had no more attractions than had Plessis, and was even more encumbered with memories of the prison and the torture-chamber.

But though she visited Amboise and Loches, perhaps Langeais too, or Nantes, it was at Blois that Anne passed most of her time while her husband was away on his Italian wars, and here was born her second daughter Renée, while the king was with her during a short interval between two campaigns. Jean Jacques de Trivulce was the small princess's godfather, and Madame de Bourbon held her at the font. Later on she married the Duc de Ferrara, and was the mother of Anne d'Este, whose son, the famous Henri, Duke of Guise, was murdered in 1588 in the new wing of Francis I. at Blois, which had not yet risen from its foundations. On these two daughters Anne rested her whole soul, and "*ma fille Claude*," or "*ma fille Renée*," as she always called them, were the constant companions of her last years in the château where Claude was afterward to live as queen with her husband Francis; for nothing occurred to rob Louise de Savoie of her cherished dream, nothing marred "the exaltation of my victorious Caesar," as she calls him in her journal. Even when Anne was dead, and the aged Louis, to the consternation of his household, had the temerity to marry the strong young Englishwoman, Mary Tudor, the only result was that so much sudden dissipation and excess carried off "the Father of his People" to his grave before his time.

The last days of Anne of Brittany are perhaps those which leave us with the kindest memory of her. Many pictures preserved in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* show her sitting quietly in her rooms at Blois, writing letters to her absent husband, or receiving books from hopeful authors, amid a circle of the ladies of her court, the ladies whom she first brought to surround the queen's chair with their rustling

robes and the quick movement of their busy fingers over the embroidery frame. The rooms in which she lived and died have been restored with the greatest care and accuracy in every detail of carving and of color; her arms, quartered with the arms of France, are above the mantels; her device, the ermine and the twisted cord, is scattered over the walls intertwined with the French *fleurs de lys* or curving round the royal porcupine, the badge which Poet Charles had given to the Orleans family.

In January, 1514, she died, amid the grief of all around her, and was buried in the church of St. Denis at Paris.

Anne of Brittany was dead, and her homes along the valley of the Loire were to know her no more; but she left more behind her than the mere carvings of oratory or chapel, or the emblems that covered the walls of her favorite rooms. With two things especially her memory is connected wherever we can trace her presence in the châteaux of Touraine—with the influence of women in the politics of France, with the value of Brittany to the nation of which Anne was twice crowned a queen.

The power exercised by women over French affairs, which had reached such a height already even in the days of Francis, and was to become still more remarkable in the days of Diane de Poitiers and Mary Stuart, had its rise in the "Cour de Dames" which Anne of Brittany originated in her home at Blois. Very different were these demure damsels of high degree sitting modestly beside the little Breton queen, each busied with her task of reading or of graceful handiwork, from the unabashed young ladies of the "escadron volant," who supplied Brantôme with half his stories for the "Dames Galantes." But even in the reign of Louis XII. the growing tendency toward this influence did not go unmarked, and the king was obliged to check his self-asserting little queen by a kindly proverb to the effect that women only lost by their endeavors to equalize themselves with men. "Comme les biches qui perdirent leurs cornes pour s'être égalées aux cerfs," a

maxim not without its application in these days of "androgynes" and lady interviewers; which only shows how history repeats itself. The "Quinze Joies de Mariage" and the "Livre des Amis," two books published about this time, strike the same note of warning. Even in the cathedral of Rouen, near the great tomb of Cardinal d'Amboise, there is a stall which preserves in all the bold naiveté of the old oak carving a contemporary protest against the rise of women's rights.

But the memory of Anne of Brittany has a far more solid claim than this to the respect of Frenchmen. It was through her and through her daughter Claude that the great province of Brittany finally became an integral portion of the realm of France; its hardy mariners, its intrepid soldiers, its cunning carvers, both in stone and wood, now all contributed to the safety and the honor of the realm which they had once so bitterly detested. It is no new theorem of history that the Celt seems powerless to benefit himself or others while left to his own control: but whether under Frank or Saxon, this gifted race has shown itself capable of the highest devotion, of the most ingenious and pathetic art, of the most unselfish fidelity to its appointed leaders.

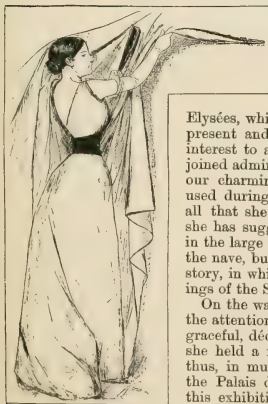
But above all, and apart from whatever results she may have contributed to produce, it is impossible to leave the homes of Anne of Brittany, and all the associations they arouse, without the sense of having met a clear and vigorous personality, a character not without faults, but firm, independent, and with a keen capability for action and resource. There would seem to be a reflection of this strength of will in the story of the ship *Marie la Cordelière*, which Anne first fitted out to help her husband chase the infidels from Christian waters. Her brilliant career was ended by an action that was worthy of her country and of the queen beneath whose colors she had sailed. In 1513, the year before Anne's death, fighting against the English off the Ile d'Ouessant, a small French fleet with *La Cordelière* as flagship was surrounded; the Breton captain, nothing daunted,

grappled with the English ships, set La Cordelière on fire and blew her up, while her companions sailed away in the confusion and got safe to Brest. The tenacity of purpose which Anne shared with these her Breton subjects was shown in a less favorable light in her dealings with the honest Maréchal de Gié, whom she pursued with an untiring hate, until he was no longer capable of resistance. It appeared again in her passionate and unremitting efforts to marry the Princess Claude to Maximilian's son, the future Charles V., a marriage which would have been absolutely fatal to the truest interests of France. Indeed, from this ill-omened attempt, and from her subsequent advice as to

the alliance against Venice, it may almost be inferred that her energies were misdirected when they attempted more than the government of her own household or the protection of her favorite duchy. But to few women is it given to recognize their limitations; fewer still have to bear the light of so severe a scrutiny on all their actions as had this Breton queen, and if she were indeed no more than faithful to the country of her birth, and anxious for the welfare of her children, she would already be entitled to far more regard than many of the ladies who have lived among the royal châteaux of the Loire, and from Touraine have influenced the destinies of France.

THE ARTS RELATING TO WOMEN, AND THEIR EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

By Octave Uzanne.



AT the World's Columbian Exhibition at Chicago, there will soon be opened the Woman's Building, on the east side of the Midway Plaisance. Toward the end of 1892, an analogous exhibition was held in Paris, at the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs

Elysées, which was entirely devoted to women, in the present and of the past. This was of the greatest interest to all those, and they are many, in whom are joined admiration for our grandmothers and love for our charming contemporaries. All that woman has used during several centuries, all that she has made, all that she has created or may create, and all that she has suggested, had been collected with great care in the large hall of our Crystal Palace; not merely in the nave, but also in the lateral galleries of the second story, in which are exhibited every spring the paintings of the Society of French Artists.

On the walls a poster, designed by Forain, attracted the attention. This poster showed a Parisienne, young, graceful, décolletée, dressed all in blue. In one hand, she held a fan, and with the other lifted a curtain, thus, in mute image-language, inviting one to enter the Palais de l'Industrie. I think that a sketch of this exhibition, though it must needs be incomplete, will please all those women beyond seas in whom artistic, literary, and historical curiosity is more aroused each day, and whose taste cannot remain indifferent to that which interested their forerunners.

In all times woman's highest achievement in art has been to inspire artists

of the other sex. If this truth needed further demonstration, it could be established afresh by this exhibition. The skilful organizers to whom we owe it might have called it more exactly an "Exhibition of Arts *for* Woman," if it had not been more gallant, and consequently more just, to attribute wholly to those who inspired them the masterpieces, whether great or little, which had been laid at their feet. Needless to say that nobody had the idea that a single exhibition could fulfil the promises of such a title. To do that would, in fact, have been to ransack the history of art from the remotest time to the present day, and no matter how great the competence, the good-will, the taste, and the resources of a committee, such a task would go beyond what it is humanly possible to do. In the present case, we should rather thank the managers for having found a way to act well and quickly, and should be grateful for their intentions and efforts. For several months, from September to the end of November, 1892, the Palais de l'Industrie was crowded, and from the look of its approaches, blocked up with carriages and visitors, one would have said that it was "Varnishing Day" at the Salon.

The ground floor was reserved for the modern part of the exhibition. A carping spirit, regardless of the financial requirements of the organization, might have found food for criticism in many exhibits which had but a slender connection with art, but the public was frankly amused, and as it was not too critical of these commercial show-cases, we need not dwell longer on them. For my own part, I should be afraid that if I lingered on the ground floor, I might give way to unamiable reflections; I will, therefore, only say that Delaherche, Chaplet, and other potters, masters of the subtle art of fire, showed some fine pieces. That some goldsmiths and jewellers exhibited works of unequal merit. That furniture, ornament, dress, and every kind of allied industry were abundantly represented. But let us rather go up one flight to where we shall find the rooms reserved for the historical part.

Chronological order was followed as

closely as possible in classifying the different groups of objects exhibited, antiquity being represented by a glass case of terra-cotta figures where one might admire the grace and the fashions of Greece and Asia Minor. I merely mention them without stopping, for epic quarrels, in which I have no wish to interfere, have already taken place over these frail and delicate statuettes. Photographs take us to Herculaneum, to Rome, and even to Byzantium, and enable us to follow the transformations and alterations, not only of costume, but also of the ideal of feminine beauty and grace. The Middle Ages, so far as I could see, were not well represented. It would have been easy to show by the aid of photographs how our limners of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries understood and expressed the woman of their time, whether great lady or citizen's wife. What a beautiful series of Madonnas could thus have been brought together! Perhaps we have too much forgotten that woman, even more than man, has been from all time a "Religious Animal." I should like to have seen her as she prayed; and I could have wished for some fine missals, or at least photographs of those illuminations where her graces and her soul shine with so sweet and persuasive a lustre.

Beginning with the sixteenth century, the pieces are numerous and the series more complete. In the show-cases, the objects of the work-box and the toilet-table accompany and explain the portraits, prints, and photographs hung on the walls. Here, exhibited by Braun, are the women of Botticelli and Titian, of Clouet, Mignard, and Rigault, of Rubens, of Rembrandt, of David, and Prudhon; and in the middle of the gallery of beauties, which surpasses that of the King of Bavaria, at the centre of this history of woman as told by the great masters, Mona Lisa smiles and gazes, understanding and excusing everything. Decidedly this is a spot to return to and dream one's fill.

And if you are curious to see how fashion, which is sometimes charming and often cruel, can set herself the task of deforming and torturing her slaves,

look at this iron armor of the sixteenth century, these primitive corsets called "corsetur" or "corsatus," which are so heavy, rude, and stiff that they look like surgical appliances. The exhibition of corsets from the time of Catherine de Medicis down to Empress Josephine, although incomplete, is nevertheless interesting. One might have added to

them a collection of corset busks. They are to be found in public and private collections, some-

This historical exhibition of hair-dressing was certainly one of the strangest attractions of those arts of woman, which drew a crowd to the Palais de l'Industrie. All the centuries pass before us in gracious countenances of women, crowned with their own hair; and at a single sweeping glance one can make a choice, and decide as to the taste of the different periods which, by coiffure even more than by costume, have interpreted beauty according to very definite tendencies.

Among these periods some appeared as in a kind of decadence, marked by grotesque exaggeration, shocking the eye and giving vexatious proof of the caprice of woman, who for the sake of change at any cost often dares too much, and tries



Iron Corset of the Sixteenth Century

times with inscriptions like the following, from that of "la Grande Mademoiselle."

"I envy thee the joy of thy
love's story,
Stretched softly ever on that
ivory breast;

Share thou, at least, I pray, with me thy
glory—
Her days be thine, but leave me all the
rest."

Or on another :

"Rather show than conceal."

Further on are to be seen in show-cases, and carefully labelled, the combs and fans, which are naturally very numerous.

To hide the modest shame she must affect
The painted paper shades her lovely brow,—
While 'twixt the slats her wanton eyes detect
In others what themselves care not to show.

As I have already written a book on the fan, I need not repeat myself here. The history of hair-dressing had been confided to the corporation of hair-dressers, or "Artists in Hair," let us call them. I could have wished, however, that the selection had not been left to them of the wax heads, which recall too much the native shop-window.



Corset of the Period of Louis XIV.

her face so far as to lose beauty. Other periods, on the contrary, stand out resplendently in their absolute and

established elegance, conspicuous among all as perfect types of taste.

Two especially, the one supremely aristocratic, the other adorably frivolous, grow on one as the quintessence of fascination. I refer to the period, in the last years of the reign of Louis XIV., and beginning of that of Louis XV., which was brightened by the youth of the Duchess of Burgundy, and then to that of the last years of Louis XVI., when the Trianon inspired fashions which later, under the exaggeration of the Directory, degenerated into prettiness without dignity. They are very different, but what subtle grace emanates from both! In looking at them,



Slashed Corset of the Eighteenth Century.

one asks one's self why, since we are bound to borrow our fashions from the past, we should seek anywhere else for our lessons and our models. These heads are really exquisite. In one the hair is piled high and waved, showing the forehead, with thick curls on the temples and long waves falling on the neck. In the other, a multitude of little curls surrounds the top of the head like a soft mist, and a cascade of light ringlets rests lightly on the shoulders as a frame for the delicate neck; both the one and the other shading the face and showing the soft and shining hair. Nothing of the kind can be more charming, nor more distinguished, and I heartily recommend master hair-dressers to study and to learn by heart these two periods, where their art reached its highest point.

In the rooms reserved for professional schools, those of foreign countries are especially attractive. The laces shown by the Imperial Museum and the schools of Vienna were much admired, as well as the characteristic peasant embroideries, sent by the Museums of Buda-Pesth and of Prague. This was certainly one of the most interesting and novel features of the exhibition. One room had been reserved for the arts of the extreme East, and another for our colonies; and to conclude, a diorama painted by M. Poilpot, and shown on the ground floor, attracted a crowd by a series of views of the Parisienne from 1790 down to the present day.

When we look into the show-cases of the historical section at jewels which once adorned fair shoulders, now dust, and brought the light of envy or of triumph to eyes long ago blank, it seems as if one could hear in the winter wind an echo of the eternal ballad of the "Ladies of a Bygone Day." But at the same time that we are reminded of the frailness of our vanity, these trinkets repeat in their own manner the consoling truth that no human effort is ever entirely thrown away. They preserve in the fancy of their decoration and in the delicacy of their material a little of the soul of their day. Above all, they keep in faithful charge all that was confided to them by the patient industry of the hands which made them, the

feeling for art, and the sentiment of the humble artists who spent on them, hour by hour, a portion of their lives. But let us leave this subject.

Even in going on our way through the rooms devoted to artistic and professional instruction, it is possible, although the exhibition is incomplete, to find cause for many reflections, which are not always comforting. If one may judge by the specimens shown, the foreign schools are superior to our own, but better still is the simple work of the peasants of Bukovina, Galicia, Dalmatia, the Carpathians, Bosnia, or Herzegovina. The industrial museums of Vienna, Prague, Lemberg, and Buda-Pesth have sent a series of embroidered veils, caps, petticoats, and shirts, the ornamentation of which charms us by a character, to be found nowhere else, of naturalness, spontaneousness, and free invention, or rather of popular tradition, always living and young. It is in this untaught decoration, inherited from remote ancestors, and handed down from mother to daughter from one generation to another, that we find frankly explained a little of the soul of each race; and if one compares to these products of the national soil and national taste the ingenious designs and laborious complications of the school models, the classic arabesques, and the conventional handiwork of accepted professors, one is filled with sadness and doubt. Is pedagogy never to be anything but a methodical deforming of natural instincts? When shall we find the way to fill and realize the programme of that philosopher, who said that the salvation of our old humanity lay in a return to spontaneity by reflection?

It is for this reason that I cannot speak enthusiastically of the work of women painters and sculptors which abounds in this exhibition. It is remarkable, doubtless, but I do not find it convincing, and above all, not especially feminine. . . . All the same, there are some good portraits. To be sure, when one looks at the unequal but interesting collection of pictures brought together by the organizers of the Exhibition for our information as to the history of beauty and fashion; es-

pecially when one looks over the beautiful collection of photographs lent by the house of Braun, it must be confessed that the best portraits of women have been signed by men. The reason is not far to seek. When Botticelli painted Giovanna Tornabuoni ; Titian, Laura di Dianti ; Leonardo, Mona Lisa ; Rubens, Helena Fourment ; F. Clouet, Elizabeth of Austria ; Rembrandt, Saskia van Uylenburg ; Prudhon, Mme Copia or Josephine Beauharnais, they not only gave us the portrait of the woman, but told us the secret of their most tenderly caressed dream of art. The sitter lives in her portrait with an intense and individual life, and at the same time all the personal taste of the master and the inimitable peculiarities of his manner are displayed in an interpretation which almost seems like triumphant possession.

In the case of the women portrait painters whose personality is strong enough to be recognized through their work, that which is specially noticeable is the stamp which a certain social condition, or a certain moment of fashionable life, has imprinted on the faces of their contemporaries. Take for instance Mme Vigée-Lebrun, several of her portraits are more than merely charming ; occasionally there is one, like that of Mme de Jaucourt, which is almost a master-piece. That which it especially recalls, however, is above all a fugitive and delightful hour of French society ; that which it preserves to us is the moral reflection of a period. If we desire to guess the quality of the thoughts or the dreams which moved gently between 1775 and 1789, under the complicated or artistically simple head-dress of the great French ladies, to learn how they wished to please, and what light or sentimental emotions made their hearts beat under their neckerchiefs of transparent lawn, we must ask this feminine confidante. The women who paint nowadays imitate M. Carolus-Duran so closely that when our posterity knows that they had a great admiration for him, they will not know much else. However, one sees here and there a portrait where the desire to be true and an effect toward the simple are recognizable and refreshing.

I must pass by the show-cases contain-

ing what may be called the arms of woman—implements for needlework, specimens of embroidery, and all the curious little knick-knacks which are graceful in themselves, but of which one can scarcely speak emotionally without incurring the reproach of undue sentimentality. The group of wax figures representing the Sedan Chair, the Delights of Motherhood (after Moreau the Younger), or a Five O'clock Tea in a Parisian Drawing-room, are amusing to look at, but I prefer to attempt to interest my readers by going through a long gallery of fashion-plates, and showing rapidly the successive originalities and eccentricities of fashion for the past hundred years. The history of good and bad style during this time is an air with infinite variations upon a theme which seems to be ever the same, a conclusion which is both comforting and disillusionizing, as it shows us that the feminine mind has always shown itself as futile, as ingenious, as inconsequent, and as thoughtless as it is to-day ; but also that it has always impressed itself on the admiration of man ; as in the case of marvellously gifted children, the exuberance of whose nature is disarming and disquieting at the same time.

The paragraphs which follow are meant to evoke from the past the vanished reigns which have been swayed by the weathercock sceptre of fashion, and are written without pretence of historical learning, or politico-moral considerations. This little review, frankly frivolous, will be filled with the rustling of silk, the flutter of ribbons, and the echoes of fashionable life ; it will be a revolving mirror of feminine costume, reflecting the picture of our frivolities sketched in a few bright colors. What more is needed ?

Let us first look at the women of the Directory, about 1797, of whom some were called *Merveilleuses*—their draperies were as light and as transparent as those of the Athenians in the time of Pericles.

Nothing can be less French than the dress of fashionable women at the beginning of the fifth year of the Republic. We see nothing but Greek tunics, Greek buskins, Turkish dolmans, Swiss caps ; everything indicates travellers

ready to go to any country. It is surprising, after the headdresses "*à la victime*" and "*à l'hérissé*," and the "*Titus*" where the hair was cut short like a man's, to see the preference given to wigs. A few years earlier, a pretty woman would have shuddered at the mere mention of such a thing, but in this Republican time the sacrifice of her hair was thought praiseworthy, and as in addition she wore flat shoes and gowns showing the leg, the result was a decided and masculine expression which went ill with her sex. For further headgear, she wore a hood somewhat like the close caps of an earlier time, or a Scotch cap with a high fluted crown and an eagle's feather. In the same year, shirred hats began to appear, and a sort of child's hood, made sometimes of lawn, sometimes of black, cherry-colored, purple, or dark-green velvet, with a flat cord on the seams, and gathered lace on the outer edge. Turbans were also worn with a flat crown trimmed with pearls and an aigrette, the fashion of which had been set by the arrival of a Turkish ambassador at Paris. One also saw the English bonnet-shapes trimmed with *crêpe*, peasant caps made of sheer muslin, a hat in the form of a balloon, caps "*à la folle*," trimmed with many-colored scarfs of tulle and of lace half hiding the face, white hats "*à la Lisbeth*," meant to be worn over a cherry-colored hood, which had been made the fashion by the actress Saint-Aubin, in the opera of *Lisbeth* at the *Théâtre Italien*. Scarfs and shawls were both much worn, draped negligently, and looped up without any rule; but that which is most interesting is the extreme immodesty of dress of our grandmothers. In daytime one saw nothing but chemises "*à la prêtresse*," and dresses of lawn supposed to be cut after antique models, *à la Diane*, *à la Minerve*, *à la Galatée*, *à la Vestale*, *à l'Omphale*, but all leaving the arms bare and showing the figure as though the folds had been wet. There was a passion for these thin, transparent costumes. Physicians insisted in vain that the climate of France, no matter how mild, was not suitable for the light draperies of ancient Greece; but no one heeded their Hippocratic coun-

sels, and Dr. Delessart stated in the end of 1799, that he had seen more young girls die since the prevalence of thinly-veiled nudity than in forty preceding years. The most audacious of their sex, among whom was the beautiful Madame Hamelin, dared to go about entirely naked under a narrow gown of gauze; others showed the bosom entirely bare; but these shameless attempts were not renewed, for the good sense of the people revolted at them, and the foolish women, who had not been conscious of their immodesty, were made conscious of their impudence when they were chased to their houses by a jeering mob. Little by little, these transparent fashions became modified, for changes come quickly in the feminine empire. Toward the month of November, 1800, dresses "*à l'Égyptienne*," turbans and spencers "*à l'Algérienne*," neckerchiefs "*au Nil*," and caps "*à la crocodile*," occupied for a moment the mind of the frivolous. The campaign in Egypt set the fashion of enormous variegated turbans, with curved sides and feathers, the crown being of a plain color, contrasting with the border, while the reticule or ridicule returned to favor under the form of a *sabretasche*, with infinite variations, and mottoes, riddles, arabesques, cameos, and monograms took turns in ornamenting it. Hair was cut short "*à la Caracalla*" or "*à la Titus*," and made to stand out from the head, while on it were worn jockey caps, postman's hats, huntsmen's caps trimmed with scarlet velvet, while balloon hats (balloons were then the height of fashion) and hats made in the form of helmets had a great success. The multiplicity of the fashions which rivalled, crossed, and succeeded each other with lightning quickness between 1795 and 1799, was so great that two large octavo volumes are needed to show their different forms and principal characteristics. Even contemporary artists, whose nimble pencils were quick to follow from hour to hour the mobile physiognomy of Parisian women, were disconcerted by seeing themselves left behind through the rapid changes in feminine dress.

Let us now pass to the beginning of the century. The women who aspired

to lead the fashions under the Consulate wore long skirts of extremely fine India muslin, with a half train and embroi-



1795.

dered all around the bottom, for which handiwork Mmes Lolive and Beuvry, the needlewomen most in vogue, had an especial genius. These embroideries were garlands of vine-leaves, oak, laurel, jasmine, or of nasturtiums; the body was separate from the skirt, cut like a spencer, and was called a "canezou;"* around the neck and sleeves it was embroidered in scallops, and the neck besides was usually trimmed with point lace or fine Mechlin; on the head was worn a little toque of black velvet with two white feathers; over the shoulders was thrown a beautiful cashmere shawl of bright colors; sometimes a long veil of point-lace was fastened to the toque and thrown to one side. This completed what was considered a toilet in the height of fashion. Long coats of India muslin lined with thin silk and embroidered with scattered flowers or stars, were also worn. All the women in the beginning of the Consulate were snowy apparitions and symphonies in white. The fashion of short hair gradually disappeared. The hair was dressed with "regrets assortis," and

with locks brought down on the forehead; the fashion of turbans and satin hats returned to favor, almost all being white. Among ornaments we may mention as high in favor, crosses, bordered with pearls or diamonds, and bracelets made of a plaited ribbon of gold; the decoration of the high combs also especially exercised the industry of the jewellers, as day by day they improved on the elegance of design and purity of execution of the semicircle, in which were set cameos, diamonds, and other precious stones. Long wadded coats began to appear; they were worn touching the ground, with wide turned-back sleeves and deep round collars; their color was Florentine bronze, seal-brown, dark blue, or plum. The spencers, usually made of black Florentine silk, had very small lappels and round collars. India shawls and square shawls of fine cloth embroidered in gold were most in favor, and after them came long shawls of muslin, dyed crimson, brown, or dark blue, and trimmed at the edge with crochet work in colored silks. Various manufactories in the neighborhood of Paris made shawls printed in large patterns, which were called Turkish because their designs were supposed to be oriental. For half-dress, some fashionable women wore neckerchiefs of plum colored, crimson, or dark-green tulle, embroidered in white. Fans were of crêpe, black, white, or brown, embroidered with steel, silver, or gold spangles, the patterns being chiefly arabesques, weeping-willows, cascades, fountains, and sheaves. These fans were relatively small, being only five or six inches long. Watches with their dials covered with painted flowers were worn round the neck. Gloves were very long and with-



1795.

* A corruption of *Quinze août*.

out buttons, covering the arm entirely, and either white, straw-color, or a very pale green. There was never a time when women knew better how to wear the wrinkled gloves, which harmonized so delightfully with their costume.

Language, cookery, and furniture all passed under the yoke of fashion. The refinement of luxury was carried to such a point that a woman dressed like a Roman matron, was obliged to receive in a Roman drawing-room, and felt obliged also to make each day the toilet

of her apartment, as well as her own. Was she dressed like a Greek? her furniture must be Greek also. Did she wear a Turkish turban and tunic? at once sofas were brought out and Turkish carpets showed their brilliant coloring. Was her costume Egyptian? then she must surround herself with mummies, sphinxes, a clock in the shape of a monolith, and drape her reception-room like an Eastern tent. The most fashionable piece of furniture was

the bed, which was usually made of lemon wood or mahogany, in the form of a boat, with ornaments of finely-wrought gold. Cashmere shawls and India muslin edged with lace were used for the curtains. The pillows were covered with point-lace, the coverlet made of embroidered satin; the cost of such a bed was ruinous.

Let us pass to the women of the First Empire, of whom the personification was the charming and frivolous Empress Josephine, who received every year six hundred thousand francs (\$120,000) for her personal expenses, besides a hundred and thirty thousand francs for her privy purse and her charities. One

might think that this sum would be more than sufficient for the ordinary toilets of her gracious Majesty, but Josephine was so generous, so prodigal, so thoughtless, and even reckless in her whims, that she was continually in debt and obliged to dip into the purse of the Emperor.

Her apartment at the Tuileries was always in the greatest disorder, being incessantly besieged by relations, rich and poor, near and distant, by jewellers, goldsmiths, milliners, fortune-tellers, besides artists and miniature painters, who came to

make the innumerable portraits on canvas or on ivory, which she distributed so lavishly among all her friends, and even to transient tradesmen and to her chambermaids. It was impossible for her to submit to any decorum or etiquette in the private life where her indolence was at ease in the midst of a confusion of half-arranged stuffs, half-unrolled carpets, and half-opened boxes. Her boudoir was a sort of temple of dress, to which dealers from foreign countries, and old women selling second-hand jewels and laces, had easy access. Bonaparte had forbidden the palace to this motley and sordid crew. He had made his wife formally promise not to receive these hangers-on of the Parisian Jewry. Josephine vowed to obey him, even wept a little, but the next day she found a way to have these ambulant bazars brought to her, that she might live as she liked in the disorder of Oriental silks, Persian embroideries, Parisian scarfs, and the trinkets which tempted her as bargains; her Creole nature delighted with the play of colors, the fineness of the text-



1797.



1803.

ures, and by the element of the unexpected.

Fashion was still addicted, if not to veiled nudities and semi-transparencies, to the relatively nude. Despite the cold, our courageous compatriots appeared in the streets with their arms scarcely covered, and in gowns widely opened at the neck, their feet being delicately cased in silk shoes and open-work stockings, as if in a time when men braved death for glory they also dared affront its terrors for the sake of pleasure. The more chilly fair ones walked the Boulevards

and made the round of the shops in a thin "redingote" with a swan's down collar, and a veil covering the bonnet, and some-

was worn, as a natural pallor was considered in good taste, as well as hair carelessly arranged. The Titus appeared again, but with more curls on the temples and the forehead. Diadems and Greek bands were generally worn, and on the skirts, which still clung closely to the limbs, a profusion of flowers was scattered.

Garlands of wild roses, heliotrope, jasmine, carnations, white and pink oleander, and blue roses, were all much worn in turn, especially toward the end of the Empire, when hats with crenelated borders, and sleeves "à la mame-louk" and hair cut straight across the forehead, brought a certain flavor of the Gothic and the feudal which went well with the gloomy, artificial, and sentimental romances of Ducray-Duménil, and of Mmes Radcliffe and Chastenay. From 1806 to 1809, women were so covered with jewels that they looked like

walking shop-windows; their fingers were stiff with rings; they wore gold chains going often eight times around the neck, heavy pendants dragged down the lobes of their ears, while their arms were covered with bracelets of



1806.



1816.



1822.

times a tippet was put on over a shawl, or a shawl worn underneath the redingote. Muffs were no longer the size of barrels, as in the time of the Directory. There was also more stuff in the gowns than formerly, although the waist was very short and made the bosom appear to be higher than it had been placed by nature. Many yards of muslin were used for the making of the skirt and body, and the back of a woman in full dress was widened by epaulets and cut across by the low body, which showed to the full the grace of her neck and shoulders. Little rouge or powder

enamel and worked gold in every form; strings of pearls twisted or hanging in fringes were worn in the

hair, making a roll in front and sometimes falling on the shoulder; long gold pins fastened the hair itself, which was drawn back à la chinoise, while diadems made on one side of a laurel wreath of gold and diamonds, and on the other of a branch of olives in gold and pearls, framed the forehead of the most fashionable. Combs were made of a branch of weeping-willow in gold, diamonds, and pearls, and many necklaces were worn, of which the most sought after was one called the Conqueror, which was a singular mixture of hearts in cornelian, palm-wood, sardonyx, malachite, and lapis lazuli, hanging from a gold chain. The most fashionable scent-bottle was called the rosebud; the outside being enamel and gold, while the flower, outlined in small pearls, imitated the form of a wild rose-bud. This profuse



1827.

use of jewels brought a reaction, and little by little they fell from favor. The first reform was to mount diamonds in almost invisible settings, and to string pearls, amber, amethyst, cornelian, and agate on simple silk cords; and then gradually all were relegated to the jewel-boxes, and the height of good taste about 1810 was to wear few trinkets of any kind.

A review of the fashions from 1815 to 1825, under the Restoration, is rather amusing, although the dress itself, which was very correct and very decent, offers nothing absolutely artistic; the return to white, and the snowy sheen of thin muslins, in the adornment of women especially marked the return of the Bourbons. Fleurs-de-lis, white scarfs and cockades, hats à la Henri IV.,



1830

adorned with tufts of white feathers, dresses and long cloaks of white cambric, ribbons of undyed silk, puffed bonnets of white crêpe, and wreaths of lilies in the hair, were the principal features of feminine costume in the middle of the year 1814. Few jewels were worn, except a ring which was very popular because of its allegory; it was a twist of gold with three fleurs-de-lis of the same material, bearing the motto in white enamel, "Dieu nous les rend." The presence of the allied troops set the fashion of English, Russian, or Polish accoutrements without apparently offending patriotism. Numberless English bonnets, heavy and ungraceful pokes, pleated, fluted, and goffered, were seen; Russian toques with large crowns and small visors, helmets covered with



1835

cloth and trimmed with white cock's feathers, such as were worn by the allied officers; and occasionally a turban of white cashmere—all these adorned with white lilacs or pink hyacinths. Short dresses, scarfs passing over the shoulder and under the arm, and Scotch caps had some months of success. The white flag which floated over the Tuileries seemed to give the tone to dress.

The great preoccupation of fashionable women under the Restoration appears to have been head-dresses, and especially an immense variety of hats. From 1815 to 1830, it would be easy to count more than ten thousand shapes of hats and of bonnets. The fashion journals even neglect the description of gowns and cloaks, in order to devote themselves exclusively to these various coiffures; leghorn hats, small bonnets of plush, great helmets of velvet with cockades, hats of gathered silk or crêpe, caps of cambric, turbans of muslin, toques "à la polonaise," flat caps "à l'autrichienne," "Moabite" turbans, felt hats "à la Ourika," peasant caps of white muslin, or of black velvet edged with lace, made such a confusion, that it must have been easy to lose one's head before dressing it. And what hats! Imagine the head-dress of a judge,

only disproportionately high, with a projecting pent-house like those of the fantastic dwellings of the Middle Ages. Try to recall the impossible shakos worn by the warriors of Napoleon, and add to these hoods as wide as they were deep; think further of the moulds used for tarts in the country of Gargantua, and you will have a vague idea of these massive piles loaded with ribbons, flowers, cockades, twists, knots of satin, ruches, aigrettes, and feathers. There were all sorts of warriors' headgear, basinetts, skull-caps, prodigious casques, bewildering morions—in a word, complete helmets with chin-straps, cheek-pieces, and visors. It is difficult to believe that such grotesque inventions could ever have protected the gay and charming faces of our grandmothers.

It must be said that grace did not abound then, and I cannot offer to my readers any models worth imitating. The ugliness of dress was almost universal, so we will pass quickly over some time and enter, if you will, the room of a fashionable woman toward 1830, at the somewhat late hour of her morning toilet.

Light clouds of perfumed vapor rise from a basket of flowers held up by a gilt tripod, and the torch of a cupid made of enamel and precious stones



1840

sheds in the chamber of the sleeper the uncertain gleam of a night-lamp. This soft light, now reflected in mirrors, now playing over delicate draperies, now penetrating the mystery of transparent muslin curtains, reveals an admired disorder, where we may see traces of pleasure, elegance, frivolity, and even sentiment—of all, in short, which goes to make the sanctuary of a happy



1847

woman. Cashmere shawls carelessly hanging around, twenty shades of gauzes and ribbons waiting to be chosen, books and feathers, flowers and jewels, extracts from books and beginnings of manuscripts, embroidery in which the needle is sticking, an album full of sketches and unfinished likenesses, all these are there; beside the furniture, which is what was then thought sumptuous, ornaments supposed to be Gothic, paintings of gay and pleasing subjects, and an allegorical clock, which is just striking eleven to announce another day to the nest in which reposes all that youth and grace can unite to charm us in the person of a woman of quality.

The beauty in question wakes up slowly, her eyes wander uncertainly in the half-lighted room, she stretches herself languidly in the pleasant warmth of the

sheets, passes her hand in a half caress over her forehead, which is still burning from the fatigues of the previous day, and her lips part in a light and careless sigh. At last she rings for her maids, in order to begin her first toilet, which is composed of a simple wrapper of white cambric, with a little embroidery at the top of the hem, and a chemisette of linen lawn, of which the turned-back collar and cuffs are trimmed with Valenciennes; to that she adds a silk apron of a delicate shade, bordered with an embroidered garland in very bright colors; a little scarf of lace knotted like a child's, under the chin, then half-gloves of pale straw color, embroidered in black. She also puts on little pointed slippers bordered with narrow fluted ribbon, such as Madame Pompadour wore, and in this



1850.

costume she goes to the dining-room, where her breakfast is served—a light and delicate repast, consisting, let us say, of humming-birds' eggs, with a tiny glass of Rancio wine to moisten her lips—and that is all. In the afternoon she will put on, supposing the season to be spring, a dress of challis covered with scattered bouquets or little garlands running up and down; the body being

crossed in folds like a shawl, and worn over a "canezon" with long sleeves of embroidered muslin. She will take a scarf of plain gauze, a sash and knots for her wrists of "chiné" ribbon; her hat will be of chip trimmed with a simple bunch of feathers; and having also put on boots of light-colored silk, she will go out, reclining in a smart carriage, to drive about the city and make visits to those of her fashionable friends, whose reception day is marked on her little ivory tablets.

That was the time of leg-of-mutton sleeves and large hats, and also that of the fashions of the Renaissance and the Middle Ages. Our modern dress has taken many suggestions from these fashions of 1830 and 1840, and that period of feminine costume reminds us distinctly of to-day; women were then, as now, charming and graceful, covered with lace, and with delicate lingerie. The fashionable women of sixty years ago were marvelously dressed from head to foot, with an artistic feeling which reveals itself in the slightest detail of the toilet.

I cannot say as much for the fashions of 1840; the dresses were then fastened from top to bottom by means of little frogs and the wide sleeves "à la Vénitienne" were very open at the wrist; skirts began to swell over tournures and starched petticoats. One feels already that the horrible crinoline will soon appear, and were it not for the delightful caps trimmed with narrow ribbons, of which every elegant woman possessed dozens for all possible moments of her day, one could not really pause upon a single agreeable detail of toilet. In 1840, the fashionable dandies established in society a cant, or rather, as we say now, a snobbishness, which was all the more insupportable because it was artificial

and parodied to excess the affected manners of our neighbors across the Channel. Imitation is not resemblance, and, as Carlyle wrote, one may take an air or a pose, just as one may steal the shape of a coat, but the comedy is fatiguing and the mask horribly hard to wear.

The women and the dandies from 1840 to 1850 well deserve the caricatures of Gavarni, who sat in judgment in his comic tribunal on all the curious types of his time.

Generally speaking, the Revolution of 1848 did not bring any notable variation in costume; at most one saw, after the days of February, some tri-color ribbons worn on gowns and hats, and some little Girondist mantles, made of muslin with embroidered trimmings, but nothing eccentric appeared in the beginning of the second Republic.

Good style was sworn to simplicity, and the really fashionable women followed the fashions rigorously, taking care at the same time never to exaggerate them. It was necessary for a woman of the world to have in her wardrobe for the morning what we should now call a tea-gown of cashmere lined with silk, and wadded, with wide sleeves; and over it a long polonaise made separate from the slip; the under-sleeves were of lawn or cambric with white embroidery, a ruffle of the same forming a fichu; other house-gowns were made of silk, soft-finished satin, or brocade, and were lined with ribbed silk, the ornaments being of lace, velvet, braid, or ribbon. By way of wraps for the morning, visiting, or walking, they wore long redingotes of thick silk, damask, or reps, with heavy ribs, the ground colors being green, black, blue or brown, with woven wreaths of flowers. These redingotes could be worn without trimming, but were often adorned with passementerie



1861.

or worsted laces. By way of head dress, the milliners made a great many hoods



1876

of taffeta silk, covered with crêpe lisse, others were of taffeta trimmed with silk lace; but perhaps the prettiest were those covered with taffeta, with wide shirrings going around the brim, the edge being trimmed with a triple row of narrow lace, and the crown with flowers made of velvet, pansies, auriculas, and primroses. As for caps, never were they more charming and coquettish; sometimes merely some silk blonde twisted in a spiral with bunches of flowers at the side; or a little puff of lace placed on a half wreath of pink morning-glories, of which the delicate branches fell back on the hair. Mechlin lace held up by little loops of ribbon, delicate coiffures of point lace or Chantilly were arranged with incomparable taste, and gave to the faces of the women, thanks to the simplicity of the hair and dress, and also to the little silk apron, which was also often worn in the house, an expression of modesty and piquancy, which recalled at the same time the *soubrette* and the great lady. The fashion was revived of large hats of Italian straw trimmed with ostrich and marabout feathers and tulips, roses, lilies of the valley, or fine wreaths of bindweed.

For summer weather, pattern dresses of *barège* were worn, or simpler gowns of cambric, muslin, and dimity with white grounds, covered with large chintz patterns. Small women who were afraid of disappearing under the width of skirts trimmed with three flounces only wore a single ruffle at the bottom of the skirt. One saw fresh and pretty dresses made of cotton prints, pink grounds with white patterns, white "canezous" with taffeta skirts, redingotes of white piqué, China crêpe shawls with white or colored grounds, embroidered in designs of all colors and of great richness, representing pagodas, fantastic birds, masses of flowers, and all the profusion of decorative ornament characteristic of the Celestial empire. For simple shawls, ladies threw over their shoulders large squares of white tulle imitating Valenciennes lace or shawls of black taffeta with palms woven at the border, recalling the Turkish embroideries and the India cashmeres embroidered in silk.

But the imagination of the dress-makers was chiefly displayed in ball-dresses. These were very full and trimmed at the bottom so that they made a wide circle; that which was suppressed at the top was carried to the



1876

hem, so that gowns trimmed with lace flounces had three or four puffs of tulle, over which the flounces were put; all the trimmings were arranged to hold out the skirts; for half dress, bodies cut square in front came into favor, for they lent themselves easily to much trimming of lace, puffings of tulle, ribbons, passementerie, and the like. A plate shows us one of pearl gray damask, the front being trimmed with puffs of tulle, through each of which a ribbon

is run and knotted in the middle. The edge of the neck is trimmed with a blonde lace, which frames the front of the body, and also with a puff of tulle; the sleeves have two rows of blonde lace and are trimmed with the same puffs as the body. The fashion journals for 1850 alone give more than eighteen hundred models of different ball-dresses. Evening wraps lined with fur or of ribbed silk edged with fur were much worn.

gerated hair-dressing, almost like that of savages, and scarcely hidden under tiny velvet hats or bonnets with flying strings; to notice the ugliness of the stuffs most worn, the vulgarity of the loud coloring, the violent patterns, the heavy ornamentation of all these fashions, which are now almost fifty years old, and one can imagine the profound amazement which will fill the minds of our successors, when in the next century the fashions of this one are passed in review.

It would be really difficult to bring together tones of color more violent, more contrary to the laws of harmony, than those which were so highly thought of under the Second Empire, and of which we still see only too often frightful specimens hanging up in the shops of second-hand dealers. How *could* they have thought of these star-



1850.

In coming to the Second Empire I hesitate; for I have to record the ugliest phase of feminine costume that has ever existed from ancient times to our own day. Never in the whole course of the century has such defiance been shown to coquetry, to grace, and to beauty; never was the sentiment of art at such a low ebb and so outrageously contorted and ill-treated.

It is only necessary to look at the engravings of the time, at the frightful crinolines which made of woman a balloon, bobbing in a grotesque quantity of stuff; to examine the wide and ungraceful sleeves, the high boots, calculated to develop admiration for the calf of the leg (that stupid admiration of a whole generation); to look at the exag-



1885.

ing purples, those crude pinks, those unsoftened greens, those dingy browns, those dirty grays, those blinding yellows? All this coloring, which recalls that of a cheap child's book, was then the rage; shades were invented which were calculated to frighten a bull.

Despite its enemies, or perhaps because of them, crinoline soon reigned absolute mistress; many women, after

having fulminated against it, accepted at last, as a compromise, starched skirts or heavy petticoats with ruffles, more graceful perhaps, than horsehair, but still very clumsy. The essential thing was to add to the idea of corpulence, to take away slenderness, and above all to follow the current of received ideas. Some really elegant women invented a skirt held out with whalebones, which looked somewhat like a bee-hive, all the fulness spreading itself over the hips, and the rest falling straight; others preferred hoops arranged like those of a barrel; the most modest lined their hems with bands of crinoline, and smothered themselves under five or six stiffly-starched petticoats of checked or corded muslin. What a weight to carry! As for the circles of steel which soon appeared, they were not only ungraceful, but they tilted to right and to left. Sometimes, as the skirt was short, it slipped inside the lowest steel, and as they passed women could see men smile

slightly, which impoliteness, however, did not seem to annoy them.

Happily for us, crinoline, which reigned during twenty years, has entirely disappeared, and the fashions have come back to a delightful simplicity. The only extravagances of a modern woman are in her tea-gowns and her luxurious lingerie. Our contemporaries have become more and more mistresses of the art of fascination, they vie with each other, and employ their leisure in imagining original combinations for the arrangement of

business to assist at the arrival of new English stuffs at the dressmakers, or to follow one by one the exhibitions of table



1892

linen, of rugs, or of old stuffs, which succeed each other almost without interruption in the large shops of the capital.

Modern fashions show this inquisitive and artistic spirit of our contemporaries; dress now seeks its best inspirations from art, and some of our fashions are only copies of old pictures. Everyone is occupied with art for woman, all which can contribute to her grace, to the beauty of her figure and charm of her face, is studied with religious care. For the last ten years, old designs, old stuffs, antique laces, and old stitches, for which other countries were formerly famous, have come back into honor. Everywhere a woman chooses according to her own taste or the character of her physiognomy. In the same gathering, may be seen a long coat of the time of the Regency beside a bodice laced like that of the Marguerite of Faust; a body copied from those of the Restoration, not far from a skirt falling straight like those of the First Empire. We live in the past, and at the same time are cosmopolitan. We hunt up old fashion-plates, we take ideas from them, we unite and confuse them, and sometimes



1889.

their toilets and their homes; they have a passion for all the novelties of fashion, striving to be the first to wear anything really new, or to give shelter to any passing fancy of decoration. These cares attack them feverishly at the beginning of each season, and they make it a real

out of ten different toilettes, with twenty years' interval between, it is possible to create one type of costume which is original, charming, and of exquisite taste. The men and women dressmakers of Paris, such as Worth, Laferrière, Pingat, Felix, Rodrigues, Redfern, and many others, are past masters in the art of imagining and executing gowns and cloaks, and they revive in their toilets the whole history of France. Can fashion still exist despite so many fantastic creators? I am tempted to think the contrary, as the Fashion of Fashions is likely to appear. This new custom will inaugurate a sort of general uniform for busy people who dress in a hurry and without taste; and for the profane who buy their things ready-made; while it will give rise to a diversity of costumes which is without any absolutely definite character, without any cohesion, but

original with each individual, and which will be always sought for by those women who wish to give to their clothes a distinct stamp of individuality.

It is easy to see that for the last fifteen years, women who are qualified to lead have more and more refused to submit themselves to the tyrannical influence of a reigning fashion. They all go forward, the crowd follows; but the vanguard uses its own inspiration, and borrows only of itself or of what may be called the creating dressmakers. Simplicity alone dominates everything to-day, and remains the mark of good style, of distinction, and of the real aristocracy of taste. In any case, fashion is only ridiculous when it begins or when it finishes. Who can say what our children will think of our costumes at another exhibition of the arts relating to woman toward 1910 or 1920?

HISTORIC MOMENTS: THE CRISIS OF THE SCHIPKA PASS.

By Archibald Forbes.



N the last days of June and the first days of July, 1877, the Russian army had crossed the Danube at Simnitsa, radiant with high hope of swift and easy victory over its Moslem adversary. A month later it lay supine and paralyzed between the Balkans and the Danube, its hope frustrated, its strategy thwarted, its ranks thinned by 15,000 men killed and wounded without having engaged in any great battle, and the necessity enforced on it, if the enterprise was not to be abandoned altogether, of remaining passive in the positions it had attained until large reinforcements should reach it from distant Russia.

Pending their arrival, the Muscovite situation was precarious in the extreme. Gourko's dashing raid across the Balkans had come to naught, and that gallant leader had extricated himself from ruin only by desperate fighting and a hurried retreat. On the right flank

Osman Pasha had moved down the Danube from Widdin, occupied Plevna, shattered the first Russian force sent against him, hurled back in bloody wreck a second effort made in greater strength to dislodge him, and was now busily engaged in intrenching himself in the Plevna position, the victorious commander of 50,000 men. The left flank, from Rustchuk on the Danube to the Balkans westward of Kazan, was beset by Mehemet Ali with 65,000 Turkish soldiers, his intermediate chief positions at Rasgrad and Osman Bazaar. South of the Balkans, in and about Yeni Zagra, with the victorious army of 40,000 men which he had brought up from the Montenegro region, stood Suleiman Pasha, who might join hands with either of his two brother generals and take the Russians in flank, or might attempt to penetrate into northern Bulgaria independently by forcing his way across the Balkans in the Russian front.

The Russians had fallen into their besetting sin of beginning the campaign

with inadequate strength. Unable to advance, and threatened as they were on flanks and front by superior forces, they perforce accepted the attitude of a passive defensive pending the arrival of reinforcements. They held an area of horseshoe shape, of which the Danube was the open heel-space, Nikopolis and Pyrgos (near Rustchuk) were the heel-calkins, and the Schipka Pass position was the toe-piece. From the Schipka to the Danube the Russian horseshoe was about eighty miles deep, its width from flank to flank about the same. Within this space the Russians had indeed the advantage of the interior lines, but that advantage was impaired by the conditions of their situation. Their adversaries, on the other hand, had full freedom of action, of which, fortunately for the Russians, they availed themselves with little enterprise. Nevertheless the Russians were harassed in an irritating desultory way which at any moment might become more energetic; and their method of defence was the hand-to-mouth one of dealing with difficulties as they cropped up, with the result that the commands had been dislocated, and details of different corps jumbled up in the most chaotic way—patching a hole here, hurried yonder to confront a threatened incursion, massed there all of a heap because of a vague rumor. The retention of their grip on the Schipka position was to them of supreme importance. It was the door which, kept surely and strongly barred during the period of enforced inaction, constituted their protection against the onslaught of Suleiman's army; the door which, if forced by him, gave him access into northern Bulgaria and opened the ominous probability that, assailed on front and flanks by three Turkish armies the Russians would be driven back across the Danube; the door, also, which, held until their reinforcements should arrive, was the appointed portal of the Russians to their further invasion into the heart of Turkey. In a word, the Schipka was at once their present bulwark and their future open sesame. And this all-important and isolated position was defended by a single Russian regiment and five Bulgarian battalions, with a few Cossacks and 30 guns—the nearest sup-

ports 30 miles distant! General Darozhinski, with a bare 5,000 men, worn already by hard fighting, looked down from Mount St. Nicholas to where, on the plain below, stood Suleiman Pasha with 30,000 fresh and eager Turkish veterans at his back.

In the Imperial head-quarters at Gorni Studen, early in the morning of August 22d, General Ignatieff informed me that "Suleiman with 40 battalions was hammering at the Schipka, whose garrison was but 20 companies strong;" and ten minutes later I was in the saddle. On the road from Tirnova to Gabrova I passed the strong masses of infantry which Radetski was hurrying by forced marches to the succor of the Schipka garrison; and I passed also vast encampments and long melancholy processions of miserable fugitive families from the villages beyond the Balkans, where, since Gourko's retreat, the Turks had regained their full sway of rapine and murder. The whole of the road between Drenova and Gabrova might have seemed to the casual passer-by one vast picnic; but a closer glance revealed the inexpressible mournfulness of the great hegira. My artist companion revelled in the picturesqueness of the dresses of the women and children, but he had no heart to sketch the bivouacs in their profound misery. We were the witnesses, not of a few groups of casual fugitives, but of the universal exodus of the inhabitants of a whole country. There were peasants, but there were also families of the better classes—families whose women were dressed, not in Turkish trousers, in gaudy-patterned skirts, in bodices of all the hues of the rainbow, but as the American lady of to-day dresses. There were women to whom one felt as if it were not quite the thing to speak without an introduction, yet whose only habitation now was the shade of a tree, whose only means of conveyance was a miserable pony, on which they sat with a child in front and another clinging behind. Many had no means of conveyance at all, save what God had given them; and one saw ladies plodding painfully, carrying infants in their arms, whom they tried to shade from the sun with parasols, poor fond things—the tender thoughtfulness

of motherhood, when homes were blazing behind them and misery about them and before them.

The sound of the distant cannonade in the mountains came echoing down the passes, and along the quaint, old streets of Gabrova, as I rode through the place, whose inhabitants were gathered at the street-corners in awed, anxious groups, and whispered with pale lips at the roar of the guns. It had volumes of ominous significance for them, that sullen booming up yonder in the Schipka, not six miles from their doors. While the Russians stood their ground there, the pale citizens were safe; but let them be worsted, and two short hours would see the swarms of murderous Circassians riding down the main street and scattering to their devilry. Up in the Schipka were Bulgarian soldiers who belonged to Gabrova, and who, with pitying eyes, had seen the forlorn pilgrimage over the pass. To know that on their stanchness depended the fate of kith and kin, and hapless ones of their own race and faith, must have nerved their arm in the long, stubborn struggle. And I was sure that the Russian soldiers whom I had passed, on march to the Schipka, would fight there all the more stoutly because for hours together they had tramped with pitying hearts and consoling words through the miserable fugitives cowering in their path. I had seen the kindly hearted fellows empty the contents of their haversacks into the laps of starving Bulgarian women and children, though the gift left themselves foodless, with no idea when they should eat next. I had seen them fish from recondite pockets the few poor copecks of their meagre pay, which they had been saving for vodka and tobacco, or mayhap to carry home to their own young ones in the humble cabin in far-off Russia, and bestow them instead on the gaunt children of the homeless fugitives, with some expression of rough jocularly which was a mere bluffing mask for genuine tenderness.

Following for some distance beyond Gabrova the beautiful valley of the Jantra, the road suddenly bent sharp to the left and struck up the mountain-side. For about three miles there was

no cessation in the sharp, tortuous ascent; and then, a little way beyond the hut which had been the Turkish custom-house, the beginning of the so-called "Pass" was reached.

The Schipka Pass is not a pass at all, in the ordinary sense of the term. There is no gorge, no defile; no spot where 300 brave men could "make a new Thermopylae." It has its name simply because at this point there happens to be a section of the Balkans of less than the average height, the surface of which from north to south is sufficiently continuous, although of broken and serrated contour, to afford a foothold for a practicable wheel track. The "Pass" is in reality a long, narrow saddle, or backbone, of rock, flanked on either side by depressions which are now deep hollows, now cavernous gorges. They shallow as the saddle between them gradually rises to the summit-level at Mount St. Nicholas, beyond which there is an abrupt fall southward to the village of Schipka. Taken by itself the position in a military sense is weak, since for some distance northward from the summit the central saddle is flanked on both sides, on the further sides of the intervening depressions, by lateral spurs, from which a commanding fire can sweep it. An adequate defensive position might have been obtained by the occupation to right and left of the St. Nicholas summit, of the Berdek hill and the Bald Mountain, the heads respectively of the east and west flanking spurs. But Darozhinski, with his bare 5,000, could not venture to extend thus far, and those lateral positions were seized by the Turks. The Russian general had not only to hold the intrenched position of Mount St. Nicholas; he had also to do his best to maintain his rearward communications along the saddle. St. Nicholas he garrisoned with a Russian battalion, stationed another and two Bulgarian battalions on the neck behind. Among some hillocks farther back were two Russian and three Bulgarian battalions, and when on the 21st another Russian regiment arrived from Selvi, bringing up his strength to about 7,000 men, it was stationed among some knolls still farther back. The guns were dis-

tributed along the position to the best advantage, the larger proportion about St. Nicholas. Darozhinski's second in command was Colonel Stoliétoff, the gallant officer who in the following year was the head of a Russian mission to Cabul.

On the morning of the 21st the Turks established a battery on the Berdek hill, and at noon assailed with desperate fury the left flank of the St. Nicholas position. Again and again, with fierce shouts of "Allah," they charged up almost to the muzzles of the Russian cannon, but were steadfastly repulsed with heavy losses. Their attacks lasted until after sundown, and their final rush was made in the moonlight; recoiling from the stanch defence, they maintained a heavy fire throughout the night at close range. On the 22d they confined themselves chiefly to artillery fire and the development of their positions, until by nightfall, in spite of the Russian fire, they had established batteries in front, on either flank, and indeed all but in rear of Darozhinski's position. Their infantry were in full occupation of both the flanking spurs, whose cross-fire and that of the Moslem guns swept and searched the whole of the bare central saddle held by the Russians, while the road in its rear was threatened from both sides.

The morning of the 23d brought no respite to the sorely tried defenders of the Shipka. Suleiman's guns thundered on their front and flanks; his ardent and supple infantry hurled themselves forward in a general concentric attack. All through the long day raged the fierce struggle—the unequal fight between some 7,000 worn Russians and Bulgarians and 30,000 fanatic sons of the Prophet. It could not endure. The Christians indeed fought on, but against hope, and simply bracing themselves to die hard. The reserves were engaged to the last man. The ammunition was all but exhausted. Nature defines her limits; and those brave men on whose stanch exertions Darozhinski looked with a melancholy pride, had been under a constant cross-fire for forty-eight hours, were blistered by the fierce heat, were parched for lack of water, and

weak for want of food. The wounded who could move went rearward to the field hospital in so great numbers as to give to the yet unwounded men the impression that a general retreat had been ordered. And this moment of confusion and wavering was well chosen by the Turks for an advance in great force from the western flanking spur toward the high road in rear of the Russian position, while another column from the eastern spur moved down simultaneously to join hands with it. Well might Captain Greene, the American military *attaché* with the Russians, whose admirable work is the authentic record of the war—well might he write that "the moment was the most critical of the campaign." It was indeed the "historic moment" of the war. For the few ragged companies of devoted soldiers whom the gallant Lipinski rallied to confront with feeble, despairing volleys, the oncoming Turks, could have availed but little against the overwhelming force masterfully climbing the steep slope to gain the road, give the hand to the co-operating column, cut off the retreat of the Russians, and pen them up in their narrow and exposed position.

The moment was dramatic, with an intensity to which the tameness of civilian life can furnish few parallels. The Russian general, expecting momentarily to be environed, had sent out from between the fast-closing tentacles of the great octopus which was embracing him, a last telegram to the Czar, defining the inevitable issue, telling how his brave men had striven to avert it, and pledging them and himself to hold out, with the help of God, to the bitter end and the last drop of their blood. As the afternoon shadows were falling, Darozhinski and Stoliétoff stood in the Turkish fire on the peak of St. Nicholas. Along the bare ridge below them lay the grimed, sun-blistered men, beaten out with heat, fatigue, hunger, and thirst; reckless, in their despondency, that every foot of ground was swept by the Turkish rifle fire. Others still doggedly fought on down among the rocks, forced to give ground, but doing so with sullen reluctance. The cliffs and valley echoed with triumphant shouts of "Allah il Allah!" The glasses of the chiefs anxiously

scanned the visible glimpses of the steep, brown road leading up from the Jantra Valley, through thick copses of sombre green and yet more sombre dark rock. Stolietoff cries aloud in sudden excess of excitement, grasps Darozhinski by the elbow, and points down the Pass. The head of a long black column is plainly visible against the reddish-brown bed of the rock. "Now God be thanked!" utters Darozhinski, solemnly; he was a dead man thirty-six hours later. Both chiefs cross themselves and bare their heads. The troops about them spring to their feet. They descrie the long, black serpent coiling onward up the brown road. Through the green copses a glint of sunshine flashes, banishes the sombreness, and dances on the glittering bayonets.

The Turkish war-cries were drowned in the wild clamor of cheering which the wind carried from the sore-pressed defenders of the Shipka, in glad welcome to the comrades hurrying to help them. As the dark serpent-like column neared the rearward position it seemed a strange kind of reinforcement, as seen from the St. Nicholas peak. A big man on a big horse rode in front; behind him followed, to all appearance, a column of cavalry—a force all but useless on the rugged summit of the Shipka. The big leader was stanch old Radetski, the corps commander; his following, a rifle battalion which he had mounted on Cossack ponies and hurried forward. The rifle brigade to which the battalion belonged—the same rifle brigade which had fought so hard with Gourko in his daring advance and masterly retreat—was close up in rear; it had marched fifty-five kilometres straight on end without cooking or sleeping, and was now climbing up from Gabrova, burning to come into action. But Radetski did not wait for the arrival of the brigade. He would strike promptly with the battalion which was already to his hand. He dismounted the nimble riflemen from the Cossack ponies and formed them up; then he sent them with a rush down into the rightward valley on the flank of the Turkish column threatening to enclose the position. Before this dashing charge the Moslems gave ground. The Russian riflemen chased

them through the valley, strewn thick with the dead of the previous fighting, hunted them fiercely up the wooded opposite ascent, carried their advanced trenches, and drove them into their fortified position on the Bald Mountain Ridge. Radetski himself waited by his mountain battery, in action, till the rifle brigade came up; and then marched it forward through the long gauntlet of the Turkish fire, dropping a company here and a half battalion there, until, with part of the command still at his back, he joined Darozhinski and Stolietoff on the St. Nicholas peak.

A single weak brigade was not in itself a very important reinforcement; but Radetski was able to tell that Dragomiroff with his whole division was hurrying on at best speed. The Turks seemed to realize that their opportunities were on the wane, and attacked again and again with extreme fury. But now the Russians, although suffering heavy losses, confined themselves no longer to the defensive, for it was felt that for them there could be no safety, far less elbow-room, until the Turks should be expelled from that dominating ridge looming so menacingly on their right flank. Early on the morning of the 24th, General Dragomiroff reached the position with his leading brigade, consisting of the Podolsk and Jitomer regiments, which had marched thirty-eight miles on the previous day. The Podolsks he left in reserve, and they later assailed, without definite results, the Turkish flank on the Bald Mountain spur. The Jitomers he led forward along the road under the heavy fire with which the Turks swept that *via dolorosa* throughout the day. About 10 A.M. Dragomiroff was ranking his soldiers in preparation for an attack, when he was severely wounded by a bullet in the knee-joint. We carried him to a less exposed spot, where the surgeons bandaged the wound, and then he was placed on a stretcher and conveyed to the improvised field-hospital back near the spring.

Suleiman no doubt had learned of the arrival of reinforcements, and could not doubt that more were coming. His chance of success was fading out, and his last hope lay in prompt and vigorous

action. He resolved on a final desperate attempt to conquer the St. Nicholas position. His valiant troops rushed to the assault with extraordinary enthusiasm. The foremost regiment was commanded by a reckless Scotsman named Campbell, who was afterward killed in South Africa. Straight at the Russian trenches he led his Moslem soldiers, who carried them with a rush at the point of the bayonet, and then mingled with the Russian defenders in a wild *mêlée*, in which the bayonet and clubbed rifles were the only weapons used. The hand-to-hand struggle lasted for many minutes, but in the end the resolute Russian doggedness gained the mastery, and such of the Turks as survived the close conflict of cold steel were heaved back over the trenches by dint of main strength. The interior of the position, gained and held by the Turks for a short time, was like a shambles. Campbell was among the few survivors of his command; it is all but strictly true that his regiment was annihilated.

During the rest of the day the regiments of Dragomiroff's division continued to arrive, and by nightfall the Russian position on the Schipka must have had a garrison of nearly 20,000 men. Throughout the afternoon Radetski had been launching attack after attack on the Turkish positions on the Woody and Bald Mountains, one of which the stout old warrior led himself. He was not successful in reaching the hostile batteries on the ridges, spite of his determined endeavors, but he had enlarged his borders considerably by taking and holding the advanced trenches of the Turks; and it was very significant that ever since the bloody repulse of their furious attack on Mount St. Nicholas at noon, the latter had steadily refrained from renewing the offensive. When the Russians approached threateningly their main positions, they warned them off, so to speak, by showing in strength and by maintaining a heavy fire. But they were content with beating off their assailants, and made no attempt to follow them when they

withdrew. The Turk is stubborn as well as ardent, and there was little doubt that there was to be much hard fighting in front of Radetski before he should clear his flanks of the persistent enemy, and regain unquestioned dominance of the Balkan region in the Schipka vicinity. But it appeared to me that thenceforth he would at least be no longer the assailed, but could be the assailant; and that, in a word, the Schipka was now safe. In that belief, on the evening of August 24th, I left Schipka for another section of the theatre of war.

Events justified the belief. There was hard fighting on the 25th and 26th, but the initiative was thenceforth with the Russians, and the Turks confined themselves to holding their positions on the defensive. The five days' fighting had cost the latter nearly 12,000 men; the Russian losses were about 3,500. On September 17th Suleiman, after a heavy cannonade lasting for four days, again assailed the Russian position with extraordinary fury; but a repulse with the loss of some 3,500 men sickened him of any further efforts. Radetski stoutly held the Schipka until the new year, when, in accordance with the Russian scheme of campaign he quitted the position he had so long held, and descended into Roumelia with his face set toward Constantinople. The story of his advance, January, 1878, on the Turkish army in its intrenchments on the southern base of the mountain range, made in three columns through snow in places ten feet deep, and of the surrender of the whole Moslem force to Skobelev, cannot here be told, but was one of the most brilliant and striking exploits of the war. That achievement could not have been performed had the Turks succeeded in wresting from its scant Russian garrison the Schipka position in August; and that they would have done this is certain but for the dramatically opportune arrival of Radetski with his advance guard of reinforcements on the memorable afternoon of August 23d.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Mr brother Mundanus and I, having baffled for the moment the penury that habitually suppresses our noble rages, dined together the other night at Delmonico's. After we had well eaten and pretty adequately drunken, my brother's emotions being stirred, he lifted his voice in reproachful protest at certain untoward flukes of fortune to which it seemed due that he and I had been barred out from the large possibilities of a life of luxury and possible pride, and restricted to the more meagre chances of laborious virtue. There was our grandfather, that thrifty and sagacious merchant whose annual accumulations were of such a satisfactory size for so many successive years. If only his talent for investing money had equalled his ability to make it, what an edifying variety of roses would have bordered our pathway through life. Drinking with decorous respect to this gentleman's memory, my brother recalled an incident, to us the most pathetic in our grandfather's career. It happened rather more than sixty years ago. A succession of prosperous seasons had swelled his bank balance to unusual proportions. In his quest for an investment he learned of the budding promise of a Western town named Chicago. His mind dwelt upon it until he finally converted fifty thousand dollars into portable assets and travelled out to look at the ambitious Western place, determined, if he liked its appearance, to buy himself a collection of its corner lots. Alas! he found the town was swampy, and he caught cold there, and brought his assets home again, and presently put them with divers others into woollen mills, some of which burned down, and others after a time hung

fire, and were sold at a grievous valuation just before the war broke out and made the everlasting fortunes of their purchasers.

At this harrowing reminiscence a tear ran down my brother's nose and fell into his champagne; but restraining his feelings he went on to recall how one or two decades later, our father, at that time a vigilant young attorney in Gotham, had formed a favorable opinion of the tract known as Murray Hill, and, borrowing a convenient sum of money, had purchased some acres of land in it, intending to hold them for future possibilities. But in a year or two, having a salutary horror of debt, he took counsel of precaution, and sold his land again and bought back the notes he had given for the purchase money. Which of the contemporary Croesi owned the lots now my brother did not know, nor did he care to learn.

Coming down still another generation, my brother recalled the time when, not many years ago, he and I were solicited to share the ownership and fortunes of a journal whose infant soul was just on the point of fluttering into life. But, mindful of the mortality statistics of infant journals, we withheld our hands and stayed where we were. Alas again! That infant throve prodigiously, and now its erstwhile anxious owners rejoice in town and country domiciles and invigorate their energies behind fleet quadrupeds on the Riverside drive. But my brother and I still dwell in modest hired tenements, and rely upon the street-cars for our transportation.

Seeing that these reminiscences seemed to have a depressing effect upon my broth-

er's spirits I hastened to suggest to him such consoling considerations as came into my mind. I reminded him, in the first place, that inasmuch as we and our fathers had lived in times of prodigious industrial development, such opportunities as we and they had missed had been the common lot of their and our contemporaries, and it was the exception to find a man born to fair possibilities in life who could not recur in his family annals to just such chances of being very rich as he had recalled. I told him of the perennial despondency with which my friend Robinson looked back to a day when a friend of his had come to him with a handful of Dhudeen & Popocatapetl mining stock which he had entreated him to purchase at eight dollars a share. But Robinson, being a prudent man, had declined, and year after year since then had watched the gradual uprising of that D. & P. stock until each of those eight-dollar shares was now represented by certificates readily marketable at two thousand dollars.

I went on to remind him that if our grandfather had bought those corner lots in Chicago, our family, which is large and not of an especially frugal temperament, would have tried very earnestly to live up to the possibilities of life which such a purchase would eventually have opened. One thing I thought worth mentioning was that if our father had inherited such a great fortune he would not have found time to raise so many children, and my brother and I might never have been born or might have died in infancy from some costly foreign fever. I reminded him, too, that our sisters would doubtless have married counts or possibly spendthrift dukes, and would have lived abroad at great expense to the estate, and our older brother, who had a prejudice against work as it was, would undoubtedly have enjoyed life in a manner that would have made necessary some heavy mortgages; so that it was easily possible that we would have found ourselves, at our age, no richer than we are now, and much less capable both of earning a living and of living on such incomes as we could earn.

My brother demurred gently at my gloomy estimate of the demoralizing tendencies of wealth, but I continued. I admitted that if our father had held on to his Murray Hill lots the property might have

lasted our time, but I reminded him that in that case we should now have been middle-aged men who had experienced expensive pleasures and eaten and drunk rather too much for our good for at least twenty years. Our characters would have been feebler for lack of most of the effort and self-denial we had practised during that period; the money we had spent would be gone, and we would have detriment rather than benefit to show for it. The pleasure we had had, being past, would be of no value to us at all, and would impair rather than increase our abilities to enjoy in the future. A continuance of the sort of life we had been leading would not be affirmatively pleasurable, but merely a necessary condition of tolerable existence. If we had had children, we should be apprehensive of the effect of our examples on their welfare; but the chances were that we should be childless clubmen, with shining scalps, and just beginning to be disturbed by ominous twinges in our great toes.

As to that last chance my brother had alluded to, of our gaining a competence by our own sagacity and good luck, that seemed to me to offer a more reasonable opening for regret. Nevertheless I explained to him that even if we had been in easy circumstances for only eight or nine years, we should not have been quite the same men that we were, nor would our possible gains have been unattended with losses. In my own case I was sure, for example, that a lucky stroke ten years ago would have made such a difference in my associates that I never should have fallen in with my present wife. My children, in consequence, if I had had any children, would have had different colored eyes and hair, and would have been different children altogether. I could not think with equanimity of myself as married to a person, however estimable, who is to me in fact an entire stranger; or as the father of a young brood with whom, as things have gone, I have no acquaintance, and in whom I take only a remote and dispassionate interest. The man I might have been, I said, is as much a stranger to me as the Prince of Wales. The man I am—that I have worked over, and endured, and sat up nights with—is inextricably associated with my most intimate concerns. For

better or worse, I would rather go on with him as he is than change him for a richer, or even a better man, developed on different lines, under different conditions, and living with a wife and children that belong, as it is, to somebody else.

"As for you," I continued, "not being married, you are not affected by all the considerations that influence me. But if you had made a lucky hit ten years ago you probably would have married; and when you consider the various chances of matrimony, including the cost of children's shoes and the propensity of male offspring to go to the dogs, are you sure that you would dare to shift blindfold out of the shoes you occupy now into those of the man you might have been if you had had better luck?"

My brother sniffed a little, but very gently. I think my arguments impressed him somewhat; but his philosophy is a trifle less ascetic than mine, and it is only on clearer days than common that he can fix his gaze upon the promised land intensely enough to drive the flesh-pots of Egypt out of his head. He may still be mourning in his heart over those corner lots in Chicago. I don't know. But even if my arguments failed to have a convincing effect upon him, there are some hundreds of thousands of other vainly regretful Americans with whom possibly they may find more favor.

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WHEN some social philosopher, who will need a large infusion of the quality himself, some time undertakes that uncommonly interesting book "A History of Courage," he will have a very entertaining task in pointing out the changes that have taken place in the popular ideal of that first of human excellences.

On purely gladiatorial and military courage he will have to spend little space, of course; the conception of it probably has not changed much either way in a matter of three or four thousand years, and takes very little thought of motives or morals. So with what is called gallantry, dash, or what you like; now and then someone will write of "mere intrepidity," or some rather frigid hero like the Great Duke will say, "What the devil was he doing, larking there? I shall not mention him in the despatches;" but in the main the common judgment of

these qualities is unchanged and unchangeable—sound and healthy enough, if sometimes discouragingly indiscriminating.

When it comes to the other and more complicated courage, however, the "courage of conduct," the author of the great work suggested will find puzzling changes; among which I hope he will choose for attention a particular phase in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, which seems to me not to have received the proper notice from moralists. It is not a change of ideal which shows any loss in the popular estimate of the relative value of courage—on the contrary; it is in one sense a still further proof of Emerson's remark, that all mankind give courage "the first rank; they forgive everything to it." But it certainly shows a change in the kind of courage to which they forgive.

I mean the admiration that has grown up for the "nerve" of that modern type known by many names, from financier to wrecker. "You may say what you like," I heard *à propos* of one of the "young Napoleons of Wall Street," "of course it's all wrong, and I have no idea of defending the man, but I can't help admiring his nerve." And when the recognized head of the master "wizards" died, every account of him dwelt upon his daring as the great redeeming trait.

Now, courage has never been altogether bound up with morals, and nobody has ever cavilled at the entering of that plea for a Danton, or would probably dispute the right of a man to discriminate among the qualities of Dick Turpin; but this kind of thing seems to me, and I trust will seem to the author of the "History of Courage," provocative of a different feeling. The Dantons have had great ideas behind them, however misconceived, and the Dick Turpins are at least in open rebellion, with its personal dangers and candid notice to the world at large. But was there ever before a popular disposition to find a virtue of courage in the ingenious betrayal of trusts (commonly so as to keep within the letter of the law, and so avoid even the greater personal risks) and the skilful evasion of promises? The fox and the lion have furnished plenty of apologues, but not with this moral.

The talk about the value of primitive conditions and simplicity is largely perfunctory and traditional; no one who thinks has any

doubt that the complexity of civilization has raised rather than lowered the standard of general morality; and the worst that can be alleged against it is that it has made it a matter of more care and pains to do the right thing—a lazy plea for a moralist, surely. As Becky Sharp said it was easy to be good on five thousand a year, so we might reply that it was a comparatively trifling matter to practise the virtues when they were clear black and white, and when the question whether to rob and kill a man was simply whether you should rob and kill him, and not whether, by a certain course of action, you should so bring it about that he should lose his savings and die poor. The modern applications of morality may be intricate. But the moment you infuse the idea of pluck into the pursuit of a clever system of quasi-legal appropriation, you are introducing a false quantity into the whole complication, and one of a particularly deceptive and seductive sort. The reason why cheating at cards has always remained a thing which men would not own to who would confess most other sins and wickednesses, is the intrinsic cowardice that lies in it; even “gambler’s nerve” is not applied to men who are not playing by the laws of the game. The historian of Courage will find a very radical change, indeed, confronting him when he finds anyone willing to praise the “nerve” with which a player cheated; and yet, *mutatis mutandis*, what is this but just what is done when that saving grace is claimed for the contemporary type referred to?

A VERY acute dispute has been carried on in one of the English weeklies for several months as to the relative happiness of the old and the young in these days and in the days of our grandfathers, and as to the relative responsibility of each class for what many of the writers agree is the less happy condition of the old. It was started by a gentleman who owned to “something over fifty-five years,” and who complained that he could not manage to maintain intercourse of sustained interest and sympathy with his sons and daughters. Like most discussions of the sort, this is pervaded by much generalization on limited data. The facts that seem generally agreed upon are, first, that the young have much more free-

dom than fifty years’ ago, and second, that a considerable number of ladies and gentlemen over fifty think that their own lives would be more comfortable if this freedom were decidedly restricted. There has undoubtedly been a like change, and apparently with a like result for the elders, in some parts of our own complex society. But though I cannot pretend to be a typical American parent, I am bound to confess that family infelicities cannot fairly be charged either to the young or to the old exclusively, and that merciless self-inspection, to ascertain the causes of such infelicities where they exist, is at least a more promising process than criticism of the parties of the second part.

That is not a very novel moral for the tale of the better part of a lifetime. It was anticipated as long ago as in the days of Confucius, and it involves the essence of the teaching of the Founder of Christianity. It is not, I suppose, on that account the less practical. Of course there are terrible exceptions. Now and again the most unselfish parental devotion is repaid by painful ingratitude, and Goneril and Regan spring from the same loins with Cordelia. But if the law that brings the greatest happiness in the long run to the unselfish be not so uniform in its operation as the law of gravitation, it yet remains far and away the best guide to such happiness as life permits. In the light of this law, the discussion of more or less “discipline,” or respectful obedience, or sympathetic regard among the young may be interesting, but its interest will come chiefly from the personal experience and bias of the disputants, and will be profitable only as that experience can be shaped according to this law. The “present generation” must be taken practically as the dwindling portion of the last and the growing portion of the next. Among those who compose it, unquestioning obedience to the principle of religious authority is not spreading, and probably waning; but he must be a dull observer who has not discovered, when he has arrived at the possession of a family, that the golden rule is the supremest sense. If the mixed or vexing questions of intimate daily relations cannot be settled on that basis, the disagreeable but inevitable truth seems to be that they cannot be settled at all.



FROM A PASTEL, BY ROBERT BLUM

DRAWN ON TIN, BY ROBERT BLUM AND
W. J. BARN. ENTELL, BY GAST

A DAUGHTER OF JAPAN

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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AN UNPUBLISHED AUTOGRAPH NARRATIVE BY
WASHINGTON.

IT was the purpose of Colonel David Humphreys to write the life of Washington. As a member of his military staff from 1780 until the close of the war, and for some years an inmate of his household at Mount Vernon and in New York, Colonel Humphreys would have found the task an easy and congenial one, and undertaken, as it undoubtedly was to be, immediately upon Washington's death, the supply of material from living and active sources would have been abundant. But Colonel Humphreys was evidently determined not to rely upon hearsay or secondary testimony, however undoubted, and it would seem, that at his request Washington prepared the narrative, the connected part of which is here given. This narrative is in autograph, covering some ten pages of manuscript of folio size, and is in part responsive to detailed and numbered questions put by Colonel Humphreys. These questions, it is believed, are not now accessible; indeed, it is doubtful if they exist to-day. Their purport can only be inferred from the answers, which are in almost every instance very short, and often give but the slightest clue to the inquiry. The account of his Indian campaigns is, however, a connected story, and the manuscript was evidently carefully revised by Washington before he submitted it to Colonel Humphreys. There are frequent interlinings and erasures, and the words "I" and "me," in nearly

every instance where they occur, are changed to the initials "G. W.," by the revision.*

In 1829, eleven years after Colonel Humphreys's death, the original paper was given by Mrs. Humphreys to my grandfather, the late John Pickering, Colonel Humphreys's executor, in the custody of whose family it has since then remained. It was recently read, by permission, before the Massachusetts Historical Society, but it has never been printed, nor, it is believed, have any extracts from it ever been given to the public. Certain incidents described in it, such as the instance of grave peril in which Washington's life was placed in one of the engagements, as well as his frank estimate of General Braddock's character and abilities, are of original historical interest, as being heretofore unknown, even to the student; but the permanent value of the narrative is in its authoritative source, and the unchanged form in which it has been transmitted.

It would seem that the request of Washington contained in the last clause, in regard to the final disposition of the original paper, may with propriety be disregarded, in view of the lapse of time, the character of the narrative, and the value of its historical material; and it is not believed that a confidence, which every American would tenderly respect, is violated by its publication.

HENRY G. PICKERING.

* See the passage reproduced in facsimile, page 536.

THE BRADDOCK CAMPAIGN.

From the Manuscript of Washington.

By the indefatigable industry of the Lieutenant Colonel and the officers who seconded his measures, the Regiment was in great forwardness at Alexandria (the place of general rendezvous) early in the spring of 1754, and without waiting till the whole should be completed, or for a detachment from the independent companies of regulars in the southern provinces (which had been required by the Executive of Virginia for this service), or for troops which were raising in North Carolina and destined in conjunction to oppose the incroachment of the French at our Western frontiers—He began his march in the month of May in order to open the road, and this he had to do almost the whole distance from Winchester (in the County of Frederick not more than eighty miles from Alexandria to the Ohio)—deposits &c.—and for the especial purpose of siezing, if possible, before the French should arrive at it, the important post at the conflux of the Alligany and Monongahela; with the advantages of which he was struck the preceding year; and earnestly advised the securing of with militia, or some other temporary force. But notwithstanding all his exertions, the new and uncommon difficulties he had to encounter (made more intolerable by incessant rains and waters of which he had many to cross), he had but just ascended the Laurel Hill 50 m. short of his object after a march of 230 miles from Alex. when he received information from his scouts that the French had in force siezed the post he was pushing to obtain; having descended from Presque Isle by the rivers Lebeouf and Alligany to this place by water with artillery &c. &c. The object of his precipitate advance being thus defeated, the detachment of regulars which had arrived at Alexandria by water, and under his orders being far in his rear and no account of the troops from North Carolina, it was thought advisable to fall back a few

miles, to a place known by the name of the Great Meadows, abounding in forage, more convenient for the purpose of forming a magazine and bringing up the rear, and to advance from (if we should ever be in force to do it) to the attack of the post which the enemy now occupied, and had called Du-Quesne. At this place, some days after, we were joined by the above detachment of regulars, consisting (before they were reduced on the march by desertion, sickness, &c.) of a Captain McKay, a brave and worthy officer, three subalterns and 100 rank and file. But previous to this junction the French sent a detachment to reconnoitre our lines and to obtain intelligence of our strength and position; notice of which being given by the scouts, G. W. marched at the head of a party, attacked, killed 9 or 10, and captured 20 odd. This, as soon as the enemy had assembled their Indian allies, brought their whole force upon him, consisting, according to their own, compared with the best acct. that could be obtained from others, of about 1500 men. His force consisted of the detachment above mentioned, also between two & 300 Virginians; for the few Indians which till now had attended him, and who by reconnoitering the enemy in their march had got terrified at their numbers and resolved to retreat as they advised us to do also, but which was impracticable without abandoning our stores, baggage &c. as the horses which had brought them to this place, and returned for provision, had left us previous to the attack. About 9 o'clock on the 3rd of July the enemy advanced with shouts and dismal Indian yells to our entrenchments, but was opposed by so warm, spirited, and constant a fire, that to force the works in that way was abandoned by them. They then, from every little rising, tree, stump, stone, and bush kept up a constant galling fire upon us; which was returned in the best manner we could



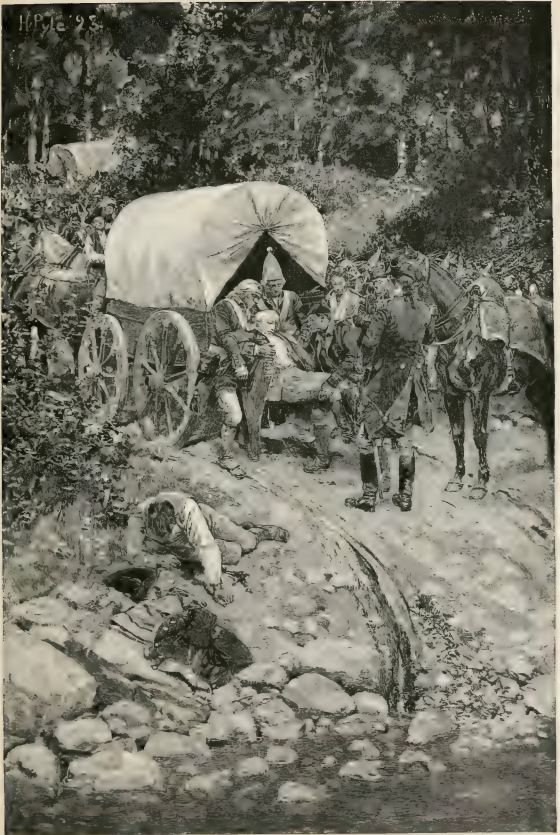
DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

"Seeing no enemy and themselves falling every moment from the fire"—Page 534.

till late in the afternoon when their fell the most tremendous rain that can be conceived, filled our trenches with water, wet, not only the ammunition in the cartooosh boxes and fire locks, but that which was in a small temporary stockade in the middle of the entrenchment called Fort Necessity erected for the sole purpose of its security, and that of the few stores we had; and left us with nothing but a few (for all were not provided with them) bayonets for defense. In this situation and no prospect of bettering it, terms of capitulation were offered to us by the French which with some alterations that were insisted upon were the more readily acceded to, as we had no salt provisions, and but indifferently supplied with fresh, which from the heat of the weather would not keep; and because a full third of our numbers, officers as well as privates were, by this time, killed or wounded. The next morning we marched out with the honors of war, but were soon plundered, contrary to the articles of capitulation, of great part of our baggage by the Savages. Our sick and wounded were left with a detachment under the care and command of the worthy Doctr. Craik (for he was not only Surgeon to the Regiment, but a Lieutenant therein) with such necessaries as we could extend and the remains of the Regiment, and the detachment of regulars, took up their line for the interior country. And at Winchester met 2 companies from North Carolina on their march to join them. These being fresh, and properly provided, were ordered to proceed to Will's Creek and establish a post (since called Fort Cumberland) for the purpose of covering the frontiers. Where they were joined by a company from Maryland which, about this time, had been raised—Capt. McKay with his detachment remd. at Winchester; and the Virginia Regiment proceeded to Alexandria in order to recruit, and get supplied with cloathing and necessaries of which they stood much in need. In this manner the winter was employed, when advice was received of the force destined for this service under the orders of G. W. and the arrival of Sir John St. Clair

the Q. Master Genl. with some new arrangement of rank by which no officer who did not *immediately* derive his comm. from the King could command one who did. This was too degrading for G. W. to submit to; accordingly, he resigned his military employment; determining to serve the next campaign as a volunteer; but upon the arrival of Genl. Braddock he was very particularly noticed by that General, taken into his family as an extra Aid, offered a Captain's commission by *brevet* (which was the highest grade he had it in his power to bestow) and had the compliment of several blank Ensigncies given him to dispose of to the Young Gentlemen of his acqe. to supply the vacancies in the 44 and 48 Regts. which had arrived from Ireland. In this capacity he commenced his second campaign, and used every proper occasion till he was taken sick and left behind in the vicinity of Fort Cumberland, to impress the Genl. and the principal officers around him, with the necessity of opposing the nature of his defense to the mode of attack which more than probably he would experience from the Canadian French and their Indians on his march through the mountains and covered country, but so prepossessed were they in favor of *regularity & discipline* and in such absolute contempt were *those people held*, that the admonition was suggested in vain. About the middle of June this armament, consisting of the two Regiments from Ireland some independent companies and the provincial troops of Virginia, Maryland and North Carolina, began to move from Fort Cumberland, whither they had assembled. After several days' march, and difficulties to which they had never been accustomed in regular service in Campaign Countries, and of which they seemed to have had very little idea, the Genl. resolved to divide his force, and at the head of the first division which was composed of the flower of his army, to advance, and leave Col. Dunbar with the second division and the heavy baggage and stores, to follow after. By so doing, the first division approached the Monongahela 10 miles short of Fort Duquesne the 8th of



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

The Death of Braddock

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"G. W. placed the General in a small covered cart."—Page 534.

July, at which time and place having so far recovered from a severe fever and delirium from which he had been rescued by James' powder, administered by the positive order of the Genl. as to travel in a covered Waggon, he joined him and the next day tho' much reduced and very weak mounted his horse on cushions, and attended as one of his Aids. About 10 o'clock on the 9th, after the van had crossed the Monongahela the *second time*, to avoid an ugly defile (the season being very dry and waters low) and the rear yet in the river the front was attacked; and by the unusual hallooing and whooping of the enemy, whom they could not see, were so disconcerted and confused as soon to fall into irretrievable disorder. The rear was forced forward to support them, but seeing no enemy, and themselves falling every moment from the fire, a general panic took place among the troops, from which no exertions of the officers could recover them. In the early part of the action some of the Irregulars (as they were called) *without directions* advanced to the right in loose order, to attack; but this, *unhappily* from the unusual appearance of the movement being mistaken for cowardice and a running away, was discountenanced—and before it was *too late*, and the confusion became general, an offer was made by G. W. to head the Provincials and engage the enemy in their own way; but the propriety of it was not seen into until it was too late for execution. After this, many attempts were made to dislodge the enemy from an eminence on the right, but they all proved ineffectual, and fatal to the officers, who by great exertions and good examples endeavored to accomplish it. In one of these the Genl. received the wound of which he died; but previous to it, had several horses killed and disabled under him. Captns. Orme and Morris (his two Aids de camp having received wounds which rendered them unable to attend, G. W. remained the sole Aid through the day, to the Genl.; he also had one horse killed and two wounded under him, a ball through his hat, and several through his clothes, but escaped unhurt. Sir Peter Halkel (secd. in com-

mand) being early killed, Lieut. Colo. Burton and Sir John St. Clair (who had the rank of Lt. Colo. in the army) being badly wounded, Lieut. Colo. Gage (afterwards Gen. Gage) having received a contusion. No person knowing in the disordered state things were who the surviving senior officer was, and the troops by degrees going off in confusion; without a ray of hope left of further opposition from those that remained, G. W. placed the Genl. in a small covered Cart, which carried some of his most essential equipage, and in the best order he could, with the last troops (who only continued to be fired at) brought him over the *first* ford of the Monongahela; where they were formed in the best order circumstances would admit on a piece of rising ground; After wch., by the Genl.'s order, he rode forward to halt those which had been earlier in the retreat. Accordingly, after crossing the Monongahela the *second time* and ascending the heights, he found Lieut. Colo. Gage engaged in this business, to whom he delivered the Genl.'s order and then returned to report the situation he found them in. When he was again requested by the Genl. whom he met coming on in his litter with the first halted troops, to proceed (it then being after sundown) to the second division under the command of Colo. Dunbar, to make arrangements for covering the retreat, and forwarding on provisions and refreshments to the retreating and wounded soldiers. To accomplish this, for the second division was 40 odd miles in the rear, it took up the whole night and part of the next morning—which from the weak state in which he was, and the fatigues, and anxiety of the last 24 hours, rendered him in a manner wholly unfit for the execution of the duty he was sent upon when he arrived at Dunbar's camp. To the best of his power however, he discharged it, and remained with the second division till the other joined it. The shocking scenes which presented themselves in this night's march are not to be described—the dead—the dying—the groans—lamentations and crys along the road of the wounded for help (for those under the latter de-

scriptions endeavored from the first commencement of the action or rather confusion to escape to ye second division) were enough to pierce a heart of adamant. The gloom and horror of which was not a little increased by the impervious darkness occasioned by the close shade of thick woods which in places rendered it impossible for the two guides which attended to know when they were in or out of the track, but by groping on the ground with their hands. Happy was it for him and the remains of the first division that they left such a quantity of valuable and enticing baggage on the field as to occasion a scramble and contention in the seizure and distribution of it among the enemy; for had a pursuit taken place, by passing the defile which we had avoided, and they had got into our rear, the whole, except a few woodsmen would have fallen victims to the merciless savages. Of about 12 or 13 hundred which were in this action, eight or 9 hundred were either killed or wounded, among whom a large proportion of brave and valuable officers were included. The folly and consequence of opposing compact bodies to the sparse manner of Indian fighting in woods, which had in a manner been predicted, was now so clearly verified that from henceforward another mode obtained in all future operations. As soon as the two divisions united, the whole retreated towards Fort Cumberland; and at an incampment near the Great Meadows the brave but unfortunate Genl. Braddock breathed his last. He was interred with the honors of war, and as it was left to G. W. to see this performed, and to mark out the spot for the reception of his remains—to guard against a savage triumph, if the place should be discovered—they were deposited in the Road over which the army wagons &c. passed to hide every trace by which the entombment could be discovered.

Thus died a man whose good and bad qualities were intimately blended. He was brave even to a fault and in regular service would have done honor to his profession. His attachments were warm—his enmities were strong—and having no disguise about him,

both appeared in full force. He was generous and disinterested—but plain and blunt in his manner even to rudeness. After this event the troops continued their march forward and soon arrived at Fort Cumberland without molestation, all except the pvls. immediately resolved to proceed to Philadelphia; by which means the frontiers of that state but *more especially* those of Virginia and Maryland, were laid *entirely* open by the *very* avenue which had been prepared. Of the direful consequences of this measure, G. W., in a visit which he immediately made to Williamsburgh, a visit that brought the Governor and Council of Virginia acquainted. But in vain did they remonstrate against the march of the B. troops to that place to the officer commanding them. They thus proceeded to augment their own, the command of which under a very enlarged and dignified commission, to command *all* the troops now raised, or to be raised in the Colony, was given to him with very extensive powers, and blank commissions to appoint all new officers. About this time also or soon after it, the discontents and clamours of the Provincial Officers and the remonstrance of G. W. in person to Genl. Shirley, the then Commander in Chief of the British forces in America, and through the Governor and Council to the King's Minister, with respect to the degrading situation in which they were placed, a new arrangement took place by the King's order, by which every Provincial officer was to rank according to the commission he bore, but to be Junior to those of the same grade in the established course. As G. W. foresaw, so it happened, the frontiers were continually harassed—but not having force enough to carry the war to the gates of Duquesne, he could do no more than distribute the troops along the frontiers in stockaded forts; more with a view to quiet the fears of the inhabitants than from any expectation of giving security on so extensive a line to the settlements. During this interval in one of his tours along the frontier posts, he narrowly escaped according to the account afterwards given by some of our people who

[illegible]

were prisoners with them, and eye witnesses at the time of the [undecipherable] falling by an Indian party who had waylaid (for another purpose) the communication along which with a small party of horse only, he was passing—the road in this place formed a curve, and the prey they were in weight for being expected at the reverse part, the Captn. of the party had gone across to observe the number and manner of their movement &c. in order that he might make his disposition accordingly, leaving orders for the party not to take notice of any passengers the other way till he returned to them—in the meantime, in the opposite direction I passed and escaped almost certain destruction, for the weather was raining and the few carbines unfit for use if we had escaped the first fire. This happened near Fort Vass. Never ceasing, in the meantime, in his attempts to demonstrate to the Legislature of Virginia—to Lord Louden &c.—that the only means of preventing the devastations to which the middle states were exposed, was to remove the cause. But the war by this time raging in another quarter of the continent, all applications were unheeded till the year 1758, when an expedition against Fort Duquesne was concerted and undertaken under the conduct of Genl. Forbes; who though a brave and good officer, was so much debilitated by bad health, and so illy supplied with the means to carry on the expedition, that it was November before the troops got to Loyalhanning fifty or

sixty miles short of DuQuesne, and even then was on the very point of abandoning the exhibition when some seasonable supplies arriving, the army was formed into three brigades—took up its march—and moved forward; the brigade commanded by G. W. being the leading one. Previous to this, and during the time the army lay at Loyalhanning, a circumstance occurred which involved the life of G. W. in as much jeopardy as it had ever been before or since.

The enemy sent out a large detachment to reconnoitre our camp, and to ascertain our strength; in consequence of intelligence that they were within two miles of the camp a party commanded by Lieut. Colo. Mercer, of the Virginia Line (a gallant and good officer) was sent to dislodge them, between whom a severe conflict and hot firing ensued, which lasting some time and appearing to approach the camp, it was conceived that our party was yielding the ground, upon which G. W. with permission of the Genl. called (per dispatch) for volunteers and immediately marched at their head, to sustain, as was conjectured, the retiring troops. Led on by the firing till he came within less than half a mile, and it ceasing, he detached scouts to investigate the cause, and to communicate his approach to his friend Colo. Mercer, advancing slowly in the meantime. But it being near dusk, and the intelligence not having been fully dissipated among Colo. Mercer's corps, and they taking us for the enemy who had retreated approaching in another direction, commenced a heavy fire upon the relieving party which drew fire in return in spite of all the exertions of the officers, one of whom, and several privates were killed and many wounded before a stop could be put to it, to accomplish which G. W. never was in more imminent danger, by being be-

tween two fires, knocking up with his sword the presented pieces.

When the army had got within about twelve or fifteen miles of the Fort the enemy despairing of its defense, blew it up, having first embarked their artillery, stores and Troops, and retreated by water down the Ohio, to their settlements below. Thus ended that Campaign, a little before Christmas, in very inclement weather; and the last one made during that War by G. W. whose health by this time (as it had been declining for many months before, occasioned by an inveterate disorder in his bowels) became so precarious as to induce him (having seen quiet restored by this event to the frontiers of his own country, which was the principal inducement to his taking arms) to resign his military appointments. The solicitation of the troops which he commanded to continue—their affectionate farewell address to him when they found the situation of his health and other circumstances would not allow it, affected him exceedingly, and in grateful sensibility he expressed the warmth of his attachment to them on that, and his inclination to serve them on every other future occasion.

The information given in these sheets, though related from memory, is, it is believed to be depended upon. It is hastily and incorrectly related—but not so much for these reasons, as some others, it is earnestly requested that after Colo. Humphreys has extracted what he shall judge necessary, and given it in his own language, that the *whole* of what is here contained may be returned to G. W., or committed to the flames—some of the enumerations are trifling; and perhaps more important circumstances omitted; but just as they occurred to the memory, they were committed. If there are any grains among them, Colo. H. can easily separate them from the chaff.



DRAWN BY ALFRED PARSONS,

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE DEL'ORME.

BUDDHA'S FLOWERS.

[Contributed by the artist to the Exhibition Number of Scribner's Magazine.]



THE COUNTRY PRINTER.

By W. D. Howells.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST.

I.

MY earliest memories, or those which I can make sure are not the sort of early hearsay that we mistake for remembrance later in life, concern a country newspaper, or rather a country printing-office. The office was in my childish consciousness some years before the paper was; the compositors rhythmically swaying before their cases of type; the pressman flinging himself back on the bar that made the impression, with a swirl of his long hair; the apprentice rolling the forms, and the foreman bending over the imposing-stone, were familiar to me when I could not grasp the notion of any effect from their labors. In due time I came to know all about it, and to understand that these activities went to the making of the Whig newspaper which my father edited to the confusion of the Locofocos, and in the especial interest of Henry Clay; I myself supported this leader so vigorously for the presidency in my seventh year, that it was long before I could realize that the election of 1844 had resulted in his defeat. My father had already been a printer for a good many years, and some time in the early thirties he had led a literary forlorn hope, in a West Virginian town, with a monthly magazine, which he printed himself and edited with the help of his sister.

As long as he remained in business he remained a country editor and a country printer; he began to study medicine when he was a young man, but he abandoned it for the calling of his life without regret, and though with his speculative and inventive temperament he was tempted to experiment in other things, I do not think he would ever have lastingly forsaken his newspaper for them. In fact, the art of printing was in our blood; it never brought us great honor or profit; and we were always planning and dreaming to get out of it, or get it out of us; but we are all in some sort bound up with it still. To me it is now so endeared by the associations of childhood, that I cannot breathe the familiar odor of types and presses without emotion; and I should not be surprised if I found myself trying to cast a halo of romance about the old-fashioned country office, in what I shall have to say of it here.

II.

Our first newspaper was published in southwestern Ohio, but after a series of varying fortunes, which I need not dwell upon, we found ourselves in possession of an office in the northeastern corner of the State, where the prevalent political feeling promised a prosperity to one of my father's anti-slavery opin-

ions which he had never yet enjoyed. He had no money, but in those days it was an easy matter to get an interest in a country paper on credit, and we all went gladly to work to help him pay for the share that he acquired in one by this means. An office which gave a fair enough living, as living was then, could be bought for twelve or fifteen hundred dollars; but this was an uncommonly good office, and I suppose the half of it which my father took was worth one sum or the other. Afterward, within a few months, when it was arranged to remove the paper from the village where it had always been published to the county-seat, a sort of joint-stock company was formed, and the value of his moiety increased so much, nominally at least, that he was nearly ten years paying for it. By this time I was long out of the story, but at the beginning I was very vividly in it, and before the world began to call me

some other paper of like politics should be established there, was a village of only six or seven hundred inhabitants. But, as the United States Senator who was one of its citizens used to say, it was "a place of great political privileges." The dauntless man who represented the district in the House for twenty years, and who had fought the anti-slavery battle from the first, was his fellow-villager, and more than compeer in distinction; and besides these, there was nearly always a State Senator or Representative among us. The county officers, of course, lived at the county-seat, and the leading lawyers, who were the leading politicians, made their homes in the shadow of the court-house, where one of them was presently elected to preside as Judge of the Common Pleas. In politics, the county was already overwhelmingly Freesoil, as the forerunner of the Republican party was then called; the Whigs had hardly gathered themselves

together since the defeat of General Scott for the presidency; the Democrats, though dominant in State and Nation, and faithful to slavery at every election, did not greatly outnumber among us the zealots called Comeouters, who would not vote at all under a constitution recognizing the right of men to own men. Our paper was Freesoil, and its field was large among that vast majority of the people who believed that slavery would finally perish if kept out of the territories, and confined to the old Slave States. With the removal of the press to the county-seat there was a hope that this field could be widened, till every Freesoil voter became a subscriber. It did not fall out so; even of those who

subscribed in the ardor of their political sympathies, many never paid; but our list was nevertheless handsomely increased, and numbered fifteen or sixteen hundred. I do not know how it may be now, but then most country papers had a list of four or five hundred subscribers; a few had



"Every sort of farm produce was legal tender at the printing-office."
—Page 542.

with that voice which the heart of youth cannot resist, it was very interesting; I felt its charm then, and now, as I turn back to it, I feel its charm again, though it was always a story of steady work, if not hard work.

The county-seat, where it had been judged best to transfer the paper lest



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

Perhaps because my head was so hot with it my feet were always very cold.—Page 543.

a thousand, a very few twelve hundred, and these were fairly decimated by delinquents. We were so flown with hope that I remember there was serious talk

making of oars, which were shipped all over the world from the heart of the primeval forests densely wooding the vast levels of the region. The portable

steam saw-mills dropped down on the borders of the woods have long since eaten their way through and through them, and devoured every stick of timber in most places, and drunk up the water-courses that the woods once kept full; but at that time half the land was in the shadow of those mighty poplars and hickories, elms and chestnuts, ashes and hemlocks; and the meadows that pastured the herds of red cattle were dotted with stumps as thick as harvest stubble. Now there are not even stumps; the woods are gone, and the water-courses are torrents in spring and beds of dry clay in summer. The meadows themselves have vanished, for it has been found that the strong yellow soil will produce more in grain than in milk. There is more money in the hands of the farmers there, though there is still so little that by any city scale it would seem comically little, pathetically little; but forty years ago



His children gathered about the same lamp with their books or their jokes.

Page 548.

of risking the loss of the delinquents on our list by exacting payment in advance; but the measure was thought too bold, and we compromised by demanding two dollars a year for the paper, and taking a dollar and a half if paid in advance. Twenty-five years later my brother, who had followed my father in the business, discovered that a man who never meant to pay for his paper would as lief owe two dollars a year for it as any less sum, and he at last risked the loss of the delinquents by requiring advance payment; it was an heroic venture, but it was perhaps time to make it.

The people of the county were mostly farmers, and of these nearly all were dairymen. The few manufactures were on a small scale, except perhaps the

there was so much less than fifty dollars seldom passed through a farmer's hands in a year. Payment was made in kind rather than in coin, and every sort of farm produce was legal tender at the printing-office. Wood was welcome in any quantity, for the huge box-stove consumed it with insatiable voracity, and then did not heat the wide low room which was at once editorial-room, composing-room, and press-room. Perhaps this was not so much the fault of the stove as of the building; in that cold lake-shore country the people dwelt in wooden structures almost as thin and flimsy as tents; and often in the first winter of our sojourn, the type froze solid with the water which the compositor put on it when he wished to distribute his ease; the inking roll-

ers had to be thawed before they could be used on the press, and if the current of the editor's soul had not been the most genial that ever flowed in this rough world, it must have been congealed at its source. The cases of type had to be placed very near the windows so as to get all the light there was, and they got all the cold there was, too. From time to time, the compositor's fingers became so stiff that blowing on them would not avail; he passed the time in excursions between his stand and the stove; in very cold weather, he practised the device of warming his whole case of types by the fire, and when it lost heat, warming it again. The man at the press-wheel was then the enviable man; those who handled the chill damp sheets of paper were no more fortunate than the compositors.

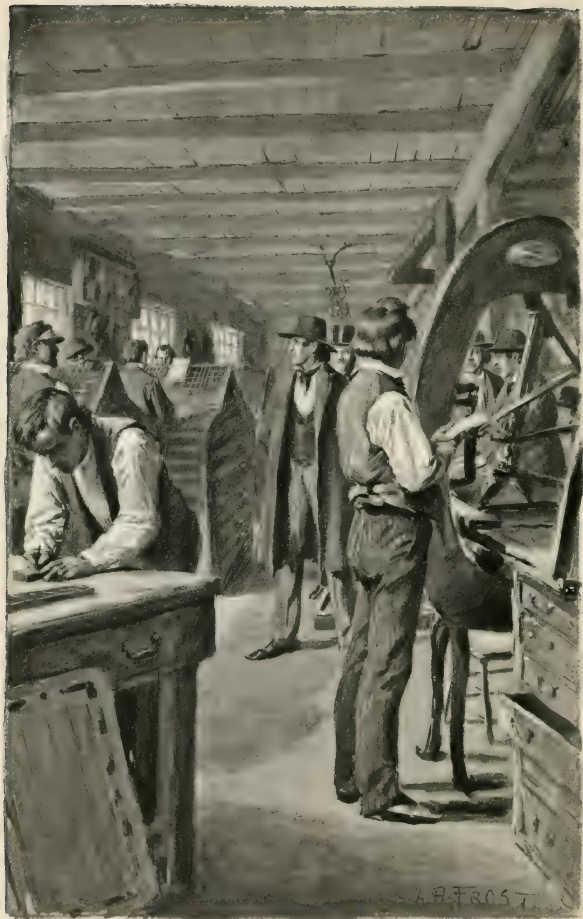
The first floor of our office-building was used by a sash and blind factory; there was a machine-shop somewhere in it, and a mill for sawing out shingles; and it was better fitted to the exercise of these robust industries than to the requirements of our more delicate craft. Later, we had a more comfortable place, in a new wooden "business block," and for several years before I left it, the office was domiciled in an old dwelling-house, which we bought, and which we used without much change. It could never have been a very luxurious dwelling, and my associations with it are of a wintry cold, scarcely less polar than that we were inured to elsewhere. In fact, the climate of that region is rough and fierce; and the lake winds have a malice sharper than the saltiest gales of the North Shore of Massachusetts. I know that there were lovely summers and lovelier autumns in my time there, full of sunsets of a strange, wild, melancholy splendor, I suppose from some atmospheric influence of the lake; but I think chiefly of the winters,

so awful to us after the mild seasons of southern Ohio; the frosts of ten and twenty below; the village streets and the country roads drowned in snow, the consumptives in the thin houses, and the "slipin'," as the sleighing was called, that lasted from December to April with hardly a break. At first our family was housed on a farm a little way out, because there was no tenement to be had in the village, and my father and I used to walk to and from the office together in the morning and evening. I had taught myself to read Spanish, in my passion for Don Quixote, and I was then, at the age of fifteen, preparing to write a life of Cervantes. This scheme occupied me a good deal in those bleak walks, and perhaps because my head was so hot with it, my feet were always very cold; but my father assured me



"Pecking at the type in his case. Like an old hen pecking up in flut." P. 548.

that they would get warm as soon as my boots froze. If I have never yet written that life of Cervantes, on the other hand I have never been quite able



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

"They liked to stand with their back to our stove, and challenge opinion concerning Holmes and Poe."—Page 548.

to make it clear to myself why my feet should have got warm when my boots froze.

III.

It may have been only a theory of his ; it may have been a joke. He had a great many theories and a great many jokes, and together these always kept life interesting and sunshiny to him. With his serene temperament and his happy doubt of disaster in any form, he was singularly well fitted to encounter the hardships of a country editor's lot. But for the moment, and for what now seems a long time after the removal of our paper to the county-seat, these seemed to have vanished. The printing-office was the centre of civic and social interest ; it was frequented by visitors at all times, and on publication-day it was a scene of gayety that looks a little incredible in the retrospect. The place was as bare and rude as a printing-office seems always to be : the walls were splotted with ink and the floor littered with refuse newspapers ; but lured by the novelty of the affair, and perhaps attracted by a natural curiosity to see what manner of strange men the printers were, the school-girls and young ladies of the village flocked in, and made it like a scene of comic opera, with their pretty dresses and faces, their eager chatter, and lively energy in folding the papers and addressing them to the subscribers, while our fellow-citizens of the place, like the bassos and baritones and tenors of the chorus, stood about and looked on with faintly sarcastic faces. It would not do to think now of what sorrow life and death have since wrought for all those happy young creatures, but I may recall without too much pathos the sensation when some citizen volunteer relaxed from his gravity far enough to relieve the regular mercenary at the crank of our huge power-press wheel, amid the applause of the whole company.

We were very vain of that press, which replaced the hand-press hitherto employed in printing the paper. This was of the style and make of the hand-press which superseded the Ramage press of Franklin's time ; but it had been

decided to signalize our new departure by the purchase of a power-press of modern contrivance, and of a speed fitted to meet the demands of a subscription list which might be indefinitely extended. A deputation of the leading politicians accompanied the editor to New York, where he went to choose the machine, and where he bought a second-hand Adams press of the earliest pattern and patent. I do not know, or at this date I would not undertake to say, just what principle governed his selection of this superannuated veteran ; it seems not to have been very cheap ; but possibly he had a prescience of the disabilities which were to task his ingenuity to the very last days of that press. Certainly no man of less gift and skill could have coped with its infirmities, and I am sure that he thoroughly enjoyed nursing it into such activity as carried it hysterically through those far-off publication days. It had obscure functional disorders of various kinds, so that it would from time to time cease to act, and would have to be doctored by the hour before it would go on. There was probably some organic trouble, too, for though it did not really fall to pieces on our hands, it showed itself incapable of profiting by several improvements which he invented, and could, no doubt, have successfully applied to the press if its constitution had not been undermined. It went with a crank set in a prodigious fly-wheel, which revolved at a great rate, till it came to the moment of making the impression, when the whole mechanism was seized with such a reluctance as nothing but an heroic effort at the crank could overcome. It finally made so great a draft upon our forces that it was decided to substitute steam for muscle in its operation, and we got a small engine, which could fully sympathize with the press in having seen better days. I do not know that there was anything the matter with the engine itself, but the boiler had some peculiarities which might well mystify the casual spectator. He could easily have satisfied himself that there was no danger of its blowing up, when he saw my brother feeding bran or corn-meal into its safety-valve, in order to fill up certain seams or fissures in it, which

caused it to give out at the moments of the greatest reluctance in the press. But still, he must have had his misgivings of latent danger of some other kind, though nothing ever actually happened of a hurtful character. To this day, I do not know just where those seams or fissures were, but I think they were in the boiler-head, and that it was therefore suffering from a kind of chronic fracture of the skull. What is certain is that, somehow, the engine and the press did always get us through publication day, and not only with safety but often with credit; so that not long ago, when I was at home, and my brother and I were looking over an old file of his paper, we found it much better printed than either of us expected; as well printed, in fact, as if it had been done on an old hand-press, instead of the steam-power press which it vaunted the use of. The wonder was that, under all the disadvantages, the paper was ever printed on our steam-power press at all; it was little short of miraculous that it was legibly printed, and altogether unaccountable that such impressions as we found in that file could come from it. Of course, they were not average impressions; they were the very best out of the whole edition, and were as creditable as the editorial make-up of the sheet.

IV.

On the first page was a poem, which I suppose I must have selected, and then a story, filling all the rest of the page, which my brother more probably chose; for he had a decided fancy in fiction, and had a scrap-book of inexhaustible riches, which he could draw upon indefinitely for old personal or family favorites. The next page was filled with selections of various kinds, and with original matter interesting to farmers. Then came a page of advertisements, and then the editorial page, where my father had given his opinions of the political questions which interested him, and which he thought it the duty of the country press to discuss, with sometimes essays in the field of religion and morals. There was a letter of two columns from

Washington, contributed every week by the congressman who represented our district; and there was a letter from New York, written by a young lady of the county who was studying art under a master of portraiture then flourishing in the metropolis; if that is not stating it too largely for the renown of Thomas Hicks, as we see it in a vanishing perspective. The rest of this page, as well as the greater part of the next, was filled with general news, clipped from the daily papers, and partly condensed from them. There was also such local intelligence as offered itself, and communications on the affairs of village and county; but the editor did not welcome tidings of new barns and abnormal vegetation, or flatter hens to lay eggs of unusual size or with unusual frequency by undue public notice. All that order of minute neighborhood gossip which now makes the country paper a sort of open letter, was then unknown. He published marriages and deaths, and such obituary notices as the sorrowing fondness of friends prompted them to send him; and he introduced the custom of publishing births, after the English fashion, which the people took to kindly.

We had an ambition, even so remotely as that day, in the direction of the illustration which has since so flourished in the newspapers. Till then we had never gone farther in the art than to print a jubilant raccoon over the news of some Whig victory, or what was to the same purpose, an inverted cockerel in mockery of the beaten Democrats; but now we rose to the notion of illustrated journalism. We published a story with a woodcut in it, and we watched to see how that cut came out all through the edition with a pride that was perhaps too exhaustive; at any rate, we never tried another.

Of course, much of the political writing in the paper was controversial, and was carried on with editors of other opinions elsewhere in the county, for we had no rival in our own village. In this, which has always been the vice of American journalism, the country press was then fully as provincial as the great metropolitan journals are now. These may be more pitilessly personal in the conduct of their political discussions, and

a little more skilled in obloquy and insult; but the bickering went on in the country papers quite as idly and foolishly. I fancy nobody really cared for our quarrels, and that those who followed them were disgusted when they were more than merely wearied.

The space given to them might better have been given even to original poetry. This was sometimes accepted, but was not invited; though our sixth page commonly began with a copy of verse of some kind. Then came more prose selections, but never at any time accounts of murder or violent crimes, which the editor abominated in themselves and believed thoroughly corrupting. Advertisements of various kinds filled out the sheet, which was simple and quiet in typography, wholly without the handbill display which now renders nearly all newspapers repulsive to the eye. I am rather proud, in my quality of printer, that this was a style which I established; and we maintained it against all advertisers, who then as now wished to outshriek one another in large types and ugly woodcuts.

It was by no means easy to hold a firm hand with the "live business men" of our village and county, who came out twice a year with the spring and fall announcements of their fresh stocks of goods, which they had personally visited New York to lay in; but one of the moral advantages of an enterprise so modest as ours was that the counting-room and the editorial-room were united under the same head, and this head was the editor's. After all, I think we lost nothing by the bold stand we made in behalf of good taste, and at any rate we risked it when we had not the courage to cut off our delinquent subscribers.

We had business advertising from all the villages in the county, for the paper had a large circle of readers in each, and a certain authority, in virtue of representing the county seat. But a great deal of our advertising was of patent medicines, as the advertising still is in the country papers. It was very profitable, and so was the legal advertising, when we could get the money for it. The money had to come by order of court, and about half the time the order of court failed to include the costs

of advertising. Then we did not get it, and we never got it, though we were always glad to get the legal advertising on the chance of getting the pay. It was not official, but was made up of the lawyers' notices to defendants of the suits brought against them. If it had all been paid for, I am not sure that we should now be in a position to complain of the ingratitude of the working-classes, or prepared to discuss, from a vantage of personal experience, the duty of vast wealth to the community; but still we should have been better off for that money, as well as the money we lost by a large and loyal list of delinquent subscribers. From time to time there were stirring appeals to these adherents in the editorial columns, which did not stir them, and again the most flattering offers to take any kind of produce in payment of subscription. Sometimes my brother boldly tracked the delinquents to their lairs. In most cases I fancy they escaped whatever arts he used to take them; many died peacefully in their beds afterward, and their debts follow them to this day. Still, he must now and then have got money from them, and I am sure he did get different kinds of "trade." Once, I remember, he brought back in the tail of his wagon a young pig, a pig so very young that my father pronounced it "merely an organization." Whether it had been wrought to frenzy or not by the strange experiences of its journey, I cannot say, but as soon as it was set down on the ground it began to run madly, and it kept on running till it fell down and perished miserably. It had been taken for a year's subscription, and it was quite as if we had lost a delinquent subscriber.

V.

UPON the whole, our paper was an attempt at conscientious and self-respectful journalism; it addressed itself seriously to the minds of its readers; it sought to form their tastes and opinions. I do not know how much it influenced them, if it influenced them at all, and as to any effect beyond the circle of its subscribers, that cannot be imagined, even in a fond retrospect. But since no good effort is altogether

lost, I am sure that this endeavor must have had some tacit effect; and I am very sure that no one got harm from a sincerity of conviction that devoted itself to the highest interest of the reader, that appealed to nothing base, and flattered nothing foolish in him. It went from our home to the homes of the people in a very literal sense, for my father usually brought his exchanges from the office at the end of his day there, and made his selections or wrote his editorials while the household work went on around him, and his children gathered about the same lamp, with their books or their jokes; there were apt to be a good many of both.

Our county was the most characteristic of that remarkable group of counties in northern Ohio, called the Western Reserve, and forty years ago the population was almost purely New England in origin, either by direct settlement from Connecticut, or indirectly after the sojourn of a generation in New York State. We were ourselves from southern Ohio, where the life was then strongly tinged by the adjoining life of Kentucky and Virginia, and we found these transplanted Yankees cold and blunt in their manners; but we did not undervalue their virtues. They formed in that day a leaven of right thinking and feeling which was to leaven the whole lump of the otherwise proslavery or indifferent State; and I suppose that outside of the antislavery circles of Boston, there was nowhere in the country a population so resolute and so intelligent in its political opinions. They were very radical in every way, and hospitable to novelty of all kinds. I imagine that they tested more new religions and new patents than have been even heard of in less inquiring communities. When we came among them they had lately been swept by the fires of spiritualism, which had left behind a great deal of smoke and ashes where the inherited New England orthodoxy had been. A belief in the saving efficacy of spirit phenomena still exists among them, but not, I fancy, at all in the former measure, when nearly every household had its medium, and the tables that tipped outnumbered the tables that did not tip. The old New York

Tribune, which was circulated in the county almost as widely as our own paper, had deeply schooled the people in the economics of Horace Greeley, and they were ready for any sort of millenium, religious or industrial, that should arrive, while they looked very wisely after the main chance in the meantime. They were temperate, hard-working, hard thinking folks, who dwelt on their scattered farms, and came up to the County Fair once a year, when they were apt to visit the printing-office and pay for their papers. In spite of the English superstition to the contrary, the average American is not very curious, if one may judge from his reticence in the presence of things strange enough to excite question; and if our craft surprised these witnesses they rarely confessed it.

They thought it droll, as people of the simpler occupations are apt to think all the more complex arts, and one of them once went so far in expression of his humorous conception as to say, after a long stare at one of the compositors dodging and pecking at the type in his case, "Like an old hen pickin' up millet." This sort of silence, and this sort of comment, both exasperated the printers, who took their revenge as they could. They fed it full, once, when a country subscriber's horse, tied before the office, crossed his hind legs and sat down in his harness like a tired man, and they proposed to go out and offer him a chair, to take him a glass of water, and ask him to come inside. But fate did not often give them such innings; they mostly had to create their chances of reprisal, but they did not mind that.

There was always a good deal of talk going on, but although we were very ardent politicians, the talk was not political. When it was not mere banter, it was mostly literary; we disputed about authors among ourselves, and with the village wits who dropped in. There were several of these who were readers, and they liked to stand with their backs to our stove, and challenge opinion concerning Holmes and Poe, Irving and Macaulay, Pope and Byron, Dickens and Shakespeare.

It was Shakespeare who was oftenest on our tongues; indeed, the printing-

office of former days had so much affinity with the theatre, that compositors and comedians were easily convertible; and I have seen our printers engaged in hand-to-hand combats with column-rules, two up and two down, quite like the real bouts on the stage. Religion entered a good deal into our discussions, which my father, the most tolerant of men, would not suffer to become irreverent, even on the lips of law-students bathing themselves in the fiery spirit of Tom Paine. He was willing to meet anyone in debate of moral, religious, or political questions, and the wildest-haired Comeouter, the most ruthless sceptic, the most credulous spiritualist, found him ready to take them seriously, even when it was hard not to take them in joke.

It was part of his duty, as publisher of the paper, to bear patiently with another kind of frequenter: the type of farmer who thought he wished to discontinue his paper, and really wished to be talked into continuing it. I think he rather enjoyed letting the subscriber talk himself out, and carrying him from point to point in his argument, always consenting that he knew best what he wanted to do, but skilfully persuading him at last that a home-paper was more suited to his needs than any city substitute. Once I could have given the heads of his reasoning, but they are gone from me now. The editor was especially interested in the farming of the region, and I think it was partly owing to the attention he called to the question that its character was so largely changed. It is still a dairy country, but now it exports grain, and formerly the farmers had to buy their flour.

He did not neglect any real local interest in his purpose of keeping his readers alive to matters of more general importance, but he was fortunate in addressing himself to people who cared for the larger, if remoter, themes he loved. In fact, as long as slavery remained a question in our politics, they had a seriousness and dignity which the present generation can hardly imagine; and men of all callings felt themselves uplifted by the appeal this question made to their reason and conscience. My father constantly taught in his paper that if slavery could be kept out of the

territories it would perish, and, as I have said, this was the belief of the vast majority of his readers. They were more or less fervid in it, according to their personal temperaments; some of them were fierce in their convictions, and some humorous, but they were all in earnest. The editor sympathized more with those who took the true faith gayly. All were agreed that the Fugitive Slave Law was to be violated at any risk; it would not have been possible to take an escaping slave out of that country without bloodshed, but the people would have enjoyed outwitting his captors more than destroying them. Even in the great John Brown times, when it was known that there was a deposit of his impracticable pikes somewhere in our woods, and he and his followers came and went among us on some mysterious business of insurrectionary aim, the affair had its droll aspects which none appreciated more keenly than the Quaker-born editor. With his cheerful scepticism, he could never have believed that any harm or danger would come of it all; and I think he would have been hardly surprised to wake up any morning and find that slavery had died suddenly during the night, of its own iniquity.

He was like all country editors then, and I dare say now, in being a printer as well as an editor, and he took a full share in the mechanical labors. These were formerly much more burdensome, for twice or three times the composition was then done in the country offices. At the present day the country printer buys of a city agency his paper already printed on one side, and he gets it for the cost of the blank paper, the agency finding its account in the advertisements it puts in. Besides this patent inside, as it is called, the printer buys stereotyped selections of other agencies, which offer him almost as wide a range of matter as the exchange newspapers he used to choose from. The few columns left for local gossip and general news, and for whatever editorial comment he cares to make on passing events, can be easily filled up by two compositors. But in my time we had three journeymen at work and two or three girl-compositors, and commonly a boy-apprentice besides. The paper was richer in a personal qual-

ity, and the printing-office was unquestionably more of a school. After we began to take girl-apprentices it became coeducative, as far as they cared to profit by it; but I think it did not serve to widen their thoughts or quicken their wits as it did those of the men. They looked to their craft as a living, not as a life, and they had no pride in it. They did not learn the whole trade, as the journeymen had done, and served only such a brief apprenticeship as fitted them to set type. They were then paid by the thousand ems, and their earnings were usually as great at the end of a month as at the end of a year. But the boy who came up from his father's farm, with the wish to be a printer because Franklin had been one, and with the intent of making the office his university, began by sweeping it out, by hewing wood and carrying water for it. He became a roller-boy, and served long behind the press before he was promoted to the case, where he learned slowly and painfully to set type. His wage was forty dollars a year and two suits of clothes, for three years, when his apprenticeship ended, and his wander-years (too often literally) began. He was glad of being inky and stained with the marks of his trade; he wore a four-cornered paper cap, in the earlier stages of his service, and even an apron. When he became a journeyman, he clothed himself in black doeskin and broadcloth, and put on a silk hat, and the thinnest-soled fine boots that could be found, and comported himself as much like a man of the world as he knew how to do. His work brought him acquainted with a vast variety of interests, and kept his mind as well as hands employed; he could not help thinking about them, and he did not fail to talk about them. His comments had generally a slightly acid flavor, and his constant survey of the world, in the "map of busy life" always under his eye, bred in him the contempt of familiarity. He was none the less agreeable for that, and the jokes that flew about from case to case in our office were something the editor would have been the last man to interfere with. He read or wrote on through them all, and now and then turned from his papers to join in them.

VI.

THE journeyman of that time and place was much better than the printer whom we had known earlier and in a more lax civilization, who was too apt to be sober only when he had not the means to be otherwise, and who arrived out of the unknown with nothing in his pocket, and departed into it with only money enough to carry him to the next printing-office. If we had no work for him it was the custom to take up a collection in the office, and he accepted it as a usage of the craft, without loss of self-respect. It could happen that his often infirmity would overtake him before he got out of town, but in this case he did not return for a second collection; I suppose that would not have been good form. Now and then a printer of this earlier sort appeared among us for a little time, but the air of the Western Reserve was somehow unfriendly to him, and he soon left us for the kindlier clime of the Ohio River, or for the more southerly region which we were ourselves sometimes so homesick for, and which his soft, rolling accent so pleasantly reminded us of. Still, there seemed to be something about the business—perhaps the arsenic in the type-metal—which everywhere infected the morals with a sort of paresis, as it was said sometimes to affect the nerves.

There was one of our printers who was a capital compositor, a most engaging companion, and of unimpeachable Western Reserve lineage, who would work along in apparent perpetuity on the line of duty, and then suddenly deflect from it. If he wanted a day off, or several days, he would take the time, without notice, and with a princely indifference to any exigency we might be in. He came back when he chose, and offered to go to work again, and I do not remember that he was ever refused. He was never in drink; his behavior was the effect of some obscure principle of conduct, unless it was that moral contagion from the material he wrought in.

I do not know that he was more characteristic, though, than another printer of ours, who was dear to my soul from the quaintness of his humor and his love of literature. I think he was, upon

the whole, the most original spirit I have known, and it was not the least part of his originality that he was then aiming to become a professor in some college, and was diligently training himself for the calling in all the leisure he could get from his work. The usual thing would have been to read law and crowd forward in political life, but my friend despised this common ideal. We were both studying Latin, he quite by himself, as he studied Greek and German, and I with such help as I could find in reciting to a kindly old minister, who had forgotten most of his own Latin, and whom I do not now wish to blame for falling asleep over the lessons in my presence; I did not know them well enough to keep him up to the work. My friend and I read the language, he more and I less, and we tried to speak it together, to give ourselves consequence, and to have the pleasure of saying before some people's faces what we should otherwise have said behind their backs; I should not now undertake to speak Latin to achieve either of these aims. Besides this, we read a great deal together, mainly Shakespeare and Cervantes. I had a task of a certain number of thousand ems a day, and when I had finished that I was free to do what I liked; he would stop work at the same time, and then we would take our Don Quixote into some clean, sweet beech-woods there were near the village, and laugh our hearts out over it. I can see my friend's strange face now, very regular, very fine, and smooth as a girl's, with quaint blue eyes, shut long, long ago, to this *dolce lome*; and some day I should like to tell all about him; but this is not the place. When the war broke out he left the position he had got by that time in some college or academy farther West, and went into the army. One morning, in Louisiana, he was killed by a guerilla who got a shot at him when he was a little way from his company, and who was probably proud of picking off the Yankee captain. But as yet such a fate was unimaginable. He was the first friend of my youth; he was older than I by five or six years; but we met in an equality of ambition and purpose, though he was rather more inclined to the severity of

the scholar's ideal, and I hoped to slip through somehow with a mere literary use of my learning.

VII.

As I have tried to say, the printers of that day had nearly all some affinity with literature, if not some love of it; it was in a sort always at their fingers' ends, and they must have got some touch of it whether they would or not. They thought their trade a poor one, moneywise, but they were fond of it and they did not often forsake it. Their hope was somehow to get hold of a country paper and become editors and publishers; and my friend and I, when he was twenty-four and I eighteen, once crossed over into Pennsylvania, where we had heard there was a paper for sale; but we had not the courage to offer even promises to pay for it. The craft had a repute for insolvency which it merited, and it was at odds with the community at large by reason of something not immediately intelligible in it or at least not classifiable. I remember that when I began to write a certain story of mine, I told Mark Twain, who was once a printer, that I was going to make the hero a printer, and he said, "Better not. People will not understand him. Printing is something every village has in it, but it is always a sort of mystery, and the reader does not like to be perplexed by something that he thinks he knows about." This seemed very acute and just, though I made my hero a printer all the same, and I offer it to the public as a light on the anomalous relation the country printer bears to his fellow-citizens. They see him following his strange calling among them, but to neither wealth nor worship, and they cannot understand why he does not take up something else, something respectable and remunerative; they feel that there must be something weak, something wrong in a man who is willing to wear his life out in a vocation which keeps him poor and dependent on the favor they grudge him. It is like the relation which all the arts bear to the world, and which is peculiarly thankless in a purely commercial civilization like

ours; though I cannot pretend that printing is an art in the highest sense. I have heard old journeymen claim that it was a profession and ought to rank with the learned professions, but I am afraid that was from too fond a pride in it. It is in one sort a handicraft, like any other, like carpentering or stone-cutting; but it has its artistic delight, as every handicraft has. There is the ideal in all work; and I have had moments of insurpassable gladness in feeling that I had come near the ideal in what I had done in my trade. This joy is the right of every worker, and in so far as modern methods have taken it from him they have wronged him. I can understand Ruskin in his wish to restore it to some of the handicrafts which have lost it in the "base mechanical" operations of the great manufactories, where men spend their lives in making one thing, or one part of a thing, and cannot follow their work constructively. If that were to be the end, the operative would forever lose the delight in work which is the best thing in the world. But I hope this is not to be the end, and that when people like again to make things for use and not merely for profit, the workman will have again the reward that is more than wages.

I know that in the old-fashioned country printing-office we had this, and we enjoyed our trade as the decorative art it also is. Questions of taste constantly arose in the arrangement of a title-page, the display of a placard or a handbill, the use of this type or that. They did not go far, these questions, but they employed the critical faculty and the æsthetic instinct, and they allied us, however slightly and unconsciously, with the creators of the beautiful.

But now, it must be confessed, printing has shared the fate of all other handicrafts. Thanks to united labor, it is better paid in each of its subdivisions than it once was as a whole. In my time, the hire of a first-rate country printer, who usually worked by the week, was a dollar a day; but of course this was not so little in 1852 as it would be in 1892. My childish remembrance is of the journeymen working two hours after supper, every night, so as to make out a day of twelve hours; but at the

time I write of the day of ten hours was the law and the rule, and nobody worked longer, except when the President's message was to be put in type, or on some other august occasion.

The pay is not only increased in proportion to the cost of living, but it is really greater, and the conditions are all very much better. But I believe no apprentice now learns the whole trade, and each of our printers, forty years ago, would have known how to do everything in the kind of office he hoped some day to own. He would have had to make a good many things which the printer now buys, and first among them the rollers, which are used for inking the types on the press. These were of a composition of glue and molasses, and were of an india-rubbery elasticity and consistency, as long as they were in good condition. But with use and time, they became hard, the ink smeared on them, and they failed to impart it evenly to the type; they had to be thrown away, or melted over again. This was done on the office stove, in a large bucket which they were cut up into, with fresh glue and molasses added. It seems in the retrospect to have been rather a simple affair, and I do not now see why casting a roller should have involved so much absolute failure, and rarely have given a satisfactory result. The mould was a large copper cylinder, and the wooden core of the roller was fixed in place by an iron cap and foot-piece. The mixture boiled away, as it now seems to me, for days, and far into the sleepy nights, when as a child I was proud of sitting up with it very late. Then at some weird hour, my father or my brother poured it into the mould, and we went home and left the rest with fate. The next morning the whole office crowded round to see the roller drawn from the mould, and it usually came out with such long hollows and gaps in its sides that it had to be cut up at once, and melted over again. At present, all rollers are bought somewhere in New York or Chicago, I believe, and a printer would no more think of making a roller than of making any other part of his press. "And you know," said my brother, who told me of this change, "we don't wet the paper now." "Good heavens," said I, "you don't print



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

"Then we would take our Don Quixote into some clean, sweet beech woods, there were near the village."—Page 551.

it dry!" "Yes, and it doesn't blur any more than if it were wet." I suppose wetting the paper was a usage that antedated the invention of movable types. It used to be drawn quire by quire, through a vat of clear water, and then the night before publication day, it was turned and sprinkled. Now it was printed dry, I felt as if it were time to class Benjamin Franklin with the sun-myths.

VIII.

PUBLICATION day was always a time of great excitement. We were busy all the morning getting the last editorials and the latest news in type, and when the paper went to press in the afternoon, the entire force was drafted to the work of helping the engine and the press through their various disabilities and reluctances. Several hands were needed to run the press, even when it was in a willing frame; others folded the papers as they came from it; as many more were called off from their wonted work to address them to the subscribers; for, with the well-known fickleness of their sex, the young ladies of the village ceased

copy; the villagers began to come about the hour we went to press, the neighboring farmers called next day, and throughout the week. Nearly everybody who witnessed the throes of our machinery had advice or sympathy to offer, and in a place where many people were of a mechanical turn, the spectacular failure of the editor's additions and improvements was naturally a source of public entertainment; perhaps others got as much pleasure out of his inventions as he did.

Of course, about election time the excitement was intensified; we had no railroad or telegraphic communication with the outer world, but it was felt that we somehow had the news, and it was known that we had the latest papers from Cleveland, and that our sheet would report the intelligence from them. After all, however, there was nothing very burning or seething in the eagerness of our subscribers. They could wait; their knowledge of the event would not change it, or add or take away one vote either way. I dare say it is not so very different now, when the railroad and the telegraph have made the little place simultaneous with New York and London.

We people who fret our lives out in cities, do not know how tranquil life in the country still is. We talk of the whirl and rush, as if it went on everywhere, but if you will leave the express train anywhere and pass five miles into the country, away from the great through lines, you will not find the whirl and rush. People sometimes go mad there from the dulness and the ennui, as in the cities they sometimes go mad from the stress and the struggle; and the problem of equalizing conditions has no phase more interesting than that of getting the good of the city and the



"So fully persuading him at last that a home paper was more suited to his needs."—Page 549.

to do this as soon as the novelty of the affair wore off. Still, the office was always rather a lively scene, for the paper was not delivered at the village houses, and each subscriber came and got his

country out of the one into the other. The old-fashioned country newspaper formed almost the sole intellectual experience of the remote and quiet folks who dwelt in their lonely farmsteads

on the borders of the woods, with few neighbors, and infrequent visits to the township centre, where the church, a store or two, and a tavern constituted a

But by far the greater number of our subscribers took no paper but our own. I do not know whether there is much more reading done now on the farms,



"We . . . let's see what old Horace says this week."

village. They got it out of the post-office there once a week, and read it in the scanty leisure left them by their farm-work, or their household drudgery, and I dare say they found it interesting. There were some men in every neighborhood, tonguier than the rest, who, when they called on us, seemed to have got it by heart, and who were ready to defend or combat its positions with all comers; this sort usually took some other paper, too, an agricultural paper, or the *New York Tribune*, as they called it; or the weekly edition of a Cleveland journal; it was generally believed that Horace Greeley wrote everything in the *Tribune*, and when a country subscriber unfolded his *Tribune*, he said, with comfortable expectation, "Well, let's see what old Horace says *this week*."

but I doubt it. In the villages, however, the circulation of the nearest city dailies is pretty general, and there is a large sale of the Sunday editions. I am not sure that this is an advantage, but in the undeniable decay of interest in the local preaching, some sort of mental relish for the only day of leisure is necessary. It is not so much a pity that they read the Sunday papers, as that the Sunday papers are so bad. If they were carefully and conscientiously made up, they could be of great use; they wait their reformer, and they do not seem impatient for him.

In the old time, we printers were rather more in touch with the world outside on the journalistic lines than most of our fellow-villagers, but otherwise we were as remote as any of them,

and the weekly issue of the paper had not often anything tumultuously exciting for us. The greatest event of our year was the publication of the Presi-

put to press at once, without regard to the usual publication day; and the community was as nearly electrified as could be with our journalistic enter-

prise, which was more important in our eyes than the matters the message treated of.

There is no longer the eager popular expectation of the President's Message that there once seemed to be; and I think it is something of a loss, that ebb of the high tide of political feeling which began with the era of our immense material prosperity. It was a feeling that formed a solidarity of all the citizens, and if it was not always, or often, the highest interest which can unite men, it was at least not that deadly and selfish cult of business, which centres each of us in his own affairs and kills even our curiosity about others. Very like-

ly people were less bent



"Now and then a printer of this earlier type appeared among us for a little time." Page 550.

dent's Message, which was a thrill in my childish life long before I had any conception of its meaning. I fancy that the patent inside, now so universally used by the country papers, originated in the custom which the printers within easy reach of a large city had of supplying themselves with an edition of the President's Message, to be folded into their own sheet, when they did not print their outside on the back of it. There was always a hot rivalry between the local papers in getting out the Message, whether it was bought ready printed, or whether it was set up in the office and printed in the body of the paper. We had no local rival, but all the same we made haste when it was a question of the Message. The printers filled their cases with type, ready for the early copy of the Message, which the editor used every device to secure; when it was once in hand they worked day and night till it was all up, and then the paper was

on the pursuit of wealth in those days, because there was less chance then to grow rich, but the fact remains that they were less bent in that direction, and that they gave their minds to other things more than they do now. I think those other things were larger things, and that our civic type was once nobler than it is. It was before the period of corruption, when it was not yet fully known that dollars can do the work of votes, when the votes as yet rather outnumbered the dollars, and more of us had the one than had the other. The great statesman, not the great millionaire, was then the American ideal, and all about in the villages and on the farms the people were eager to know what the President had said to Congress. They are not eager to know now, and that seems rather a pity. Is it because in the war that destroyed slavery, the American Democracy died, and by operation of the same fatal anomaly the American Plutocracy, which Lincoln foreboded, was

born; and the people instinctively feel that they have no longer the old interest in President or Congress?

There are those that say so, and whether they are right or not, it is certain that into the great centres where money is heaped up, the life of the country is drained, and the country press has suffered with the other local interests. The railroads penetrate everywhere, and carry the city papers seven times a week, where the home paper pays its tardy visit once, with a patent inside imported from the nearest

ents of the invasive dailies. Other causes have worked against the country press. In counties where there were once two or three papers, there are now eight or ten, without a material increase of population to draw upon for support. The county printing, which the paper of the dominant party could reckon upon, is now shared with other papers of the same politics, and the amateur printing-offices belonging to ingenious boys in every neighborhood get much of the small job-work which once came to the publisher.



"Then at some weird hour my father or my brother poured it into the mould"—Page 552.

money-centre, and its few columns of neighborhood gossip, too inconsiderable to be gathered up by the correspond-

It is useless to quarrel with the course of events, for which no one is more to blame than another, though human nat-

ure loves a scapegoat, and from time to time we load up some individual with the common sins, and drive him into a wilderness where he seems rather to enjoy himself than otherwise. I suppose that even if the conditions had continued favorable, the country press could never have become the influence which our editor fondly hoped and earnestly strove to make it. Like all of us who work at all, the country printer had to work too hard; and he had little time to think or to tell how to make life better and truer in any sort. His paper had once perhaps as much influence as the country pulpit; its support was certainly of the same scanty and reluc-

tant sort, without consecration by an avowed self-devotion. He was concerned with the main chance first, and after that there was often no other chance, or he lost sight of it. I should not instance him as an exemplary man, and I should be very far from idealizing him; I should not like even to undertake the task of idealizing a city journalist; and yet, in the retrospect at least, the country printer has his pathos for me—the pathos of a man who began to follow a thankless calling because he loved it, and kept on at it because he loved it, or else because its service had warped and cramped him out of form to follow any other.

EARLY IN THE SPRING.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Light foot and tight foot
 And green grass spread:
 Early in the morning—
 But hope is on ahead.

Stout foot and proud foot
 And gray dust spread:
 Early in the evening,
 And hope lies dead.

Long life and short life—
 The last word said—
 Early in the evening,
 There lies the bed.

Brief day and bright day
 And sunset red,
 Early in the evening
 The stars are overhead.

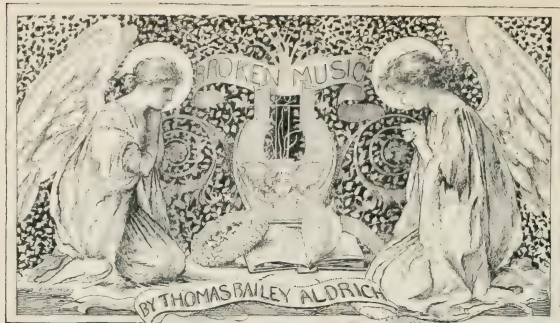


DRAWN BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON

ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT

THE PARTING GUEST

[Contributed by the artist to the Exhibition Number of Scribner's Magazine.]



A note
All out of tune in this world's instrument.—AMY LEVY.

I know not in what fashion she was made,
Nor what her voice was, when she used to speak,
Nor if the silken lashes threw a shade
On wan or rosy cheek.

I picture her with sorrowful vague eyes
Illumed with such strange gleams of inner light
As linger in the drift of London skies
Ere twilight turns to night.

I know not; I conjecture. 'Twas a girl
That with her own most gentle desperate hand
From out God's mystic setting plucked life's pearl—
'Tis hard to understand.

So precious life is! Even to the old
The hours are as a miser's coins, and she—
Within her hands lay youth's unminted gold
And all felicity.

The winged impetuous spirit, the white flame
That was her soul once, whither has it flown?
Above her brow gray lichens blot her name
Upon the carven stone.

This is her Book of Verses—wren-like notes,
Shy franknesses, blind gropings, haunting fears:
At times across the chords abruptly floats
A mist of passionate tears.

A fragile lyre too tensely keyed and strung,
A broken music, weirdly incomplete:
Here a proud mind, self-baffled and self-stung,
Lies coiled in dark defeat.



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES

THE MILLINER'S BILL

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME

[Contributed by the Artist to the Exhibition Number of Scribner's Magazine.]

THE REFORMATION OF JAMES REDDY.

By Bret Harte.



T was a freshly furrowed field, so large that the eye at first scarcely took in its magnitude. The irregular surface of upturned, oily, wave-shaped clods took the appearance of a vast,

black, chopping sea, that reached from the actual shore of San Francisco Bay to the low hills of the Coast Range. The sea-breeze that blew chilly over this bleak expanse added to that fancy, and the line of straggling whitewashed farm buildings, that half-way across lifted themselves above it, seemed to be placed on an island in its midst. Even the one or two huge, misshapen agricultural machines, abandoned in the furrows, bore an odd resemblance to hulks or barges adrift upon its waste.

This marine suggestion was equally noticeable from the door of one of the farm buildings—a long, detached wooden shed—into which a number of farm laborers were slowly filing, although one man was apparently enough impressed by it to linger and gaze over that rigid sea. Except in their rough dress and the labor-stains of soil on their hands and faces, they represented no particular type or class. They were young and old, robust and delicate, dull and intelligent; kept together only by some philosophical, careless, or humorous acceptance of equally enforced circumstance in their labors, as convicts might have been. For they had been picked up on the streets and wharves of San Francisco—discharged sailors, broken-down miners, helpless new-comers, unemployed professional men, and ruined traders—to assist in ploughing and planting certain broad leagues of rich alluvial soil for a speculative Joint Stock Company, at a weekly wage that would have made an European peasant independent for half a year. Yet there was no enthusiasm in

their labor, although it was seldom marked by absolute laziness or evasion, and was more often hindered by ill-regulated "spurts" and excessive effort, as if the laborer was anxious to get through with it; for in the few confidences they exchanged there was little allusion to the present, and they talked chiefly of what they were going to do when their work was over. They were gregarious only at their meals in one of the sheds, or when at night they sought their "bunks" or berths together in the larger building.

The man who had lingered to look at the dreary prospect had a somewhat gloomy, discontented face, whose sensitive lines indicated a certain susceptibility to such impressions. He was further distinguished by having also lingered longer with the washing of his hands and face in the battered tin basin on a stool beside the door, and by the circumstance that the operation revealed the fact that they were whiter than those of his companions. Drying his fingers slowly on the long roller-towel, he stood gazing with a kind of hard abstraction across the darkening field, the strip of faded colorless shore, and the chill, gray sea, to the dividing point of land on the opposite coast, which in the dying daylight was silhouetted against the cold horizon.

He knew that around that point and behind it lay the fierce, half-grown, half-tamed city of yesterday that had worked his ruin. It was scarcely a year ago that he had plunged into its wildest excesses—a reckless gambler among speculators, a hopeless speculator among gamblers—until the little fortune he had brought thither had been swept away.

From time to time he had kept up his failing spirit with the feverish exaltation of dissipation, until, awakening from a drunkard's dream one morning, he had found himself on board a steamboat crossing the bay in company with a gang of farm laborers with whom he

was hired. A bitter smile crossed his lips as his eyes hovered over the cold, rugged fields before him. Yet he knew that they had saved him. The unaccustomed manual labor in the open air, the regular hours, the silent, heavy, passionless nights, the plain but wholesome food, were all slowly restoring his youth and strength again. Temptation and passion had alike fled these unlovely fields and grim employment. Yet he was not grateful. He nursed his dreary convalescence as he had his previous dissipation, as part of a wrong done him by one for whose sake, he was wont to believe, he had sacrificed himself. That person was a woman.

Turning at last from the prospect and his bitter memories to join his companions, he found that they had all passed in. The benches before the long table on which supper was spread were already filled, and he stood in hesitation, looking down the line of silent and hungrily preoccupied men on either side. A young girl, who was standing near a smaller serving-table, apparently assisting an older woman in directing the operation of half a dozen Chinese waiters, moved forward and cleared a place for him at a side-table, pushing before it the only chair in the room—the one she had lately vacated. As she placed some of the dishes before him with a timid ostentation, and her large but well-shaped hands came suddenly in contact with, and in direct contrast to his own whiter and more delicate ones, she blushed faintly. He lifted his eyes to hers.

He had seen her half a dozen times before, for she was the daughter of the ranch superintendent, and occasionally assisted her mother in this culinary supervision—which did not, however, bring her into any familiar association with the men. Even the younger ones, perhaps from over-consciousness of their inferior position or the preoccupation of their labor, never indulged in any gallantry toward her, and he himself, in his revulsion of feeling against the whole sex, had scarcely noticed that she was good-looking. But this naïve exhibition of preference could not be overlooked, either by his companions, who smiled cynically across

the table, or by himself, from whose morbid fancy it struck an ignoble suggestion. Ah, well! the girl was pretty—the daughter of his employer, who rumor said owned a controlling share in the company; why should he not make this chance preference lead to something, if only to ameliorate, in ways like this, his despicable position here. He knew the value of his own good looks, his superior education, and a certain recklessness which women liked; why should he not profit by them as well as the one woman who had brought him to this? He owed her sex nothing; if those among them who were not bad were only fools, there was no reason why he should not deceive them as they had him. There was all this small audacity and cynical purpose in his brown eyes as he deliberately fixed them on hers. And I grieve to say that these abominable sentiments seemed only to impart to them a certain attractive brilliancy, and a determination which the undetermining sex is apt to admire.

She blushed again, dropped her eyes, replied to his significant thanks with a few indistinct words, and drew away from the table with a sudden timidity that was half confession.

She did not approach him again during the meal, but seemed to have taken a sudden interest in the efficiency of the waiters, generally, which she had not shown before. I do not know whether this was merely an effort at concealment, or an awakened recognition of her duty; but, after the fashion of her sex—and perhaps in contrast to his—she was kinder that evening to the average man on account of *him*. He did not, however, notice it; nor did her absence interfere with his now healthy appetite; he finished his meal, and only when he rose to take his hat from the peg above him, did he glance around the room. Their eyes met again. As he passed out, although it was dark, he put on his hat a little more smartly.

The air was clear and cold, but the outlines of the landscape had vanished. His companions, with the instinct of tired animals, were already making their way in knots of two or three, or

in silent file, across the intervening space between the building and their dormitory. A few had already lit their pipes and were walking leisurely, but the majority were hurrying from the chill sea-breeze to the warmth and comfort of the long, well-lit room, lined with blanketed berths, and set with plain wooden chairs and tables. The young man lingered for a moment on the wooden platform outside the dining-shed—partly to evade this only social gathering of his fellows as they retired for the night, and partly attracted by a strange fascination to the faint distant glow, beyond the point of land, which indicated the lights of San Francisco.

There was a slight rustle behind him! It was the young girl, who with a white woollen scarf thrown over her head and shoulders, had just left the room. She started when she saw him, and for an instant hesitated.

"You are going home, Miss Woodridge?" he said, pleasantly.

"Yes," she returned, in a faint, embarrassed voice. "I thought I'd run on ahead of Ma!"

"Will you allow me to accompany you?"

"It's only a step," she protested, indicating the light in the window of the superintendent's house—the most remote of the group of buildings, yet scarcely a quarter of a mile distant.

"But it's quite dark," he persisted, smilingly.

She stepped from the platform to the ground; he instantly followed and ranged himself at a little distance from her side. She protested still feebly against his "troubling himself," but in another moment they were walking on quietly together. Nevertheless, a few paces from the platform they came upon the upheaved clods of the fresh furrows, and their progress over them was slow and difficult.

"Shall I help you? Will you take my arm?" he said, politely.

"No, thank you, Mr. Reddy."

So! she knew his name! He tried to look into her eyes, but the woollen scarf hid her head. After all, there was nothing strange in her knowing him; she probably had the names of the men

before her in the dining-room, or on the books. After a pause he said:

"You quite startled me. One becomes such a mere working machine here, that one quite forgets one's own name. Especially with the prefix of 'Mr.'"

"And if it don't happen to be one's real name either," said the girl, with an odd, timid audacity.

He looked up quickly—more attracted by her manner than her words; more amused than angry.

"But Reddy happens to be my real name."

"Oh!"

"What made you think it was not?"

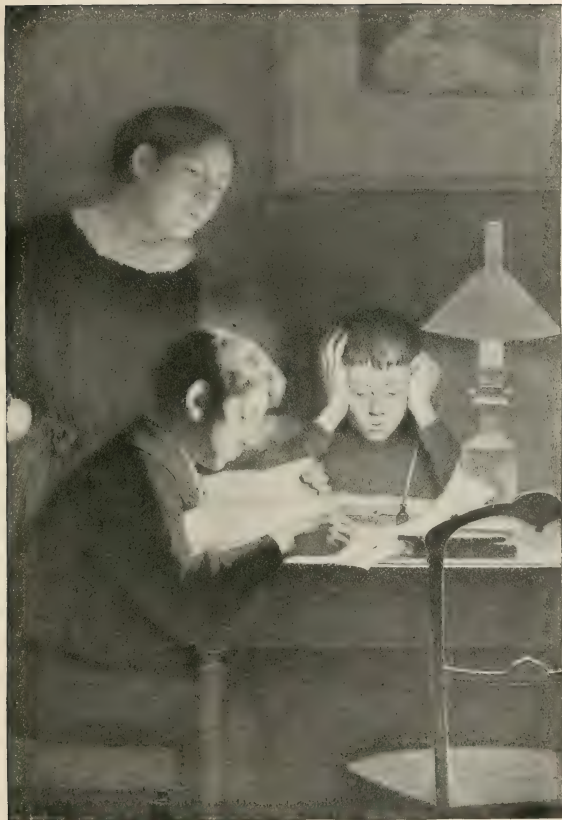
The clods over which they were clambering were so uneven that sometimes the young girl was mounting one at the same moment that Reddy was descending from another. Her reply, half muffled in her shawl, was delivered over his head. "Oh, because Pa says most of the men here don't give their real names—they don't care to be known afterward. Ashamed of their work, I reckon."

His face flushed a moment, even in the darkness. He *was* ashamed of his work, and perhaps a little of the pitiful sport he was beginning. But oddly enough, the aggressive criticism only whetted his purpose. The girl was evidently quite able to take care of herself; why should he be over-chivalrous?

"It isn't very pleasant to be doing the work of a horse, an ox, or a machine, if you can do other things," he said, half seriously.

"But you never used to do anything at all, did you?" she asked.

He hesitated. Here was a chance to give her an affecting history of his former exalted fortune and position, and perhaps even to stir her evidently romantic nature with some suggestion of his sacrifices to one of her own sex. Women liked that sort of thing. It aroused at once their emulation and their condemnation of each other. He seized the opportunity, but—for some reason, he knew not why—awkwardly and clumsily, with a simulated pathos that was lachrymose, a self-assertion that was boastful, and a dramatic man-



DRAWN BY BOUTET DE MONVEL

STUDY HOUR

[Contributed by the artist to the Exhibition Number of Scribner's Magazine]

ner that was unreal. Suddenly the girl stopped him.

"Yes, I know all *that*, Pa told me. Told me you'd been given away by some woman."

His face again flushed—this time with anger. The utter failure of his story to excite her interest, and her perfect possession of herself and the situation—so unlike her conduct a few moments before—made him savagely silent, and he clambered on sullenly at her side. Presently she stopped, balancing herself with a dexterity he could not imitate on one of the larger upheaved clods, and said :

"I was thinking that, as you can't do much with those hands of yours, digging and shovelling, and not much with your feet either, over ploughed ground, you might do some inside work, that would pay you better, too. You might help in the dining-room, setting table and washing up, helping Ma and me—though *I* don't do much except overseeing. I could show you what to do at first, and you'd learn quick enough. If you say 'yes,' I'll speak to Pa to-night. He'll do whatever I say."

The rage and shame that filled his breast choked even the bitter laugh that first rose to his lips. If he could have turned on his heel and left her with marked indignation, he would have done so, but they were scarcely half-way across the field; his stumbling retreat would have only appeared ridiculous, and he was by no means sure that she would not have looked upon it as merely a confession of his inability to keep up with her. And yet there was something peculiarly fascinating and tantalizing in the situation. She did not see the sardonic glitter in his eye as he said, brutally :

"Ha! and that would give me the exquisite pleasure of being near you."

She seemed a little confused, even under her enwrappings, and in stepping down her foot slipped. Reddy instantly scrambled up to her and caught her as she was pitching forward into the furrow. Yet in the struggle to keep his own foothold he was aware that she was assisting him, and although he had passed his arm around

her waist, as if for her better security, it was only through *her* firm grasp of his wrists that he regained his own



"Reddy went back to his work disappointed but not discomfited"—Page 570.

footing. The "cloud" had fallen back from her head and shoulders, her heavy hair had brushed his cheek and left its faint odor in his nostrils; the rounded outline of her figure had been slightly drawn against his own. His mean resentment wavered; her proposition, which at first seemed only insulting, now took a vague form of satisfaction; his ironical suggestion seemed a natural expression. "Well, I say 'yes,' then," he said, with an affected laugh. "That is, if you think I can manage to do the work; it is not exactly in my line, you know." Yet he somehow felt that his laugh was feeble and unconvincing.

"Oh, it's easy enough," said the girl, quietly. "You've only got to be clean—and that's in your line, I should say."

"And if I thought it would please you," he added, with another attempt at gallantry.

She did not reply, but moved steadily

on, he fancied a little more rapidly. They were nearing the house; he felt he was losing time and opportunity. The uneven nature of the ground kept him from walking immediately beside her, unless he held her hand or arm.

Yet an odd timidity was overtaking him. Surely this was the same girl whose consciousness and susceptibility were so apparent a moment ago, yet her speech had been inconsistent, unsympathetic, and coldly practical. "It's very kind of you," he began again, scrambling up one side of the furrow as she descended on the other, "to—to—take such an interest in—in a stranger, and I wish you knew how—" (she had mounted the ridge again, and stood balancing herself as if waiting for him to finish his sentence), "how—how deeply—I I——" She dropped quickly down again with the same movement of uneasy consciousness, and he left the sentence unfinished. The house was now only a few yards away; he hurried forward, but she reached the wooden platform and stood upon it first. He, however, at the same moment caught her hand.

"I want to thank you," he said, "and say good-night."

"Good-night." Her voice was indistinct again, and she was trembling. Emboldened and reckless, he sprang upon the platform, and encircling her with one arm, with his other hand he unloosed the woollen cloud around her head and bared her faintly flushed cheek and half-open, hurriedly breathing lips. But the next moment she threw her head back with a single powerful movement, and, as it seemed to him, with scarcely an effort cast him off

with both hands, and sent him toppling from the platform to the ground. He scrambled quickly to his feet again, flushed, angry, and—frightened! Perhaps she would call her father; he would be insulted, or worse—laughed

at! He had lost even this pitiful chance of bettering his condition. But he was as relieved as he was surprised, to see that she was standing quietly on the edge of the platform, apparently waiting for him to rise. Her face was still uncovered, still slightly flushed, but bearing no trace of either insult or anger. When he stood erect again, she looked at him gravely and drew the woollen cloud over her head, as she said, calmly, "Then I'll tell Pa you'll take the place, and I reckon you'll begin to-morrow morning."



Because I've got an idea of startin' a hotel in the Oak Grove. —Page 571.

II.

ANGERED, discomfited, and physically and morally beaten, James Reddy stumbled and clambered back across the field. The beam of light that had streamed out over the dark field as the door opened and shut on the girl, left him doubly confused and bewildered. In his dull anger and mortification, there seemed only one course for him to pursue. He would demand his wages in the morning, and cut the whole concern. He would go back to San Francisco and work there, where he at least had friends who respected his station. Yet, he ought to have refused the girl's offer before she had repulsed him; his retreat now meant nothing, and might even tempt her, in her vulgar pique, to reveal her rebuff of him. He raised his eyes mechanically, and looked gloomily across the dark waste and distant bay to the op-



DRAWN BY L. MARCHETTI

A SONG OF SPRINGTIME

[Contributed by the artist to the *Illustrated Number of Scribner's Magazine*]



posite shore. But the fog had already hidden the glow of the city's lights, and thickening around the horizon, seemed to be slowly hemming him in with the dreary Rancho. In his present frame of mind there was a certain fatefulness in this that precluded his once free agency, and to that extent relieved and absolved *him* of any choice. He reached the dormitory and its turned-down lights in a state of tired and dull uncertainty, for which sleep seemed to offer the only relief. He rolled himself in his blankets with an animal instinct of comfort and shut his eyes, but their sense appeared to open upon Nelly Woodridge as she stood looking down upon him from the platform. Even through the dull pain of his bruised susceptibilities he was conscious of a strange satisfaction he had not felt before. He fell asleep at last, to waken only to the sunlight streaming through the curtainless windows on his face. To his surprise the long shed was empty and deserted, except for a single Chinaman who was sweeping the floor at the further end. As Reddy started up the man turned and approached him with a characteristic, vague, and patient smile.

"All lity, John, you sleepee heap! Mistel Woodlidge he say you no go wolkee field allee same Melikan man. You stoppee inside housee allee same *me*. Shabbee? You come to glubbee (grub) now" (pointing to the distant dining-shed), "and then you washee dish."

The full extent of his new degradation flashed upon Reddy with this added insult of his brother menial's implicit equality. He understood it all. He had been detached from the field-workers and was to come to a later breakfast, perhaps the broken victuals of the first repast, and wash the dishes. He remembered his new bargain. Very well! he would refuse positively, take his dismissal, and leave that morning! He hurriedly dressed himself, and followed the Chinaman into the open air.

The fog still hung upon the distant bay and hid the opposite point. But the sun shone with dry Californian brilliancy over the league-long field around him, revealing every detail of the Rancho with sharp, matter-of-fact

directness, and without the least illusion of distance or romance. The rough, unplanned, unpainted walls of the dinner-shed stood out clearly before him; the half-filled buckets of water on the near platform, and the immense tubs piled with dirty dishes. He scowled darkly as he walked forward, conscious, nevertheless, of the invigorating discipline of the morning air and the wholesome whip in the sky above him. He entered sharply and aggressively. To his relief, the room at first sight seemed like the dormitory he had just left, to be empty. But a voice, clear, dry, direct, and practical as the morning itself, spoke in his ear: "Mornin', Reddy! My daughter says you're willin' to take an indoor job, and I reckon, speakin' square, as man to man, it's more in your line than what you've bin doin'. It mayn't be high-toned work, but work's *work* anyhow you can fix it; and the only difference I kin see is in the work that a man does square, and the work that he shirks."

"But," said Reddy, hurriedly, "there's a mistake. I came here only to——"

"Work like the others, I understand. Well, you see you *can't*. You do your best, I know. I ain't findin' fault, but it ain't in your line. *This* is, and the pay is better."

"But," stammered Reddy, "Miss Woodridge didn't understand——"

"Yes, she did," returned Woodridge, impatiently, "and she told me. She says she'll show you round at first. You'll catch on all right. Sit down and eat your breakfast, and she'll be along before you're through. Ez for *me*, I must get up and get. So long!" and before Reddy had an opportunity to continue his protest, he turned away.

The young man glanced vexatiously around him. A breakfast much better in service and quality than the one he had been accustomed to smoked on the table. There was no one else in the room. He could hear the voices of the Chinese waiters in the kitchen beyond. He was healthily hungry, and after a moment's hesitation sat down and began his meal. He could expostulate with her afterward, and withdraw his promise. He was entitled to his breakfast, anyway!

Once or twice, while thus engaged, he heard the door of the kitchen open and the clipping tread of the Chinese waiters, who deposited some rattling burden on the adjacent tables, but he thought it prudent not to seem to notice them. When he had finished, the pleasant, hesitating, boyish contralto of Miss Woodridge fell upon his ear.

"When you're ready, I'll show you how to begin your work."

He turned quickly, with a flush of mortification at being discovered at his repast, and his anger returned. But as his eyes fell upon her delicately colored but tranquil face, her well-shaped figure, coquettishly and spotlessly cuffed, collared, and aproned, and her clear blue but half-averted eyes, he again underwent a change. She certainly was very pretty—that most seductive prettiness which seemed to be warmed into life by her consciousness of himself. Why should he take her or himself so seriously? Why not play out the farce and let those who would criticise him and think his acceptance of the work degrading, understand that it was only an affair of gallantry. He could afford to serve Woodridge at least a few weeks for the favor of this Rachel! Forgetful of his rebuff of the night before, he fixed his brown eyes on hers with an audacious levity.

"Oh, yes—the work! Let us see it. I'm ready in name and nature for anything that Miss Woodridge wants of me. I'm just dying to begin."

His voice was raised slightly, with a high comedy jauntiness, for the benefit of the Chinese waiters who might be lingering to see the "Mellican man" assume their functions. But it failed in effect. With their characteristic calm acceptance of any eccentricity in a "foreign devil," they scarcely lifted their eyes. The young girl pointed to a deep basket filled with dishes which had been placed on the larger table, and said, without looking at Reddy:

"You had better begin by 'checking' the crockery. That is, counting the pieces separately and then arranging them in sets as they come back from washing. There's the book to compare them with and to set down what is broken, missing, or chipped.

You'll have a clean towel with you to wipe the pieces that have not been cleaned enough; or, if they are too dirty, you'll send them back to the kitchen."

"Couldn't I wash them myself?" said Reddy, continuing his ostentatious levity.

"Not yet," said the girl, with grave hesitation; "you'd break them."

She stood watching him, as with affected hilarity he began to take the dishes from the basket. But she noticed that in spite of this jocular simulation his grasp was firm and delicate, and that there was no clatter—which would have affected her sensitive ear—as he put them down. She laid a pencil and account book beside him and turned away.

"But you are not going?" he said, in genuine surprise.

"Yes," she said, quietly, "until you get through 'checking.' Then I'll come back and show you what you have to do next. You're getting on very well."

"But that was because you were with me."

She colored slightly and, without looking at him, moved slowly to the door and disappeared.

Reddy went back to his work, disappointed but not discomfited. He was getting accustomed to the girl's eccentricities. Whether it was the freshness of the morning air and sunlight streaming in at the open windows, the unlooked-for solitude and security of the empty room, or that there was nothing really unpleasant in his occupation, he went on cheerfully "checking" the dishes, narrowly examining them for chips and cracks, and noting them in the book. Again discovering that a few were imperfectly cleaned and wiped, he repaired the defect with cold water and a towel without the least thought of the operation being degrading. He had finished his task in half an hour; she had not returned; why should he not go on and set the table? As he straightened and turned the coarse table-cloth, he made the discovery that the long table was really composed of half a dozen smaller ones, and that the hideous parallelogram which had always so of-

fended him was merely the outcome of carelessness and want of taste. Without a moment's hesitation he set at work to break up the monotonous line and rearranged the tables laterally, with small open spaces between them. The task was no light one, even for a stronger man, but he persevered in it with a new-found energy until he had changed the whole aspect of the room. It looked larger, wider, and less crowded; its hard, practical, workhouse-like formality had disappeared. He had paused to survey it, panting still with his unusual exertion, when a voice broke upon his solitude.

"Well, I wanter know!"

The voice was not Nelly's, but that of her mother—a large-boned, angular woman of fifty—who had entered the room unperceived. The accents were simply those of surprise, but on James Reddy's present sensitive mood, coupled with the feeling that here was a new witness to his degradation, he might have resented it; but he detected the handsome, reserved figure of the daughter a few steps behind her. Their eyes met; wonderful to relate, the young girl's no longer evaded him, but looked squarely into his with a bright expression of pleasure he had not seen before. He checked himself with a sudden thrill of gratification.

"Well, I declare," continued Mrs. Woodridge; "is that *your* idea—or yours, Helen?"

Here Reddy simply pointed out the advantages for serving afforded by the new arrangement; that all the tables were equally and quickly accessible from the serving-table and sideboard, and that it was no longer necessary to go the whole length of the room to serve the upper table. He tactfully did not refer to the improved appearance of the room.

"Well, as long as it ain't mere finikin," said the lady, graciously, "and seems to bring the folks and their vittles nearer together—we'll try it to-day. It does look kinder *cityfied*—and I reckoned that was all the good it was. But I kalkilated you were goin' to check the crockery this morning."

"It's done," said Reddy, smilingly handing her the account-book.

Mrs. Woodridge glanced over it and then surveyed her new assistant.

"And you didn't find any plates that were dirty and that had to be sent back?"

"Yes, two or three, but I cleaned them myself."

Mrs. Woodridge glanced at him with a look of approving curiosity, but his eyes were just then seeking her daughter's for a more grateful sympathy. All of which the good lady noted, and as it apparently answered the unasked question in her own mind, she only uttered the single exclamation: "Humph!"

But the approbation he received later at dinner, in the satisfaction of his old companions with the new arrangement, had also the effect of diverting from him the criticism he had feared they would make in finding him installed as an assistant to Mrs. Woodridge. On the contrary, they appeared only to recognize in him some especial and superior faculty utilized for their comfort, and when the superintendent, equally pleased, said it was "all Reddy's own idea," no one doubted that it was this particular stroke of genius which gained him the obvious promotion. If he had still thought of offering his flirtation with Nelly as an excuse, there was now no necessity for any. Having shown to his employers his capacity for the highest and lowest work, they naturally preferred to use his best abilities—and he was kept from any menial service. His accounts were so carefully and intelligently rendered, that the entire care of the building and its appointments was entrusted to him. At the end of the week Mr. Woodridge took him aside.

"I say, you ain't got any job in view arter you finish up here, hev ye?"

Reddy started. Scarcely ten days ago he had a hundred projects, schemes, and speculations, more or less wild and extravagant, wherewith he was to avenge and recoup himself in San Francisco. Now they were gone—he knew not where and how. He briefly said he had not.

"Because," continued Woodridge, "I've got an idea of startin' a hotel in the Oak Grove, just on the slope back o' the Rancho. The company's bound

to make some sort o' settlement there for the regular hands, and the place is pooty enough for 'Frisco people who want to run over here and get set up for a day or two. Thar's plenty of wood and water up thar, and the company's sure to have a wharf down on the shore. I'll provide the capital, if you will put in your time. You can sling in ez much style as you like there" (this was an allusion to Reddy's attempt to enliven the blank walls with colored pictures from the illustrated papers and green ceanothus sprays from the slope); "in fact, the more style the better for them city folks. Well, you think it over."

He did. But meantime he seemed to make little progress in his court of the superintendent's daughter. He tried to think it was because he had allowed himself to be diverted by his work, but although she always betrayed the same odd physical consciousness of his presence, it was certain that she never encouraged him. She gave him the few directions that his new occupation still made necessary, and looked her approval of his success. But nothing more. He was forced to admit that this was exactly what she might have done as the superintendent's daughter to a deserving employee. Whereat, for a few days he assumed an air of cold and ceremonious politeness, until perceiving that, far from piquing the girl, it seemed to gratify her, and even to render her less sensitive in his company, he sulked in good earnest. This proving ineffective also—except to produce a kind of compassionate curiosity—his former dull rage returned. The planting of the Rancho was nearly over; his service would be ended next week; he had not yet given his answer to Woodridge's proposition; he would decline it and cut the whole concern!

It was a crisp Sunday morning. The breakfast hour was later on that day to allow the men more time for their holiday, which however they generally spent in cards, gossip, or reading in their sleeping-sheds. It usually delayed Reddy's work, but as he cared little for the companionship of his fellows, it enabled him, without a show of unsociability, to seclude himself in the dining-

room. And this morning he was early approached by his employer.

"I'm goin' to take the women folks over to Oakdale to church," said Mr. Woodridge; "ef ye keer to join us thar's a seat in the wagon, and I'll turn on a couple of Chinamen to do the work for you, just now; and Nelly or the old woman will give you a lift this afternoon with the counting up."

Reddy felt instinctively that the invitation had been instigated by the young girl. A week before he would have rejoiced at it—a month ago he would have accepted it if only as a relief to his degraded position, but in the pique of this new passion he almost rudely declined it. An hour later he saw Nelly becomingly and even tastefully dressed—with the American girl's triumphant superiority to her condition and surroundings—ride past in her father's smart "carry-all." He was startled to see that she looked so like a lady. Then, with a new and jealous inconsistency, significant of the progress of his passion, he resolved to go to church too. She should see that he was not going to remain behind like a mere slave. He remembered that he had still certain remnants of his past finery in his trunk; he would array himself in them, walk to Oakdale and make one of the congregation. He managed to change his clothes without attracting the attention of his fellows and set out.

The air was pure but keen, with none of the languor of spring in its breath, although a few flowers were beginning to star the weedy wagon-tracked lane, and there was an awakening spice in the wayside southernwood and myrtle. He felt invigorated, although it seemed only to whet his jealous pique. He hurried on without even glancing toward the distant coast-line of San Francisco or even thinking of it. The bitter memories of the past had been obliterated by the bitterness of the present. He no longer thought of "that woman;" even when he had threatened to himself to return to San Francisco, he was vaguely conscious that it was not *she* who was again drawing him there, but Nelly who was driving him away.

The service was nearly over when he arrived at the chilly little corrugated-zinc church at Oakdale, but he slipped

into one of the back seats. A few worshippers turned round to look at him. Among them were the daughters of a neighboring miller, who were slightly exercised over the unusual advent of a good-looking stranger with certain exterior signs of elegance. Their excitement was communicated by some mysterious instinct to their neighbor, Nelly Woodridge. She also turned and caught his eye. But to all appearances she not only showed no signs of her usual agitation at his presence, but did not seem to even recognize him. In the acerbity of his pique he was for a moment gratified at what he believed to be the expression of her wounded pride, but his uneasiness quickly returned, and at the conclusion of the service he slipped out of the church with one or two of the more restless congregation. As he passed through the aisle he heard the escort of the miller's daughters, in response to a whispered inquiry, say distinctly: "Only the head-waiter over at the Company's Rancho." Whatever hesitating idea Reddy might have had of waiting at the church door for the appearance of Nelly, vanished before the brutal truth. His brow darkened, and with flushed cheeks he turned his back upon the building and plunged into the woods. This time there was no hesitation in his resolve; he would leave the Rancho at the expiration of his engagement. Even in a higher occupation he felt he could never live down his reputation there.

In his morose abstraction he did not know how long or how aimlessly he had wandered among the mossy live-oaks, his head and shoulders often imperilled by the down-curving of some huge knotted limb; his feet straying blindly from the faint track over the thickly matted carpet of chickweed which hid their roots. But it was nearly an hour before he emerged upon a wide, open, wooded slope, and from the distant view of field and shore, knew that he was at Oak Grove, the site of Woodridge's projected hotel. And there, surely, at a little distance, was the Woodridge's wagon and team tied up to a sapling, while the superintendent and his wife were slowly climbing the slope, and apparently examining the

prospect. Without waiting to see if Nelly was with them, Reddy instantly turned to avoid meeting them. But he had not proceeded a hundred yards before he came upon that young lady, who had evidently strayed from the party, and who was now unconsciously advancing toward him. A rencontre was inevitable.

She started slightly and then stopped, with all her old agitation and embarrassment. But, to his own surprise, he was also embarrassed and even tongue-tied.

She spoke first.

"You were at church. I didn't quite know you in—in—these clothes."

In her own finery she had undergone such a change to Reddy's consciousness that he, for the first time in their acquaintance, now addressed her as on his own level, and as if she had no understanding of his own feelings.

"Oh," he said, with easy bitterness, "others did, if you did not. They all detected the 'head-waiter' at the Union Company's Rancho. Even if I had accepted your kindness in offering me a seat in your wagon, it would have made no difference." He was glad to put this construction on his previous refusal, for in the new relations which seemed to be established by their Sunday clothes, he was obliged to soften the churlishness of that refusal also.

"I don't think you'd look nice setting the table in kid gloves," she said, glancing quickly at his finery as if accepting it as the real issue; "but you can wear what you like at other times. I never found fault with your working clothes."

There was such a pleasant suggestion in her emphasis that his ill-humor softened. Her eyes wandered over the opposite grove, where her unconscious parents had just disappeared.

"Papa's very keen about the hotel," she continued, "and is going to have the workmen break ground to-morrow. He says he'll have it up in two months and ready to open, if he has to make the men work double time. When you're manager, you won't mind what folks say."

There was no excuse for his further hesitation. He must speak out, but he did it in a half-hearted way.

"But if I simply go away—*without* being manager—I won't hear their criticism either."

"What do you mean?" she said, quickly.

"I've—I've been thinking of—of going back to San Francisco," he stammered, awkwardly.

A slight flush of contemptuous indignation passed over her face, and gave it a strength and expression he had never seen there before. "Oh, you've not reformed yet, then?" she said, under her scornful lashes.

"I don't understand you," he said, flushing.

"Father ought to have told you," she went on, dryly, "that that woman has gone off to the Springs with her husband, and you won't see *her* at San Francisco."

"I don't know what you mean—and your father seems to take an unwarrantable interest in my affairs," said Reddy, with an anger that he was conscious, however, was half simulated.

"No more than he ought to, if he expects to trust you with all *his* affairs," said the girl, shortly; "but you had better tell him you have changed your mind at once, before he makes any further calculations on your staying. He's just over the hill there, with mother."

She turned away coldly as she spoke, but moved slowly and in the direction of the hill, although she took a less direct trail than the one she had pointed to him. But he followed her, albeit still embarrassedly, and with that new sense of respect which had checked his former surliness. There was her strong, healthy, well-developed figure moving before him, but the modish gray dress seemed to give its pronounced outlines something of the dignity of a goddess. Even the firm hands had the distinguishment of character.

"You understand," he said, apologetically, "that I mean no discourtesy to your father or his offer. And,"—he hesitated—"neither is my reason what you would infer."

"Then what is it?" she asked, turning to him abruptly. "You know you have no other place when you leave here, nor any chance as good as the

one father offers you. You are not fit for any other work, and you know it. You have no money to speculate with, nor can you get any. If you could, you would have never stayed here."

He could not evade the appalling truthfulness of her clear eyes. He knew it was no use to lie to her; she had evidently thoroughly informed herself regarding his past; more than that, she seemed to read his present thoughts. But not all of them! No! he could startle her still! It was desperate, but he had nothing now to lose. And she liked the truth, she should have it!

"You are right," he said, shortly; "these are not my reasons."

"Then what reason have you?"

"You!"

"Me?" she repeated, incredulously, yet with a rising color.

"Yes, *you*! I cannot stay here, and have you look down upon me."

"I don't look down on you," she said simply, yet without the haste of repelling an unjust accusation. "Why should I? Mother and I have done the same work that you are doing—if that's what you mean—and father, who is a man like yourself, helped us at first, until he could do other things better." She paused. "Perhaps you think so because *you* looked down on us when you first came here."

"But I didn't," said Reddy, quickly.

"You did," said the young girl, quietly. "That's why you acted toward me as you did the night you walked home with me. You would not have behaved in that way to any San Francisco young lady—and I'm not one of your—fast—*married* women."

Reddy felt the hot blood mount to his cheek, and looked away. "I was foolish and rude—and I think you punished me at the time," he stammered. "But you see I was right in saying you looked down on me," he concluded, triumphantly.

This was at best a feeble *sequitur*, but the argument of the affections is not always logical. And it had its effect on the girl.

"I wasn't thinking of *that*," she said. "It's that you don't know your own mind."

"If I said that I would stay and accept your father's offer, would you think that I did?" he asked, quickly.

"I should wait and see what you actually *did* do," she replied.

"But if I stayed—and—and—if I told you that I stayed on *your* account—to be with you and near you only—would you think that a proof?" He spoke hesitatingly, for his lips were dry with a nervousness he had not known before.

"I might, if you told father you expected to be engaged on those terms. For it concerns *him* as much as me. And *he* engages you, and not I. Otherwise I'd think it was only your talk."

Reddy looked at her in astonishment. There was not the slightest trace of coyness, coquetry, or even raillery in her clear, honest eyes, and yet it would seem as if she had taken his proposition in its fullest sense as a matrimonial declaration, and actually referred him to her father. He was pleased, frightened, and utterly unprepared.

"But what would *you* say, Nelly?" He drew closer to her and held out both his hands. But she retreated a step and slipped her own behind her.

"Better see what father says first," she said, quietly. "You may change your mind again and go back to San Francisco."

He was confused, and reddened again. But he had become accustomed to her ways; rather, perhaps, he had begun to recognize the quaint justice that underlaid them, or possibly, some better self of his own that had been buried under bitterness and sloth struggled into life. "But whatever he says," he returned, eagerly, "cannot alter my feelings to *you*. It can only alter my position here, and you say you are above being influenced by that. Tell me, Nelly—dear Nelly! have you nothing to say to me, as *I am*, or is it only to your father's manager that you would speak?" His voice had an unmistakable ring of sincerity in it and even startled him—half rascal as he was!

The young girl's clear, scrutinizing eyes softened; her red resolute lips trembled slightly and then parted, the upper one hovering a little to one side over her white teeth. It was Nelly's

own peculiar smile, and its serious piquancy always thrilled him. But she drew a little farther back from his brightening eyes, her hands still curled behind her, and said, with the faintest coquettish toss of her head toward the hill: "If you want to see father, you'd better hurry up."

With a sudden determination as new to him as it was incomprehensible, Reddy turned from her and struck forward in the direction of the hill. He was not quite sure what he was going for. Yet that he, who had only a moment before fully determined to leave the Rancho and her, was now going to her father to demand her hand as a contingency of his remaining, did not strike him as so extravagant and unexpected a *denouement* as it was a difficult one. He was only concerned *how*, and in what way he should approach him. In a moment of embarrassment he hesitated, turned, and looked behind him.

She was standing where he had left her, gazing after him, leaning forward with her hands still held behind her. Suddenly, as with an inspiration she raised them both, carried them impetuously to her lips, blew him a dozen riotous kisses, and then, lowering her head like a colt, whisked her skirt behind her, and vanished in the cover.

III.

It was only May, but the freshness of early summer already clothed the great fields of the Rancho. The old resemblance to a sea was still there, more accented, perhaps, by the undulations of bluish-green grain that rolled from the actual shore-line to the foothills. The farm buildings were half submerged in this glowing tide of color and lost their uncouth angularity with their hidden rude foundations. The same sea-breeze blew chilly and steadily from the bay, yet softened and subdued by the fresher odors of leaf and flower. The outlying fringe of oaks were starred through their underbrush with anemones and dog-roses; there were lupines growing rankly in the open spaces, and along the gentle slopes of Oak Grove daisies were al-

ready scattered. And, as if it were part of this vernal efflorescence, the eminence itself was crowned with that latest flower of progress and improvement—the new Oak Grove Hotel!

Long, low, dazzling with white colonnades, verandas, and balconies which retained, however, enough of the dampness of recent creation to make them too cool for loungers, except at high noon, the hotel, nevertheless had the charms of freshness, youth, and cleanliness. Reddy's fastidious neatness showed itself in all the appointments from the mirrored and marbled bar-room, gilded parlors, and snowy dining-room, to the chintz and maple furnishing of the bedrooms above. Reddy's taste, too, had selected the pretty site; his good fortune had afterward discovered in an adjoining thicket a spring of blandly therapeutic qualities. A complaisant medical faculty of San Francisco attested to its merits; a sympathetic press advertised the excellence of the hotel; a novelty-seeking, fashionable circle—as yet without laws and blindly imitative—found the new hotel an admirable variation to the vulgar ordinary “across the bay” excursion, and an accepted excuse for a novel social dissipation. A number of distinguished people had already visited it; certain exclusive families had secured the best rooms; there were a score of pretty women to be seen in its parlors; there had already been a slight scandal. Nothing seemed wanted to insure its success.

Reddy was passing through the little wood where four months before he had parted from Nelly Woodridge to learn his fate from her father. He remembered that interview to which Nelly's wafted kiss had inspired him. He recalled to-day, as he had many times before, the singular complacency with which Mr. Woodridge had received his suit, as if it were a slight and unimportant detail of the business in hand, and how he had told him that Nelly and her mother were going to the “States” for a three months' visit, but that after her return, if they were both “still agreed,” he, Woodridge, would make no objection. He remembered the slight shock which this announcement of Nelly's sep-

aration from him during his probationary labors had given him, and his sudden suspicion that he had been partly tricked of his preliminary intent to secure her company to solace him. But he had later satisfied himself that she knew nothing of her father's intentions at the time, and he was fain to content himself with a walk through the fields at her side the day she departed, and a single kiss—which left him cold. And now in a few days she would return to witness the successful fulfilment of his labors, and—reward him!

It was certainly a complacent prospect. He could look forward to a sensible, prosperous, respectable future. He had won back his good name, his fortune and position—not perhaps exactly in the way he had expected—and he had stilled the wanton, foolish cravings of his passionate nature in the calm, virginal love of an honest, handsome girl who would make him a practical helpmeet, and a comfortable, trustworthy wife. He ought to be very happy. He had never known such perfect health before; he had lost his reckless habits; his handsome, nervous face had grown more placid and contented; his long curls had been conventionally clipped; he had gained flesh unmistakably, and the lower buttons of the slim waistcoat he had worn to church that memorable Sunday were too tight for comfort or looks. *He was* happy; yet as he glanced over the material spring landscape, full of practical health, blossom, and promise of fruition, it struck him that the breeze that blew over it was chilly, even if healthful; and he shivered slightly.

He reached the hotel, entered the office, glanced at the register, and passed through into his private room. He had been away for two days and noticed with gratification that the influx of visitors was still increasing. His clerk followed into the room.

“There's a lady in 56 who wanted to see you when you returned. She asked particularly for the manager.”

“Who is she?”

“Don't know. It's a Mrs. Merrydew, from Sacramento. Expecting her husband on the next steamer.”

“Humph! You'll have to be rather



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"But what would you say, Nelly?"—Page 575.

careful about these solitary married women. We don't want another scandal, you know."

"She asked for you by name, sir, and I thought you might know her," returned the clerk.

"Very well. I'll go up."

He sent a waiter ahead to announce him and leisurely mounted the stairs. No. 56 was the sitting-room of a private suite on the first floor. The waiter was holding the door open. As he approached it a faint perfume from the interior made him turn pale. But he recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to close the door sharply upon the waiter behind him.

"Jim," said a voice which thrilled him.

He looked up and beheld what any astute reader of romance will have already suspected—the woman to whom he believed he owed his ruin in San Francisco. She was as beautiful and alluring as ever, albeit she was thinner and more spiritual than he had ever seen her. She was tastefully dressed, as she had always been; a certain style of languorous silken *deshabille* which she was wont to affect in better health now became her paler cheek and feverishly brilliant eyes. There was the same opulence of lace and ornament, and whether by accident or design—clasped around the slight wrist of her extended hand was a bracelet which he remembered had swept away the last dregs of his fortune.

He took her hand mechanically, yet knowing whatever rage was in his heart he had not the strength to refuse it.

"They told me it was Mrs. Merrydew," he stammered.

"That was my mother's name," she said, with a little laugh. "I thought you knew it. But perhaps you didn't. When I got my divorce from Dick—you didn't know that either I suppose; it's three months ago. I didn't care to take my maiden name again; too many people remembered it. So after the decree was made I called myself Mrs. Merrydew. You had disappeared. They said you had gone East."

"But the clerk says you are expecting your husband on the steamer. What does this mean? Why did you

tell him that?" He had so far collected himself that there was a ring of inquisition in his voice.

"Oh, I had to give him some kind of reason for my being alone when I did not find you as I expected," she said, half wearily. Then a change came over her tired face; a smile of mingled audacity and tentative coquetry lit up the small features. "Perhaps it is true; perhaps I may have a husband coming on the steamer—that depends. Sit down, Jim."

She let his hand drop and pointed to an arm-chair from which she had just risen and sank down herself in a corner of the sofa, her thin fingers playing with and drawing themselves through the tassels of the cushion.

"You see, Jim, as soon as I was free, Louis Sylvester—you remember Louis Sylvester?—wanted to marry me, and even thought that he was the cause of Dick's divorcing me. He actually went East to settle up some property he had left him there, and he's coming on the steamer."

"Louis Sylvester!" repeated Reddy, staring at her. "Why, he was a bigger fool than I was, and a worse man!" he added, bitterly.

"I believe he was," said the lady, smiling, "and I think he still is. But," she added, glancing at Reddy under her light fringed lids, "you—you're regularly reformed, aren't you? You're stouter, too, and altogether more solid and commercial looking. Yet who'd have thought of your keeping a hotel or ever doing anything but speculate in wild-cat or play at draw poker. How did you drift into it? Come, tell me! I'm not Mrs. Sylvester just yet, and maybe I might like to go into the business too. You don't want a partner, do you?"

Her manner was light and irresponsible, or rather it suggested a child-like putting of all responsibility for her actions upon others, which he remembered now too well. Perhaps it was this which kept him from observing that the corners of her smiling lips, however, twitched slightly, and that her fingers, twisting the threads of the tassel, were occasionally stiffened nervously. For he burst out: Oh, yes; he had



W. L. METCALF

DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF

"She sank down herself in a corner of the sofa."—Page 678.

drifted into it when it was a toss up if it wasn't his body instead that would be found drifting out to sea from the first wharf of San Francisco. Yes, he had been a common laborer, a farm hand, in those fields she had passed—a waiter in the farm kitchen—and but for luck he might be taking her orders now in this very hotel. It was not her fault if he was not in the gutter.

She raised her thin hand with a tired gesture as if to ward off the onset of his words. "The same old Jim," she repeated, "and yet I thought you had forgotten all that now, and become calmer and more sensible since you had taken flesh and grown so matter of fact. You ought to have known then, as you know now, that I never could have been anything to you as long as I was tied to Dick. And you know you forced your presents on me, Jim. I took them from *you* because I would take nothing from Dick, for I hated him. And I never knew positively that you were in straits then; you know you always talked big, Jim, and were always going to make your fortune with the next thing you had in hand!"

It was true, and he remembered it. He had not intended this kind of re-creation, but he was exasperated with her wearied acceptance of his reproaches and by a sudden conviction that his long-cherished grievance against her now that he had voiced it, was inadequate, mean, and trifling. Yet he could not help saying:

"Then you had presents from Sylvester, too. I presume you did not hate him, either?"

"He would have married me the day after I got my divorce."

"And so would I," burst out Reddy.

She looked at him fixedly. "You would?" she said with a peculiar emphasis. "And now?—"

He colored. It had been part of his revengeful purpose on seeing her to tell her of his engagement to Nelly. He now found himself tongue-tied, irresolute, and ashamed. Yet he felt she was reading his innermost thoughts.

She, however, only lowered her eyes, and with the same tired expression said: "No matter now. Let us talk of something nearer. That was two

months ago. And so you have charge of this hotel! I like it so much. I mean the place itself. I fancy I could live here forever. It is so far away and restful. I am so sick of towns and cities, and people. And this little grove is so secluded. If one had merely a little cottage here, one might be so happy."

What did she mean?—what did she expect?—what did she think of doing? She must be got rid of before Nelly's arrival, and yet he found himself wavering under her potent and yet scarcely exerted influence. The desperation of weakness is apt to be more brutal than the determination of strength. He remembered why he had come upstairs, and blurted out: "But you can't stay here. The rules are very stringent in regard to—strangers like yourself. It will be known who you really are and what people say of you. Even your divorce will tell against you. It's all wrong I know—but what can I do? I didn't make the rules. I am only a servant of the landlord, and must carry them out."

She leaned back against the sofa and laughed silently. But she presently recovered herself, although with the same expression of fatigue. "Don't be alarmed, my poor Jim! If you mean your friend, Mr. Woodridge, I know him. It was he, himself, who suggested my coming here. And don't misunderstand him—nor me either. He's only a good friend of Sylvester's; they had some speculation together. He's coming here to see me after Louis arrives. He's waiting in San Francisco for his wife and daughter, who come on the same steamer. So you see you won't get into trouble on my account. Don't look so scared, my dear boy."

"Does he know that you knew me?" said Reddy, with a white face.

"Perhaps. But then that was three months ago," returned the lady, smiling, "and you know how you have reformed since, and grown ever so much more steady and respectable."

"Did he talk to you of me?" continued Reddy, still aghast.

"A little—complimentary of course. Don't look so frightened. I didn't give you away."

Her laugh suddenly ceased, and her face changed into a more nervous activity as she rose and went toward the window. She had heard the sound of wheels outside—the coach had just arrived.

"There's Mr. Woodridge now," she said, in a more animated voice. "The steamer must be in. But I don't see Louis; do you?"

She turned to where Reddy was standing, but he was gone.

The momentary animation of her face changed. She lifted her shoulders with a half gesture of scorn, but in the midst of it suddenly threw herself on the sofa, and buried her face in her hands.

A few moments elapsed with the bustle of arrival in the hall and passages. Then there was a hesitating step at her door. She quickly passed her handkerchief over her wet eyes and resumed her former look of weary acceptance. The door opened. But it was Mr. Woodridge who entered. The rough shirt-sleeved ranchman had developed, during the last four months, into an equally blunt but soberly dressed proprietor. His keen energetic face, however, wore an expression of embarrassment and anxiety, with an added suggestion of a half humorous appreciation of it.

"I wouldn't have disturbed you, Mrs. Merrydew," he said, with a gentle bluntness, "if I hadn't wanted to ask your advice before I saw Reddy. I'm keeping out of his way until I could see you. I left Nelly and her mother in Frisco. There's been some queer goings on on the steamer coming home; Nelly has sprung a new game on her mother, and—and suthin' that looks as if there might be a new deal. However," here a sense that he was, perhaps, treating his statement too seriously, stopped him, and he smiled reassuringly, "that is as may be."

"I don't know," he went on, "as I ever told you anything about my Nelly and Reddy. Partik'lerly about Nelly. She's a good girl, a square girl, but she's got some all-fired romantic ideas in her head. Mebbe it kem from her reading, mebbe it kem from her not knowing other girls, or seeing too much

of a queer sort of men; but she got an interest in the bad ones, and thought it was her mission to reform them. Reform them by pure kindness, attentive little sisterly ways, and moral example. She first tried her hand on Reddy. When he first kem to us he was—well, he was a blazin' ruin! She took him in hand, yanked him outer himself, put his foot on the bedrock, and made him what you see him now. Well—what happened—why, he got reg'larly soft on her; wanted to *marry her*, and I agreed conditionally, of course, to keep him up to the mark. Did you speak?"

"No," said the lady, with her bright eyes fixed upon him.

"Well, that was all well and good, and I'd liked to have carried out my part of the contract, and was willing, and am still. But you see, Nelly, after she'd landed Reddy on firm ground, got a little tired, I reckon, gal like, of the thing she'd worked so easily, and when she went East she looked around for some other wreck to try her hand on, and she found it on the steamer coming back. And who do you think it was? Why, our friend Louis Sylvester!"

Mrs. Merrydew smiled slightly, with her bright eyes still on the speaker.

"Well, you know he *is* fast at times—if he is a friend of mine—and she reg'larly tackled him; and as my old woman says, it was a sight to see her go for him. But then *he* didn't tumble to it. No! Reformin' ain't in *his* line I'm afeard. And what was the result? Why, Nelly only got all the more keen when she found she couldn't manage him like Reddy—and, between you and me, she'd have liked Reddy more if he hadn't been so easy—and its ended, I reckon, in her now falling dead in love with Sylvester. She swears she won't marry anyone else, and wants to devote her whole life to him! Now, what's to be done! Reddy don't know it yet and I don't know how to tell him. Nelly says her mission was ended when she made a new man of him, and he oughter be thankful for that. Couldn't you kinder break the news to him and tell him there ain't any show for him?"

"Does he love the girl so much, then?" said the lady, gently.

"Yes; but I am afraid there is no hope for Reddy as long as she thinks there's a chance of her capturing Sylvester."

The lady rose and went to the writing-table. "Would it be any comfort to you, Mr. Woodridge, if you were told that she had not the slightest chance with Sylvester?"

"Yes."

She wrote a few lines on a card, put it in an envelope and handed it to Woodridge. "Find out where Sylvester is in San Francisco, and give him that card. I think it will satisfy you. And now as I have to catch the return coach in ten minutes, I must ask you to excuse me while I put my things together."

"And you won't first break the news to Reddy for me?"

"No; and I advise you to keep the whole matter to yourself for the present. Good-bye!"

She smiled again, fascinatingly as usual, but, as it seemed to him, a trifle wearily, and then passed into the inner room. Years after, in his practical, matter-of-fact recollections of this strange woman, he always remembered her by this smile.

But she had sufficiently impressed him by her parting adjuration to cause him to answer Reddy's eager inquiries with the statement that Nelly and her mother were greatly preoccupied with some friends in San Francisco, and to speedily escape further questioning. Reddy's disappointment was somewhat mitigated by the simultaneous announcement of Mrs. Merrydew's departure. But he was still more relieved and gratified to hear, a few days later, of the marriage of Mrs. Merry-

dew with Louis Sylvester. If, to the general surprise and comment it excited, he contributed only a smile of cynical toleration and superior self-complacency, the reader will understand and not blame him. Nor did the public, who knew the austere completeness of his reform. Nor did Mr. Woodridge, who failed to understand the only actor in this little comedy who might perhaps have differed from them all.

A month later James Reddy married Nelly Woodridge, in the chilly little church at Oakdale. Perhaps by that time it might have occurred to him that although the freshness and fruition of summer were everywhere, the building seemed to be still unwarmed. And when he stepped forth with his bride and glanced across the prosperous landscape toward the distant bay and headlands of San Francisco, he shivered slightly at the dryly practical kiss of the keen northwestern Trades.

But he was prosperous and comfortable thereafter, as the respectable owner of broad lands and paying shares. It was said that Mrs. Reddy contributed much to the popularity of the hotel by her charming freedom from prejudice and sympathy with mankind; but this was perhaps only due to the contrast to her more serious, and at times abstracted husband. At least this was the charitable opinion of the proverbially tolerant and kind-hearted Baroness Streichholzer (*née* Merrydew, and relict of the late lamented Louis Sylvester, Esqre.), whom I recently had the pleasure of meeting at Wiesbaden, where the waters and reposeful surroundings strongly reminded her of Oakdale.





DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH

THE MIRROR

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THE UPWARD PRESSURE.

(A CHAPTER FROM THE "HISTORY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.")

By Walter Besant.



THE most striking part of the great Social Revolution which was witnessed by the earlier years of our century was undoubtedly the event which preceded that Revolution, made it possible, and moulded it; namely, the Conquest of the Professions by the people. Happily it was a Conquest achieved without exciting any active opposition; it advanced unnoticed, step by step, and it was unsuspected, as regards its real significance, until the end was inevitable and visible to all. It is my purpose in this Chapter, first to show what was the position of the mass of the nation before this event, as regards the Professions; and next to relate briefly the successive events which led to the Conquest, and so prepared the way for the abolition of all that was then left of the old aristocratic régime.

Speaking in general terms—the exceptions shall be noted afterward—the Professions during the whole of the nineteenth century were jealously barred and closed in and fenced round. Admission, in theory, could only be obtained by young men of gentle birth and good breeding. Not that there was any expressed rule to that effect. It was not written over the gateway of Lincoln's Inn that none but gentlemen were to be admitted, nor was it ever stated in any book or paper that none but gentlemen were to be admitted. But, as you will be shown immediately, the barring of the gate against the lad of humble origin was quite as effectually accomplished without any law, rule, or regulation whatever.

The professional avenues of distinction which, early in the century, were only three or four in number, had, by the end of the century, been multiplied tenfold by the birth or creation of new Professions. Formerly a young man

of ambition might go into the Church, into one of the two services, into the Law, or into Medicine. He might also, if he were a country gentleman, go into the House of Commons. At the end of the century the professional career included, besides these, all the various branches of Science, all the forms of Art, all the divisions of Literature, Music, Architecture, the Drama, Engineering, Teaching, Archæology, Political Economy, and, in fact, every conceivable subject to which the mind of man can worthily devote itself.

In all these branches there were great—in some, very great—prizes to be obtained; prizes not always of money, but of honor: in some of them the prizes included what was then considered the greatest of all rewards—a Peerage. The country, indeed, was already beginning to insist that the national distinctions should be bestowed upon all those—and only upon those—who rendered real services to the State. One poet had been made a Peer. One man of science had been made a Privy Councillor, and another a Peer: two painters had been made baronets; and the humble distinction of Knight Bachelor, which had been tossed contemptuously to city sheriffs, provincial mayors, and undistinguished persons who used back-stairs influence to get the title, was now brought into better consideration by being shared by a few musicians, engineers, physicians, and others. Nothing could more clearly show the real contempt in which literature and science were held in an aristocratic country than that, although there were a dozen degrees of peerage and half a dozen orders of knighthood, there was not one order reserved for men of science, literature, and art. Feeble protests from time to time were made against this absurdity, but in the end it proved useful, because the chief argument against the continuance of titles of honor in the great debate on the sub-

ject, in the year 1920, was the fact that all through the nineteenth century the men who most deserved the thanks and recognition of the State were (with the exception of soldiers and lawyers) absolutely neglected by the Court and the House of Lords.

Let us consider by what usages, rather than by what rules, the Professions were barred.

In the Church a young man could not be ordained under the age of twenty-three. Nor would the Bishop ordain him, as a rule, unless he was a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge. This meant that he was to stay at school, and that a good school, till the age of nineteen; that he was then to devote four years more to carrying on his studies in a very expensive manner; in other words, that he must be able to spend at least a thousand pounds before he could obtain orders, and that he would then receive pay at a much lower rate than a good carpenter or engine-driver.

At the Bar it was the custom for a man to enter his name after leaving the University: he would then be called at five or six-and-twenty. A young man must be able to keep himself until that age, and even longer, because a lawyer's practice begins slowly. There were also very heavy dues on entrance and on being called. In plain terms, no young man could enter at the Bar who did not possess or command, at least, a thousand pounds.

In the lower branch of the law a young man might, it is true, be admitted at twenty-one. But he had to pay a heavy premium for his articles, and large fees both at entrance, and on passing the examination which admitted him. Not much less, therefore, including his maintenance, than a thousand pounds would be required of him before he began to make anything for himself. A medical man, even one who only desired to become a humble general practitioner, had to work through a five years' course, with hospital fees. Like the solicitor, he might qualify for about a thousand pounds.

In all the new professions, chemistry, physics, biology, zoology, geology, botany, and the other branches of science,

engineering, mining, surveying, assaying, architecture, actuary work—everything—a long apprenticeship was needed with special studies in costly colleges.

In Teaching, he who aspired to the more distinguished branches had no chance at all, unless he was a graduate in the highest honors of Oxford and Cambridge.

In the Arts—painting, sculpture, music—long practice, devoted study, and exclusive thought were essential.

The Civil Service was divided into two branches, both open to competitive examination. The higher branch attracted first class men of Oxford and Cambridge; the lower, clever and well-taught men from the Middle Class Schools. But the latter could not pass into the former.

In the Army, the only branch in which a man could live upon his pay was the scientific branch, open to anybody who could compete at a very stiff examination after a long and very expensive course of study, and could pay £200 a year for two or three years after entrance. In the other branches of the services, a young lieutenant could not live upon his pay.

In the Navy the examinations were frequent and severe, while the pay was very small.

The barrier, therefore, which kept the Professions in the hands of the upper classes was a simple toll-gate. At the toll stood a man. "Come," he said, holding out an inexorable palm. "With an education which has cost you already a thousand pounds, be ready to pay down another thousand more. Then you shall be admitted among the ranks of those for whom are reserved the highest prizes of the State; viz., Authority, Honor, and Wealth."

It is apparent, then, that no one could enter the Professions who had no money. No need to write up "None but the sons of gentlemen may apply." Very many sons of gentlemen, in fact, had to turn away sorrowfully after gazing with wistful eyes upon that ladder which they knew that they, too, could climb, as well as a Denman or an Erskine. As for the sons of poor parents, they could not so much as think of the ladder: they hardly knew that it existed: they cared nothing

about it. As well sigh for the Lord Mayor's gilt carriage and four, or the Field Marshal's baton. No poor lad could aspire to the Professions at all. In other words, out of a population of thirty-seven millions, or eight millions of families, the way of distinction was open only to the young man belonging to the half million families—perhaps less—who could expend upon their son's education a thousand pounds apiece.

Nor for a long time was the exclusion felt or even recognized. He who wished to rise out of the working class either became a small master of his own trade, or else he opened a small shop of some kind. But he did not aspire to become a physician or a barrister or a clergyman. And it never occurred to him that such a career could be open to him.

But if, as happened every day, such a man had got on in the world and was ambitious for his son, he made him a doctor or a solicitor, these being the two Professions which cost least—or perhaps he made him a mechanical engineer, though it might cost a good deal more. Perhaps if the boy was clever, he managed to send him to the University with the intention of getting him ordained. Such was the first upward step in gentility—first, to become a master instead of a servant; then, to belong to a profession rather than a trade. Always, however, one had to settle with the man at the toll. He was inexorable. "Pay down," he said, "a thousand pounds, if you would be admitted within this bar."

The young man, therefore, whose father worked for wages, or for a small salary, or in a small way of trade, could not so much as dream of entering any of the Professions. They were as much closed to him as the gates of Paradise. But during the nineteenth century a new Profession was created, and this was open to him. This they could not close. It had already grown great and strong before they thought of closing it. It was open to the poor man's son. He went into it. And with the help of it, as with a key, he opened all the rest. You shall understand immediately what this was.

I have spoken of certain exceptions to

this exclusion of the lower classes. There were provided at the public schools and the Universities scholarships, founded for the purpose of enabling poor lads to carry on their studies. The schools had long ceased to be the property of the poor for whom they were designed: their scholarships, mostly of recent foundation, were granted by competitive examination to those boys who had already spent a large sum of money on preliminary work. The scholarships of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge were also given by examination, without the least consideration of the candidates' private resources. There was, however, a chance that a poor lad might get one of these. If he did, everything was open to him. The annals of the Universities contain numberless instances in which lads from the lower middle class made their way, and a few instances—a very few—here one and there one—in which the sons of working-men thus forced themselves upward. We must remember these scholarships when we speak of the barrier, but we must not attach too much importance to them. One may also recall many instances of generosity when a boy of parts was discovered, educated, and sent to the University by a rich or noble patron.

In the Army, again, many men rose from the ranks and obtained commissions. In the Navy, this was always impossible, with one or two brilliant exceptions—as the case of Captain Cook.

It may be said that there are many cases on record in which men of quite humble origin have advanced themselves in trade, even to becoming Lord Mayor of London. Could not a poor lad do in the nineteenth century what Whittington did in the fourteenth? Could he not tie up his belongings in a handkerchief and make for London, where the streets were paved with gold, and the walls were built of jasper? Well, you see, in this matter of the poor lad and his elevation to giddy heights there has been a little mistake, principally due to the chap-books. The poor lad who worked his way upward in the nineteenth century belonged to the bourgeoisie, not the craftsman class. While his schoolfellows remained clerks,

he, by some early good fortune — by marriage, by cousinship, was enabled to get his foot on the ladder, up which he proceeded to climb with strength and resolution. The poor lad who got on in earlier times was the son of a country gentleman. Dick Whittington was the son of Sir William Whittington, Knight and afterwards outlaw. He was apprenticed to his cousin Sir John Fitzwarren, Mercer and merchant-adventurer, son of Sir William Fitzwarren, Knight. Again, Chichele, Lord Mayor, and his younger brother, Sheriff, and his elder brother Archbishop of Canterbury, were sons of one Chichele, Gentleman and Armiger of Higham Ferrers in the county of Northampton. Sir Thomas Gresham was the son of Sir Richard Gresham, nephew of Sir John Gresham, and younger brother of Sir John Gresham also of a good old country family. In fact, we may look in vain through the annals of London city for the rise of the humble boy from the ranks of the craftsmen. Once or twice, perhaps, one may find such a case. If we consider the early years of the nineteenth century, when the long wars attracted to the army all the younger sons, it does seem as if the Mayors and Aldermen must have come from very humble beginnings. Even then, however, we find on investigation that the city fathers of that time had mostly sprung from small shops. They were never, to begin with, craftsmen, and at the end of the century any such rise was never dreamed of by the most ambitious. The clerk, if a lad became a clerk, remained a clerk: he had no hope of becoming anything else. The shopman remained a shopman, his only hope being the establishment of himself as a master if he could save enough money. The craftsman remained a craftsman. And for partnerships there were always plenty — younger sons and others — eager to buy themselves in, or there were sons and nephews waiting their turn. No son of a working man, or a clerk, could hope for any other advancement in the City than advancement to higher salary for long and faithful service.

Once more, then, the situation was this: To him who could afford to earn nothing till he was two-and-twenty, and

little till he was five-and-twenty, and could find the money for fees, lectures, and courses and coaches, everything that the country had to offer was open. With this limitation there was never any country in which prizes were more open than Great Britain and Ireland. A clever lad might enter the Royal Engineers or Artillery with a tolerable certainty of being a Colonel and a K.C.B. at fifty; or he might go into the Church, where if he had ability and had cultivated eloquence and possessed good manners he might count on a Bishopric; or he might go to the Bar, where, if he was lucky, he might become a judge or even Lord Chancellor. Unless however he could provide the capital wanted for admission, he could attain to nothing — nothing — nothing.

What became, then, of the clever lad? In some cases he became a clerk, crowding into a trade already overcrowded. He trampled on his competitors, because most of them, the sons and grandsons of clerks, had no ambition and no perception of the things wanted. This young fellow had. He taught himself the things that were wanted: he generally took therefore the best place. But he had to remain a clerk.

Or, more often, he became a teacher in a Board School. In this capacity he obtained a certain amount of social consideration, a certain amount of independence, and an income varying from £150 to £400 a year.

Or, which also happened frequently, he might become a dissenting minister of the humbler kind. In that case he had every chance of passing through life in a little chapel at a small town, a slave to his own, and to his congregation's, narrow prejudices.

Or, he might go abroad, to one of the Colonies. Earlier in the century, between the years 1850 and 1880 many poor lads had gone to Australia or New Zealand and had done well for themselves, a few had become millionaires; but by the year 1890 these colonies, considered as likely places wherein a young man could advance himself, seemed played out. Workingmen they wanted, but not clever and penniless young fellows.

He might, it has been suggested, go

into the House. There were already one or two workingmen in the House. But they were sent there especially to represent certain interests by workingmen; not because their representative was an ambitious and clever young man. And the workingman's member, so far, had advanced a very little way as a political success. It was not in Politics that a young man would find his opening.

This brings us to the one career open to him—he might become a Journalist. It is an attractive Profession: and even in its lower walks it seems a branch of literature. There is independence of hours: the pay depends upon the man's power of work: there are great openings in it and—to the rising lad at least—what seems a noble possibility in the shape of pay. Many distinguished men have been journalists, from Charles Dickens downward. Nearly all the novelists have dabbled with journalism; and, since all of us cannot be novelists, the young man might reflect that there are editors, sub-editors, assistant editors, news-editors, leader writers, descriptive writers, reviewers, dramatic critics, art and music critics, wanted for every paper. He could become a journalist and he could rise to the achievement of these ambitions.

At first he rose a very little way, despite his ambition, because in every branch of letters, imperfect education is an insuperable obstacle. Still he could become news-editor, descriptive reporter, paragraph writer, and even, in the case of country papers, editor. Sometimes he passed from the office of the journal to that of one of the many societies, where he became secretary and succeeded in getting his name associated with some cause, which gave him some position and consideration. Whether he succeeded greatly or not, his whole object was to pass from the class which has no possible future to the class for which everything is open. His sons would be gentlemen, and if he could only find the necessary funds, they should make what he had been unable to make, an attempt upon the prizes of the State.

This was the situation at the beginning of the last decade of the nineteenth century. It is summed up by saying

that all the avenues to honor and power were closed and barred to the lad who could not command a thousand pounds at least. Let us pass on.

I have already, in the last chapter, considered the growth and development of the great educational movement whose origin belongs to the nineteenth century; whose development so profoundly affects the history of our own.

It began, like the spread of scientific knowledge, and the reforms in the Old Constitution, and everything else, with the introduction of railways. Before the end of the century the country was covered with schools, as it was also covered with railways. There was hardly a man or woman living when the nineteenth century ended who could not read; there were few indeed who did not read. But the school course naturally taught little beyond the elements and was already completed when the pupil reached his fourteenth year. He was then taken from school and put to work, apprenticed—set to something which was to be his trade. Clever or stupid, keen of intellect or dull, that was to be the lot of the boy. He was set to learn how to earn his livelihood.

About the year 1885 or 1890—no exact date can be fixed for the birth of a new idea—began a very remarkable extension of the educational movement. It was discovered by philanthropists that something ought to be done with the boys after they had left school. The first intentions seem to have been simply to keep them out of mischief. Having nothing to do the lads naturally took to loafing about the streets, smoking bad tobacco, drinking, gambling, and precocious love-making. It was also perceived by economists about the same time that unless something was done for technical education, the old superiority of the British craftsman would speedily vanish. It was further pointed out that the education of the Board Schools gave the pupils little more than the mastery of the merest elements, the tools by means of which knowledge could be acquired. In order, therefore, to carry on general education and to provide technical training there were started simultaneously in every great town, but especially in Lon-

don, Technical Schools, "Continuation" Classes, Polytechnics, Young Men's Associations and Clubs, Guilds for instruction and recreation—under whatever form they were known they were all schools.

Then the young working lad was invited to enter himself at one of these places, and to spend his evenings there. "Come," said the founders, "you are at an age when everything is new and everything is delightful. Give up all your present joys. Send the girl with whom you keep company, night after night, home to her mother. Put down your cherished cigarette, cease to stand about in bars, give up drinking beer, go no more to the music-hall. Abandon all that you delight in. And come to us. After working all day long at your trade, come to us and work all the evening at books."

A strange invitation! To forego delights and live laborious evenings. Stranger still, the lads accepted the invitation. They accepted in thousands. They consented to work every evening as well as every day. The inducements to join were, in fact, artfully devised with a full knowledge of boys' nature. What a boy desires, over and above everything else, more than the company of a girl, more than idleness, more than gambling, more than beer-drinking, more than tobacco, is association with other lads of the same age. These Polytechnics or Institutes or Clubs gave him, first of all, that association. They provided him with societies of every kind. They added recreation to study; pleasure to work. If half of the evening was spent in a class-room, or in a workshop, the other half was passed in orderly amusement. There was, moreover, every kind of choice; the lad felt himself free; there were, to be sure, barriers here and there, but he did not feel them; there was a steady pressure upon him in certain directions, but he did not feel it; in some there were prayer-meetings; the boys were not obliged to go, but some time or other they found themselves present. Then there were some who wore the blue ribbon of temperance; nobody was obliged to assume that symbol, but somehow most

of them did, without feeling that they had been pressed to do so. For the very work and life and atmosphere of the place into which beer was not admitted gave them a dislike for beer, with its coarse and rough associations. Insensibly the boy who joined was led upward to a nobler and higher level.

The motives which were strong enough to persuade a working lad to work on, over hours, may be partly understood by considering one of these Institutions—the largest and the most popular—the Polytechnic of Regent Street, called familiarly the Regent Street "Poly," with its thirteen thousand members. Take first its social side, as offering naturally greater attractions than its educational side. It contained about forty clubs. The new member on joining was asked in a pamphlet these three questions:

1. "Do you wish to make friends?"
2. "Are you anxious to improve yourself?"
3. "Do you seek the best opportunities of recreation in your leisure hours?"

Observe that the serious object is placed between the other two. What the Poly lads said to the new member was: "Come in and have a good old time with us." It was for the good old time that the new member joined. Once in he could look about him and choose. The Gymnasium, the Boxing club, the Swimming Club, the Roller-skating Club, the Cricket, Football, Lawn Tennis, Athletic, Rowing, Cycling, Ramblers and Harriers Clubs all invited him to join. Surely, among so many clubs there must be one that he would like. Of course they had their showy uniform, their envied Captains and other officers, their field days, their public days, and their prizes. Or there was the Volunteer Corps, with its Artillery Brigade, and its Volunteer Medical Staff Corps. There was the Parliament, conducted on the same rules as that of the House of Commons. For the quieter lads there were Sketching, Natural History, Photographic, Orchestral, and Choral Societies. There was a Natural History Society and an Electrical Engineering Society. There were also associations for religious and moral objects; a Christian Workers'

Union, a Temperance Society, a Social League, a Polytechnic Mission, and a Bible Class. There were reading-rooms and refreshment-rooms; in the suburbs there were playing fields for them. Up the river was a house-boat for the Rowing Club, the largest on the Thames. Add to all this an intense "College feeling;" an ardent enthusiasm for the Poly; friendships the most faithful; a wholesome, invigorating, stimulating atmosphere; the encouragement always felt of brave endeavor and noble effort, and high principle—in one word, the gift to the young fellows of the working class of all that the public schools and universities could offer that was best and most precious. Such an institution as the Polytechnic—mother and sister of so many others—was a revolution in itself.

But for the second question: "Are you anxious to improve yourself?" What answer was given? Strange to say the answer was also very decidedly in the affirmative.

The young fellows were anxious to improve themselves. Now mark the difference between these working lads and the boys from the public schools. Had such a question been put to the latter their answer would have been a contemptuous stare, or a contemptuous laugh. Improve themselves? They were already improved. They were so far improved that nine-tenths of them were contented with the moderate amount of knowledge necessary for the practice of their professions. If one became a solicitor, a doctor, a school-master, a barrister, a clergyman, it was sufficient for him, in most cases, just to pass the examinations. Then, no further improvement for the rest of their natural life. But these others, who had everything to gain, whose ambitions were just awakening, who were just beginning to understand that there was every inducement to improve themselves, joined the classes and began to work, with as much zeal as they showed in their play.

What they learned concerns us little. It may be recorded, however, that they learned everything. Practical trades were taught; technical classes were held; there was a School of Science in

which such subjects as chemistry, physics, mathematics, mechanics, building were taught. There was a School of Art in which wood modelling, carving, and other minor arts were taught, as well as painting and drawing. There was a Commercial School for Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Type-writing, French, German, etc., were taught; there were Musical Classes, Elocution Classes, a School of Engineering, a School of Photography. Enough; it will be seen that everything a lad might desire to learn he could learn and did learn.

But the Polytechnic was only one of many such institutions. In London alone there existed, in the year 1893, between two and three hundred, large and small; there were nearly fifty branches of the University Extension scheme; the Continuation classes were held in many Board Schools, while of special clubs, mostly for athletic purposes, the number was legion. As for the numbers enrolled in these associations, already in 1893, when those things were all young, one finds 13,000 members of the Regent Street Poly; 4,000 at the People's Palace; the same number at the Birkbeck; the same at the Goldsmith's Institute; at the City of London College, 2,500; and so on. Of the Athletic Clubs the Cyclists' Union alone contained no fewer than 20,000 members.

Figures may mean anything. It is, however, significant that in a population of five millions, which gives perhaps 700,000 young men between fifteen and twenty, of whom about 100,000 were below the rank of craftsmen, and 100,000 above, there should have been found a few years after the introduction of the system, about 70,000 youths wise enough and resolute enough to join these classes.

It must be owned that only the more generous spirits—the nobler sort—were attracted by the Polytechnics. They were a first selection from the mass. Of these again, another selection was made: those few who studied the things which at first sight appeared to be least useful. Everyone who knew a craft could see the wisdom of acquiring perfection in his trade; everyone who was a clerk, or who hoped to become a clerk,

could see the advantage of learning shorthand, book-keeping, French and German. What did that boy aim at who studied Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, matriculated and took his degree at the London University, then an examining body only? Why did he learn these things? He did not learn them, remember, in the perfunctory way in which a public school boy generally works through his subjects; he learned as if he meant to know these subjects; he devoured his books; he tore the heart out of them; he compelled them to give up their secrets. He had everything to get for himself while the public school boy had everything given to him.

When it was done, when he had acquired as much knowledge as any average boy from the best public school; when he had read in the Poly Reading Room all that there was to read, what was he to do? For when he looked about him he saw, stretching before him, fair and stately, the long avenues which led to distinction—but before each there was a toll-gate and at the gate stood a man saying, "Pay me first a thousand pounds. Then, and not till then, you shall enter."

Alas! and he had not a sixpence—he, or his parents. And so perforce he must stand aside while other lads without his intellect and courage paid the money and were admitted.

There was but one outlet. He might become a journalist. He had learned shorthand, a necessary accomplishment. Therefore, he got an appointment as reporter and general hand on a country paper. Such a youth, in these years of which we write was uncommon, but he very soon became much more common. The charm of learning was discovered by one lad after another. The chance of exchanging the craftsman's work for the scholar's work, never thought of before, fired the brains of hundreds first, and thousands afterward. Then began a rage for learning. All those who had abilities even mediocre tried to escape their lot by working at the higher subjects. It was reproached to the Polytechnics that their original purpose, to bring the boys together for common discipline and orderly recreation, and to train them in their crafts,

was departed from and that all their energies were now devoted to turning working lads into classical scholars, mathematicians, logicians, and historians.

Nor was the complaint wholly unfounded. But it was too late to recede. The boys crowded to the classes; they read and worked with incredible eagerness; they thought that to be a man of books was better than to be a man with a saw and a plane. Ambition seized them—seized them by tens of thousands; they would rise. Learning was their stepping-stone. The recreative side of the Polytechnics was lost in the educational side. Never before had there been such an ardor, such a thirst for knowledge. Yet only for knowledge as a means to rise. And there was but one outlet. That, in the course of a few years, became congested. Journalism, as the number of papers increased, demanded more workmen, and still more. These young men from the Polytechnic filled up every vacancy. They had seized upon this profession and made it their own; those who did not belong to them were gradually, but surely, ousted. It was recognized that it was the profession of the young man who wanted to get on. Some there were who affected to lament an alleged decay; the old scholarly style, they said, was gone; there was also gone the old reverence for authority, rank, and the established order. Perhaps the journal, as the new men made it, was above all vigorous. But it was *true*, which could not always be said of the papers before their time. From their college—the old Poly—the young men carried away a love of truth and right dealing which, once imported into the newspaper press, made it an engine far more mighty—an influence far more potent—than ever it had been before. There may have been some loss in style, though many of them wrote gracefully and many showed on occasion a wonderful command of wit, sarcasm, and satire. But because the papers were always truthful the writers always knew what they wanted and so their work had the strength of directness.

A few, but very few, continued at the work, whatever it might be, to which they had been apprenticed. Then their

lives were spent in a day of painful drudgery followed by an evening of delightful study. Very few heard of these men. Now and then one would be discovered by a clergyman working in his parish; now and then one emerged from obscurity by means of a letter or a paper contributed to some journal. Most of them lived and died unknown.

Yet there was one. His case is remarkable because it first set rolling the ball of reform. He was by trade a metal turner and fitter; he had the reputation of being an unsociable man because he went home every day after work and stayed there; he was unmarried and lived alone in a small, four-roomed cottage near Kilburn, one of a collection of Workman's villages. Here it was known that he had a room which he had furnished with a furnace, a table, shelves and bottles, and that he worked every evening at something. One day there appeared in a scientific paper an article containing an account of certain discoveries of the greatest importance, signed by a name utterly unknown to scientific men. The article was followed by others, all of the greatest interest and originality. The man himself had little idea of the importance of his own discoveries. When his cottage was besieged by leaders in the world of science, he was amazed; he showed his simple laboratory to his visitors; he spoke of his labors carelessly; he told them that he was a metal turner by trade, that he worked every day for an employer at a wage of thirty-five shillings a week, and that he was able to devote his evenings to reading and research. They made him an F.R.S., the first working man who had ever attained that honor. They tried to get him put upon the Civil List, but the First Lord of the Treasury had already, according to the usual custom, given away the annual grant made by the House for Literature, Science and Art, to the widows and daughters of Civil servants. This attempt failing, the Royal Society, in order to take him away from his drudgery, created a small sinecure post for him, and in this way found an excuse for giving him a pension.

Then some writer in a London Daily asked how it was that with his genius

for science, which, it was now recalled, had been remarked while he was a student at the South London Poly, this man had been allowed to remain at his trade.

And the answer was, "Because there is no opening for such an one."

It is very astonishing, when we consider the obvious nature of certain truths, to remark how slow man is to find them out. Now this exclusion of all those who could not afford to pay his toll to the man at the gate, had, up to that moment, been accepted as if it were a law of Nature. As in other things, men said, if they talked about the matter at all, "What is, must be. What is, shall be. What is, has always been. What is, has been ordained by God himself." There is nothing more difficult than to effect a reform in men's minds. The reformer has, first, to persuade people to listen. Sometimes he never succeeds, even in this, the very beginning. When they do listen, the thing, being new to them, irritates them. They therefore call him names. If he persists they call him worse names. If they can they put him in prison, hang him, burn him. If they cannot do this, and he goes on preaching new things, they presently begin to listen with more respect. One or two converts are made. The reformer expands his views; his demands become larger; his claims far exceed the modest dimensions of his first timid words. And so the reform, bit by bit, is effected.

At first, then, the demand was for nothing more than an easier entrance into the scientific world. This naturally rose out of the case. "Let us," they said, "take care that to such a man as this any and every branch of science shall be thrown open. But for that purpose it is necessary that scholarships, whether given at school or college, shall be sufficient for the maintenance as well as for the tuition fees of those who hold them." These scholarships, it was argued, had been founded for poor students and belonged to them. All the papers took up the question, and all, with one or two exceptions, were in favor of "restoring"—that was the phrase—"his scholarships;" "his," it was said, assuming that they were his

originally—to the poor man. In vain was it pointed out that these scholarships had been for the most part founded in recent times when public schools and universities had long become the property of the richer class, and that they were needed as aids for those who were not rich, not as means of maintenance for those who wanted to rise out from one class into another.

The cry was raised at the general Election: the majority came into power pledged to the hilt to restore his scholarships to the poor student. Then, of course, a compromise was effected. There was created a class of scholarships at certain public schools, for which candidates had to produce evidence that they possessed nothing, and that their parents would not assist them. Similar scholarships were created at Oxford and Cambridge, out of existing revenues, and it was hoped that concessions opening all the advantages that the public schools and universities had to give would prove sufficient. By this time the country was fully awakened to the danger of having thrown upon their hands a great class of young men who thought themselves too well educated for any of the lower kinds of work, and were too numerous for the only work open to them. No one, as yet, it must be remembered, had ventured to propose throwing open the Professions.

The concessions were found, however, to make very little difference. Now and then a lad with a scholarship forced his way to the head of a public school, and carried off the highest honors at the University. Mostly, however, the poor scholar was uncomfortable; he could neither speak, nor think, nor behave like his fellows; the atmosphere chilled him; too often he failed to justify the early promise; if he succeeded in getting a "poor" scholarship at college, he too often ended his University career with second-class Honors, which were of no use to him at all, and so he was again face to face with the question: What to do? His college would not continue to support him. He could not get a mastership in a good school because there was a prejudice against "poor" scholars, who were supposed incapable of acquiring the man-

ners of a gentleman. So he, too, fell back upon the only outlet, and tried to become a journalist.

Every day the pressure increased; the pay of the journalist went down; work could be got for next to nothing, and still the lads poured into the classes by the thousand, all hoping to exchange the curse of labor by their hands for that of labor by the pen. No one as yet had perceived the great truth which has so enormously increased the happiness of our time, that all labor is honorable and respectable, though to some kinds of labor we assign greater, and some lesser, honor. The one thought was to leave the ranks of the working man.

It is not to be supposed that this great class would suffer and starve in silence. On the contrary, they were continually proclaiming their woes; the papers were filled with letters and articles. "What shall we do with our boys?" was the heading that one saw every day, somewhere or other. What, indeed! No one ventured to say that they had better go back to their trade; no one ventured to point out that a man might be a good cabinet-maker although he knew the Integral Calculus. If one timidly asked what good purpose was gained by making so many scholars, that man was called Philistine, first; obstructive, next; and other stronger names afterward. And yet no one ventured to point out that all the professions—and not science only, through the universities—might be thrown open.

Sooner or later this suggestion was certain to be made. It appeared, first of all, in an unsigned letter addressed to one of the evening papers. The writer of the letter was almost certainly one of the suffering class. He began by setting forth the situation, as I have described it above, quite simply and truly. He showed, as I have shown, that the Professions and the Services were closed to those who had no money. And he advanced for the first time the audacious proposal that they should be thrown open to all on the simple condition of passing an examination. "This examination," he said, "may be made as severe as can be desired or devised. There is no examina-

tion so severe that the students of our Polytechnics cannot face and pass it triumphantly. Let the examination, if you will, be intended to admit none but those who have taken or can take first-class Honors. The Poly students need not fear to face a standard even so high as this. Why should the higher walks of life be reserved for those who have money to begin with? Why should money stand in the way of honor? Among the thousands of young men who have profited by the opportunities offered to them there must be some who are born to be lawyers; some who are born to be doctors; some who are born to be preachers; some who are born to be administrators." And so on, at length. It was not, however, by a letter in a paper, or by the leading articles and the correspondence which followed that the suggested change was effected. But the idea was started. It was talked about; it grew: as the pressure increased it grew more and more. Meetings were held at which violent speeches were delivered: the question of opening the Professions was declared of national importance; at the General Election which followed some months after the appearance of the letter, members were returned who were pledged to promote the immediate throwing open of all the Professions to all who could pass a certain examination; and the first step was taken in opening all commissions in the Army to competitive examination.

The Professions, however, remained obstinate. Law and Medicine refused to make the least concession. It was not until an Act of Parliament compelled them that the Inns of Court, the Law Institute, the Colleges of Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries consented to admit all-comers without fees and by examination alone.

Then followed such a rush into the Professions as had never before been witnessed. Already too full, they became at once absolutely congested and choked. Every other man was either a doctor or a solicitor. It was at first thought that by making examinations of the greatest severity possible the rush might be arrested. But this proved impossible, for the simple reason that an

examination for admission, necessarily a mere "pass" examination must be governed and limited by the intellect of the average candidate. Moreover, in Medicine, if too severe an examination is proposed, the candidate sacrifices actual practice and observation in the Hospital wards to book-work. Therefore the examinations remained much as they always had been, and all the clever lads from all the Polytechnics became, in an incredibly short time, members of the Learned Professions.

There can be no doubt that the Bench and the Bar, that Medicine and Surgery, owe to the emancipation of the Profession many of their noblest members. Great names occur to every one which belong to this and that Polytechnic, and are written on the walls in letters of gold as an encouragement to succeeding generations. One would not go back to the old state of things. At the same time there were losses and there are regrets. So great, for instance, was the competition in Medicine that the sixpenny General Practitioner established himself everywhere, even in the most fashionable quarters; so numerous were solicitors that the old system of a recognized tariff was swept away and gave place to open competition as in trade. That the two branches of the law should be fused into one was inevitable; that the splendid incomes formerly derived from successful practice should disappear was also a matter of course. And there were many who regretted not only the loss of the old professional rules and the old incomes, but also the old professional *esprit de corps*—the old jealousy for the honor and dignity of the profession: the old brotherhood. All this was gone. Every man's hand was against his neighbor; advocates sent in contracts for the job; the physicians undertook a case for so much; the surgeon operated for a contract price; the usages of trade were all transferred to the Professions.

As for the Services, the Navy remained an aristocratic body; boys were received too young for the Polytechnic lads to have a chance; also, the pay was too small to tempt them, and the work was too scientific. In the Army a few appeared from time to time, but it cannot

be said that as officers the working-classes made a good figure. They were not accustomed to command; they were wanting in the manners of the camp as well as those of the court; they were neither polished enough nor rough enough; the influence of the Poly might produce good soldiers—obedient, high-principled, and brave; but it could not produce good officers, who must be, to begin with, lads born in the atmosphere of authority, the sons of gentlemen or the sons of officers. Yet even here there were exceptions. Every one, for instance, will remember the case of the general—once a Poly boy—who successfully defended Herat against an overwhelming host of Russians in the year 1935.

It was not enough to throw open the Professions. Some there were in which, whether they were thrown open or not, a new-comer without family or capital or influence could never get any work. Thus it would seem that Engineering was a profession very favorable to such new-comers. It proved the contrary. All engineers in practice had pupils—sons, cousins, nephews—to whom they gave their appointments. To the new-comer nothing was given. What good, then, had been effected by this revolution? Nothing but the crowding into the learned Professions of penniless, clever lads? Nothing but the destruction of the old dignity and self-respect of Law and Medicine? Nothing but the degradation of a Profession to the competition of trade?

Much more than this had been achieved. The Democratic movement which had marked the nineteenth century received its final impulse from this great change. Everyone knows that the House of Lords, long before the end of that century, had ceased to represent the old aristocracy. The old names were, for the most part, extinct. A Cecil, a Stanley, a Howard, a Neville, a Bruce, might yet be found, but by far the greater part of the Peers were of yesterday. Nor could the House be kept up at all but

for new creations. They were made from rich trade or from the Law, the latter conferring respect and dignity upon the House. But lawyers could no longer be made Peers. They were rough in manners, and they had no longer great incomes. Moreover, the nation demanded that its honors should be equally bestowed upon all those who rendered service to the State, and all were poor. Now a House of poor Lords is absurd. Equally absurd is a House of Lords all brewers. Hence the fall of the House of Lords was certain. In the year 1924 it was finally abolished.

In the next chapter I propose to relate what followed this rush into the Professions. We have seen how the grant of the higher education to working lads caused the Conquest of the Professions and brought about the change I have indicated. We have seen how this revolution was bound to sweep away in its course the last relics of the old aristocratic constitution of the country. It remains to be told how learning, when it became the common possession of all clever lads, ceased to be a possession by which money could be made, except by the very foremost. Then the boys went back to their trades. If the reign of the gentleman is over, the learning and the power and culture that has belonged to the gentleman now belongs to the craftsman. This, at least, must be admitted to be pure gain. For one man who read and studied and thought one hundred years ago, there are now a thousand. Editions of good books are now issued by a hundred thousand at a time. The Professions are still the avenues to honors. Still, as before, the men whom the people respect, are the followers of science, the great Advocate, the great Preacher, the great Engineer, the great Surgeon, the great Dramatist, the great Novelist, the great Poet. That the national honors no longer take the form of the Peerage will not, I think, at this hour, be admitted to be a subject for regret by even the staunchest Conservative.

THE FIDDLER OF THE REELS.

By Thomas Hardy.

THE ILLUSTRATION BY W. HATHERELL.



TALKING of Exhibitions, World's Fairs, and what not," said the old gentleman, "I would not go round the corner to see a dozen of them nowadays. The only exhibition that ever made, or ever will make, any impression upon my imagination was the first of the series, the parent of them all, and now a thing of old times—the Great Exhibition of 1851, in Hyde Park, London. None of the younger generation can realize the sense of novelty it produced in us who were then in our prime. A noun substantive went so far as to become an adjective in honor of the occasion. It was 'exhibition' hat, 'exhibition' razor-strop, 'exhibition' watch; nay, even 'exhibition' weather, 'exhibition' spirits, sweethearts, babies, wives—for the time.

"For South Wessex, the year formed in many ways an extraordinary chronological frontier or transit-line, at which there occurred what one might call a precipice in Time. As in a geological 'fault,' we had presented to us a sudden bringing of ancient and modern into absolute contiguity, such as probably in no other single year since the Conquest was ever witnessed in this part of the country."

These observations led me onward to think of the different personages, gentle and simple, who lived and moved within our narrow and peaceful horizon at that time; and of three people in particular, whose queer little history was oddly touched at points by the Exhibition, more concerned with it than that of anybody else who dwelt in those outlying shades of the world, Stickleford, Mellstock and Egdon. First in order among these three comes Wat Ollamoor—if that were his real name.

He was a woman's man—supremely so—and externally very little else. To men he was not attractive; perhaps not

repulsive; merely, in his better moments, tolerable. Musician, dandy, and company-man in practice; veterinary surgeon in theory, he lodged awhile in Mellstock village, coming from nobody knew where; though some said his first appearance in this neighborhood had been as fiddle-player in a show at Greenhill Fair.

Many a worthy villager envied him his power over unsophisticated maidenhood—a power which seemed sometimes to have a touch of the weird and wizardly in it. Personally he was not ill-favored, though rather un-English, his complexion being a rich olive, his rank hair dark and rather clammy—made still clammy by secret ointments, which, when he came fresh to a party, caused him to smell like "boys'-love" (southernwood) steeped in lamp-oil. He wore curls—a double row—running almost horizontally around his head. But as these were sometimes noticeably absent, it was concluded that they were not of Nature's making, but his own. By girls whose love for him had turned to hatred he had been nicknamed "Mop," from this abundance of hair, which was long enough to rest upon his shoulders; as time passed, the name more and more prevailed.

His fiddling possibly had the most to do with the fascination he exercised, for, to speak fairly, it could claim for itself a most peculiar and personal quality, like that in a moving preacher. There were tones in it which bred the immediate conviction that indolence and averseness to systematic application were all that lay between "Mop" and the career of a second Paganini.

While playing he closed his eyes—invariably; using no notes, and, as it were, allowing the violin to wander on at will into the most plaintive passages ever heard by rustic man. There was a certain lingual character in the supplicatory expressions he produced,

which would well-nigh draw an ache from the heart of a gate-post. He could make any child in the parish, who was at all sensitive to music, burst into tears in a few minutes by simply fiddling one of the old dance-tunes he almost entirely affected—country jigs, reels, and "Favorite Quick Steps" of the last century—some mutilated remains of which even now reappear as nameless phantoms in new quadrilles and gallops, where they are recognized only by the curious, or by such old-fashioned and far-between people as have been thrown with men like Wat Ollamoor in their early life.

His date was a little later than that of the old Mellstock quire-band which comprised the Dewys, Mail, and the rest—in fact, he did not rise above the horizon thereabout till those well-known musicians were disbanded as ecclesiastical functionaries. In their honest love of thoroughness they despised the new man's style. Theophilus Dewy, Reuben the tranter's younger brother, used to say there was no "plumness" in it—no bowing, no solidity—it was all fantastical. And probably this was true. Anyhow, Mop had, very obviously, never bowed a note of church-music from his birth—never once sat in the gallery of Mellstock church where the others had tuned their venerable psalmody so many hundreds of times; had never, in all likelihood, entered a church at all. All were devil's tunes in his repertory. "He could no more play the Wold Hundredth to his true time than he could play the brazen serpent," the tranter would say. (The brazen serpent was supposed in Mellstock to be a musical instrument particularly hard to blow.)

Occasionally Mop could produce the aforesaid moving effect upon the souls of grown-up persons, especially young women of fragile and responsive organization. Such an one was Carline Aspent. Though she was already engaged to be married before she met him, Carline, of them all, was the most influenced by Mop Ollamoor's soul-stealing melodies, to her discomfort, nay, positive pain and ultimate injury. She was a pretty, invincibly weak-mouthed girl, whose chief defect as a companion with her sex was

a tendency to peevishness now and then. At this time she was not a resident in Mellstock parish where Mop lodged, but lived some miles off at Stickleford, farther down the river.

How and where she first made acquaintance with him and his fiddling is not truly known, but the story was that it either began or was developed on one spring evening, when, in passing through Lower Mellstock, she chanced to pause on the bridge near his house to rest herself, and languidly leaned over the parapet. Mop was standing on his door-step, as was his custom, spinning the insidious thread of semi- and demi-semiquavers from the E string of his fiddle for the benefit of passers-by, and laughing as the tears rolled down the cheeks of the little children hanging around him. Carline pretended to be engrossed with the rippling of the stream under the arches, but in reality she was listening, as he knew. Presently the aching of the heart seized her simultaneously with a wild desire to glide airily in the mazes of an infinite dance. To shake off the fascination she resolved to go on, although it would be necessary to pass him as he played; however, on stealthily glancing ahead at the performer, she found to her relief that his eyes were closed in abandonment, and she strode on boldly. But when closer her step grew timid, her tread convulsed itself more and more accordantly with the time of the melody, till she very nearly danced along. Gaining another glance at him when immediately opposite, she saw that *one* of his eyes was open, quizzing her as he smiled at her emotional state. Her gait could not divest itself of its compelled capers till she had gone a long way past the house; and Carline was unable to shake off the strange infatuation for hours. After that day, whenever there was to be in the neighborhood a dance to which she could get an invitation, and where Mop Ollamoor was to be the musician, Carline contrived to be present, though it sometimes involved a walk of several miles; for he did not play so often in Stickleford as elsewhere.

The next evidences of his influence over her were singular enough, and it would require a neurologist to fully ex-

plain them. She would be sitting quietly, any evening after dark, in the house of her father, the parish clerk, which stood in the middle of Stickleford village street, this being the highroad between Lower Mellstock and Moreford, six miles eastward. Here, without a moment's warning, and in the midst of a general conversation between her father, sister, and the young man before alluded to, who devotedly wooed her in ignorance of her infatuation, she would start from her seat in the chimney-corner as if she had received a galvanic shock, and spring convulsively several times ; then she would burst into tears, and it was not till some half-hour had passed that she grew calm as usual. Her father, knowing her hysterical tendencies, was always excessively anxious about this trait in his youngest girl, and feared the attack to be a species of epileptic fit. Not so her sister Julia. Julia had found out what was the cause. At the moment before the jumping, only an exceptionally sensitive ear situated in the chimney-nook could have caught from down the flue the beat of a man's footstep along the highway without. But it was in that footfall, for which she had been waiting, that the origin of Carline's involuntary springing lay. The pedestrian was Mop Ollamoor, as the girl well knew ; but his business that way was not to visit her ; he sought another woman whom he spoke of as his intended, and who lived at Moreford, two miles farther on. On one, and only one, occasion did it happen that Carline could not control her utterance ; it was when her sister alone chanced to be present. "Oh—oh—oh !" she cried. "He's going to her, and not coming to me !"

To do the fiddler justice, he had not at first thought greatly of, or spoken much to, this girl of impressionable mould. But he had soon found out her secret, and could not resist a little by-play with her too easily hurt heart, as an interlude between his more serious performances at Moreford. The two became well acquainted, though only by stealth, hardly a soul in Stickleford except her sister, and her lover Ned Hiperoft, being aware of the attachment. Her father disapproved of her coldness to Ned ; her sister, too, hoped she might get over this

nervous passion for a man of whom so little was known. The ultimate result was that Carline's manly and simple wooer Edward, found his suit becoming practically hopeless. He was a respectable mechanic, in a far sounder position than Mop, the nominal horse-doctor ; but when, before leaving her, he put his flat and final question, would she marry him, then and there, now or never, it was with little expectation of obtaining more than the negative she gave him. Though her father supported him and her sister supported him, he could not play the fiddle so as to draw your soul out of your body like a spider's thread, as Mop did, till you felt as limp as withy-wind and yearned for something to cling to. Indeed, Hiperoft had not the slightest ear for music ; could not sing two notes in tune, much less play them.

The No he had expected and got from her, in spite of a preliminary encouragement, gave him a new start in life. It had been uttered in such a tone of sad entreaty that he resolved to persecute her no more ; she should not even be distressed by a sight of his form in the distant perspective of the street and lane. He left the place, and his natural course was to London.

The railway to South Wessex was in process of construction, but it was not as yet opened for traffic ; and Hiperoft reached the capital by a six days' trudge on foot, as many a better man had done before him. He was one of the last of the artisan class who used that now extinct method of travel to the great centres of labor, so customary then from time immemorial.

In London he lived and worked regularly at his trade. More fortunate than many, his disinterested willingness recommended him from the first. During the ensuing four years he was never out of employment. He neither advanced nor receded in the modern sense ; he improved as a workman, but he did not shift one jot in social position. About his love for Carline he maintained a rigid silence. No doubt he often thought of her ; but being always occupied, and having no relations at Stickleford, he held no communication with that part of the country, and showed no desire to return. In his

quiet lodging in Lambeth he moved about after working-hours with the facility of a woman, doing his own cooking, attending to his stocking-heels, and shaping himself by degrees to a life-long bachelorhood. For this conduct I am bound to advance the canonic reason that time could not efface from his heart the image of little Carline Aspent—and it may be in part the true one; but there was also the inference that his was a nature not greatly dependent upon the ministrations of the other sex for its comforts.

The fourth year of his residence as a mechanic in London was the year of the Hyde Park Exhibition already mentioned, and at the construction of this huge glass-house, then unexampled in the world's history, he worked daily. It was an era of great hope and activity among the nations and industries, but though Hipcroft was, in his small way, a central man in the movement, he plodded on with his usual outward placidity. Yet for him, too, the year was destined to have its surprises, for when the bustle of getting the building ready for the opening day was past, the ceremonies had been witnessed, and people were flocking thither from all parts of the globe, he received a letter from Carline. Till that day the silence of four years between himself and Stickleford had never been broken.

She informed her old lover, in an uncertain penmanship which suggested a trembling hand, of the trouble she had been put to in ascertaining his address, and then broached the subject which had prompted her to write. Four years ago, she said, with the greatest delicacy of which she was capable, she had been so foolish as to refuse him. Her wilful wrong-headedness had since been a grief to her many times, and of late particularly. As for Mr. Ollamoor, he had been absent almost as long as Ned—she did not know where. She would gladly marry Ned now if he were to ask her again, and be a tender wife to him till her life's end.

A tide of warm feeling must have surged through Ned Hipcroft's frame on receipt of this news, if we may judge by the issue. Unquestionably he loved her still, even if not to the exclusion of

every other happiness. This from his Carline, she who had been dead to him these many years, alive to him again as of old, was in itself a pleasant, gratifying thing. Ned had grown so resigned to, or satisfied with, his lonely lot, that he probably would not have shown much jubilation at anything. Still, a certain ardor of preoccupation, after his first surprise, revealed how deeply her confession of faith in him had stirred him. Measured and methodical in his ways, he did not answer the letter that day, nor the next, nor the next. He was having "a good think." When he did answer it, there was a great deal of sound reasoning mixed in with the unmistakable tenderness of his reply; but the tenderness itself was sufficient to reveal that he was pleased with her straightforward frankness; that the anchorage she had once obtained in his heart was renewable, if it had not been continuously firm.

He told her—and as he wrote his lips twitched humorously now and then over the few gentle words of railery he indited among the rest of his sentences—that it was all very well for her to come round at this time of day. Why wouldn't she have him when he wanted her? She had no doubt learned that he was not married, but suppose his affections had since been fixed on another? She ought to beg his pardon. Still, he was not the man to forget her. But considering how he had been used, and what he had suffered, she could not quite expect him to go down to Stickleford and fetch her. But if she would come to him, and say she was sorry, as was only fair; why, yes, he would marry her, knowing what a good little woman she was to the core. He added that the request for her to come to him was a less one to make than it would have been when he first left Stickleford, or even a few months ago; for the new railway into South Wessex was now open, and there had just begun to be run wonderfully contrived special trains, called excursion trains, on account of the great Exhibition; so that she could come up easily alone.

She said in her reply how good it was of him to treat her so generously, after her hot and cold treatment of him;



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL.

"She chanced to pause on the bridge near his house to rest herself."—Page 595.

that though she felt frightened at the magnitude of the journey, and was never as yet in a railway-train, having only seen one pass at a distance, she embraced his offer with all her heart; and would, indeed, own to him how sorry she was, and beg his pardon, and try to be a good wife always, and make up for lost time.

The remaining details of when and where were soon settled, Carline informing him, for her ready identification in the crowd, that she would be wearing "my new sprigged-laylock cotton gown," and Ned gayly responding that, having married her the morning after her arrival, he would make a day of it by taking her to the Exhibition. One early summer afternoon, accordingly, he came from his place of work, and hastened toward Waterloo Station to meet her. It was as wet and chilly as an English June day can occasionally be, but as he waited on the platform in the drizzle he glowed inwardly, and seemed to have something to live for again.

The "excursion-train"—an absolutely new departure in the history of travel—was still a novelty on the Wessex line, and probably everywhere. Crowds of people had flocked to all the stations on the way up to witness the unwonted sight of so long a train's passage, even where they did not take advantage of the opportunity it offered. The seats for the humbler class of travellers in these early experiments in steam-locomotion were open trucks, without any protection whatever from the wind and rain; and damp weather having set in with the afternoon, the unfortunate occupants of these vehicles were, on the train drawing up at the London terminus, found to be in a pitiable condition from their long journey; blue-faced, stiff-necked, sneezing, rain-beaten, chilled to the marrow, many of the men being hatless; in fact, they resembled people who had been out all night in an open boat on a rough sea, rather than inland excursionists for pleasure. The women had in some degree protected themselves by turning up the skirts of their gowns over their heads, but as by this arrangement they were additionally exposed about the hips, they were all more or less in a sorry plight.

In the bustle and crush of alighting forms of both sexes which followed the entry of the huge concatenation into the station, Ned Hipcroft soon discerned the slim little figure his eye was in search of, in the sprigged lilac, as described. She came up to him with a frightened smile—still pretty, though so damp, weather-beaten, and shivering from the long exposure to the wind.

"Oh, Ned!" she sputtered, "I—I—" He clasped her in his arms and kissed her, whereupon she burst into a flood of tears.

"You are wet, my poor dear! I hope you'll not get cold," he said. And surveying her and her multifarious surrounding packages, he noticed that by the hand she led a toddling child—a little girl of three or so—whose hood was as clammy and features as blue as those of the other travellers.

"Who is this—somebody you know?" asked Ned, curiously.

"Yes, Ned. She's mine."

"Yours?"

"Yes—my own!"

"Well—upon my——"

"Ned, I didn't mention it in my letter, because, you see, it would have been so hard to explain! I thought that when we met I could tell you how she happened to be born, so much better than in writing! I hope you'll excuse it, dear Ned, now I have come so many miles!"

"This means Mr. Mop Ollamoor, I reckon!" said Hipcroft, gazing steadily at them from the distance of the yard or two to which he had withdrawn.

Carline sighed. "But he's been gone away for years!" she supplicated. "And I never had a young man before! And I was so onlucky to be caught, though some of the girls down there go on like anything!"

Ned remained in silence, pondering. "You'll forgive me, dear Ned?" she added. "I haven't taken 'ee in after all, because—because you can pack us back again, if you want to; though 'tis hundreds o' miles, and so wet, and night a-coming on, and I with no money!"

A more pitiable picture than the pair of helpless creatures presented was never seen on a rainy day, as they stood on the great, gaunt, puddled platform, a



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whiff of drizzle blowing under the roof upon them now and then; the pretty attire in which they had started from Stickleford in the early morning bemuddled and sodden, weariness on their faces, and fear of him in their eyes; for the child began to look as if she thought she too had done some wrong, remaining in an appalled silence till the tears rolled down her chubby cheeks.

"What's the matter, my little maid?" said Ned, mechanically.

"I do want to go home!" she let out, in tones that told of a bursting heart. "And my totties be cold, an' I shan't have no bread an' butter no more!"

"I don't know what to say to it all!" declared Ned, his own eye moist as he turned and walked a few steps with his head down; then regarded them again point blank. From the child escaped troubled breaths and concealed tears.

"Want some bread and butter, do 'ee?" he said, with preoccupied hardness of utterance.

"Ye—e—s!"

"Well, I dare say I can get 'ee a bit. Naturally, you must want some. And you, too, for that matter, Car'line."

"I do feel a little hungered. But I can keep it off," she murmured.

"Folk shouldn't do that. . . . There, come along." He caught up the child, as he added, "You must bide here to-night, anyhow. What can you do otherwise? I'll get 'ee some tea and victuals; and as for this job, I'm sure I don't know what to say! This is the way out."

They pursued their way, without speaking, to Ned's lodgings, which were not far off. There he dried them and made them comfortable, and prepared tea; they thankfully sat down. The ready-made household, of which he suddenly found himself the head, imparted a cosy aspect to his room, and a paternal one to himself. Presently he turned to the child and kissed her now blooming cheeks; and, looking wistfully at Car'line, kissed her also.

"I don't see how I can send 'ee back all them miles," he growled, "now you've come all the way o' purpose to join me. But you must trust me, Car'line, and show you've real faith in me. Well, do you feel better now, my little woman?"

The child nodded, her mouth being otherwise occupied.

"I did trust you, Ned, in coming; and I shall always."

Thus, without any definite agreement to forgive her, he tacitly acquiesced in the fate that Heaven had sent him; and on the day of their marriage (which was not quite so soon as he had expected it could be, on account of the time necessary for banns) he took her to the Exhibition when they came back from church, as he had promised. While standing near a large mirror in one of the courts devoted to furniture, Car'line started, for in the glass appeared the reflection of a form exactly resembling Mop Ollamoor's—so exactly, that it seemed impossible to believe anybody but that artist in person to be the original. On passing round the objects which hemmed in Ned, her, and the child from a direct view, no Mop was to be seen. Whether he were really in London or not at that time was never known; and Car'line always stoutly denied that her readiness to go and meet Ned in town arose from any rumor that Mop had also gone thither; which denial there was no reasonable ground for doubting.

And then the year glided away, and the Exhibition folded itself up and became a thing of the past. The park trees that had been enclosed for six months were again exposed to the winds and storms, and the sod grew green anew. Ned found that Car'line resolved herself into a very good wife and companion, though she had made herself what is called cheap to him; but in that she was like another domestic article, a cheap tea-pot, which often brews better tea than a dear one. One autumn Hipcroft found himself with but little work to do, and a prospect of less for the winter. Both being country born and bred, they fancied they would like to live again in their natural atmosphere. It was accordingly decided between them that they should leave the pent-up London lodging, and that Ned should seek out employment near his native place, his wife and her daughter staying with Car'line's father during the search for occupation and an abode of their own.

Tinglings of pleasure pervaded Car'line's spasmodic little frame as she jour-

neyed down with Ned to the place she had left two or three years before, in silence and under a cloud. To return to where she had once been despised, a smiling London wife with a distinct London accent, was a triumph which the world did not witness every day.

The train did not stop at the petty roadside station that lay nearest to Stickleford, and the trio went on to Casterbridge. Ned thought it a good opportunity to make a few preliminary inquiries for employment at workshops in the borough where he had been known; and feeling cold from her journey, and it being dry underfoot and only dusk as yet, with a moon on the point of rising, Carline and her little girl walked on toward Stickleford, leaving Ned to follow at a quicker pace, and pick her up at a certain half-way house, widely known as an inn.

The woman and child pursued the well-remembered way comfortably enough, though they were both becoming wearied. In the course of three miles they had passed Heedless William's Pond, the familiar landmark by Bloom's End, and were drawing near the Quiet Woman Inn, a lone roadside hostel on the lower verge of the Egdon Heath, since and for many years abolished. In stepping up toward it Carline heard more voices within than had formerly been customary at such an hour, and she learned that an auction of fat stock had been held near the spot that afternoon. The child would be the better for a rest as well as herself, she thought, and she entered.

The guests and customers overflowed into the passage, and Carline had no sooner crossed the threshold than a man, whom she remembered by sight, came forward with a glass and mug in his hands toward a friend leaning against the wall; but, seeing her, very gallantly offered her a drink of the liquor, which was gin-and-beer hot, pouring her out a tumblerful and saying, in a moment or two: "Surely, 'tis little Carline Aspent that was—down at Stickleford?"

She assented, and, though she did not exactly want this beverage, she drank it since it was offered, and her entertainer begged her to come in further and sit down. Once within the room she found

that all the persons present were seated close against the walls, and there being a chair vacant she did the same. An explanation of their position occurred the next moment. In the opposite corner stood Mop, rosining his bow and looking just the same as ever. The company had cleared the middle of the room for dancing, and they were about to dance again. As she wore a veil to keep off the wind, she did not think he had recognized her, or could possibly guess the identity of the child; and to her satisfied surprise she found that she could confront him quite calmly—mistress of herself in the dignity her London life had given her. Before she had quite emptied her glass the dance was called, the dancers formed in two lines, the music sounded, and the figure began.

Then matters changed for Carline. A tremor quickened itself to life in her, and her hand so shook that she could hardly set down her glass. It was not the dance nor the dancers, but the notes of that old violin which thrilled the London wife, these having still all the witchery that she had so well known of yore, and under which she had used to lose all power of independent will. How it all came back! There was the fiddling figure against the wall; the large oily, mop-like head of him, and beneath the mop the face with closed eyes.

After the first moments of paralyzed reverie, the familiar tune in the familiar rendering made her laugh and shed tears simultaneously. Then a man at the bottom of the dance, whose partner had dropped away, stretched out his hand and beckoned to her to take the place. She did not want to dance; she entreated by signs to be left where she was, but she was entreating of the tune and its player rather than of the dancing man. The saltatory tendency which the fiddler and his cunning instrumentation had ever been able to start in her was seizing Carline just as it had done in earlier years, possibly assisted by the gin-and-beer hot. Tired as she was, she grasped her little girl by the hand, and plunging in at the bottom of the figure, whirled about with the rest. She found that her companions were mostly people of the neighboring hamlets and farms—Bloom's-End, Mellstock, Lewgate, and

elsewhere ; and by degrees she was recognized as she convulsively danced on, wishing that Mop would cease and let her heart rest from the aching he caused, and her feet also.

After long and many minutes the dance ended, when she was urged to fortify herself with more gin-and-beer ; which she did, feeling very weak and overpowered with hysteric emotion. She refrained from unveiling, to keep Mop in ignorance of her presence, if possible. Several of the guests having left, Carline hastily wiped her lips and also turned to go ; but, according to the account of some who remained, at that very moment a five-handed reel was proposed, in which two or three begged her to join. She declined on the plea of being tired and having to walk to Stickleford, when Mop began aggressively tweedling "My Fancy-Lad," in D major, as the air to which the reel was to be footed. He must have recognized her, though she did not know it, for it was the strain of all seductive strains which she was least able to resist—the one he had played when she was leaning over the bridge at the date of their first acquaintance. Carline stepped despairingly into the middle of the room with the other four.

Reels were resorted to hereabouts at this time by the more robust spirits, for the reduction of superfluous energy which the ordinary figure-dances were not powerful enough to exhaust. As everybody knows, or does not know, the five reelers stood in the form of a cross, the reel being performed by each line of three alternately, the persons who successively came to the middle place dancing in both directions. Carline soon found herself in this place, the axis of the whole performance, and could not get out of it, the tune turning into the first part without giving her opportunity. And now she began to suspect that Mop did know her, and was doing this on purpose, though whenever she stole a glance at him his closed eyes betokened obliviousness to everything outside his own brain. She continued to wend her way through the figure of 8 that was formed by her course, the fiddler introducing into his notes the wild and agonizing sweetness of a living voice in one

too highly wrought ; its pathos running high and running low in endless variation, projecting through her nerves excruciating spasms, a sort of blissful torture. The room swam, the tune was endless ; and in about a quarter of an hour the only other woman in the figure dropped out exhausted, and sank panting on a bench.

The reel instantly resolved itself into a four-handed one. Carline would have given anything to leave off ; but she had, or fancied she had, no power, while Mop played such tunes ; and thus another ten minutes slipped by, a haze of dust now clouding the candles, the floor being of stone, sanded. Then another dancer fell out—one of the men—and went into the passage, in a frantic search for liquor. To turn the figure into a three-handed reel was the work of a second, Mop modulating at the same time into "The Fairy Dance," as better suited to the contracted movement, and no less one of those foods of love which, as manufactured by his bow, had always intoxicated her.

In a reel for three there was no rest whatever, and four or five minutes were enough to make her remaining two partners, now thoroughly blown, stamp their last bar, and, like their predecessors, limp off into the next room to get something to drink. Carline, half-stifled inside her veil, was left dancing alone, the apartment now being empty of everybody save herself, Mop, and their little girl.

She flung up the veil, and cast her questioning eyes upon him, as if imploring him to withdraw himself and his acoustic magnetism from the atmosphere. Mop opened one of his own orbs, as though for the first time, fixed it peeringly upon her, and smiling dreamily, threw into his strains the reserve of expression which he could not afford to waste on a big and noisy dance. Crowds of little chromatic subtleties, capable of drawing tears from a statue, proceeded straightway from the ancient fiddle, as if it were dying of the emotion which had been pent up within it ever since its banishment from some Italian spot where it first took shape and sound. There was that in the look of Mop's one dark eye which said :

"The master went off long whether you would or no," said it coolly in her a parsimonious of desperation that belied him to put her down.

She then continued to stare upon Caroline as she thought, but in great anxiety and almost subject to every variety of the possible, and pointed by the pointed-like gaze of her companion's open eye. Keeping up at the same time a better smile in her face, yet found to carry it in this still but not pleasant vision of her to. A troubled embarrassment as to what she would say to him if she were to break off had the anticipated chance of keeping her going. The child was the beginning to be distressed by the slender stream of water up and said, "Keep smiling, stop, and let's go home," as she turned her face's head.

Suddenly Caroline sank snatching at the door, and coming over to her two points she exclaimed, "Mig's the possibility existed on this shore of that," dropping quickly down from the same place feet-down which had formed the pattern, to rest in the little girl, who disconcerted between her mother.

The guests who had gone into the back-room for dinner and dinner of an hour, something unusual, grouped back afterward, where they observed a scene poor, went Caroline by leaving her with the bed-down and opening the window. Ned had been back, who had been detained at Orestes, as if down, since about the road at this junction and leaving a small voice through the open window, and to his great surprise the mention of his wife must be entered about the over upon the scene. Caroline was now in momentary weeping, and he felt that something could be done with her. While he was waiting for a man to take her covered to Richmond, Hiram, somewhat surprised how it had all happened, and then the assembly explained that a letter formerly known in the library had lately contained her old beauty, and had taken upon himself without invitation to put that evening at the sign.

Ned demanded the billiard, now, and they said "Hiram."

"Al," continued Ned looking round

him. "Where is he, and where—where is he?"

"Hiram had disappeared, and so had the child. Hiram was in ordinary a quiet and trusting fellow, but a determination which was to be feared settled in his face then. "Come here," he cried. "I'll tell the child in terms if I serve for it to-morrow."

He had rushed to the police which lay on the board, and hastened down the passage the people following. "Follow the horse, on the other side of the street, a mass of dark head-down nose coming upward, but not easily accessible interest, a round pattern, where-on potted into the city at the distance of a couple of miles, the driveway of Hiram's walked by the Valley express—a piece of landscape shown as this horse which would have afforded some looking for a battery of artillery, most less a man and a child.

Some other men plunged onward with him and were met along the road. They were some three or four minutes altogether returning without results to the inn. Ned sat down in the same and wiped his forehead with his hands.

"Well—what ailed the man, and he been all these years if he thinks the child like as a' do seem to?" they whispered, an everybody else knowing otherwise."

"No, I don't think he runs!" cried Ned loudly, as he sat up from his hands. "But don't worry, all the same. Hain't I passed her? Hain't I fed her and washed her? Hain't I played w' her? Oh, hain't Harry—gone with that cap—gone?"

"But hain't I set your mother, anyhow?" they said to console him. "She is feeling better, perhaps more to be than a child that her't pass."

"See you?" She was so particular much to me especially now she's lost the little maid. But Harry's everything!"

"Well, yer' like, yer' did her to-morrow."

"Ah—but shall I? For he won't hurt her—surely he won't. Well—hain't Caroline now? I am ready. Is the cart here?"

She was lifted into the vehicle, and

out." Dencombe, who had a reputation for being a bit of a know-all, knew too well in advance how he should look.

His postponement associated itself vaguely, after a little, with a group of three persons, two ladies and a young man, whom, beneath him, straggling and seemingly silent, he could see move slowly together along the sands. The gentleman had his head bent over a book and was occasionally brought to a stop by the charm of this volume, which, as Dencombe could perceive even at a distance, had a cover intensely red. Then his companions, going a little farther, waited for him to come up, poking their parasols into the beach, looking around them at the sea and sky, and clearly sensible of the beauty of the day. To these things the young man with the book was still more clearly indifferent: ingenuous, credulous, absorbed, he was an object of envy to an observer from whose connection with literature all such artlessness had faded. One of the ladies was large and mature; the other had the sparseness of comparative youth and of a social situation possibly inferior. The large lady carried back Dencombe's imagination to the age of crinoline; she wore a hat of the shape of a mushroom, decorated with a blue veil, and had the air, in her aggressive amplitude, of clinging to a vanished fashion or even a lost cause. Presently her companion produced from under the folds of a mantle a limp, portable chair which she stiffened out and of which the large lady took possession. This act, and something in the movement of either party, instantly characterized the performers—they performed for Dencombe's recreation—as opulent matron and humble dependant. What, moreover, was the use of being an approved novelist if one couldn't establish a relation between such figures; as, for instance, that the young man was the son of the opulent matron, and that the humble dependant, the daughter of a clergyman or an officer, nourished a secret passion for him? Was that not visible from the way she stole behind her protectress to look back at him?—back to where he had let himself come to a full stop, when his mother sat down to rest.

His book was a novel; it had the catch-penny cover, and while the romance of life stood neglected at his side he lost himself in that of the circulating library. He moved mechanically to where the sand was softer, and ended by plumping down in it to finish his chapter at his ease. The humble dependant, discouraged by his remoteness, wandered, with a sensitive droop of the head, in another direction, and the exorbitant lady, watching the waves, offered a confused resemblance to a flying-machine that had broken down.

When his drama began to drop Dencombe remembered that he had, after all, another pastime. Though such promptitude on the part of the publisher was rare, he was already able to draw from its wrapper his "latest," perhaps his last. The cover of "The Middle Years" was properly meretricious, the smell of the fresh pages was sweet; but for the moment he went no farther—he had become conscious of a strange alienation. He had forgotten what his book was about. Had the assault of his old ailment, which he had so fallaciously come to Bournemouth to ward off, interposed utter blankness as to what had preceded it? He had finished the revision of proof before quitting London, but his subsequent fortnight in bed had passed the sponge over color. He couldn't have chanted to himself a single sentence, couldn't have turned with curiosity or confidence to any particular page. His subject had already gone from him, leaving scarcely a superstition behind. He uttered a low moan as he took the measure of this anomaly, so definitely it seemed to represent the progressive decay of his faculties. The tears filled his mild eyes; something precious had passed away. This was the pang that had been sharpest during the last few years—the sense of ebbing time, of shrinking opportunity; and now he felt not so much that his last chance was going as that it was gone indeed. He had done all that he should ever do, and yet he had not done what he wanted. This was the laceration—that practically his career was over: it was as violent as a rough hand at his throat. He rose from his seat nervously, like a

creature haunted by a devil that he felt work in his weakness and weakness opened his book. It was a small volume; he perused whole volumes and aimed at a new composition. He began to read and little by little in this composition he was purified and consecrated. Everything came back to him, but came back with a strangeness came back along with a quick self-assertive beauty. He read his own prose, he turned his own leaves and laid as he sat there with the spring sunshine on the page, at another position and address. His name was not to be felt but it was even after all work done.

He had forgotten during his illness the work of the previous year; but what he had clearly forgotten was that it was extraordinarily good. He lived once more than his story and was down again, as by a stroke's hand, to where in the dim underworld of nature, great about subjects here. He recognized his motion and surrendered to his talent. Never possibly had that talent, and as it was been so great. His difficulties were still there, but what was also there, to his perception, through (possibly, also) somebody else's, was the art that in most cases had succeeded (here). He was surprised enjoyment of this ability he had a glimpse of a possible progress. Surely as time was not spent—there was life and service in it. It had not come to him easily; it had been backward and resistant, it was the kind of time the marching of delay; he had struggled and suffered in it making sacrifices not to be counted, and now that it was really secure was it no longer to yield to himself itself broadly beaten? There was no further down for Demophile in feeling as he had never felt before that failure would come. The result proved to his little book was another—result beyond his conscious intention; it was as if he had planted his name, had trusted his method, and lay had grown up and flowered with its sweetness. If the achievement had not been however, the process had been useful enough. Would he say so already no-longer what he felt as a man even in, was that only now at the very last, had he come into possession.

His development had been alternately slow almost antipathetically gradual. He had been hindered and retarded by experience and his inner persons had only crept the way. It had taken two-thirds of his life to produce the little of his art. The art had come, but it had come after everything else. At last a tale a first sentence was too short—long enough only to offend readers, so that as bravely to use the material, one must wait a second year or other-year. This extension was what poor Demophile called for. At last he turned the last leaves of his volume to manuscript. "Ah for another year—ah for a better one!"

The three persons he had described in the story had vanished and two disappeared; they had now vanished up a path as defined in his story which led to the top of the cliff. Demophile's head was laid very down, on a cushioned ledge, and the three lady, a massive but strenuous person, with a bold black eye and a bold red face, was now a few moments to rest. She was very content and Demophile himself was not at first so looked relaxed but she was troubled this arrangement as an irreducible defined time. While her companions stood waiting for her she plunged herself on the end of Demophile's seat. The ground now had wild splendors through which, with his finger still to his red-wooded book, he glanced at the volume, bound in the same shade of the same color lying on the top of the nearest compartment of the bench. After an instant Demophile understood that he was struck with a resemblance, had recognized the old stamp on the common skin, was reading "The Middle Years" and now perceived that somebody else had kept pace with him. The statement was finished possibly even a little rattled to find that he was not the only person who had been hindered with an early copy. The eyes of the two proprietors met for a moment, and Demophile derived amusement from the expression of those of his competitor; those it might even be inferred, of his admirer. They possessed to some resemblance—they seemed to say: "Have it has he got it already?—of course he's a

brute of a reviewer!" Dencombe shuffled his copy out of sight while the opulent matron, rising from her repose, broke out: "I feel already the good of this air!"

"I can't say I do," said the scantier lady. "I find myself quite let down."

"I find myself horribly hungry. At what time did you order lunch?" her protectress pursued.

The young person put the question by. "Doctor Hugh always orders it."

"I ordered nothing to-day—I'm going to make you diet," said their comrade.

"Then I shall go home and sleep. *Que doit dire!*"

"Can I trust you to Miss Vernham?" asked Doctor Hugh of his elder companion.

"Don't I trust *you*?" she archly inquired.

"Not too much!" Miss Vernham, with her eyes on the ground, permitted herself to declare. "You must come with us at least to the house," she went on, while the personage on whom they appeared to be in attendance began to mount higher. She had got a little out of ear-shot; nevertheless Miss Vernham became, so far as Dencombe was concerned, less distinctly audible to murmur to the young man: "I don't think you realize all you *owe* the Countess!"

Absently, a moment, Doctor Hugh caused his gold-rimmed spectacles to shine at her.

"Is that the way I strike you? I see—I see!"

"She's awfully good to us," continued Miss Vernham, compelled by her interlocutor's immovability to stand there in spite of this discussion of private matters. Of what use would it have been that Dencombe should be sensitive to shades had he not detected in that immovability a strange influence from the quiet old convalescent in the great tweed cape? Miss Vernham appeared suddenly to become aware of some such connection, for she added, in a moment: "If you want to sun yourself here you can come back after you've seen us home."

Doctor Hugh, at this, hesitated, and Dencombe, in spite of a desire to pass for unconscious, risked a covert glance at him. What his eyes met this time,

as it hapened, was on the part of the young lay a queer stare, naturally vitreous, which made her aspect remind him of some figure (he couldn't name it), in a play or a novel, some sinister governess or tragic old maid. She seemed to scrutinize him, to challenge him, to sy with a glazed impertinence: "What have *you* got to do with us?" At the same instant the rich humor of the bountess reached them from above: "Come, come, my little lambs, you should follow your old *bergère!*" Miss Vernham turned away at this, pursuing the ascent, and Doctor Hugh, after another mute appeal to Dencombe and a moment's evident demur, deposited his book on the bench, as if to keep its place or even as a sign that he would return, and bounded without difficult up the rougher part of the cliff.

Equally innocent and infinite are the pleasures of observation and the resources engendered by the habit of analyzing life. It amused poor Dencombe as he dawdled in his tepid air-bath, to think that he was waiting for a revelation of something at the back of a fine young mind. He looked hard at the book on the end of the bench, but he wouldn't have touched it for the world. It served his purpose to have a theory which should not be exposed to refutation. He already felt better of his melancholy; he had, according to his old formula, put his head at the window. A passing "Countess" could draw off the fancy when, like the elder of the ladies who had just retreated, she was as obvious as the giants of a caravan. It was indeed general views that were terrible; short ones, contrary to an opinion sometimes expressed, were the refuge, were the remedy. Doctor Hugh couldn't possibly be anything but a reviewer who had understandings for early copies with publishers or with newspapers. He reappeared in a quarter of an hour, with visible relief at finding Dencombe on the spot, and the gleam of white teeth in an embarrassed but generous smile. He was perceptibly disappointed at the eclipse of the other copy of the book; it was a pretext the less for speaking to the stranger. But he spoke, not-

withstanding; he held up his own copy and broke out pleading:

"Do say, if you have occasion to speak of it, that it's the best thing he has done yet!"

Dencombe responded with a laugh: "Done yet" was so much to him, made such a grand avenue to the future. Better still, the young man took him for a reviewer! He piled out "The Middle Years" from under his cape, but instinctively concealed any tell-tale look of paternity. This was partly because a man was always a fool for calling attention to his work. "Is that what you're going to say," he inquired of his visitor.

"I'm not quite sure I shall write anything. I don't, as a regular thing—I enjoy in peace. But it's awfully fine."

Dencombe debated a moment. If his interlocutor had begun to abuse him he would have instantly confessed to his identity, but there was no harm in drawing him on a little to praise. He drew him on with such success that in a few moments his new acquaintance was seated by his side, confessing candidly that Dencombe's novels were the only ones he could read a second time. He had come to day before from London, where a friend of his, a journalist, had lent him his copy of the last—the copy sent to the office of the journal and already the subject of a "notice" which, as was pretended there (but one had to allow for "swagger") it had taken a full quarter of an hour to prepare. He imagined that he was ashamed for his friend, and in the case of a work demanding and repaying study, of such summary practices; and, with his fresh appreciation and inexplicable wish to express it, he speedily became for poor Dencombe a remarkable, a delightful apparition. Chance had brought the weary man of letters face to face with the greatest admirer in the new generation whom it was supposable he possessed. The admirer, in truth, was mystifying, so rare a case was it to find a bristling young doctor—he looked like a German physiologist—enamoured of literary form. It was an accident, but happier than most accidents, so that Dencombe, exhilarated as well as

confounded, spent half an hour in making his visitor talk while he kept himself quiet. He explained his premature possession of "The Middle Years" by an allusion to the friendship of the publisher, who, knowing he was at Bournemouth for his health, had paid him this graceful attention. He admitted that he had been ill, for Doctor Hugh would infallibly have guessed it; he even went so far as to wonder whether he mightn't look for some hygienic "tip" from a personage combining so bright an enthusiasm with the latest medical lore. It would shake his faith a little perhaps to have to take a doctor seriously who could take him so seriously, but he enjoyed this gushing modern youth and he felt, with an acute pang, that there would still be work to do in a world in which such odd combinations were presented. It was not true, what he had tried for renunciation's sake to believe, that all the combinations were exhausted. They were not, they were not—they were infinite; the exhaustion was in the miserable artist.

Doctor Hugh was an ardent physiologist, saturated with the spirit of the age—in other words he had just taken his degree; but he was independent and various, he talked like a man who would have liked to love literature best. He would fain have made fine phrases, but nature had denied him the gift. Some of the finest in "The Middle Years" had struck him inordinately, and he took the liberty of reading them to Dencombe in support of his plea. He grew vivid, in the balmy air, to his companion, for whose deep refreshment he seemed to have been sent; and was particularly ingenuous in describing how recently he had become acquainted, and how instantly infatuated, with the only man who had put flesh between the ribs of an art that was starving on superstitions. He had not yet written to him—he was deterred by a sentiment of respect. Dencombe at this moment felicitated himself more than ever on having consistently dodged the photographers. His visitor's attitude promised him a luxury of intercourse, but he surmised that a certain security in

it, for Doctor Hugh, would depend not a little on the Countess. He learned without delay with what variety of Countess they were concerned, as well as the nature of the tie that united the curious trio. The large lady, an Englishwoman by birth and the daughter of a celebrated barytone, whose taste, without his talent, she had inherited, was the widow of a French nobleman and mistress of all that remained of the handsome fortune, the fruit of her father's earnings, that had constituted her dower. Miss Vernham, an odd creature but an accomplished pianist, was attached to her person at a salary. The Countess was generous, independent, eccentric; she travelled with her minstrel and her medical man. Ignorant and passionate, she had nevertheless moments in which she was almost irresistible. Dencombe saw her sit for her portrait in Doctor Hugh's free sketch, and felt the picture of his young friend's relation to her frame itself in his mind. This young friend, for a representative of the new psychology, was himself easily hypnotized, and if he became abnormally communicative it was only a sign of his real subjection. Dencombe did accordingly what he wanted with him, even without being known as Dencombe.

Taken ill on a journey in Switzerland, the Countess had picked him up at an hotel, and the accident of his happening to please her had made her offer him, with her imperious liberality, terms that couldn't fail to dazzle a practitioner without patients and whose resources had been drained dry by his studies. It was not the way he would have elected to spend his time, but it was time that would pass quickly, and meanwhile she was wonderfully kind. She exacted perpetual attention, but it was impossible not to like her. He gave details about his queer patient, a "type" if there ever was one, who had in connection with her flushed obesity and in addition to the morbid strain of a violent and aimless will, a grave organic disorder; but he came back to his loved novelist, whom he was so good as to pronounce more essentially a poet than many of those who went in for verse, with a zeal ex-

cited, as all his indiscretion had been excited, by the happy chance of Dencombe's sympathy and the coincidence of their occupation. Dencombe had confessed to a slight personal acquaintance with the author of "*The Middle Years*," but had not felt himself as ready as he could have wished when his companion, who had never yet encountered a being so privileged, began to be eager for particulars. He even thought that Doctor Hugh's eye at that moment emitted a glimmer of suspicion. But the young man was too inflamed to be shrewd, and repeatedly caught up the book to exclaim: "Did you notice this?" or "Weren't you immensely struck with that?" "There's a beautiful passage toward the end," he broke out; and again he laid his hand upon the volume. As he turned the pages he came upon something else, while Dencombe saw him suddenly change color. He had taken up, as it lay on the bench, Dencombe's copy instead of his own, and his neighbor immediately guessed the reason of his start. Doctor Hugh looked grave an instant; then he said: "I see you've been altering the text!" Dencombe was a passionate corrector, a fingerer of style; the last thing he ever arrived at was a form final for himself. His ideal would have been to publish secretly, and then, on the published text, treat himself to the terrified revise, sacrificing always a first edition and beginning for the world with the second. This morning, in "*The Middle Years*," his pencil had pricked a dozen lights. He was amused at the effect of the young man's reproach; for an instant it made him change color. He stammered, at any rate, ambiguously; then, through a blur of ebbing consciousness, saw Doctor Hugh's mystified eyes. He only had time to feel he was about to be ill again—that emotion, excitement, fatigue, the heat of the sun, the solicitation of the air, had combined to play him a trick, before, stretching out a hand to his visitor with a plaintive cry, he lost his senses altogether.

Later he knew that he had fainted and that Doctor Hugh had got him home in a bath-chair, the conductor of

which, prowling within hail for custom, had happened to remember seeing him in the garden of the hotel. He had recovered his perception in the transit, and had, in bed, that afternoon, a vague recollection of Doctor Hugh's young face, as they went together, bent over him in a comforting laugh and expressive of something more than a suspicion of his identity. That identity was ineffaceable now, and all the more that he was disappointed, disgusted. He had been rash, been stupid, had gone out too soon, stayed out too long. He oughtn't to have exposed himself to strangers, he ought to have taken his servant. He felt as if he had fallen into a hole too deep to desecry any little patch of heaven. He was confused about the time that had elapsed—he pieced the fragments together. He had seen his doctor, the real one, the one who had treated him from the first and who had again been very kind. His servant was in and out on tiptoe, looking very wise after the fact. He said more than once something about the sharp young gentleman. The rest was vagueness, in so far as it wasn't despair. The vagueness, however, justified itself by dreams, dozing anxieties from which he finally emerged to the consciousness of a dark room and a shaded candle.

"You'll be all right again—I know all about you now," said a voice near him that he knew to be young. Then his meeting with Doctor Hugh came back. He was too discouraged to joke about it yet, but he was able to perceive, after a little, that the interest of it was intense for his visitor. "Of course I can't attend you professionally—you've got your own man, with whom I've talked and who's excellent," Doctor Hugh went on. "But you must let me come to see you as a good friend. I've just looked in before going to bed. You're doing beautifully, but it's a good job I was with you on the cliff. I shall come in early to-morrow. I want to do something for you. I want to do *everything*. You've done a tremendous lot for me." The young man held his hand, bending over him, and poor Dencombe, weakly aware of this living pressure, simply lay there and accepted his devo-

tion. He couldn't do anything less—he needed help too much.

The idea of the help he needed was very present to him that night, which he spent in a lucid stillness, an intensity of thought that constituted a reaction from his hours of stupor. He was lost, he was lost—he was lost if he couldn't be saved. He was not afraid of suffering, of death; he was not even in love with life; but he had had a deep demonstration of desire. It came over him in the long, quiet hours that only with "The Middle Years" had he taken his flight; only on that day, visited by soundless processions, had he recognized his kingdom. He had had a revelation of his range. What he dreaded was the idea that his reputation should stand on the unfinished. It was not with his past but with his future that it should properly be concerned. Illness and age rose before him like spectres with pitiless eyes: how was he to bribe such fates to give him the second chance? He had had the one chance that all men have—he had had the chance of life. He went to sleep again very late, and when he awoke Doctor Hugh was sitting by his head. There was already, by this time, something beautifully familiar in him.

"Don't think I've turned out your physician," he said; "I'm acting with his consent. He has been here and seen you. Somehow he seems to trust me. I told him how we happened to come together yesterday, and he recognizes that I've a peculiar right."

Dencombe looked at him with a calculating earnestness. "How have you squared the Countess?"

The young man blushed a little, but he laughed. "Oh, never mind the Countess!"

"You told me she was very exacting."

Doctor Hugh was silent a moment. "So she is."

"And Miss Vernham's an *intrigante*."

"How do you know that?"

"I know everything. One *has* to, to write decently!"

"I think she's mad," said limpid Doctor Hugh.

"Well, don't quarrel with the Countess—she's a present help to you."

"I *don't* quarrel," Doctor Hugh re-

plied. "But I don't get on with silly women." Then he added to Dencombe: "You seem very much alone."

"That often happens at my age. I've outlived, I've lost by the way."

Doctor Hugh hesitated; then surmounting a soft scruple: "Whom have you lost?"

"Every one."

"Ah, no," the young man murmured, laying a hand on his arm.

"I once had a wife—I once had a son. My wife died when my child was born, and my boy, at school, was carried off by typhoid."

"I wish I'd been there!" said Doctor Hugh, simply.

"Well—if you're *here*!" Dencombe answered, with a smile that, in spite of dimness, showed how much he liked to be sure of his companion's whereabouts.

"You talk strangely of your age. You're not old."

"Hypocrite—so early!"

"I speak physiologically."

"That's the way I've been speaking for the last five years, and it's exactly what I've been saying to myself. It isn't till we *are* old that we begin to tell ourselves we're not!"

"Yet I know I'm young," Doctor Hugh declared.

"Not so well as I!" laughed his patient, whose visitor indeed would have established the truth in question by the honesty with which he changed the point of view, remarking that it must be one of the charms of age—at any rate in the case of high distinction—to feel that one has labored and achieved. Doctor Hugh employed the common phrase about earning one's rest, and it made poor Dencombe, for an instant, almost angry. He recovered himself, however, to explain, lucidly enough, that if he, ungraciously, knew nothing of such a balm, it was doubtless because he had wasted inestimable years. He had followed literature from the first, but he had taken a lifetime to get alongside of her. Only to-day, at last, had he begun to *see*, so that what he had hitherto done was a movement without a direction. He had ripened too late, and was so clumsily constituted that he had had to teach himself by mistakes.

"I prefer your flowers, then, to other people's fruit, and your mistakes to other people's successes," said gallant Doctor Hugh. "It's for your mistakes I admire you."

"You're happy—you don't *know*," Dencombe answered.

Looking at his watch the young man had got up; he named the hour of the afternoon at which he would return. Dencombe warned him against committing himself too deeply, and expressed again all his dread of making him neglect the Countess—perhaps incur her displeasure.

"I want to be like *you*—I want to learn by mistakes!" Doctor Hugh laughed.

"Take care you don't make too grave a one! But do come back," Dencombe added, with the glimmer of a new idea.

"You should have had more vanity!" Doctor Hugh spoke as if he knew the exact amount required to make a man of letters normal.

"No, no—I only should have had more time. I want another go."

"Another go?"

"I want an extension."

"An extension?" Again Doctor Hugh repeated Dencombe's words, with which he seemed to have been struck.

"Don't you know?—I want to *live*."

The young man, for good-by, had taken his hand, which closed with a certain force. They looked at each other hard a moment. "You *will* live," said Doctor Hugh.

"Don't be superficial. It's too serious!"

"You *shall* live!" Dencombe's visitor declared, turning pale.

"Ah, that's better!" And as he retired the invalid, with a nervous laugh, sank gratefully back.

All that day and all the following night he wondered if it mightn't be managed. His doctor came again, his servant was attentive, but it was to his confident young friend that he found himself mentally appealing. His collapse on the cliff was plausibly explained, and his liberation, on a better basis, promised for the morrow; meanwhile, however, the intensity of his meditations kept him tranquil and made him indifferent. The idea that occupied

him was none the less absorbing because it was a morbid fancy. Here was a clever son of the age, ingenious and ardent, who happened to have set him up for connoisseurs to worship. This servant of his altar had all the new learning in science and all the old reverence in faith; wouldn't he therefore put his knowledge at the disposal of his sympathy, his craft at the disposal of his love? Couldn't he be trusted to invent a remedy for a poor artist to whose art he had paid a tribute? If he couldn't, the alternative was hard: Dencombe would have to surrender to silence, unvindicated and undivined. The rest of the day and all the next he toyed in secret with this sweet futility. Who would work the miracle for him but the young man who could combine such lucidity with such passion? He thought of the fairy-tales of science and charmed himself into forgetting that he looked for a magic that was not of this world. Doctor Hugh was an apparition, and that placed him above the law. He came and went while his patient, who sat up, followed him with supplicating eyes. The interest of knowing the great author had made the young man begin "The Middle Years" afresh, and would help him to find a deeper meaning in its pages. Dencombe had told him what he "tried for;" with all his intelligence, on a first perusal, Doctor Hugh had failed to guess it. The baffled celebrity wondered then who in the world *would* guess it: he was amused once more at the thoroughness with which an intention could be missed. Yet he wouldn't rail at the general mind to-day—consoling as that ever had been; the revelation of his own slowness had seemed to make all stupidity sacred.

Doctor Hugh, after a little, was visibly worried, confessing, on inquiry, to a source of embarrassment at home. "Stick to the Countess—don't mind me," Dencombe said, repeatedly; for his companion was frank enough about the large lady's attitude. She was so jealous that she had fallen ill—she resented such a breach of allegiance. She paid so much for his fidelity that she must have it all; she refused him the right to other sympathies, charged him

with scheming to make her die alone, for it was needless to point out how little Miss Vernham was a resource in trouble. When Doctor Hugh mentioned that the Countess would already have left Bournemouth if he hadn't kept her in bed, poor Dencombe held his arm tighter and said with decision: "Take her straight away." They had gone out together, walking back to the sheltered nook in which, the other day, they had met. The young man, who had given his companion a personal support, declared with emphasis that his conscience was clear—he could carry on two patients together. Didn't he dream, for his future, of a time when he should have to look after five hundred? Longing equally for virtue Dencombe replied that in this golden age no individual would pretend to have contracted with him for *all* his attention. On the part of the Countess was not such an avidity lawful? Doctor Hugh denied it, said there was no contract, but only a free understanding, and that a sordid servitude was impossible to a generous spirit; he liked, moreover, to talk about art, and that was the subject on which, this time, as they sat again together on the sunny bench, he tried most to engage the author of "The Middle Years." Dencombe, soaring again a little on the weak wings of convalescence, and still haunted by that happy notion of an organized rescue, found another strain of eloquence to plead the cause of a certain splendid "last manner," the very citadel, as it would prove, of his reputation, the stronghold into which his real treasure would be gathered. While his listener gave up the morning and the great still sea appeared to wait, he had a wonderful explanatory hour. Even for himself he was inspired as he told of what his treasure would consist—the precious metals he would dig from the mine, the jewels rare, festoons of rubies, he would hang between the columns of his temple. He was wonderful for himself, so thick his convictions crowded; but he was still more wonderful for Doctor Hugh, who assured him, none the less, that the very pages he had just published were already encrusted with

gems. The young man, however, panted for the combinations to come, and, before the face of the beautiful day, renewed to Dencombe his guarantee that his profession would hold itself responsible for such a life. Then he suddenly clapped his hand upon his watch-pocket and asked leave to absent himself for half an hour. Dencombe waited there for his return, but was at last recalled to the actual by the fall of a shadow across the ground. The shadow darkened into that of Miss Vernham, the young lady in attendance on the Countess; whom Dencombe, recognizing her, perceived so clearly to have come to speak to him, that he rose from his bench to acknowledge the civility. Miss Vernham, however, proved not particularly civil; she looked strangely agitated, and her type was now unmistakable.

"Excuse me if I inquire," she said, "whether it's too much to hope that you may be induced to leave Doctor Hugh alone." Then, before Dencombe, greatly disconcerted, could protest: "You ought to be informed that you stand in his light; that you may do him a terrible injury."

"Do you mean by causing the Countess to dispense with his services?"

"By causing her to disinherit him." Dencombe stared at this, and Miss Vernham pursued, in the gratification of seeing she could produce an impression: "It has depended on himself to come into something very handsome. He has had a magnificent prospect, but I think you've succeeded in spoiling it."

"Not intentionally, I assure you. Is there no hope the accident may be repaired?" Dencombe asked.

"She was ready to do anything for him. She takes great fancies, she lets herself go—it's her way. She has no relations, she's free to dispose of her money, and she's very ill."

"I'm very sorry to hear it," Dencombe stammered.

"Wouldn't it be possible for you to leave Bournemouth? *That's* what I've come to ask of you."

Poor Dencombe sank down on his bench. "I'm very ill myself, but I'll try!"

Miss Vernham still stood there with her colorless eyes and the brutality of her good conscience. "Before it's too late, please!" she said; and with this she turned her back, in order, quickly, as if it had been a business to which she could spare but a precious moment, to pass out of his sight.

Oh, yes, after this Dencombe was certainly very ill. Miss Vernham had upset him with her rough, fierce news; it was the sharpest shock to him to discover what was at stake for a penniless young man of fine parts. He sat trembling on his bench, staring at the waste of waters, feeling sick with the directness of the blow. He was indeed too weak, too unsteady, too alarmed; but he would make the effort to get away, for he couldn't accept the guilt of interference, and his honor was really involved. He would hobble home, at any rate, and then he would think what was to be done. He made his way back to the hotel and, as he went, had a characteristic vision of Miss Vernham's great motive. The Countess hated women, of course, Dencombe was lucid about that; so the hungry pianist had no personal hopes and could only console herself with the bold conception of helping Doctor Hugh in order either to marry him after he had got his money or to induce him to recognize her title to compensation and buy her off. If she had befriended him at a fruitful crisis he would really, as a man of delicacy, and she knew what to think of that point, have to reckon with her.

At the hotel Dencombe's servant insisted on his going back to bed. The invalid had talked about catching a train and had begun with orders to pack; after which his shaken nerves had yielded to a queer head and a rising temperature. He consented to see his physician, who immediately was sent for, but he wished it to be understood that his door was irrevocably closed to Doctor Hugh. He had his plan, which was so fine that he rejoiced in it after getting back to bed. Doctor Hugh, suddenly finding himself snubbed without mercy, would, in natural disgust and to the joy of Miss Vernham, renew his allegiance to the Countess. When his physician arrived Dencombe

learned that he was feverish and that this was very wrong; he was to cultivate calmness and try, if possible, not to think. For the rest of the day he wooed stupidity; but there was an ache that kept him sentient, the probable sacrifice of his "extension," the limit of his course. His medical adviser was anything but pleased; his successive relapses were ominous. He charged this personage to put out a strong hand and take Doctor Hugh off his mind—it would contribute so much to his being quiet. The agitating name, in his room, was not mentioned again, but his security was a smothered fear, and it was not confirmed by the receipt, at ten o'clock that evening, of a telegram which his servant opened and read for him and to which, with an address in London, the signature of Miss Vernham was attached. "Beseech you to use all influence to make our friend join us here in the morning. Countess much the worse for dreadful journey, but everything may still be saved." The two ladies had gathered themselves up and had been capable in the afternoon of a spiteful revolution. They had started for the capital, and if the elder one, as Miss Vernham had announced, was very ill, she had wished to make it clear that she was proportionately reckless. Poor Dencombe, who was not reckless, and who only desired that everything should indeed be "saved," sent this missive straight off to the young man's lodging, and had on the morrow the pleasure of knowing that he had quitted Bournemouth by an early train.

Two days later he pressed in with a copy of a literary journal in his hand. He had returned because he was nervous, and for the pleasure of flourishing the great review of "The Middle Years." Here at least was something adequate—it rose to the occasion; it was an acclamation, a reparation, a critical attempt to place the author in the niche he had fairly won. Dencombe accepted and submitted; he made neither objection nor inquiry, for old complications had returned, and he had had two atrocious days. He was convinced not only that he should never again leave his bed, so that his young friend

might pardonably remain, but that the demand he should make on the patience of beholders would be very moderate indeed. Doctor Hugh had been to town, and he tried to find in his eyes some confession that the Countess was pacified and his legacy clinched; but all he could see there was the light of his juvenile joy in two or three of the phrases of the newspaper. Dencombe couldn't read them, but when his visitor had insisted on repeating them more than once he was able to shake an unintoxicated head. "Ah, no, they would have been true of what I *could* have done!"

"What people 'could have done' is mainly what they *have* done," Doctor Hugh contended.

"Mainly, yes; but I've been an idiot!" said Dencombe.

Doctor Hugh did remain; the end was coming fast. Two days later Dencombe observed to him, by way of the feeblest of jokes, that there would now be no question whatever of a second chance. At this the young man stared; then he exclaimed: "Why, it has come to pass—it has come to pass! The second chance has been the public's—the chance to find the point of view, to pick up the pearl!"

"Oh, the pearl!" poor Dencombe uneasily sighed. A smile as cold as a winter sunset flickered on his drawn lips as he added: "The pearl is the unwritten—the pearl is the unalloyed, the *rest*, the lost!"

From that moment he was less and less present, heedless, to all appearance, of what went on around him. His disease was definitely mortal, of an action as relentless, after the short arrest that had enabled him to fall in with Doctor Hugh, as a leak in a great ship. Sinking steadily, though this visitor, a man of rare resources, now cordially approved by his physician, showed endless art in guarding him from pain, poor Dencombe kept no reckoning of favor or neglect, betrayed no symptom of regret or speculation. Yet toward the last he gave a sign of having noticed that for two days Doctor Hugh had not been in his room, a sign that consisted of his suddenly opening his eyes to ask of him if



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DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART

THE COQUETTE

[Illustrated by the artist to the Exhibition, November, at Northern's Magazine.]

AN ARTIST IN JAPAN.

By Robert Blum.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



It was hot in Tokyo. The pleasant gray days of a month ago had been followed by days gloomy and threatening. We had had much wind and rain; but now, with approaching midsummer the sun blazed overhead in a clear, hard sky, fierce and punishing in its heat. The streets, one blinding glare and unpeopled, had a deserted appearance. The shop-curtains hung limp and dusty, unlifted by hand of buyer; all color fled, and in the dazzling whiteness the shadows fell sharp with inky blackness. The toiling coolies, sweltering, hugged the scanty shade, and rested often. Kurumaya, the cabbies of Japan, sprawled or crouched by their 'rikishas, listless and indifferent to fares;—in the protecting angle of the compound gate sat the ameya, in blinking, nodding, drowsiness, his stand of sticky and melting wares undefended against eager swarms of energetic flies. The suffocating heat quivered as it rose, distorting all objects as through a wavy pane—the great city's pulse beat feebly; languor and prostration was felt everywhere. The familiar forms of itinerant venders and wandering players, the clog-mender, alms-seeking priests, and busy merchant had disappeared. Laggard clerks, with cloth-bound bundles and straggling groups of foot-sore pilgrims in dusty, stencilled garments, on long journeys bent, were the only ones to impede the indefatigable street-sprinkler, who pulled his primitive cart up, across and down the empty thoroughfares. The stream of traffic, never noisy, was at an ebb—had fallen to a thin and silent current, and only eddied now and then about the kori shops, where bright-faced girls with tied-up sleeves served tumblers piled high with "planed" ice, cool and cheating into temporary relief the exhaustion of the scorching heat.

I longed to be out of it. I had "done the sights," had been to "matsuri" *fi*le and flower-show; had dissipated recklessly in the mild orgies of tea-house dinners, and geisha dances—dinners that I always compared with the music accompanying them, and wondered when they would really begin. I had seen the temples—the theatres where, in the draughty interiors, I felt myself moved in the general outpourings of enthusiasm and joined—perhaps from other causes—in the universal rustling of paper handkerchiefs, the loud commotion of the blowing of noses at the pathetic climaxes. I had seen Fine Art exhibitions and firework displays of all kinds. I had even limped away from an ancient and classical "No" dance, a sadder if not wiser man. Bric-à-brac itself had lost its fascination—I was in a dangerous mood. I couldn't see my way to get to work. An irritability dulling all curiosity and all interest had come over me; everything seemed to fade; the small and inevitable discomforts of travel were magnified; I was tired of being stared at. In this distorted state of mind I had but to close my eyes to see the people exist as so many figures with necks pivoted like an owl's, and no matter in what view—side or front—full-faced unblinking in a stony stare.

It was early one drizzly morning that my newly found friend and voluntary guide joined me in the second-class compartment an instant before the train



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

A Cing-makot.



A Waterring-San

started for Enoshima. The trip—at least as far as I had any settled idea of it—was to be in the nature of a skin-tash, taking in Enoshima, Hakone, and round about Fuji-San:—an endeavor to bring into action my natural arms—a heavy field equipment of sketching-gear, including Gatling supplement of note-books—and, if all went well to venture farther into the enemy's country by train, rikisha, and afoot, and to lay waste all in a roundabout way even to Nikko.

Just exactly how it was to be done I didn't know; in fact, when we held our counsel of war at the hotel there were moments when Katsushika san, in the enthusiasm of at last becoming a practical aid, got so ensnarled and tangled in the recital of "the way to do it," that I was more than ready to believe in its not being possible at all. "Oh, yes! Measure can do! Yis, sir. You shoery arr right if go with me!" said he. But while I felt, as he expressed it, "surely all right," as to ability in looking after myself, I was solicitous solely on his behalf. Even if I were shunted on to some side track it could hardly matter, since all I wanted was to get away from

the city, and so long as I found it possible to work it mattered not where we went. And so we had set out.

Down to Yokohama first, a short delay, a shifting of sketching-traps, and contraction as far as possible for a few more beclugged wayfarers; then off for Fujisawa, at which place we arrive at 8 A.M. A lonely little station, with even more hopelessness than is general with all wayside stations the world over. An open, sandy gap in all directions, fringed here and there in a ragged fashion by small catch-penny tea-booths. In close vicinity to one of these a collection of jinrikishas, to which, while I stand guard over bag and baggage, Katsushika san makes his way. He is soon in the midst of men and of a lively bargain; as I see the crowd melt away, leaving him all alone, a word or action brings back the whole lot again and again. Finally I shoulder one of the bags and walk over to see what's up.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, she say don't go!" he says, detaching himself for a moment. Suspecting, from experience on other occasions, I ask how much he has offered the men.

"Say don't go less than dorrer-an-hart. I think fifty sen yer pretty."

"Well, how far is Enoshima from here?"

"Jinrikisha-men say about hove more—say road arr yer bad." And all this time lowering an ear, he talks jealously but with impassive face: "See, I know she take—take sure. Now make seventy-five sen already."

"Oh, don't bother about it—let's take——" but he was in the thick of it; and as I had learned already, it is as easy to catch a dog slipped from a leash as to turn him, now his nose was coldly ferreting out the bottom price. I sat down in one of the dank tea-stalls, lit and finished a cigarette until everything was settled to his satisfaction. Presently he came, with three demure jinrikisha-men in tow, officiously radiant. "Sorry I make wait so rong. Of course you know, I don rike pay more than arr right." One jinrikisha is piled with our things—we climb into the other two, and away over heavy sandy roads, past bean-bow groves and isolated little homesteads. In one or two places there is a small gathering of these thatched houses, and the road, as it passes through, has all the appearance of being a part of the backyard, so unrestrained in juxtaposition is the arrangement of road to house.

Everything even in this sandy soil is rankly green. The sun is beginning to break its way out; the air, heavy and humid, makes it no light task for the men. They are perspiring profusely—I can say copiously, as I have seen my man when resting take off his towel and wring it with a result that would vie creditably with a wet fish-cloth—and I am glad when we pull up at a little wayside tea-stall at the foot of a rather steep, sandy slope, to have them rest. Off come what few garments they have, and a brisk mopping and rubbing-down takes place, and as I watch

them presently dropping down to a quiet rest and smoking, with a cup or two of tea, I ask casually, "How much farther do we go?" This is said—we must wait now, and to my rather astonished question, "Why, where's Enoshima?" K. points up the sand-bank. Sure enough on gaining the top we look down on a long narrow beach—in fact a mere strip of sand running out into the sea, a peninsula—nothing a quarter of a mile away in an island-like prominence—Enoshima. Sooner for the hard shore-sand we walk along the beach and soon reach the town built on, or rather clinging to, the rocks of this peculiar formation. As we pass through the large stone torii at the entrance of the town and ascend the steep street we are greeted on all sides with the shrill cries of welcome so universal in Japan. The narrow street is lined for the greater part of its length with inns, tea- and lodging-houses, and as we pass the open fronts, cries of "I-r-r-a-a-r-sha-t-t-t!" from the doors of public houses



like so many others—scattered—broken—only to give place to renewed broad-sides as we pass the rival inn beyond.

to please. As he learned my needs the increasing tax on his ingenuity to meet them only opened new vistas of fertile



Near the top of this "shute" we find quarters in the same tea-house where Sir Edwin Arnold had not so long before been a delighted guest—the Iwa moto ya.

There has been recently, by his master pen, a description of it in the pages of this Magazine; one which makes it impossible to do again what Sir Edwin has so charmingly accomplished in his "Japonica." Suffice it to say that I found it full of picturesque material. Nor was it long before my faithful friend caught the infection and began to develop unsuspected qualities in his groping desire

resources. He was never at a loss. I had only to intimate—at least succeed in getting *him* to understand—what I wanted, and if mortal endeavor could, it was done. I remember on one occasion I was sketching from the second-story room—the whole house literally at my feet through the blandishments of the artful one—and had returned one morning to complete the drawing. The people had so behung the entire street with thousands of little banners that they fairly choked it. It was a "matsuri," and nothing could be done. He of many parts had slipped away. I caught flying glimpses of him dodging



CHAMPAINE, 1911, 1912, 1913

The Flower Show

in and out of the houses, and after a little time a universal demolition of the festoons was in full swing, in the midst of which he reappeared and said, with a smile of enjoyment at his own suc-



Japanese Puuow

cess: "They take down." On our way inn-ward that evening I casually remarked that I hoped he had not forgotten to make proper acknowledgment for the extreme kindness shown.

"Oh, yis—of course. I give 'em sugar." Ingenuous boy. He had gone to the man below, in whose house I was working, *bought* sugar from him, overwhelmed him with the kindness of his purchase, and then set out with the gift thriftily divided to achieve a like result in other directions.*

In quoting from my diary I cannot hope to show by its crude fragmentary jottings of what, and in what the charm of Enoshima exists; and I only give them as perhaps showing a glimpse of my day's doings.

"July 24, 1890.— . . . (Iwa moto Inn.) We have two rooms in a small, detached building off the garden around which the rambling hotel is scattered. Everything about it is as yet untouched by kodakistic influences, although K. tells me the proprietor is troubled with visions—air-castles may they remain—of befitting annexes for foreigners. . . . At 10 o'clock started out for a walk about the island—for so I am told Enoshima at times becomes, when the water

breaks over the thin strip of beach—and found our way to the cave. Amused to see the boys diving among the rocks for pennies which K. flung into the water. Back to hotel at 12, and after an omelette and fish, at 3 down to beach. Weather warm, and feeling reckless went out in my pajamas—people in street not noticing with more than the customary stare—and had a fine bath. Slipped on K.'s clogs, and so back to town, where at foot of street stepped in to buy a pair of straw sandals for myself. . . . Girl has just come in to make up futons for the night. K. is arranging, by the doubling of one, a make-shift pillow. An unsavory smelling green mosquito-net, with a mixture of sea-weed and mushroom about it, fixes the arrangement for the night.

"July 25th.—Woke up about 7.30. A wretched, broken night's rest—feeling as if I should come apart in numerous places—sad to realize there are so many in one's anatomy that can ache so damably. Or rather, it's only one ache, but that takes in everything down to one's eyelashes. Sat up till long past 12 o'clock, after trying to get accustomed to the—well, not soft—bedding and what it contained. Fleas, fleas, and a few more fleas, which, added to the stifling stuffiness caused by the closing in of the whole house, made it like trying to sleep inside a largish dry-



Night at Enoshima.

goods box. To wake up often, and as often see the inert bundle of peaceful-

* As he afterward explained, "Of course you see they don't like to take down because *matsuri*, and many pilgrims come. Pilgrims always go where *mas-trugs*." It seems these bands, clubs, societies, or guilds that annually perform pilgrimages—often of protracted length—carry these

bits of cotton cloth emblazoned with the respective name of club or guild, and leave them at shrine, temple, and inn. In the latter case they become a haunting letter of recommendation, highly treasured, as I learned on more than one unsuccessful attempt to inveigle them.

ness under K.'s mosquito-netting was too much. I finally crawled over and blew out the andon. Day gloomy, raining occasionally.

From veranda made drawing of some houses and hillside. About four, the weather clearing, took a walk toward some fishing villages scattered along the shore. Passing through, came to one larger, containing a few inns, tea-houses, and extensive grounds of picturesquely situated temple. Stepped in at a tailor's to order a pair of tabi for myself.

... Am living on milk and tea and 'castira'* in the morning, fish and eggs rest of day. Had an *amma* this evening—the stiffness hanging about me all day.

"July 28th.—Day bright, sunny, and pleasant. Up by 7, and after the usual skirmishing on the part of K. for breakfast 'castira' in the shops outside, went down the street. After some talk, K. got permission to use room over a shop to commence drawing.

In afternoon to Benten Cave to work on drawing begun yesterday; took shelter, rain coming on, in cave. The rocks, with the wildish water swashing and splashing over them, a fine foreground for the distant silhouette of Fuji in the threatening gloom. A treat to-day in the shape of a few

slices of bread, which K. tells me the wife of the proprietor, in the kindness of a woman's heart, got for me from



Daytime Fireworks.

some missionary hiding away somewhere hereabouts; perhaps there is something after all in missionary work.

"July 31st.—. . . Every once in a while bunches of pilgrims come straggling through the town, with large straw hats and squares of matting slung across their shoulders, all dressed in rough, white garments, carrying sometimes staff and bell—a pict-

* Castira—from "Castilla"—Sponge-cake, is so called because introduced by the Spaniards.

uresque bit of life. Noticed a good many were women—difficult at a distance to distinguish men from women, as all dressed alike. Charmed with the place, and hard at work getting as many notes as possible. The only drawback—Japanese chow. It is more than monotonous; with the exception of that piece of missionary bread all I've had these seven days is fish and eggs, rice and tea; all combinations tried and exhausted, nor does difference of rotation cheat the stomach. Notwithstanding the poor food I shall stay, but have suggested through K. the desire of placing a flea in our dreaming landlord's ear. For some reason he doesn't see fit to do so.* He can and won't; I would, if I could speak the blamed language. . . . Day windy and stormy, so stayed indoors to make some pastel notes from window—they worked pasty in all the dampness of the weather. Went to rocks in the afternoon; water very high; it was fine. Sat down to work, K. holding

I had spent ten delicious days of rambling, climbing, sketching in and about this charming little place, when one evening as we sprawled on the floor over our fish and eggs, the proprietor came in at the sliding-door, and, getting down on his knees, touched his head to the floor, murmuring apologies for this disturbance. The buff envelope of a telegram was in his hand, and lifting it first to his brow, he passed the portentous thing over to me. I tore it open and flattened out the colored sheet on the matted floor. Its pink Volapük was a revelation of clearness—its conciseness and the brevity of its wit an exquisite joke. Certainly, I would return to Tokyo by all means, at once.

Taking the cup of saké Katsushika san had just filled, I said, "Well! here's to the boatman's daughter—and Tokyo"—a playful allusion to the havoc which a fleeting glimpse of a very pretty musmee had inflicted on a certain barbarian's heart, occasioning the drain-



"A lonely little station"

umbrella over me when it rained, but difficult to do anything as wind lifted and knocked the pad about on my knees. K. also not feeling well gave up after a time. . . ."

* He only explained afterward that it would have been a rude thing to complain, and only mentioned to the landlord our grievances when coming away. "You see, I don't like say anything then, the raudrord thing I'm not ver' perite if I do."

ing of many a thimbleful of saké since that memorable day at the riverside in Tokyo.

"You thing must goin' back to Tokyo?"

"Yes! Peter. There is a class of men called editors over in America, hard-hearted and utterly regardless of other people's feelings—hopelessly devoid of



DRAWN BY ROBERT BULM.

An Actor

all human sympathy I might say, who when they want a thing want it or-r bad, so to say, and want it done quick; and the sooner a fellow does it the more he'll find life congenial and pleasant all around. Petey," for so I had begun to call him (his other name was forever clogging my mouth; it might do for holidays when there wasn't anything especial to do), "Petey, my boy—don't you *ever* go and have anything to do with them!" To which Peter says no, dubiously, and seeing his hopeless stare I continued to explain: "Yes, they are anxious to get a sight of my drawings—I must return to Tokyo and make some nice pictures to send to America. But cheer up, we won't be cheated out of the sight of old Fuji, since we are so near, let me crawl at least to her feet, and then you can take me back."

I shall never forget the effect of the morning we took our reluctant departure from the charming little place. Straggling along over the ribbon-like strip of sand, the jinrikishas ahead with bag and baggage, I stopped often to look back. It was the most beautiful morning imaginable, the air clear as crystal, the sun still low and throwing long, thin shadows from even the smallest and slightest objects on the beach. Our own shadows stretched away across to the farther beach, where a group of nude fishermen were busy hauling in fish, their bright pinkish skins contrasting strongly against the heavy, inky, blue sea and pearly fringing of surf. Out over the water in the distance rose stately Fuji-San, clean cut and sharp, as I had never seen her before. A few tender fleecy clouds encircled her brow and floated meltingly in a sky so pure and serene—it all seemed more like a child's lappy awakening. Enoshima lay, a slumbering silhouette with here and there some isolated thread of smoke stealing slowly upward. Unbroken and untouched was the peaceful gloom of tree and rock, save on the eastern edge, where the sun embroidered a glittering fringe and turned to gold the breaking water on the rock-bound shore below. In my leave-taking it was like a caressing benediction

on the part of nature; the kind and friendly face smiling a last farewell with unspoken wishes to be remembered—a radiant look for a speedy return.

We reached Fujisawa in plenty of time to catch the first train for Yumoto, and after a short ride through very interesting broken and hilly country arrived at Kodzu about 8 A.M. From here, so Peter informed me, we should patronize the new tram in preference to the frisky 'rikisha, gaining thereby, as he sagely pointed out, in pocket what we might lapse in time.

How pleasant was the feeling of leaving things generally in the hands of Providence—exemplified in this especial case in the slight figure of Peter; what a saving of energy and bewilderment in distracted search for information regarding routes, time, trains, tickets, checks, and all else pertaining to railway travel. Pleasant to be told, "Jus' wait here," or "Prease, go there tirr I come," and to light a meditative cigarette the while, watching the people with rush and push getting themselves and leading others into entanglements as to right trains—to see them, like a disturbed ant-hill, heading in all directions to board the wrong ones. Maliciously pleasant to see them in head-long flight stop a duty-pressed official who pointed silently, and tear along till they met another, who as considerably pointed back toward the place they left, until, exhausted and resigned, they squat down beside their bundles to wait till their own train, three hours later, would take them to their desired destination—it remaining always a mystery unsolved as to why any train shouldn't have done so in the first place. Delightfully pleasant and profitable, too, to study, besides the character, customs, and ways of the people, the costumes, the color, everything that a painter calls "*Just things*," and to be able to do all this by simply saying, "Yes, Petey, all right, go ahead," just to show that you have a knack of knowing how things should be done and are confident of success. Jewel of a Peter.

Where *he* gets his information I know not. He *gets* it, which is of more importance. So now I dodge dutifully

after him when he comes to get me, and we steer our way through the throng to the cool tramway shed.

"— the port of rest from troublous toyle."

But not for long, since with a start, and before we are aware of how it hap-

hat; and has already ducked his head with the pleasure of seeing him. I have heard in all the din his labored, short sighs of exhaling breath, sounding like a subdued suppression of a cough, which accompanies all proper Japanese bows; and then he turns to



A Fish Vendor.

pens, we shelve upon one another in the little car as the horse makes a wild break for the opening. Over the short, sharp curve we go, unharmed, however, the small driver holding back with reins up and back ear-high, the conductor equally diminutive, but as efficiently grinding away at the brake in the rear. Once out in the open glare they let the stallion have his head, and away we go right merrily, "teetering," heaving, and reeling over the straight, long, and dusty road ahead. The passengers, silent, with bobbing heads and rattling clogs, are of all types and character, from the shell-back conservatism in hakama and haori, to lenient liberalism in tile and gaiters. There is even a specimen of a "ne plus ultra" radicalism in colored shirt, white collar, and patent leathers. Petey knows him, him of the cuffs, cane, and natty straw

me with pleasurable excitement to whisper that "that is erdest son of Viscount —," and begins to tell me much that is of much interest—to Peter.

There is a halt, the conductor is busy watering the horse. The knowing animal no sooner sees the bucket than he expectantly throws forward his head with opened jaws, into which the boy splashes dippers full of water, and finishes the performance by taking out this extraordinary animal's tongue with one hand and generously plastering it with rock-salt from the other. A few passengers get out here, giving us the decidedly preferable elbow-room as equivalent of their company. It is swelteringly hot; our little band is making it as comfortable as possible. He of the hakama has tied a towel about his head to save his freshly made queue from floating dust, and slipping his toes from

his clogs, sits like a mollified Daruma.* He of the tile, which all this time is fraternizing in the demoralizing com-

tion. All are fauning more or less vigorously, with petulant tucks and pecks at coat and kimono, all fervently



Boatman's Daughter.

pany of a slobbering tea-pot and saucerless cup under the seat, has followed suit by pulling off his gaiters, and lolls with speculative gaze riveted on me when not momentarily distracted over his tiny pipe. The immaculate one is propped up in the farther end bored and listless, the pristine splendor of his collar undergoing a pitiable delapsa-

praying for release from the fiery oven. The only one unphased and full of energy still, our little driver in a German military cap, drawing recklessly on a stock of undreamed-of vitality, in exuberant flourishes of whip, and tooting of horn, and turning of crank, as we dash along. He is the only one, too, that gets what little air there is.

Finally—after one more halt where we take on a fresh beast—the wild ride comes to an end, and I am counting our bundles to see that Peter has properly helped me by bringing them altogether.

* A familiar figure in Japanese Art, leg- and arm-less, is always represented enveloped in a sack-like garment which leaves exposed only his face, fierce and terrifying in expression. Daruma was a follower of Shaka, and teacher of Buddhism, who came from China and founded the Zen sect.

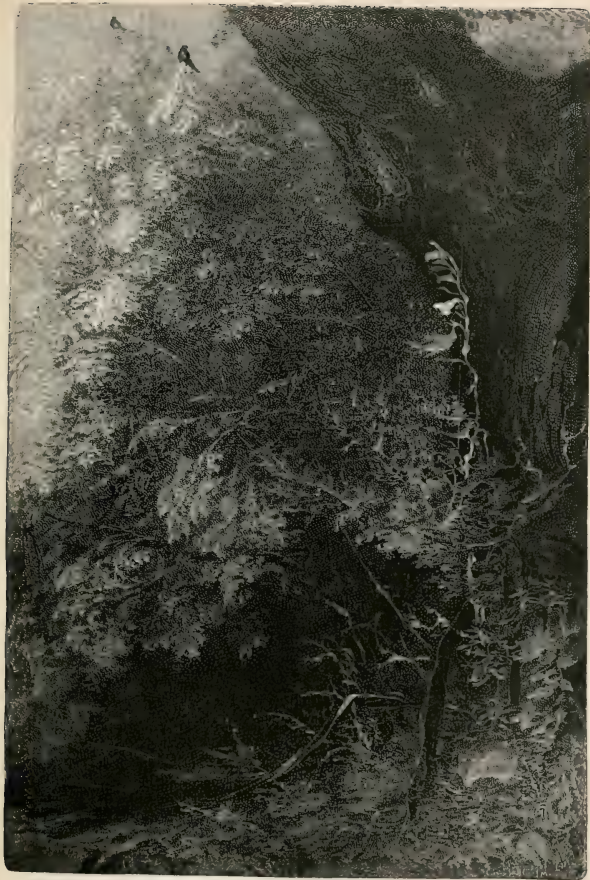


DRAWN BY H. BIDDONS MOWBRAY

ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT

THE CENTAUR

[Contrasted with the artist to the Exhibition Number of Scribner's Magazine]



ENGRAVED FROM NATURE BY W. D. CLOSON

THE HEART OF THE WOODS

THE HEART OF THE WOODS. A STORY OF THE WOODS. BY W. D. CLOSON. 12mo. Pp. 128.





JERSEY AND MULBERRY.

By H. C. Bunner.

I FOUND this letter and comment in an evening paper, some time ago, and I cut the slip out and kept it for its cruelty :

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING —.

SIR : In yesterday's issue you took occasion to speak of the organ-grinding nuisance, about which I hope you will let me ask you the following questions : Why must decent people all over town suffer these pestilential beggars to go about torturing our senses, and practically blackmailing the listeners into paying them to go away ? Is it not a most ridiculous excuse on the part of the police, when ordered to arrest these vagrants, to tell a citizen that the

city license exempts these public nuisances from arrest ? Let me ask, Can the city by any means legalize a common-law misdemeanor ? If not, how can the city authorities grant exemption to these sturdy beggars and vagrants by their paying for a license ? The Penal Code and the Code of Criminal Procedure, it seems, provide for the punishment of gamblers, dive-keepers, and other disorderly persons, among whom organ-grinders fall, as being people who beg, and exhibit for money, and create disorder. If this is so, why can the police not be forced to intervene and forbid them their outrageous behavior ? for these fellows do not only not know or care for the observance of the city ordinance, which certainly is binding on them, but, relying on a fellow-feeling of vulgarity with the mob, resist all attempts made

to remove them from the exercise of their most fearful beggary, which is not even tolerated any longer at Naples.

NEW YORK, February 20th.

[Our correspondent's appeal should be addressed to the Board of Aldermen and the Mayor. They consented to the licensing of the grinders in the face of a popular protest.—*ED.* EVENING —.]

Now certainly that was not a good letter to write, and is not a pleasant letter to read; but the worst of it is, I am afraid that you could never make the writer of it understand why it is unfair and unwise and downright cruel.

For I think we can figure out the personality of that writer pretty easily. She is a nice old or middle-aged lady, unmarried, of course; well-to-do, and likely to leave a very comfortable fortune behind her when she leaves all worldly things; and accustomed to a great deal of deference from her nephews and nieces. She is occasionally subject to nervous headaches, and she wrote this letter while she had one of her



headaches. She had been lying down and trying to get a wink of sleep when the organ-grinder came under the window. It was a new organ and very loud, and its organ-grinder was proud of it and ground it with all his might, and it was certainly a very annoying instrument to delicate ears and sensitive nerves.

Now, she might have got rid of the nuisance at once by a very simple expe-

dient. If she had sent Abigail, her maid, down to the street, with a dime, and told her to say: "Sicka lady, no playa," poor Pedro would have swung his box of whistles over his shoulder and trudged contentedly on. But, instead, she sent Abigail down without the dime, and with instructions to threaten the man with immediate arrest and imprisonment. And Abigail went down and scolded the man with the more vigor that she herself had been scolded all day on account of the headache. And so Pedro just grinned at her in his exasperating furrin way, and played on until he got good and ready to go. Then he went, and the old lady sat down and wrote that letter, and gave it to Abigail to post.

Later in the afternoon the old lady drove out, and the fresh air did her a world of good, and she stopped at a toy store and bought some trifles for sister Mary's little girl, who had the measles. Then she came home, and after dinner she read Mr. Jacob Riis's book, "How the Other Half Lives;" and she shuddered at the picture of the Jersey Street slums on the title page, and shuddered more as she read of the fourteen people packed in one room, and of the suffering and squalor and misery of it all. And then she made a memorandum to give a larger check to the charitable society next time. Then she went to bed, not forgetting first to read her nightly chapter in the gospel of the carpenter's son of Nazareth. And she had quite forgotten all about the coarse and unchristian words she had written in the letter that was by that time passing through the hands of the weary night-shift of mail-clerks down in the General Post-office. And when she did read it in print, she was so pleased and proud of the fluency of her own diction, and so many of her nephews and nieces said so many admiring things about what she might have done if she had only gone in for literature, that it really never occurred to her at all to think whether she had been any more just and charitable than the poor ignorant man who had annoyed her.

She was especially pleased with the part that had the legal phraseology in it, and with the scornful rebuke of the police

for their unwillingness to disobey municipal ordinances. That was founded partly on something that she had heard nephew John say once, and partly on a general idea she has that the present administration has forcibly usurped the city government.

Now, I have no doubt that when that organ-grinder went home at night, he and his large family laid themselves down to rest in a back room of the Jersey Street slum, and if it be so, I may sometimes see him when I look out of a certain window of the great red-brick building where my office is, for it lies on Mulberry Street, between Jersey and Houston. My own personal and private window looks out on Mulberry Street. It is in a little den at the end of a long string of low-partitioned offices stretching along the Mulberry Street side; and we who tenant them have looked out of the windows for so many years that we have got to know, at least by sight, a great many of the dwellers thereabouts. We are almost in the very heart of that "mob" on whose "fellow-feeling of vulgarity" the fellows who grind the organ rely to sustain them in their outrageous behavior. And, do you know, as we look out of those windows, year after year, we find ourselves growing to have a fellow-feeling of vulgarity with that same mob.

The figure and form which we know best are those of old Judge Phoenix—for so the office-jester named him when we first moved in, and we have known him by that name ever since. He is a fat old Irishman, with a clean-shaven face, who stands summer and winter in the side doorway that opens, next to the little grocery opposite, on the alley-way to the rear tenement. Summer and winter he is buttoned to his chin in a faded old black overcoat. Alone he stands for the most part, smoking his black pipe and teetering gently from one foot to the other. But sometimes a woman with a shawl over her head comes out of the alley-way and exchanges a few words with him before she goes to the little grocery to get a loaf of bread, or a half-pint of milk, or to make that favorite purchase of the poor—three potatoes, one turnip, one carrot, four onions, and the handful of

kale—a "b'ilin'." And there is also another old man, a small and bent old man, who has some strange job that occupies odd hours of the day, who stops on his way to and from work to talk with the Judge. For hours and



hours they talk together, till one wonders how in the course of years they have not come to talk themselves out. What can they have left to talk about? If they had been Mezzofanti and Macaulay, talking in all known languages on all known topics, they ought certainly to have exhausted the resources of conversation long before this time.

Judge Phoenix must be a man of independent fortune, for he toils not, neither does he spin, and the lilies of the field could not lead a more simple vegetable life, nor stay more contentedly in one place. Perhaps he owns the rear tenement. I suspect so, for he must have been at one time in the labor-contract business. This, of course, is a mere guess, founded upon the fact that we once found the Judge away from his post and at work. It was at the time they were repaving Broadway with the great pavement. We discovered the Judge at the corner of Bleeker Street perched on a pile of dirt, doing duty as sub-section boss. He was talking to the drivers of the vehicles that went past him, through the half-blockaded thoroughfare, and he was addressing them, after the true professional con-

tractor's style, by the names of their loads.

"Hi there, sand," he would cry, "git along lively! Stone, it's you the boss wants on the other side of the street! Dhry-goods, there's no place for ye here; take the next turn!" It was a proud day for the old Judge, and I have no doubt that he talks it over still with his little bent old crony, and boasts of vain deeds that grow in the telling.

Judge Phoenix is not, however, without mute company. Fair days and foul are all one to the Judge, but on fair days his companion is brought out. In front of the grocery is a box with a sloping top, on which are little bins for vegetables. In front of this box, again, on days when it is not raining or snowing, a little girl of five or six comes out of the grocery and sets a little red chair.



Then she brings out a smaller girl yet, who may be two or three, a plump and puggy little thing; and down in the red chair big sister plunks little sister, and there till next meal-time little sister sits and never so much as offers to move. She must have been trained to this unchildlike self-imprisonment, for she is lusty and strong enough. Big sister works in the shop, and once in a while she comes out and settles little sister more comfortably in her red chair; and then sister has the sole moment of relief from a monotonous existence. She hammers on big sister's face with her fat little hands, and with such skill and force does she direct the blows

that big sister often has to wipe her streaming eyes. But big sister always takes it in good part, and little sister evidently does it, not from any lack of affection, but in the way of healthy exercise. Then big sister wipes little sister's nose and goes back into the shop. I suppose there is some compact between them.

Of course there is plenty of child life all up and down the sidewalk on both sides, although little sister never joins in it. My side of the street swarms with Italian children, most of them from Jersey Street, which is really not a street, but an alley. Judge Phoenix's side is peopled with small Germans and Irish. I have noticed one peculiar thing about these children: they never change sides. They play together most amicably in the middle of the street or in the gutter, but neither ventures beyond its neutral ground.

Judge Phoenix and little sister are by far the most interesting figures to be seen from my windows, but there are many others whom we know. There is the Italian barber whose brother dropped dead while shaving a customer. You would never imagine, to see the simple and unaffected way in which he comes out to take the air once in a while, standing on the steps of his basement, and twirling his tin-backed comb in idle thought, that he had had such a distinguished death in his family. But I don't let him shave me.

Then there is Mamie, the pretty girl in the window with the lace-curtains, and there is her epileptic brother. He is insane, but harmless, and amusing, although rather trying to the nerves. He comes out of the house in a hurry, walks quickly up the street for twenty or thirty feet, then turns suddenly, as if he had forgotten something, and hurries back, to reappear two minutes later from the basement door, only to hasten wildly in another direction, turn back again, plunge into the basement door, emerge from the upper door, get half way down the block, forget it again, and go back to make a new combination of doors and exits. Sometimes he is ten or twenty minutes in the house at one time. Then we suppose he is having a fit. Now, it seems to me

that that modest retirement shows consideration and thoughtfulness on his part.

In the window next to Mamie's is a little, putty-colored face, and a still smaller white face, that just peeps over the sill. One belongs to the mulatto woman's youngster. Her mother goes out scrubbing, and the little girl is alone all day. She is so much alone, that the sage-green old bachelor in the second den from mine could not stand it, last Christmas time, so he sent her a doll on the sly. That's the other face.

Then there is the grocer, who is a groceress, and the groceress's husband. I wish that man to understand, if his eye ever falls upon this page—for wrapping purposes, we will say—that, in the language of Mulberry Street, I am on to him. He has got a job recently, driving a bakery wagon, and he times his route so that he can tie up in front of his wife's grocery every day at twelve o'clock, and he puts in a solid hour of his employer's time helping his wife through the noonday rush. But he need not fear. In the interests of the higher morality I suppose I ought to go and tell his employer about it. But I won't. My morals are not that high.



Of course we have many across-the-street friends, but I cannot tell you of them all. I will only mention the plump widow who keeps the lunch-room and bakery on the Houston Street corner, where the boys go for their luncheon. It is through her that

many interesting details of personal gossip find their way into this office.

Jersey Street, or at least the rear of it, seems to be given up wholly to the Italians. The most charming tenant of Jersey Street is the lovely Italian girl, who looks like a Jewess, whose mission in life seems to be to hang all day long out of her window and watch the doings in the little stone-flagged courts below

her. In one of these an old man sometimes comes out, sits him down in a shady corner, and plays on the Italian bag-pipes, which are really more painful than any hand-organ that ever was made. After a while his wife opens hostilities with him from her window. I suppose she is reproaching him for an idle devotion to art, but I cannot follow the conversation, although it is quite loud enough on both sides. But the handsome Italian girl up at the window follows the changes of the strife with the light of the joy of battle in her beautiful dark eyes, and I can tell from her face exactly which of the old folk is getting the better of it.



But though the life of Jersey and Mulberry Streets may be mildly interesting to outside spectators who happen to have a fellow-feeling of vulgarity with the mob, the mob must find it rather monotonous. Jersey Street is not only a blind alley, but a dead one, so far as outside life is concerned, and Judge Phoenix and little sister see pretty much the same old two-and-sixpence every day. The bustle and clamor of Mulberry Bend are only a few blocks below them, but the Bend is an exclusive slum; and Police Headquarters—the Central Office—is a block above, but the Central Office deals only with the refinements of artistic crime, and is not half so interesting as an ordinary police-station. The priests go by from the school below, in their black robes and tall silk hats, always two by two, marching with brisk, business-like tread. An occasional drunken man or woman wavers along, but generally their faces and their conditions are both familiar. Sometimes two men hurry by, pressing side by side. If you have seen that peculiar walk before you know what it means. Two light steel rings link their wrists together. The old man idly watches them until they disappear in the white marble building on the next block. And then, of course, there is al-

ways a thin stream of working folk going to and fro upon their business.

In spring and in fall things brighten a little. Those are the seasons of processions and religious festivals. Almost every day then, and sometimes half a dozen times in a day, the Judge and the baby may see some Italian society parading through the street. Fourteen proud sons of Italy, clad in magnificent new uniforms, bearing aloft huge silk banners, strut magnificently in the rear of a German band of twenty-four pieces,



and a drum-corps of a dozen more. Then, too, come the religious processions, when the little girls are taken to their first communion. Six sturdy Italians struggle along under the weight of a mighty temple or pavilion, all made of colored candles—not the dainty little pink trifles with rosy shades of perforated paper, that light our old lady's dining-table—but the great big candles of the Romish Church (a church which, you may remember, is much affected of the mob, especially in times of suffering, sickness, or death); mighty candles, six and eight feet tall, and as thick as your wrist, of red and blue and green and yellow, arranged in artistic combinations around a statue of the Virgin. From this splendid structure silken ribbons stream in all directions, and at the end of each ribbon is a little girl—generally a pretty little girl—in a white dress bedecked with green bows. And

each little girl leads by the hand one smaller than herself, sometimes a toddler so tiny that you marvel that it can walk at all. Some of the little ones are bare-headed, but most of them wear the square head-cloth of the Italian peasant, such as their mothers and grandmothers wore in Italy. At each side of the girls marches an escort of proud parents, very much mixed up with the boys of the families, who generally appear in their usual street dress, some of them showing through it in conspicuous places. And before and behind them are bands and drum-corps, and societies with banners, and it is all a blare of martial music and primary colors the whole length of the street.

But these are Mulberry Street's brief carnival seasons, and when their splendor is departed the block relapses into workaday dullness, and the procession that marches and counter-marches before Judge Phoenix and little sister in any one of the long hours between eight and twelve and one and six is something like this :

Up.

Down.

Detective taking prisoner to Central Office.

Messenger boy.

Two priests.

Jewish sweeter, with coats on his shoulder.

Carpenter.

Another Chinaman.

Drunken woman (a regular).

Glass-put-in man.

Washerwoman with clothes.

Poor woman with market-basket.

Undertaker's man carrying trestles.

Butcher's boy.

Two priests.

Chinaman.

Two house-painters.

Boy with basket.

Boy with tin beer-pails on a stick.

Drunken man.

Detective coming back from Central Office alone.

Such is the daily march of the mob in Mulberry Street near the mouth of Jersey's blind alley, and such is its outrageous behavior as observed by a presumably decent person from the windows of the big red brick building across the way.

Suddenly there is an explosion of sound under the decent person's window, and a hand-organ starts off with a jerk like a freight train on a down grade,



that joggles a whole string of crashing notes. Then it gets down to work, and its harsh, high-pitched, metallic drone makes the street ring for a moment. Then it is temporarily drowned by a chorus of shrill, small voices. The person—I am afraid his decency begins to drop off him here—leans on his broad window-sill and looks out. The street is filled with children of every age, size, and nationality; dirty children, clean children, well-dressed children, and children in rags, and for every one of these last two classes put together a dozen children who are neatly and cleanly but humbly clad—the children of the self-respecting poor. I do not know where they have all swarmed from. There were only three or four in sight just before the organ came; now there are several dozen in the crowd, and the crowd is growing. See, the women are coming out in the rear tenements. Some male passers-by line up on the edge of the sidewalk and look on with a superior air. The Italian barber has come all the way up his steps, and is sitting on the rail. Judge Phoenix has teetered forward at least half a yard, and stands looking at the show over the heads of a little knot of women hooded with red plaid shawls. The epileptic boy comes out on his stoop and stays there at least three minutes before the area-way swallows him. Up above there is a head in almost every casement.

Mamie is at her window, and the little mulatto child at hers. There are only two people who do not stop and look on and listen. One is a Chinaman, who stalks on with no expression at all on his blank face; the other is the boy from the printing-office with a dozen foaming cans of beer on his long stick. But he does not leave because he wants to. He lingers as long as he can, in his passage through the throng, and disappears in the printing-house doorway with his head screwed half way around on his shoulders. He would linger yet, but the big foreman would call him "Spitzbube!" and would cuff his ears.

The children are dancing. The organ is playing "On the Blue Alsatian Mountains," and the little heads are bobbing up and down to it in time as true as ever was kept. Watch the little things! They are really waltzing. There is a young one of four years old. See her little worn shoes take the step and keep it! Dodworth or DeGarmo could not have taught her better. I wonder if either of them ever had so young a pupil. And she is dancing with a girl twice her size. Look at that ring of children—all girls—waltzing round hand in hand! How is that for a ladies'



chain? Well, well, the heart grows young to see them. And now look over to the grocery. Big sister has come out and climbed on the vegetable-stand, and is sitting in the potatoes with little sister in her lap. Little sister waves her fat, red arms in the air and shrieks in babyish delight. The old women

with the shawls over their heads are talking together, crooning over the spectacle in their Irish way :

"Thot's me Mary Ann, I was tellin' ye about, Mrs. Rafferty, dancin' wid the little one in the green apron."

"It's a foine sthring o' childher ye have, Mrs. Finn!"

says Mrs. Rafferty, nodding her head as though it were balanced on wires. And so the dance goes on.

In the centre of it all stands the organ-grinder, swarthy and black-haired. He has a small, clear space so that he can move the one leg of his organ about, as he turns from side to side, gazing up at the windows of the brick building where the great wrought-iron griffins stare back at him from their lofty perches. His anxious black eyes rove from window to window. The poor he has always with him, but what will the folk who mould public opinion in great griffin-decorated buildings do for him?

I think we will throw him down a few nickels. Let us tear off a scrap of newspaper. Here is a bit from the society column of the *Evening* —. That will do excellently well. We will screw the money up in that, and there it goes, *chink!* on the pavement below. There, look at that grin! Wasn't it cheap at the price?

I wish he might have had a monkey to come up and get the nickels. We shall never see the organ-grinder's monkey in the streets of New York again. I see him, though. He comes out and visits me where I live among the trees, whenever the weather is not too cold to permit him to travel with his master. Sometimes he comes in a bag, on chilly days; and my own babies, who seem to be born with the fellow-feeling of vulgarity with the mob, invite him in and show him how to warm his cold little black hands in front of the kitchen range.

I do not suppose, even if it were possible to get our good old maiden lady to come down to Mulberry Street and sit at my window when the organ-grinder comes along, she could ever learn to look at the mob with friendly, or at least kindly, eyes; but I think she

would learn — and she is cordially invited to come — that it is not a mob that rejoices in "outrageous behavior," as some other mobs that we read of have rejoiced — notably one that gave a great deal of trouble to some very "decent people" in Paris toward the end of the last century. And I think that she even might be induced to see that the organ-grinder is



following an honest trade, pitiful as it be, and not exercising a "fearful beggary." He cannot be called a beggar who gives something that to him, and to thousands of others, is something valuable, in return for the money he asks of you. Our organ-grinder is no more a beggar than is my good friend Mr. Henry Abbey, the honestest and best of operatic impresarios. Mr. Abbey can take the American opera house and hire Mr. Seidl and Mr. — to conduct grand opera for your delight and mine, and when we can afford it we go and listen to his perfect music, and, as our poor contributions cannot pay for it all, the rich of the land meet the deficit. But this poor, foot-sore child of fortune has only his heavy box of tunes and a human being's easement in the public highway. Let us not shut him out of that poor right because once in a while he wanders in front of our doors and offers wares that offend our finer taste. It is easy enough to get him to betake himself elsewhere, and, if it costs us a few cents, let us not ransack our law-books and our moral philosophies to find out if we cannot indict him for constructive blackmail, but consider the nickel or the dime a little

tribute to the uncounted weary souls who love his strains and welcome his coming.

For the editor of the *Evening* — was wrong when he said that the Board of Aldermen and the Mayor consented to the licensing of the organ-grinder "in the face of a popular protest." There was a protest, but it was not a popular protest, and it came face to face with a demand that *was* popular. And the Mayor and the Board of Aldermen did rightly, and did as should be done

in this American land of ours, when they granted the demand of the majority of the people, and refused to heed the protest of a minority. For the people who said YEA on this question were as scores of thousands or hundreds of thousands to the thousands of people who said NAY; and the vexation of the few hangs light in the balance against even the poor scrap of joy which was spared to innumerable barren lives.

And so permit me to renew my invitation to the old lady.



THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL

A MEMORY OF THE MIND OF A CHILD.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. B. BIRCH.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

SHE told many stories "Continued in our Next," through many weeks, to the Listeners whose property she seemed to become. They had their established places near her. Kate's was the nearest, and, in fact, she was chief proprietress of the entertainment. She had been, as it were, the cause of Edith

Somerville, who but for her would never have existed. My impression is that she arranged where the Listeners should sit, and that her influence was employed by outsiders who wanted to gain admission. She was an impetuous child, and did not like to lose time. If by some chance a Listener dropped out of the ranks for an afternoon, and, returning, asked anxiously:

"What did you tell yesterday? I didn't hear that part, you know;" Kate

would turn and give a hasty and somewhat impatient *résumé* of the chief events related.

"Oh, Malcolm came," she would say,



"They had their established places near her"

"and Violet had a white dress with bluebells at her belt, and he was jealous of Godfrey, and he got in a temper at Violet, and they quarrelled, and he went away forever, and she went in a boat on the lake, and a storm came up, and he hadn't quite gone away, and he was wandering round the lake, and he plunged in and saved her, and her golden hair was all wet and tangled with bluebells, and so—" turning to the Small Person—"and so—now go on!"

And then would proceed the recital describing the anguish and remorse of the late infuriate Malcolm as he knelt upon the grass by the side of the drenched white frock and golden hair and bluebells, embracing the small, limp, white hand, and imploring the violet eyes to open and gaze upon him once more.

They always did open. Penitent lovers were always forgiven, rash ones were reconciled, wickedness was always punished, offended relatives always relented—particularly rich uncles and fathers—opportunity fortunes were left invariably at opportune moments. No Listener was ever harrowed too long or allowed

to rust her crochet needle *entirely* with tears. As the Small Person was powerful, so she was merciful. As she was lavish with the golden hair, so she was generous with the rest. A tendency toward reckless liberality and soft relenting marked her for its prey even at this early hour. I have never been quite able to decide whether she was a very weak or a very determined creature—weak because she could not endure to see Covent Garden merely as the costermongers saw it—or determined, because she had the courage to persist in ignoring the flavor of the raw turnip and in bestowing on it a flavor of her own. After all, it is possible that to do this requires decision and fixedness of purpose. In life itself, agreeable situations are so often flavored by the raw turnip, and to close one's eyes steadily to the fact that

it is not a sun-warmed peach, not infrequently calls upon one's steadiness of resource.

If she had been a sharp, executive, business-like sort of child, she might have used her juvenile power as a thing with a certain market value. She might have dictated terms, made conditions, and gained divers school-room advantages. But she had no capacities of the sort. She simply told the stories and the others listened. If there had been a Listener astute enough in a mercantile way to originate the plan of privately farming her out, it might easily have been managed without her knowledge. She had been a stupidly unsuspecting little person from her infancy, and she might always have been relied upon for the stories. But there was no Listener with these tendencies, that I am aware of.

There came a time when some windfall gave into her possession an exercise-book which was almost entirely unused. She wrote her first complete story in it. It had been her habit previously to merely write scenes from stories on the slate and in the butcher's books. Sir

Marmaduke Maxwelton and his companions were never completed. But the one in the blank-book came to a conclusion. Its title was "Frank Ellsworth, or Bachelors' Buttons." There was nothing whatever in it which had any connection with buttons, but the hero was a bachelor. He was twenty two, and had raven hair, and, rendered firm by the passage of years of vast experience, had decided that nothing earthly would induce him to unite himself in matrimony. The story opened with his repeating this to his housekeeper, who was the typical adoring family servant. The venerable lady naturally smiled and shook her head with playful sadness—and then the discriminating reader knew that in the next page would loom up the Edith Somerville of the occasion, whose large and lustrous azure eyes and veil of pale golden ringlets would shake even the resolution of his stern manhood, and that, after pages of abject weakness, he would fall at her feet in a condition which could only be described as drivelling. My impression is that the story contained no evidence whatever of intelligence. But it was not at intelli-



"This story she read to Mamma"

gence that the Small Person was aiming. She was only telling a story. She was very simple about it. She added the sub-title, "or Bachelors' Buttons," because she was pleased to see something in it vaguely figurative, and she liked the sound.

This story she read to Mamma, who said it was "a very pretty tale," and seemed somehow a little amused. Perhaps, after all, Mamma was clever. She never discouraged or made the Small Person feel her efforts silly and pretentious, but her gentle praise gave no undue importance to them, and somehow seemed to make them quite natural and innocent child developments. They were not things to be vain about, only things to enjoy in one's own very young way.

The Small Person obtained other blank-books and began other stories, but none were ever finished. It always happened that a new one insisted on being begun and pushed the first aside. A very long one—the pride of her heart—called "Céleste, or Fortune's Wheel," was the guiding star of her twelfth year, but it was not concluded, and was thrown into the fire with all the rest when she left her own land for a new one.

The unfinished stories rather troubled



her. When the infant regret that she was not a suitable subject for Sunday-school Memoirs had melted into a vague young desire not to have many faults, she used to wonder if the fact that so many stories were begun and not finished, was a sign of an undesirable mental quality.

"I ought to *finish* them," she used to think, remorsefully. "I ought not to begin things I don't finish." And she reproached herself quite severely.

"Shall I go on like this, and *never* finish one," she thought, and she was vaguely distressed by a shadowing feeling that it might be her *sort* to be always beginning, and never finishing.

Inspired by her example, several of the Listeners began to write stories in old blank-books.

They were all echoes of Edith Somerville, and when they were given to her to read, she sternly repressed in herself any occasional criticism which arose in her small mind. She was afraid that criticism on her part, even though only mental, was a sign of what was generally spoken of as "a bad disposition." She was, in private, extremely desirous not to have "a bad disposition."

"I am conceited," she said to herself. "That is the reason I don't think their stories are as nice as mine. It is vulgar and ridiculous to be conceited, besides being bad."

There was one Listener who described her hero, at an interesting juncture, as "holding out his tiny lily hand," and something within her was vaguely revolted by a sense of the grotesque, but she could not have been induced to comment upon the circumstance.

It might, in these days, be interesting to examine these manuscripts—if they still existed—with a view to discovering if they contained any germ of a reason why one child should have continued to write stories throughout life, while the rest did not write again. The romances of the Small Person were wildly romantic and preposterously sentimental, without a doubt. That there was always before her mind's eye a distinct and strongly colored picture of her events, I remember; the Listeners laughed and occasionally cried, and were always rapt in their attention; but if regarded with

the impartial eye of cold criticism, my impression is that they might be dismissed as arrant nonsense. The Story ran riot through their pages, unbitted and unbridled.

But no one ever saw them but herself. Even Mamma heard only the reading of "Frank Ellsworth." The rest, scribbled in copy-books and blank-books, accumulated in darkness and privacy, until the first great event of her life occurred.

It was a very great event, and I am convinced, changed the whole color of existence for her. It was no less a matter than leaving England, to begin a new life in America.

The events which preceded, and were the final reasons for it, were not pleasant ones. She was too young to be told all the details of them. But the beginning of it all was a sort of huge Story, which seized upon her imagination. It seemed to her that, for years and years, everyone seemed to live, more or less, under the shadow of a cloud spoken of as "the War in America." This was probably felt more in the cotton manufacturing centres than anywhere else. Lancashire was the great county of cotton factories. Manchester was the very High Altar of the God Cotton. There were rich men in Manchester who were known everywhere as Cotton Lords. The smoke rolling from the tall Babel Towers which were the chimneys of their factories, made the sky dingy for scores of miles around, the back streets were inhabited by the men and women who worked at their looms, the swarms of smoke-begrimed children who played everywhere, began to work in the factories as early as the law allowed. All the human framework of the great dirty city was built about the cotton trade. All the working classes depended upon it for bread, all the middle classes for employment, all the rich for luxury. The very poor being wakened at four in the morning by the factory bells, flocked to the buildings over which the huge chimneys towered and rolled their volume of black smoke; the respectable fathers of families spent their days in the counting-rooms or different departments of the big warehouses; the men of wealth lived

their lives among cotton, buying and selling, speculating and gaining, or losing in Cotton, Cotton, Cotton.

"If the war in America does not end," it began to be said at one time, "there will be no more cotton, and the manufacturers will not know what to do."

But this was at first, when everyone believed that the difficulty would settle itself in a few months, and the North and South would be united again. No one was pessimist enough to believe that such a terrible thing would happen as that the fighting would continue.

But after a while other things were said.

"There is beginning to be a scarcity of cotton. People even say that some of the factories may have to stop work."

Every closed factory meant hunger to scores of operatives—even hundreds. But still the war went on in America.

"Jackson's factory has stopped work because there is no cotton!" came a little later.

Then :

"Bright's has stopped work ! All the operatives thrown out of employment. Jones is going to stop, and Perkins can only keep on about two weeks longer. They are among the biggest, and there will be hundreds on the street. Brownson's ruined. Had no cotton to fill his engagements. All these enormously rich fellows will feel it awfully, but the ones who are only in moderate circumstances will go to smash !"

It was oftenest the Boys who brought these reports. And still the war went on in America, and the Small Person heard rumors of battles, of victories and loss-

es, of killed and wounded, of the besieging of cities with strange-sounding names, of the South overwhelmed by armies, of plantations pillaged, magnolia-embowered houses ransacked and

burned. At least when she heard of Southern houses being destroyed, she herself at once supplied the magnolias. To her the South was the land of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A plantation meant a boundless estate, swarming with negroes like Uncle Tom, Aunt Chloe, Eliza, and the rest of them, and governed either by a Legree or a St. Claire, who lived on a veranda covered with luxuriant vines and shaded by magnolia-groves, where Eva flitted about in a white frock and long, golden-brown ringlets.



Sometimes the Small Person found her at her dressing-table.

She did not in the least know what the war was about, but she could not help sympathizing with the South because magnolias grew there, and people dressed in white sat on verandas covered with vines. Also, there were so many roses. How could one help loving a place where there were so many roses ? When she realized that the freedom from slavery of the Uncle Toms and Aunt Chloes and Elizas was involved, she felt the situation a strained one. It was impossible not to wish the poor slaves to be freed—the story itself demanded it. One wept all through "Uncle Tom's Cabin" because they had not their "freedom," and were sold away from their wives and children, and beaten and hunted with bloodhounds ; but the swarms of them singing and speaking negro dialect in the plantations were such a picturesque and lovable feature of the Story ; and it was so unbearable to think of the plantations be-

ing destroyed, the vine-covered verandas disappearing, and the magnolias blooming no more to shade the beautiful planters in Panama hats and snow-white linen. She was so attached to

There were Soup Kitchens established, and pitiful tales were told of the hundreds of hollow-eyed, ravenous men and women and children who crowded about their doors.

"If t' war i' 'Merica ud coom to an eend," they said among themselves, "we shouldna aw be clemmin."

And it was not only the operatives who suffered, all classes were involved as the months went on.

Little girls and boys began to say to each other:

"We can't go to Wales this summer. Papa says he can't afford it. There are so many of us and it takes such a lot of money. It's the war in America that makes him feel poor."

Or,

"The Blakes are not going to have a Christmas party. Mr. Blake has lost money through the war in America."

Or more awe-inspiring still:

"Do you know, Mr. Heywood is a bankrupt. The war in America has ruined his business, and he has to close his warehouse."

Even Mamma began to look harassed and anxious. She had neither a factory nor a warehouse, but she also had her difficulties and losses. Poor gentle and guileless little lady, she was all unfit to contend with a harsh, sharp, sordid world. She had tried to be business-like and practical, because poor Papa being gone, there were the three little girls to be taken care of and the boys to be given a career in life. Sometimes the Small Person found her at her dressing-table taking off her little black bonnet with gentle trembling hands and with tears in the blue eyes "Poor Papa" had thought like Amy Robsart's and Jeanie Deans's.

"Is anything the matter, Mamma?" she would ask.

"Yes, dear," Mamma would answer, tremblingly. "I have a great deal to be anxious about. I am afraid I am not a very good business woman, and so



"The first bales of cotton."

planters, and believed them all—except the Legrees—to be graceful and picturesque creatures.

But it seemed that the war prevented their sitting on their verandas sipping iced juleps through straws, while their plantations brought forth cotton.

Factory after factory closed, thousands of operatives were out of work, there was a Cotton Famine. The rich people were being ruined, the poor were starving, there was no trade. The warehouses began to feel it, the large shops and the small ones, more or less directly; all Manchester prosperity depended upon Cotton, and as there was no Cotton there was no money.

"If the war in America were only over," everybody said.

The stories of the starving operatives became as terrible as the stories from America. Side by side with accounts of battles there were, in the newspapers, accounts of the "Lancashire Distress," as it was called. Funds were raised by kind-hearted people in all sorts of places to give aid to the suffering creatures.

many things go wrong. If I only had poor Papa to advise me—;” and the soft deprecating voice would break.

“Don’t, don’t be low-spirited, Mamma,” the Small Person would say, with a tremor in her own voice. “It will all come right after a while.”

“Oh, my dear,” Mamma would exclaim, at once tried and worn out, “nothing will ever come right until this dreadful war is over in America.”

If this were a record of incidents, many might be recorded of this time. But it is only a record of the principal events which influenced the mental life of a Small Person.

There came at last a time when the war was ended, and there was a pathetic story of the first bales of cotton being met by a crowd of hunger- and trouble-worn factory operatives with sobs and tears, and cries of rapturous welcome—and of one man—perhaps a father who had sat by a fireless hearth, broken of spirit and helpless, while his young swarm cried for bread—a poor gaunt fellow who, lifting his hat with tears running down his cheeks, raised his voice in the Doxology, one after another joining in, until the whole mass sang, in one great swelling chorus:

“Praise God from whom all
blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here
below;
Praise Him above, ye Heav-
enly Host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost.”

The Small Person heard this story with a large lump in her throat. She felt that it meant so much, and that there must have been strange, sorrowful things going on in the cottages in the Back Streets.

It was after she had heard it that the great event occurred. She entered a room one morning to find Mamma and the two boys evidently discussing with unusual excitement a letter with a foreign post-mark.

“It seems so sudden!” said Mamma, in rather an agitated voice.

“It would be a great lark,” said one of the boys. “I should like it!”

“I don’t think I could ever make up my mind to leave England!” fluttered Mamma. “It seems such a long way!”

The Small Person looked from one to the other.

“What is a long way?” she asked. “What are you talking about, Mamma?”

Mamma looked at her, and her gentle face wore an almost frightened little expression.

“America!” she said, “America!”

“America!” exclaimed the Small Person, with wide-opened eyes. “What about America?”

“We’re going there,” cried her younger brother, who was given to teasing her. “The whole job lot of us! I say, isn’t it a lark!”

“My dear, don’t talk so thoughtlessly!” said Mamma. “I have had a letter from your Uncle John, in America. He thinks it would be a good thing for us to go there. He believes he could find openings for the boys.”



“What about America?” “We’re going there,” cried her younger brother

“Oh!” gasped the Small Person. “America! Do you—do you think you will go? Oh, Mamma,” with sudden rapture—“do—do!”

It seemed so incredibly delightful! To go to America! The land of Uncle Tom’s Cabin! Perhaps to see plantations and magnolias! To be attended by Aunt Chloes and Topsy! To make a long voyage—to cross a real Atlantic

Ocean—in a ship which was not the Green Arm-Chair!

The real events of her life had been so simple and its boundaries had been so limited. From the Back Garden of Eden to the Square, and from the Square to the nearest mild sea-side town, which seemed to be made up of a Pier, bathing-machines, lodgings, and shrimps for tea, these were her wildest wanderings. The inhabitants of the Square were not given to travel. The Best Friend had spent a summer in Scotland, and the result of searching cross-examination as to her sojourn in this foreign land had seemed to give the whole flavor of Sir Walter Scott. She had sat by a "loch," and she had heard people speak Gaelic, which she had found an obstacle to fluent interchange of opinion. The Small Person had once seen a very little girl who was said to have come from America.



"The Small Person looked upon her with deference and yearning."

She had longed to talk to her and find out what it was like to live in America—what America was like, what it was like to cross the Atlantic Ocean. Her craving was to find out all about America—to have it summed up as it were with definite clearness. But the very little

girl was only five years old, and she was not an intelligent little girl, and did not seem to regard herself as a foreign product, or to know that America was foreign and so intensely interesting. But the Small Person looked upon her with deference and yearning, and watched her from afar, being rather surprised that she did not seem to know how almost weirdly fascinating she was.

And now to think that there was a possibility—even a remote one—that she might go to America herself!

"Oh, Mamma, please do, please *do*!" she said again and again, in the days that followed.

The Boys regarded the prospect with rapture. To them it meant wild adventure of every description. They were so exhilarated that they could talk of nothing else, and began to bear about them a slight suggestion of being of the world of the heroes of Captain Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper. They frequently referred to the "Deerslayer" and the "Last of the Mohicans," and brought in interesting details gathered from "a fellow I know, who comes from New York." Certain descriptions of a magnificent thoroughfare known as Broadway impressed the Small Person immensely. She thought that Broadway was at least half a mile wide, and that before the buildings adorning it Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle must sink into utter insignificance—particularly a place called A. T. Stewart's. These opinions were founded upon the statements of the "fellow who came from New York."

It really was a delightfully exciting time. The half-awed rapture of hearing the possible prospect talked over by Mamma and the Uncles and Aunts, the revelation one felt one was making in saying to an ordinary boy or girl, "Do you know that *perhaps* we are going to America!" There was thrill enough for a lifetime in it.

And when at last Mamma "and the Aunts and Uncles and all the relations and friends" had decided the matter, and everybody went to bed knowing that they *were* going to America, and that everything was to be sold and that the Atlantic *was* to be crossed, a new world seemed to be looming up, and

the Small Person in the midst of her excitement had some rather queer little feelings and lay awake staring in the darkness and wondered who would get the Green Arm-Chair and the Nursery Sofa.

And then came greater excitement



"He kissed her hot cheek affectionately."

still. There seemed such thousands of things to be done and such a sense of intoxicating novelty in the air. Everybody was so affectionate and kind, and staying with a family of cousins while the house was disposed of seemed the most delightful rollicking thing. Two families in one house filled it to overflowing and produced the most hilarious results. There was laughing nearly all night, and darting in and out on errands and visits all day, there was a buying of things, and disposing of things, the see-

ing friends, the bidding good-by, and somehow through it all that delicious sense of adventure and expectation and wild, young, good spirits and fun.

And this all reached a climax in an excited, entrancing journey to Liverpool, with two railroad carriages full of cousins, with an aunt or so in attendance. Then there was a night in Liverpool, in which it was almost impossible to sleep at all because there was so much to be talked over in bed, and the next morning was so thrillingly near and at the same time so unbearably far away.

And when it came at last there came with it the sending away to the ship of cases and trunks, the bundling into cabs of all the cousins, with final packages of oranges and lemons and all sorts of remedies and resources, the tremulously delightful crowding on the wharf, the sight of the great ship, the nervous ecstasy of swarming upon it, exploring, exclaiming, discovering, glancing over the groups of fellow-passengers and singling out those who looked interesting. And then, while the excitement was at the highest, there came the ringing of the fateful bell, and the Small Person felt her heart give a curious wild thump and strange electric thrills run down into her fingers.

Suddenly she felt as if too much was happening all at once—as if things were woful. She wanted to go to America—yes, but everybody seemed to have his eyes filled with tears, people were clinging to each other's hands, shaking hands fiercely, clasped in each other's arms, the people in the groups about her were all agitated, Mamma was being embraced by the aunts, with tears, the cousins made farewell clutches, their eyes suddenly full of tears.

"Good-by, good-by!" everyone was



saying "Good-by. I hope you'll be happy! Oh! it's so strange to see you go! We shall so miss you!" The Small Person kissed and was kissed with desperate farewell fervor. People had not

then begun to make summer voyages from America to England every year. Going to America was going to another world—a world which seemed divided from quiet simple English homes almost by the gulf of Eternity.

"Oh! Good-by, good-by," she cried, quite passionately. "I wish you were all going with us!"

A friend of an older cousin was of the party. He was a nice fellow she had known from childhood. Because he was nice enough to be trusted, she had given him her little dog, not knowing she might have taken it with her.

He was the last to shake hands with her. He looked rather nervous and deeply moved. "Good-by," he said "I hope you will like America."

"Good-by," she said, looking at him through tears. "You—I know you'll be good to Flora."

"Yes," he answered, "I'll be good to Flora."

And after looking at her a second he seemed to decide that she was still sufficiently a little girl to be kissed, and he kissed her wet cheek affectionately and walked away with an evident effort to maintain a decided air. And when the ship began to move slowly away he stood with the aunts and cousins on the wharf, and they all waved their handkerchiefs, and the Small Person leaned upon the deck-rail, with tears running down her cheeks, and said to herself, under her breath,

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! Now I'm going to America."

(To be continued.)





DRAWN BY E. H. BLASHFIELD

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL

FLORENTINE GIRLS

[Contributed by the artist to the Exhibition Number of Scribner's Magazine.]





"And Father Ryan went past them down the street"—Page 662.

BETWEEN MASS AND VESPERS.

By Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. GIBSON.



MASS was over; the noonday sun was so bright at the church-door that, instead of waiting there in a sober expectant group, three middle-aged men of the parish went a few steps westward to stand in the shade of a great maple-tree. There they stood watching the people go by—the small boys and the chattering girls. Now and then one of the older men or women said a few words in Irish to Dennis Call or John Mulligan by way of friendly salutation. They were a contented, pleasant-looking flock, these parishioners of St. Anne's; they might have lost the gayety that

they would have kept in the old country, but a look of good cheer had not forsaken them, though many a figure showed the thinness that comes from steady, hard work, and almost every face had the deep lines that are worn only by anxiety. The pretty girls looked as their mothers had looked before them, only they were not so fair and fresh-colored, having been brought up less wholesomely and too much indoors.

"That's a nice gerrl o' Mary Finner-ty's," said Dennis Call, gravely, to his mates, following the charming young creature with approving eyes.

"Deed, then, you're right, Dinny," agreed little Pat Finn, a queer old fig-

ure of a shoemaker, who was bent nearly double between the effects of his stooping trade and a natural warp in his bones. "There don't be so pritty a little gerrl as Katy Finnerty walk into church, so there don't! I like her meself; she's got the cut o' the gerrls in Tralee—the prittiest gerrls is in it that's in the whole of Ireland."

"Coom now, then! you do always be bragging for Tralee; there's enough other places as good as it," scoffed Dennis. "Anybody that ain't a Bantry man can tark as they like, they'll have to put up wid second-best whin all's said an' done."

"Whisht now!" said John Mulligan, putting his hand to his forehead and bobbing his head respectfully at Father Ryan, the old priest, who had just come hurrying from the vestry-door along a precarious footway of single boards left there since the days of spring mud.

"I hope you're feeling fine the day, sir?" said little Pat Finn, looking up with friendliness and pride at the tall old man. "We're getting good weather now, thank God, sir."

"We are that, Patrick Finn. God bless you, boys!" And Father Ryan went past them down the street to his house, while they all watched him without speaking until he had turned in at the gate with a flutter of his long coat-tails in the spring wind.

"Faix I wisht we all had the sharp teeth for our dinners that his riverence has now," laughed Dennis. "I'll be bound he's keen for it, honest man. 'Twas to early mass over to White Mills he was, lavin' by break o' day, an' just comin' back an' they sent to him for poor Mary Sullivan that's to be waked this night, God rest her; and he not home from the corp' house an' Mary just dead, but two women come screechin' for him to hurry, there was a shild to be christened waitin' in the church; 'twas one o' Jerry Hannan's wife's, that wint into black fits an' it being two hours born. Then it was high mass he had. I saw him myself puttin' a hand to his head an' humpin' wid his shoulders, an' he before the alther. 'Tis a great dale o' worruk, so it is, for a man the age o' Father Ryan, may God help him!"

"I'd think the Bishop 'ould give him some aid now. They could sind some young missioner for a while to White Mills. 'Tis out of our own rights we do be, an' he to White Mills, day an' night wit' them French, an' one of us took hurt or dyin'. 'Tis too far to White Mills intirely," protested John Mulligan.

"Well, b'ys, the road's clear for us now, an' I'll say that I've got the match to Father Ryan's hunger in me own inside, 'tis thure for me. Coom, Pat, now, there's no more gerrls! Get a move on you now, John, the fince is tired from ye!" And being thus suitably urged Dennis's companions started on their way. Dennis himself was a sturdy, middle-aged man, a teamster for the manufacturing company that had long ago gathered these Irish people into the staid and prosperous New England village. They had made a neighborhood by themselves, and were just now alarmed in their turn and disturbed by the presence of a few French Canadians, so thoroughly did they feel at home and believe in their rights to an adopted country. They meant to stay at any rate, and jealously suspected their lively neighbors of only a temporary appropriation of citizenship that would take more than it gave. Dennis Call would have been a prosperous man and good citizen anywhere, with his soberness and thrift and decent notions; he was much respected by his fellow-townfolk.

"Coom, now!" exclaimed Pat Finn, trying to keep step with his tall companions, "'Leg over leg, as the dog wint to Dover,'" he added, cheerfully. "I might have been coaxing a ride home wid Braley's folks, they had the one sate saved in the wagon, but I was idlin' me time away wit' the likes of you; a taste of tark is always the ruin of me."

"Good-day to ye, Pat," the others called after him as he crossed over to go down a side-street; but the droll, stooping figure did not turn again, and Mulligan and Dennis went on in the peaceful company. Dennis was a step ahead of his friend. You rarely see the old-fashioned Irish folk walk side by side, perhaps they keep a dim remem-



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"The guest felt that he could hold his own again."—Page 607.

brance of footpaths over the open fields and moors. There is less of the formal, military sense than belongs to most Europeans, and a constant suggestion of the flock rather than the platoon.

At this moment two women who had lingered in the church overtook our friends and gave them a cordial greeting. One was the niece of Dennis Call and almost as old as he. They lived at opposite ends of the town, and she stopped to ask him some questions about his family, while the other two, after hesitating a moment, went their way together. Sunday is the great social occasion for women who are hardly out of their houses all the rest of the week, and Dennis eagerly besought the favor of a visit. "Run home wit me now for a bite of dinner," he urged. "'Twill be pot-luck, but the folks'll give you a grand welcome, and some of the children will be coming to vespers."

"Yirra now, I can't then, Dinny," the niece insisted, but her face shone with gratification and they both knew that she was ready to accept.

"Oh, be friendly now an' come an' see the folks," Dennis continued. "The poor woman was in all the week wit' a bad wakeness that troubles her very bad, 'tis the stomach-bone falls down they all says, but the docther has it that she's only wantin' a bit of strength wit' the spring weather an' all. 'Tis a dale o'work she has all the time, but the little gerrls begins to help iligant now an' 'twill soon be aisy; they grow very fast. Little Mag is gettin' a foine dinner the day. Coom, Mary!"

Mary gave a sigh of compassion for the hard-worked mother, whose tiredness she well comprehended. "You're lucky then, Dinnis, and herself is lucky, the two of you bein' together and you gettin' steady work the year through. I know well herself gets a bit of the pain in her, we all gets it, faix! I know well what it is. 'Tis our folks has hard times, wid my man dead this sivin years gone an' the old 'oman always in her bed, an' I havin' to tind poor Johnny an' herself like two babies. Wisha, wisha! I wasn't to mass—to-day is four Sundays gone since I heard mass before. Well now, see! I'm goin' wid you like a little lost dog. I'm glad of

a treat—but I'll help little Mag wid the dinner, so I will, 'tis a task for the shild."

A lovely readiness to help shone in Mary O'Donnell's homely face. She looked poor and anxious, her bonnet, with its brown and white plaided ribbon and ancient shape, looked as if it might have been ten years in wear. She had worn her poor mourning threadbare and returned to this headgear of an earlier and more prosperous time. She had been full of hope and cheerfulness when she bought the queer old brown bonnet, but a blessed light of hope and kindness still shone in her eyes.

As they went along, busy with their homely talk, someone lifted a window near them and called "Dennis, Dennis!" in a tone of mild authority.

"'Tis his riverence wants you!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Donnell, flushing with excitement and pleasure. "I'll be going on slow; do you take your time. Run now, Dinny!"

"I'll be there, sir," said Dennis, already inside the gate, and by the time he reached the steps, Father Ryan opened the door. "Step in," he said, "I must have a word with you. Who's that with you?"

"Mary O'Donnell, she that's brother's-daughter to me, sir; 'tain't often we gets the bit of tark. She's goin' home to dinner with the folks, herself at home the day, sir, she's not well."

"I'll stop an' see her one day soon. I missed her at mass. Your wife's a good woman, Dennis."

"An' Mary O'Donnell, too, has done fine—she was afther bein' left very poor, 'tis yourself knows it well, an' has been very kind, sir. She had but the two hands of her for dependance, but we all did what we could." Dennis had blushed at the priest's good words about his wife as if he himself had been praised. "I thank God I'm prospered wit' good health, sir."

The old priest stood still in the narrow entry looking at Dennis Call as if he were not listening and were lost in his own thoughts. Dennis stood with hat in hand, the moment was strangely embarrassing. Father Ryan's strong-featured, good-humored face looked drawn and bluish as if he were really suffering



ENGRAVED FROM NATURE BY EUGENIUS KINGSLEY

A QUIET SPOT

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from hunger and fatigue and some unforeseen perplexity beside. There was a cheerful insistent clatter of plates in the little dining-room beyond, and a comforting odor of roast-beef. Dennis felt more puzzled every moment, but he unconsciously smacked his lips in spite of uncertainties as to what the priest wanted.

"My heart's sick, Dennis," said his reverence, and a sudden flicker of light shone in his eyes.

Dennis shifted his weight to the other foot and passed his hat from right hand to left. "What's the matter, then, sir?" he asked, anxiously; "Did anybody break the church window again I do' know?" He felt a little impatient, Mary O'Donnell would be far down the street and the priest's good dinner made a man unbearably hungry. Still Father Ryan was frowning and planning without saying a word, and it made an honest man feel like a thief.

"Dennis, will you take a bit of dinner with me now and run afterward to Fletcher's place and get the best horse that's in, all in fifteen minutes' time? And say we're going on an errand of mercy if anybody puts a question. They'll think it's for the sick while it's for the well, God save us," said the old man.

"I'll do that, sir," said Dennis.

"Let's to dinner then," said Father Ryan. "I suppose good Mary O'Donnell's out of sound of your voice."

Dennis opened the door hastily, it was a relief to do something, and gave a loud call to Mary, who was still loitering not so very far away. "I'll not be home to my dinner," said he. "Do you go on then and tell the folks." So Mary, in happy amaze, went her ways to carry the pleasing news that Dennis was kept to his dinner with the priest.

Father Ryan was already in the dining-room; the roast-beef was smoking on the table, there were onions and potatoes, and even cranberry-sauce from some secret repository of the house-keeper, who was not unmindful of the priest's long morning of hard service. Mrs. Dillon was setting another plate opposite Father Ryan's own. Dennis forgot that he was clinging to his Sunday hat, but when they had blessed

themselves, and dinner was fairly begun, and the hat pushed under the table, the guest felt that he could hold his own again, and ventured a sociable remark. Dennis was as quick as he could be, but the priest finished his beef first, and impatiently waved back a noble Sunday pudding which Mrs. Dillon was proudly bringing in at the door. "Run for the mare now, if you've had enough," said he, and Dennis gave a lingering glance at the pudding and departed.

"Lord be good to us, but he's in the hurry!" he grumbled, as he went at a jog trot down the street. It was not yet one o'clock and a lovely May afternoon. The season was early, and the maples in full leaf; the prospect of a drive out into the country, with a light buggy, and possibly Fletcher's best mare, delighted Dennis Call as if he were a school-boy. He marched into the stable-yard with most important manners, and said, in the hearing of a group of stay-at-home loungers, that Father Ryan called for the best team and was in great haste.

"What's up, Dennis, a christening?" inquired an amiable idler; but Dennis plunged his hands deep into his pockets and calmly turned away, and looked up at the blue sky with an air of assurance, exactly as if he were not wishing that he knew, himself. Presently he stepped into the light carriage with the air of a lord, and whirled out of the yard.

"Which way now, sir?" he asked the priest, who was already waiting at his gate, but Father Ryan took the reins himself. "I'm afraid you might go too slow for me," he said, trying to give Dennis a droll, reassuring look, but he could not hide the provocation, and even grief, that he evidently felt. "I don't forget that you are used to heavy teaming," he added, and they both laughed and felt much more at ease. "I must be back in time for vespers," said his reverence, as they passed the church.

The sorrel mare sped along the road; her master had kept her in for his own use later that afternoon, and she was only too fresh and ready. For a while they followed the main road toward the next large town, and passed many of their

acquaintances, driving or on foot, and Dennis was not without pride at being seen in the priest's company; but suddenly they turned into a rough, seldom-travelled by-way, that led up among the hills. It seemed as if the errand were to some person in trouble, but presently they had left behind what appeared to be the last house. This was a strange path to follow, and for what reason had Father Ryan desired a companion, unless it were necessary in such a steep and almost dangerous ascent? Once, years before, Dennis had climbed by this deserted road, up to the woodlands of the higher hills; he had been gunning with some young men, and he remembered the small, lonely farms that they had just passed, and how poor and inhospitable they looked in the winter weather; in fact, his remembrance of the holiday was not bright in any way, because he had gained but a poor day's sport. None of the priest's flock lived in this direction, that was one sure thing.

The road seemed to grow steeper and steeper, the sorrel mare stopped once or twice, discouraged, and looked ahead at the hard climb. There were dark hemlocks and pines on either side, illuminated here and there by the vivid green of young birch saplings that stood where they caught the sunlight. The air was fresh and sweet, there were busy birds fluttering and calling, the light tread of the mare seemed to disturb the secluded region, as if nothing had passed that way since the coming of the year.

Father Ryan had not spoken for a long time, all the cheerfulness had faded from his face. "Dennis!" said he, suddenly, so that the man at his side turned, startled and open-eyed to look at him. "Dennis, you remember that smart young Dan Nolan, Tom Nolan's boy, the one that went to the seminary for a while, but left and went West to be a railroad man?"

"I does mind Danny Nolan, sir; they say he's got rich. Him an' John Finnerty's gerrl is courtin' this long time, the pritty gerrl Katy; I saw her coming out from mass the day. John Finnerty do be thinking she's got a great match, the b'y always says in his letters that he's doing fine."

"May God forgive him!" said the priest, under his breath.

"Why, in course I'd know him well, sir," Dennis continued, eagerly, in his most communicative manner. "Wasn't he brought up next house to my own by the mill yard, until I moved to the better one I'm in now, thanks be to God, the other one being dacint to look at, but very damp an' the cause of much sickness to everyone. Oh, but the fine letters the b'y does be writing home, they brings them and reads them to herself an' me; truth is Tom Nolan's put his money into a mine that Danny's knowing to, out where he is, and they've been at me wouldn't I come wid 'em. Everyone says there do be a power o' money in it. The tark is all right, but for Tom not having got any papers; I'd like to see the papers they gives, first; an' I think meself, sir, it's the same with Tom, but he won't let on."

"My God!" said the old priest again.

"An' John Finnerty, the little gerrl's fadther, he sint t'ree hundred—'twas all he had laid by—you know the wife's a great spinder—an' Danny Nolan wrote back he'd find it t'ree thousand this time next year, an' herself has been in the street goin' to the shops ivery night since then, as rich-feeling as a contractor! Katy, the young thing, sint him out her small savings she got in the mill that she was keeping to buy her wedding with. I was against that when they tould me, but she'd sint to Dan and he wrote a great letter to sint it along, an' he'd put it where it would grow. 'Too many eggs in the one basket,' says I. She's awful proud of Dan, and he do be always writin' the beautiful letters, sir; but he does be knowing his fadther works hard all the time, and at Christmas last year divil a cint came home to any one of them. They all says it was too far entirely to be gettin' presents, but they'd like to be showing anything they got the lenth of the town. Tell me now, sir, do ye know of anything wrong? I do be thinkin' you've heard bad news. I couldn't tell why——"

Father Ryan touched the horse and gave a queer groan before he spoke.

"The truth is that Dan Nolan's a



DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY

CONFIDENCES

[Contributed by the artist to the Exhibition Number of Scribner's Magazine]

swindler," said he. "Those poor souls 'll never see their money again."

"Well, something held me back from him, thanks be to God!" protested Dennis with pride, though he looked

ther Ryan, slowly. "I paid the most of his bills myself when he went to the seminary. Poor Tom Nolan couldn't do it, with his small wages and the sickness and trouble he used to have. Danny



"Take that, will you now, Danny Nolan."—Page 673.

shocked and anxious. "I come very near givin' him all I had too. Whin a craze gets amongst folks, one must be doing like all the rest; ain't it so, sir? And that Dan was the best scholar in the schools here; don't you mind the praise he'd get from every one, an' his fadther was proud as a paycock. I does be thinkin' them schools has their faults. If a man dies now an' l'aves a houseful of childher they don't be half so fit to earn their bread as they were in the old times. I'm thinkin' the old folks was wiser wit' the childher, Father Ryan, sir!"

"There never was a boy in any parish I had these forty-five years that I took the pains with I did with him," said Fa-

was my altar-boy—a pretty face there was on him and a laughing eye. He always stood to me for a little brother of mine, and looked the very marrow of him when I first saw him, and Tom came to the mills. My little brother was my playmate, we were always together like twin lambs. I can mind myself now, and I running home alone, crying, to tell my poor mother that we'd run away to the rocks, and a great wave came in and licked him off before my very eyes, and I a bit higher up on the shore. I wake up dreaming of him, stiff with the horror and a cold sweat all over me, after a lifetime that's gone between me and that day. I'm an old man now, Dennis Call, and my mind's always been in a

priest's holy business. But I've a warm Irish heart in me, and there are times when I'd like a brother's young child, or one of my sister's that I left long ago in Kerry, or to see my old mother shake her head and have the laugh at

lan then, sir." Dennis tried to comfort him: he had seen Father Ryan angry and stern, but never cast down like this.

They came to an open, grassy space on a shelf of the great hill. At one side was the cellar where a house had

stood long ago; some roses still grew about it, and there was much of the solemn little cypress plant, so often seen in country burying-grounds, growing about the crumbling foundations and straying off into the grass. There was a smooth, broad door-step partly overgrown, and a hop-vine was sending up its determined shoots near by where it could find nothing to twine upon. The old door-step had evidently served as a seat for stray wanderers; there was a place before it that had been worn by feet, like the beginning of a path. The house had been gone many years, but one might have thought that its ghost was there, and the door-step was still trodden by those unseen inhabitants who went and came. The priest may have thought this, but Dennis saw a gun wad lying by the step, and

a little bird fluttered away, as if it had been finding a few stray crumbs.

There was a magnificent view of the widespread lower country—woods and clearings and bushy pasture-lands stretching miles upon miles, with a river dividing them like a shining ribbon; and white villages, with their tiny spires and sprinkled houses and heavy dark mills. As you turned the other way you looked up the dark hill slope. The road appeared to end here by the deserted farm-stead, but some winter wood-roads led off in different directions.

Father Ryan stopped the breathless mare and got down clumsily. "We'll walk from here, Dennis," he said, and Dennis also alighted. His face was befogged with perplexity. They plunged deep into the woods along one of the half-overgrown winter tracks which led



"Dan Nolan came across the fields"—Page 676.

me, and I sitting there in the long winter evening in my still house. And when that young Danny Nolan gave a smile at me, like the little lad that went under the sea, and never was afraid, or trying to get away from me because I was the priest, I liked him more than I knew. I couldn't see then why he shouldn't make a great man, and I helped him the best I could. I know plenty of harm of him now, God forgive him and bring him to repentance."

The old man scowled and looked away. His heart was filled with sorrow. Dennis's ready tongue was checked, but he was grumbling to himself about the black heart of Danny Nolan. "I begin to think that sharp wits are the least of all the means by which a man wins true success," said Father Ryan.

"Everybody thought well of Dan No-

up and over a high shoulder of the great hill.

"'Tis like the way to the cave of the foxy 'oman," said Dennis, half aloud, as a dry twig whipped him in the face, and Father Ryan heard him and laughed.

"Well, it's wonderful how those old tales do stay in the mind," he said, cheerfully. "I was working away with a book yesterday, a fine hard knot of Latin it was too, and I got sleepy and not a bit could I think of but how did the story of the Little Cakeen go that my old granny used to tell me before she'd give me a little cakeen herself that she'd have hidden in her blue cloak. I'd be afraid to eat it, too, after the tale. Well, I think it might be twenty years since I thought of it, but I could not rid my mind of the trick of that foolish story, and it kept twirling itself round and round in my mind. It may be the way with old folks. I begin to feel old."

"'Twas a great story of the Little Cakeen," agreed Dennis, solemnly. "I do be telling it to the childher; there's nothing anybody's tells that they'd like so well, wid their little screeches always in the same place. 'Twas the same way wid my brothers and meself at home. We'd better mind, sir, lest ourselves gets on the fox's back an' into his big mout'. Do you know where you do be going?" Dennis looked about him anxiously.

The priest only laughed; a queer laugh it was that might mean one thing or another. "Come on!" he said. "You make me think of another old tale they used to be telling at home about one Mrs. O'Flaherty's donkey, that could neither go nor stand still."

At this moment, when the conversation had taken a most sociable and even merry tone, the two men found themselves on the edge of the thick woods with an open, partly overgrown, acre of land before them. The seedling pines had covered a piece of land cleared and deserted again many years before; they had grown close to the tumble-down old house, which had sometimes been used as a shelter by lumbermen who were at work among the hills, or sportsmen who might have taken refuge there in wet weather. Dennis was astonished to find himself there; he remembered the place well, but they had reached it by so short

a path that the priest seemed to have brought him by the aid of magic. Dennis had taken heart at a change for the better in Father Ryan's manner and was already preparing to laugh at the expected story about a donkey, but Father Ryan looked stern and priestly again and began to stride forward, telling Dennis by a gesture to wait outside the house. "'Tis a den of thieves I'm sure now," muttered Dennis, but he followed his companion to the door and stood there strong and sturdy and not displeased, looking about him suspiciously like a wary sentinel.

The priest stepped softly on the pasture turf among the little pine-trees and entered the door as if he did not mean to be heard. Immediately there was a scuffle and crash inside and the jar of a heavy fall, upon which Dennis Call rushed in with his eyes dancing and his fists clenched.

There, in the middle of the dismal rain-stained room, by an overturned table and broken chair, Father Ryan was fighting with a younger man and getting the worst of it. Dennis pounced down and caught the fellow off by the shoulders. His great thumbs held the cords like iron bolts; he stood the rascal back on his knees and gave him a terrible shaking. Dennis had been a tidy man at a fight when he was younger, and his rage revived the best of his experience. "Get up, sir; get up, your reverence!" he commanded, in a bold voice. "L'ave the beggar to me!" and he kept his clutch with one hand while he administered a succession of sound blows with the other. "Take that, will you now, Danny Nolan, an' that wit' it!" he said, scornfully. "Is it full of drink you are, I do' know, to strike down an old an' respected man that's been a fadder to you and he God's priest beside! I'll bate the life out of you and I'ave you here to the crows an' I get a saucy word out o' your head, so there now!" and Dennis proceeded to cuff and shake his captive unmercifully.

The old priest looked shocked and shaken; he got upon his feet and tried to brush the dust from his black clothes. There was no place to sit, it was a dirty, stifling place, and he turned and went swaying with faltering steps to the door, and Dennis, holding the

young man's arm in an unflinching grip, went after him.

"Sit down on the step, sir," he said, anxiously, to the bld man. "I hope it isn't faint you are, sir?"

Father Ryan seated himself upon the crumbling door-sill, and Dennis backed himself and his captive against a bowlder that stood in front of the old house, close by. As he turned to take a good look at Dan Nolan a feeling of contempt stole into his honest face. In the clear light the young man looked so colorless and disreputable, wrecked and ruined by an only too evident life of vice and ignorance of every sort of decent behavior that he seemed but a poor antagonist for a man like Dennis Call. There was little left of his boyish good looks and fine spirit. He must have thrown Father Ryan by some trick that caught him unprepared, for in spite of his age the priest looked almost the stronger of the two. Dennis felt a strange anxiety as he saw how badly out of breath Father Ryan was still, and what bad color had come to his lips.

"Will I get you a sup of water, sir?" he asked, eagerly. "This thing 'ont run away; or I'll just stun the poor crature a bit wit' me fist so he can't step foot an' he tries. I'm afraid you're bad off, sir, so I am."

"No, no," said Father Ryan. "Let go his arm now."

"I don't dare l'ave him go, sir," protested Dennis.

"Let go his arm. Stand out, Dan!" and a strange light blazed in the old man's eyes. Danny Nolan, in his smart, dirty, city-made clothes, stood out a step in front of Dennis, a poor wretched image of a young man as ever startled the squirrels and jays of that wild, deserted bit of country. He cast a furtive glance to right and left, but the old priest raised a warning hand.

"No, you won't run, Dan, my boy," he said. "My old heart is ready to break at the sorry sight of you. Those poor legs of yours would throw you before you could run a rod. Take out the money that's in your pockets. Dennis, keep your eye on him now. Take it out, I say!"

Father Ryan rose to his great height

with a black and angry look; his years seemed to fall off his shoulders like a cloak, and Dennis stepped forward eager for the fray. The fellow was at bay. He looked for a moment as sharp and ugly as a weasel, then the cowardice in him showed itself, he began to whimper and weaken, and so fell upon his knees.

"It is in the State's Prison that you ought to be. I know it well," said Father Ryan, sternly.

"Will I give him a nate kick or two, your riverence?" inquired Dennis, suggestively. "Maybe 'twill help him to mind what you do be saying, the dirty bla'guard."

Danny Nolan, still whimpering, took something from his pocket and dropped it before him on the turf. "There now," he said, trying to be bold, "Let me go."

"Go through his pockets yourself, Dennis," said the priest, and he stood watching, while this business was carefully accomplished, and a little heap of counterfeit bills was gathered at their feet, which Dennis had sought for with little tenderness. "What have you hid-den in the house beside?" he demanded, looking up in black rage, as Danny Nolan stood there, surly and flushed.

"If 'twas my last word, I'd tell you the same," he answered. "There's no more but this. I was only waiting till evening, so I'd get away. There's two dollars there that's good," he added, sulkily touching the money with his foot.

"Ye'd best give it to his riverence for a collection then," Dennis advised. "Ain't you the dirthy divil!"

"I've had awful hard luck," said Danny, in a grieved tone. "'Twas a man on the cars give me this——"

"Why didn't you come straight to those who were your friends?" said Father Ryan, sadly. "You have been robbing those that loved you and taking their little earnings—you are a liar and a thief. How will you face them now and go to them for food and shelter. Who'll want to give you a day's work? You have been living with cheats and liars; see what they have done for you, and how rich and happy you come home to those that have praised you the length of the town. What do you mean to do?"

"They're out after me; the officers are out after me, sir." The poor rascal instantly turned to his old friend for help. "I can't stop here, 'twas the man that gave me this stuff to get rid of it himself, and then went and told."

"You sent down to the mills to some fellows you thought bad enough to buy this trash. Don't lie to me, Dan! You have fallen into this sort of thing by your own choice. Come now, if Dennis and I will stand by you will you try to be decent and live honest? You'll be dead this time next year if you don't, and there's God's truth for you. I'll try you this once more, God helping me. I'll not send you home to those that aren't able to keep you. I've a little money put by, and I'll lend you something for those you have robbed and cheated with your stories about the mine."

"I was cheated myself in the first place, Father Ryan," said Nolan. Then he fell to sobbing and covered his face with both his hands. "I've been bad, you're right, sir, but oh, try me again. I don't know what'll I do. I'm starved here, and every bush that rustles turns me cold these three nights. I'll do the best I can, sir. I wouldn't have said it so easy yesterday, but I'm beat to the ground now. Everybody's turned against me. I thought some friends of mine would be here last night——"

"Come, stand up an' behave like a man!" Dennis gave him a vigorous jerk by way of stimulant. "We mane no harm by the likes of you. Do now as Father Ryan says, since he's so willing to try you." There was kindness in his tone, though the shake was contradictory. "I'll stand by you meself for Father Ryan's pleasure, but it goes hard wid me to say the word."

"You'll come to me this evening at eight o'clock," said the priest. "I'll be thinking what's best to do. I can't stand between you and the laws you've broken. You'll stay at my house the night. Mrs. Dillon 'll be washing in the morning, the first thing is to make you look decent. Then I'll find a way to talk with your father, poor honest man!"

"I'd as soon go chop at Tom Nolan wit' me axe," muttered Dennis.

The priest stooped and struck a match on the gray rock and touched it to the counterfeit bills, stirring them now and then with his foot as they smouldered. When the few ashes began to blow in the light spring wind, and there was little left but an ugly small scar in the green turf, Father Ryan held out his hand and Danny Nolan tried not to see it and turned away. The old priest could not help a sigh. Then the young man, who had known every sin, threw himself upon the mercy of this merciful old friend. No matter if Dennis stood by with his aggravating sense of honesty, his narrow experience of a stupid mill town, Dan Nolan caught hold of Father Ryan's hand and clung to it as if his whole heart were spent in love and gratitude. "O God, help me; I'll not fail you this night, sir. 'Tis the Lord sent you to me, sir. 'Tis you were always good to me when I was a little boy minding the altar, sir."

"You were always great wit' your fine words and your smart letters," grumbled Dennis, who in spite of himself was much affected. If his own sons should ever go wrong, God send them such a friend. "See now that you give his reverence satisfaction for all the trouble he's taking, and pay him back his money too. There's work enough if you'd only be dacent, but if I'd hear from any of your tricks, or you'd be doing harm among the young folks, Lord be good to me but I'd be the one to break your neck, so I would. When I think of that pritty gerrl you've fooled——!"

"Don't shame the man any more. We'll give him his chance to do better. 'Tis God does the same every day for you and me," said Father Ryan.

The May wind in the pine-woods was like the sound of the sea as the two elder men turned away to go down the hill, not once looking back. The old priest left Dan Nolan behind as if he had forgotten him, and Dennis was awed into speechlessness as he walked alongside.

The sorrel mare was restless. She had unwisely browsed the sharp-thorned sprouting rose-bushes, and had got the reins tangled about her feet. Father Ryan climbed into the carriage, he began to feel lame and tired, and Dennis,

still silent, took the mare by the head and led her carefully down the steepest part of the road. When they came to the lowest slope of the hill he got in and took the reins, and they went quickly home. The church-bells began to ring for vespers as they neared the town.

"I'll be a trifle late, I'm sorry," said the priest. "Leave me at the church and you go on with the mare, Denny. Oh, I'm all right, 'twas fine and pleasant in the green woods. It seems long to me since mass was over."

"My saints in heaven, but ain't he the father to us!" exclaimed Dennis, a moment later. He still felt a delightful sense of excitement and adventure, but after they had parted at the church something choked him, as he thought of Father Ryan's figure as he had seen him go along the little path to the vestry, with that dust on the back of his coat. As he came back to the church himself he overtook Mary O'Donnell, who greeted him with pleasure and even curiosity, and some other friends made mention of the fact that he had been away with the priest. The parishioners were used to being ignorant about most of Father Ryan's affairs, a priest could never make talk about his errands of business and mercy as another man could.

The warm May Sunday indeed seemed long, the vesper service did not often attract Dennis Call. He was always in his place at mass, but he took his Sunday sleep and stroll in the afternoon. He made himself easy in the corner of the pew, he picked some pine-needles out of the cuff of his coat, and he said, a little grudgingly, a prayer for Danny Nolan. He noticed that there was a bruise beginning to show itself on the old priest's forehead, and how the hands trembled that were lifted at the

altar. The doctor had been known to say that Father Ryan was not a sound man, that he had better not take long walks alone any more, or overtax himself as he often did, and Dennis wondered vaguely if this were not the reason he had been called upon that day for company.

"I'd like to clout the saucy bla'guard a couple o' times more," he grumbled to himself, but his heart was not without compassion, his own boys were just beginning to put on the airs and to share the ambitions of men, and poor Tom Nolan, his old friend and neighbor, must hear sad news of Danny, and that soon. Dennis blinked his sleepy eyes and looked reverently at Father Ryan's tall figure at the altar. The setting sun brought out the color and tarnished gold thread of the worn vestments. The paper flowers that a French woman had made new at Easter looked gay and almost real in the pleasant light.

"Tis in many strange places that a priest does be having to serve God," said Dennis to himself. "I'm thinking Danny Nolan 'll light out this night wit' the two dollars, an' we'll see no more of him. Faix, 'twould be best for him, the young fool; the likes of him will break every heart, stay or go!"

That night, however, just at dark, Dan Nolan came across the fields and presently stole out from a thicket at the foot of the priest's little garden, and went into the house. The lights were bright, there was a good supper on the table. A terrible sea of wickedness was near to dragging him down. As the hungry crestfallen offender sat there, abashed by all the light and good cheer, the old man's tired face shone with golden hopefulness. Father Ryan even persuaded himself that the look of his own young brother had come back again into Danny Nolan's eyes.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE AT CHICAGO.

By Francisque Sarcey.



YOU may well suppose that here in Paris the announcement of your Universal Exposition is in everybody's thoughts. The first idea of the director of the Comédie Française was to visit it at the head of his whole company. The moment was propitious. About once in ten years the Théâtre Français is compelled to close for a month or two, for repairs to the auditorium. Naturally, the summer season is chosen for this ; and it is a tradition that during these fifty or sixty days of enforced idleness the troupe shall either go into the provinces or abroad, to give performances and extend the taste for its répertoire.

Ten years ago, under the orders of M. Perrin, it went to London, and I accompanied it in the capacity of historiographer. The English gave us a reception which I shall never forget in my life. It would be impossible to be more courteous and at the same time more splendid. I shall retain a life-long remembrance of the first performance, with which these evenings were opened. When the curtain went up, all the troupe was ranged in a semi-circle about the two busts of Shakespeare and Molière. On the right and left, standing apart from the group, were, on the one side, Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, in a linen tunic, simple and serious, without a single jewel, leaning against the pedestal of a bust of tragedy ; and on the other side, Mlle. Croizette, then in the full splendor of her beauty and her reputation, dazzling with freshness and sparkling with diamonds, in the costume of Célimène, and with her fan in her hand.

It was a sight at once splendid and charming. There was not in all the company a single artist whose name was not celebrated, or at all events well known. The performance was only one long triumph.

Ten years before, the same company, driven away from the theatre by the

same cause, had arranged a tour through the principal towns of France, under the orders of M. Thierry. I had been of the party in this case also. I had gone with the players to Dijon, to Lyons, and to Marseilles, and it is one of the most exquisite memories of my youth. I described from day to day, in the paper for which I was writing (although I was then but little known), the ovations tendered in each of these cities to that incomparable troop of players.

How much happier still I should have been if I could have set sail with them for America and have followed them to Chicago ! It is going to be necessary to close the Theatre for the month of next July ; the repairs needed in the auditorium are urgent and cannot be neglected longer. This gave an unequalled pretext for making some tour or other. Then there were no risks to run ; for adventurous managers, of whom there are so many in America, had already come to tempt M. Jules Claretie, and submit to him advantageous and even brilliant proposals.

Besides, it did not enter into the views of the Comédie Française to make money out of its name. All that it would have expected in the matter would be to get back without expenses, and to return from the journey without its having cost the common treasury (the *caisse sociale*) any loss. As to this there was no doubt. The expenses of the trip, however large they would have been, would have been covered — and more.

The plan was very seductive to M. Jules Claretie—and to me still more so. I pushed it with all my energies ; at the age which I have reached it was the last opportunity which would ever be offered me to visit America. I should have a good reason for going if I could make the trip among the luggage of the Comédie Française, of which I am, so to speak, the titular critic ; but if it stayed in France, why of course I should have to stay there too. Farewell, my last

dream of hope! for how would it look if, without any outside motive, I should sever the bonds of daily duties and habits which attach me to Paris, to say nothing of spending so large a sum, without any compensation for it all? So I did my best to persuade everybody in favor of the plan. I did not succeed. The scheme of the trip has been abandoned, and I do not believe that this decision will be reversed—a fact which I bitterly regret.

Should you like to know the reason of this sacrifice—or rather, the reasons? For there are several; and among them some which are not told, but which I will tell you all the same, for over there in the United States these indiscretions, which will never come back to us, will make no difference.

You know that the Comédie Française receives a considerable subvention from the state. But the principle of this subsidy has been for some years violently attacked in our Chamber. Many of the deputies sent by the provinces look jealously upon the favors granted to a house which seems to them to be exclusively Parisian. They ask what interest Lyons, Marseilles, Brest, Bordeaux, and Carpentras have in paying a company of comedians which performs in Paris? which only serves to heighten the lustre of the capital and to give pleasure to Parisians?

In my opinion this is a very false idea; but it gains ground every year, and many good judges foresee the moment when it will rally a majority which will altogether suppress theatrical subsidies. This will be the end of the Comédie Française; and a whole past of art and glory will crumble in an instant. I myself believe that this solution is unavoidable; but still it seems to me necessary to delay the termination as long as possible.

Well! the provinces would look with very great disfavor on the Comédie Française carrying abroad Molière, Beaumarchais, Augier, and Dumas. They would not fail to cry: "It is we who pay for it; and when the company leaves Paris it rushes off to Chicago, meaning to make a lot of money! Why should we continue to give it ours?"

This reasoning would not have a

shade of common-sense; but it would be urged without any doubt, and would probably have all the more influence upon people's minds because it is perfectly absurd. It is a hundred to one, therefore, that if the Comédie Française allowed itself this excursion to the United States its resources would be cut off when it came back.

This consideration, which is of the political sort, is the one which weighed most in the minds of the ministry; and you know that the Comédie Française is not allowed to go away without the formal authorization of the government. This was refused; and even in case there should be a change of ministry, the new minister of the fine arts would be influenced by the same reasons.

But this is not all. The Comédie Française itself has personal reasons for dreading this excursion. The company is composed of two elements, the veterans, who are very celebrated and whose names would have some prestige even at Chicago, and the young people, some of whom have a great deal of talent, but a talent not yet sufficiently proved, and of which the reputation has not yet passed beyond the walls of Paris. The former, it must be said, would not care to make so long a journey. Some of them would undoubtedly undertake it individually, for their own benefit, with the idea of making a neat sum and bringing back what we call in France "a pot of money." But to go out there, so far, in a body, to distribute the profits among the whole? and besides, would there be any profits? This prospect did not smile upon them. "Better stay at home," they said.

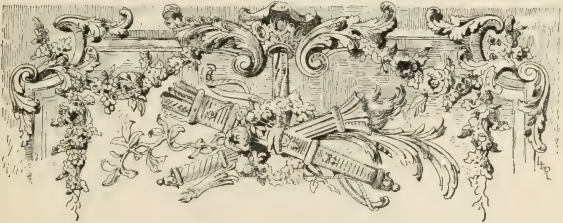
Yes, but the Comédie Française without these—it would still be the Comédie Française decapitated; and they surely could be compelled to go? But the two parties could not be brought together unless one of them had its whole heart in the affair energetically; and they would come to it with a bad grace. I know some of them who have no desire to expose to new publics a reputation slowly and laboriously gained in Paris, or to compromise themselves in the opinion of the American press, which might say "*Ce n'est que cela?*" (So that's all it is?)

The young people were more enthusiastic for the idea. It's so diverting, when you're between twenty-five and forty, to see new countries! Still there were some who hesitated and who grumbled under their breath. We are very domestic in France, oh, *very* domestic! You have no idea in America of the power of the word, and perhaps you haven't its equivalent in your language;—for nothing is less American than the liking for the chimney-corner at home, the dread of quitting your slippers, and of breaking off the cherished habits of your every-day life.

So when Jules Claretie hazarded the proposal, he did not find in the company the enthusiasm which was necessary if he was to plead the cause of this tour at the ministry.

Finally—and I am somewhat ashamed to betray to you the secret of this last motive, for I know you will laugh at it; but still, it dropped a great weight into the scale—it is clear that if the *Comédie Française* were to make the voyage it would all have to embark in the same ship. Now, suppose there should be an accident! There would be the whole *Maison de Molière* swallowed up in the bosom of the deep! Once these players had disappeared there would be no reconstituting the company; and you cannot imagine the inextricable complications which would come up in its liquidation.

"And this is why," as Sganarelle says, "Your daughter is dumb." This is why we are not going to Chicago; and I am very sorry for it.



THE TAXIDERMIST.

By George W. Cable.

ONE day a humming-bird got caught in a cobweb in our greenhouse. It had no real need to seek that dank, artificial heat, for we were in the very heart of that Creole summer-time when bird-notes are only fewer than sunbeams, and the flowers of field and garden are in such multitude they seem to follow one about, offering their honeys and perfumes and begging to be gathered. Our child saw the embodied joy fall, a joy no longer, among the few tropical things that had been its lure, seized it, and clasping it too tightly, brought it to me dead.

He cried so over the loss that I forbore to moralize or chide, and promised to have it stuffed. This is how I came to know Manouvrier, the Taxidermist in St. Peter Street.

I passed his place twice before I found it. The front shop was very small, dingily clean and scornfully unmercantile. Of the very few specimens of his skill to be seen round about not one was on parade, yet everyone was somehow an achievement, a happy surprise, a lasting delight. I admit that taxidermy is not classed among the fine arts; but you know there is a way of

making everything—anything—an art instead of a craft or a commerce, and such was the way of this shop's big, dark, hairy-faced, shaggy-headed master. I saw his unsmiling face soften and his eye grow kind as mine lighted up with approbation of his handiwork.

When I handed him the humming-bird he held it tenderly in his wide palm, and as I was wondering to myself how such a hand as that could manipulate frail and tiny things and bring forth delicate results, he looked into my face and asked, with a sort of magisterial gentleness:

"How she git kill', dat lill' bird?"

I told him. I could feel my mood and words take their tone from him, though he outwardly heard me through with entire impassiveness; and when I finished, I knew we were friends. I presently ventured to praise the specimen of his skill nearest at hand; a wild turkey listening alarmedly as if it would the next instant utter that ringing "quit!" which makes each separate drop of a hunter's blood tingle. But with an odd languor in his gravity, he replied:

"Now, dass not well make; lit' bit worse, bad enough to put in frawnt window. I take you inside; come."

We passed through into a private workroom immediately behind the shop. His wife sat there sewing; a broad, motherly woman of forty-five, fat, tranquil, kind, with an old eye, a young voice, and a face that had got its general flabbiness through much padding and gnawing of other women's teething babes. She sat still unintruded, but welcomed me with a smile.

I was saying to her husband that a humming-bird was a very small thing to ask him to—But he stopped me with his lifted palm.

"My fran', a humming-bird has dthe passione'—dthe egstasee'! One drop of blood wid the pas-sione in it"—He waved his hand with a jerk of the thumb in disdain of spoken words, and it was I who added,

"Is bigger than the sun?"

"Hah!" was all he uttered in approval, turning as if to go to work. I feared I had disappointed him.

"God measures by the soul, not by the size," I suggested. But he would

say no more, and his wife put in as softly as a kettle beginning to sing.

"Ah, ha, ha! I thing thaz where the good God show varrie good sanse."

I began looking here and there in heartiest admiration of the products of his art and presently we were again in full sympathy and talking eagerly. As I was going he touched my arm:

"You will say de soul is part' from dat lill' bird. And—yass; but"—he let a gesture speak the rest.

"I know," replied I; "you propose to make the soul seem to come back and leave us its portrait. I believe you will." Whereupon he gave me his first, faint smile, and detained me with another touch.

"M'sieu' Smeet; when you was bawn?"

"I? October 12, 1844. Why do you ask?"

"O nut'n; only I thing you make me luck; twel', h-eighteen, fawty-fo'—I play me doze numb'r' in de lott'ree to-day."

"Why, pshaw! you don't play the lottery, do you?"

"Yass. I play her; why not? She make me reech some doze day'. Win fifty dollah one time laz year."

The soft voice of the wife spoke up—"An' spend it all to the wife of my dead brother. What use him be reech? I thing he dawn't stoff bird' no betteh."

But the husband responded more than half to himself,

"Yass, I thing mebbe I stoff him lill' mo' betteh."

When, some days afterward I called again, thinking as I drew near how much fineness of soul and life, seen or unseen, must have existed in earlier generations to have produced this man, I noticed the inconspicuous sign over his door, P. T. B. Manouvrier, and as he led me at once into the back room I asked him playfully what such princely abundance of initials might stand for.

"Doze? Ah, doze make only Pas-Trop-Bon."

I appealed to his wife; but she, with her soft, placid laugh, would only confirm him:

"Yass; Pastropbon; he like that name. Daz all de way I call him—Pastropbon."

The humming-bird was ready for me. I will not try to tell how life-like and beautiful the artist had made it. Even with him I took pains to be somewhat reserved. As I stood holding and admiring the small green wonder, I remarked that I was near having to bring him that morning another and yet finer bird. A shade of displeasure (and, I feared, of suspicion also) came to his face as he asked me how that was. I explained.

Going into my front hall, whose veranda-door framed in a sunny picture of orange-boughs, jasmine-vines and white-clouded blue sky, I had found a male ruby-throat circling about the ceiling, not wise enough to stoop, fly low, and pass out by the way it had come in. It occurred to me that it might be the mate of the one already mine. For some time all the efforts I could contrive, either to capture or free it, were vain. Round and round it flew, silently beating and bruising its exquisite little head against the lofty ceiling, the glory of its luminous red throat seeming to heighten into an expression of unspeakable agony. At last my wife ran for a long broom, and, as in her absence I stood watching the self-snared captive's struggle, the long, tiny beak which had never done worse than go twittering with rapture to the grateful hearts of thousands of flowers, began to trace along the smooth, white ceiling a scarlet thread of pure heart's blood. The broom came. I held it up, the flutterer lighted upon it, and at first slowly, warily, and then triumphantly, I lowered it under the lintel out into the veranda, and the bird darted away into the garden and was gone like a soul into heaven.

In the middle of my short recital Manouvrier had sunk down upon the arm of his wife's rocking-chair with one huge hand on both of hers folded over her sewing, and as I finished he sat motionless, still gazing into my face.

"But," I started, with sudden pretence of business impulse, "how much am I to pay?"

He rose, slowly, and looked dreamily at his wife; she smiled at him, and he granted,

"Nutt'n'."

"Oh, my friend," I laughed, "that's absurd!"

But he had no reply, and his wife, as she resumed her sewing, said, sweetly, as if to her needle, "Ah, I thing Pastropbon dawns't got to charge nut'n' if he dawns't feel like." And I could not move them.

As I was leaving them, a sudden conjecture came to me.

"Did those birthday numbers bring you any luck?"

The taxidermist shook his head, good-naturedly, but when his wife laughed he turned upon her.

"Wait! I dawns't be done wid doze numb'r' yet."

I guessed that, having failed with them in the daily drawings, he would shift the figures after some notion of magical significance and venture a ticket, whole or fractional, in the monthly drawing.

Scarcely ten days after, as I sat at breakfast with my newspaper spread beside my plate, I fairly spilled my coffee as my eye fell upon the name of P. T. B. Manouvrier, of Number — St. Peter Street. Old Pastropbon had drawn seventy-five thousand dollars in the lottery.

All the first half of the day, wherever I was, in the street-car, at my counting-desk, on the exchange, no matter to what I gave my attention, behind that superficial attention my thought was ever on my friend the taxidermist. At luncheon it was the same. He was rich! And what, now? What next? And what—ah! what—at last? Would the end be foul or fair? I hoped, yet feared. I feared again; and yet I hoped.

A familiar acquaintance, a really good fellow, decent, rich, "born of pious parents," and determined to have all the ready-made refinements and tastes that pure money could buy, came and sat with me at my lunch-table.

"I wonder," he began, "if you know where you are, or what you're here for. I've been watching you for five minutes and I don't believe you do. See here, what sort of an old donkey is that bird-stuffer of yours?"

"You know, then, his good fortune of yesterday, do you?"

"No, I don't. I know my bad fortune with him last week."

I dropped my spoon into my soup. "Why, what?"

"Oh, no great shakes. Only, I went to his place to buy that wild turkey you told me about. I wanted to stand it away up on top of that beautiful old carved buffet I picked up in England last year. I was fully prepared to buy it on your say-so, but, all the same, I saw its merits the moment I set eyes on it. It has but one fault; did you notice that? I don't believe you did. I pointed it out to him."

"You pointed—what did he say?"

"He said I was right."

"Why, what was the fault?"

"Fault? Why, the perspective is bad; not exactly bad, but poor; lacks richness and rhythm."

"And yet you bought the thing."

"No, I didn't."

"You didn't buy it?"

"No, sir, I didn't buy it. I began by pricing three or four other things first, so he couldn't know which one to stick the fancy price on to, and incidentally I thought I would tell him—you'd told me, you remember, how your accounts of your two birds had warmed him up and melted his feelings——"

"I didn't tell you. My wife told your wife, and your wife, I——"

"Yes, yes. Well, anyhow, I thought I'd try the same game, and so I told him how I had stuffed a bird once upon a time myself. It was a pigeon, with every feather as white as snow; a fan-tail. It had belonged to my little boy who died. I thought it would make such a beautiful emblem at his funeral, rising with wings outspread, you know, typical of the resurrection—we buried him from the Sunday-school, you remember. And so I killed it and wired it and stuffed it myself. It was hard to hang it in a soaring attitude, owing to it's being a fan-tail, but I managed it."

"And you told that to Manouvrier! What did he say?"

"Say? He never so much as cracked a smile. When I'd done he stood so still, looking at me, that I turned and sort o' stroked the turkey and said, jestingly, says I, 'How much a pound for this gobbler?'"

"That ought to have warmed him up."

"Well, it didn't. He smiled like a dancing-master, lifted my hand off the bird and says, says 'e, 'She's not for sale.' Then he turned to go into his back room and leave me standing there. Well, that warmed *me* up. Says I, 'What 'n thunder is it here for, then?' and if it ain't for sale, come back here and show me what is!"

"'Nawt'n,' says 'e, with the same polite smile. 'Nawt'n' for sale. I come back w'en you gone.' His voice was sweet as sugar, but he slammed the door. I would have followed him in and put some better manners into him with a kick, but the old orang-outang had turned the key inside, and when I'd had time to remember that I was a deacon and Sunday-school teacher I walked away. What do you mean by his good fortune of yesterday?"

"I mean he struck Charlie Howard for seventy-five thousand."

My hearer's mouth dropped open. He was equally amazed and amused. "Well, well, well! That accounts for his silly high-headedness."

"Ah! no: that was last week and the drawing was only yesterday."

"Oh, that's so. I don't keep run of that horrible lottery business. It makes me sick at heart to see the hideous cancer poisoning the character and blasting the lives of every class of our people—why, don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes, I—I do. Yes, I certainly do!"

"But your conviction isn't exactly red-hot, I perceive. Come, wake up."

We rose. At the first street corner, as we were parting, I noticed he was still talking of the lottery.

"Pestilential thing," he was calling it. "Men blame it lightly on the ground that there are other forms of gambling which our laws don't reach. I suppose a tiger in a village mustn't be killed till we have killed all the tigers back in the woods!"

I assented absently and walked away full of a vague shame. For I know as well as anybody that a man without a quick, strong, aggressive, insistent indignation against undoubted evil is a very poor stick. At dinner that even-

ing, wife broke a long silence with the question :

"Did you go to see Manouvrier?"

"Nu-o."

She looked at me drolly. "Did you go half way and turn back?"

"Wife," I said, "that's precisely what I did." And we dropped the subject.

But in the night I felt her fingers softly touch my shoulder.

"Warm night," I remarked.

"Dear," said she, "it'll be time enough to be troubled about that man when he's given you cause."

"I'm not troubled, wife; I'm simply interested. I'll go down to-morrow and see him." A little later it rained, very softly, and straight down, so that there was no need to shut the windows, and I slept like an infant until the room was full of sunshine.

All the next day and evening, summer though it was and the levee and sugar-sheds and cotton-yards virtually empty, I was kept preoccupied by unexpected business and could not go near St. Peter Street. Both my partners were away on their vacations. But on the third afternoon our office regained its summer quiet and I was driving my pen through the last matter that prevented my going where I pleased, when I was disturbed by the announcement of a visitor. I pushed my writing on to a finish though he stood just at my back. Then I turned to bid him talk fast as my time was limited, when who should it be but Manouvrier. I took him into my private office, gave him a chair and said:

"I was just coming to see you."

"You 'ad somesin' to git stoff?"

"No; I—Oh, I didn't know but you might like to see me."

"Yass?—Well—yass. I wish you come yeste'day."

"Indeed? Why so; to protect you from reporters and beggars?"

"Naw; my wife she keep off all doze Pitter an' John. Naw; one man bring me one wile cat to stoff. Ah! a so fine as I never see! Beautiful liked da devl! Sinse two day' an' night I can't mek out 'f I want fix dat wile cat stan'in' up aw sittin' down!"

"Did you decide at last?"

"Yass, I dis-ide. 'Ow you thing I dis-ide?"

"Ah! you're too hard for me. But one thing I know."

"Yass? What you know?"

"That you will never do so much to anything as to leave my imagination nothing to do. You will always give my imagination strong play and never a bit of hard work."

"Come! Come and see!"

I took my hat. "Is that what you called to see me about?"

"Ah!" He started in sudden recollection and brought forth a certified check for the seventy-five thousand dollars. "You keep dat?—lill' wile?—faw me? Yass; till I mek out 'ow I goin' to spen' 'er."

"Manouvrier, may I make one condition?"

"Yass."

"It is that you will never play the lottery again."

"Ah! Yass, I play 'er ag'in! You want know whan ole Pastropbon play 'er ag'in? One doze fine mawnnin'—mebbe—dat sun—goin' rise hisselt in de wes'. *Eh bien*: w'en ole Pastropbon see dat, he play dat lott'ree ag'in. But biff! he see dat"—He flitted his thumb.

Not many days later a sudden bereavement brought our junior partner back from Europe and I took my family North for a more stimulating air. Before I went I called on my St. Peter Street friend to say that during my absence either of my partners would fulfil any wish of his concerning the money. In his wife's sewing-basket in the back room I noticed a batch of unopened letters, and ventured a question which had been in my mind for several days.

"Manouvrier, you must get a host of letters these days from people who think you ought to help them because you have got money and they haven't. Do you read them?"

"Naw!" He gave me his back, bending suddenly over some real or pretended work. "I read some—first day. Sinse dat time I give 'em to old woman—wash han'—go to work ag'in—naw use."

"Ah! no use?" piped up the soft-voiced wife. "I use them to lighd those fire to coog those soup." But I felt the absence of her accustomed laugh.

"Well, it's there whenever you want it," I said to the husband as I was leaving.

"What?" The tone of the response was harsh. "What is where?"

"Why, the money. It's in the bank."

"Hah!" he said, with a contemptuous smile and finished with his thumb. That was the first time I ever saw a thumb swear. But in a moment his kindly gravity was on him again and he said, "Daz all right; I come git her some doze day'."

I did not get back to New Orleans till late in the fall. In the office they told me that Manouvrier had been in twice to see if I had returned, and they had promised to send him word of my arrival. But I said no, and went to see him.

I found new lines of care on his brow, but the old kindness was still in his eye. We exchanged a few words of greeting and inquiry, and then there came a pause, which I broke.

"Well, stuffing birds better than ever, I suppose."

"Naw," he looked around upon his work, "I dawns't thing. I dunno if I stoff him quite so good like biff'." Another pause. Then, "I thing I mek out what I do wid doze money now."

"Indeed," said I, and noticed that his face was averted from his wife.

She lifted her eyes to his broad back with a quizzical smile, glanced at me knowingly, and dropping them again upon her sewing, sighed:

"Ah-bah!" Then she suddenly glanced at me with a pretty laugh and added, "Sinz all that time he dunno what he goin' to make wid it. 'F-he trade with it I thing he don't stoff bird no mo', an' I thing he lose it bis-ide—ha, ha, ha!—an' 'f-he keep it all time lock in doze bank I thing he jiz well not 'ave it." She laughed again.

But he quite ignored her and resumed, as if out of a reverie, "Yass, at de las' I mek dat out." And the wife interrupted him in a tone that was like the content of a singing hen.

"I thing it dawns't worth w'ile to leave it to ow chillun, en't it?"

"Ah!" said the husband, entirely to me, "daz de troub'! You see?—we

dawns't got some ba-bee'! Dat neveh arrive to her. God know' daz not de fault of us."

"Yass," put in his partner, smiling to her needle, "the good God know' that varrie well." And the pair exchanged a look of dove-like fondness.

"Yass," Manouvrier mused aloud once more, "I thing I buil' my ole woman one fine house."

"Ah! I dawns't want!"

"But yass! Foudre tonnerre! 'ow I goin' spen' 'er else? w'iskee? 'osses? women? w'ad da dev'l! Naw, I buil' a fine 'ouse. You see! she want dat 'ouse bad enough w'en she see 'er. Yass; fifty t'ousan' dollah faw house and twanny-five t'ousan'"—he whisked his thumb at me and I said for him,

"Yes, twenty-five thousand at interest to keep up the establishment."

"Yass. Den if Pastropbon go first to dat boneyard—" And out went his thumb again, while his hairy lip curled at the grim prospect of beating Fate the second time, and as badly, in the cemetery, as the first time, in the lottery.

He built the house—farther down town and much farther from the river. Both husband and wife found a daily delight in watching its slow rise and progress. In the room behind the shop he still plied his art and she her needle as they had done all their married life, with never an inroad upon their accustomed hours except the calls of the shop itself; but on every golden morning of that luxurious summer-land, for a little while before the carpenters and plasterers arrived and dragged off their coats, the pair spent a few moments wandering through and about the building together, she with her hen-like crooning, he with his unsmiling face.

Yet they never showed the faintest desire to see the end. The contractor dawdled by the month. I never saw such dillydallying. They only silently abetted it, and when once he brought an absurd and unasked-for excuse to the taxidermist's shop, its proprietor said—first shutting the door between them and the wife in the inner room:

"Tek yo' time. Mo' sloweh she grow, mo' longeh she stan'."

I doubt that either Manouvrier or his

wife hinted to the other the true reason for their apathy. But I guessed it, only too easily, and felt its pang. It was that with the occupancy and care of the house must begin the wife's absence from her old seat beside her husband at his work.

Another thing troubled me. I did persuade him to put fittings into his cistern which fire-engines could use in case of emergency, but he would not insure the building.

"Naw! Luck bring me dat—I let luck take care of 'er."

"Ah! yass," chimed the wife, "Yed still I thing mebbe the good God tell luck where to bring 'er. I'm shoe'e got finger in that pie."

"Ah-ha? Daz all right! 'f God want to burn his own finger——"

At length the house was finished and was beautiful within and without. It was of two and a half stories, broad and with many rooms. Two spacious halls crossed each other, and there were wide verandas front and back, and a finished and latticed basement. The basement and the entire grounds, except a few bright flower-borders, were flagged, as was also the sidewalk, with the manufactured stone which in that nearly frostless climate makes such a perfect and beautiful pavement, and on this fair surface fell the large shadows of laburnum, myrtle, orange, oleander, sweet-olive, mespelus and banana, which the taxidermist had not spared expense to transplant here in the leafy prime of their full growth.

Then almost as dilatorily the dwelling was furnished. In this the brother-in-law's widow co-operated, and when it was completed Manouvrier suggested her living in it a few days so that his wife might herself move in as leisurely as she chose. And six months later, there, in the old back room in St. Peter Street, the wife still sat sewing and now and then saying small, wise, dispassionate things to temper the warmth of her partner's more artistic emotions. Every fair day, about the hour of sunset, they went to see the new house. It was plain they loved it; loved it only less than their old life; but only the deceased brother-in-law's widow lived in it.

I happened about this time to be acting temporarily as president of an insurance company on Canal Street. Summer was coming in again. One hot sunny day, when the wind was high and gusty, the secretary was remarking to me what sad ruin it might work if fire should start among the frame tenement cottages which made up so many neighborhoods that were destitute of water-mains, when right at our ear the gong sounded for just such a region and presently engine after engine came thundering and smoking by our open windows. Fire had broken out in the street where Manouvrier's new house stood, four squares from that house, but straight to windward of it.

We knew only too well, without being there to witness, that our firemen would find nothing with which to fight the flames except a few shallow wells of surface water and the wooden rain-water cisterns above ground, and that both these sources were virtually worthless owing to a drouth. A man came in and sat telling me of his new device for lessening the risks of fire.

"Where?" asked I, quickly.

"Why, as I was saying, on steamboats loaded with cotton."

"Oh, yes," said I, "I understand." But I did not. For the life of me I couldn't make sense of what he said. I kept my eyes laboriously in his face, but all I could see was a vision of burning cottages; hook-and-ladder-men pulling down sheds and fences; ruined cisterns letting just enough water into door-yards and street-gutters to make sloppy walking; fire-engines standing idle and dropping cinders into their own puddles in a kind of shame for their little worth; here and there one furiously sucking at an exhausted well while its firemen stood with scorching faces holding the nozzles almost in the flames and cursing the stream of dribbling mud that fell short of their gallant endeavor. I seemed to see streets populous with the sensation-seeking crowd; sidewalks and alleys filled with bedding, chairs, bureaus, baskets of crockery and calico clothing with lamps spilling into them, cheap looking-glasses unexpectedly answering your eye with the boldness of an outcast girl, broken tables, pictures of the Virgin,

over-turned stoves, and all the dear mantelpiece trash which but an hour before had been the pride of the toiling house-wife, and the adornment of the laborer's home.

"Where can I see this apparatus?"

I asked my patient interviewer.

"Well—ahem! it isn't what you'd call an apparatus, exactly. I have here—"

"Yes; never mind that just now; I'm satisfied you've got a good thing and—I'll tell you! Can you come in to-morrow at this hour? Good! I wish you would! Well, good-day."

The secretary was waiting to speak to me. The fire, he said, had entirely burned up one square and was half through a second. "By the way, isn't that the street where old P. T. B.—"

"Yes," I replied, taking my hat; "if anyone wants to see me, you'd better tell him to call to-morrow."

I found the shop in St. Peter's Street shut, and went on to the new residence. As I came near it, its beauty seemed to me to have consciously increased under the threatenings of destruction.

In the front gate stood the brother-in-law's widow, full of gestures and distressful smiles as she leaned out with nervously folded arms and looked up and down the street. "Manouvrier? he is ad the fire sinz a whole hour. He will break his heart if dat fire ketch to dat 'ouse here. He cannot know 'ow 'tis in danger! Ah! sen' him word? I sen' him fo' five time'—he sen' back I stay righd there an' not touch nut'n! Ah! my God! I fine dat varrie te-deous, me, yass!"

"Is his wife with him?"

"Assuredly! You see, dey git 'fraid 'bout dat 'ouse of de Sister', you know?"

"No, where is it?"

"No? You dunno dat lill' 'ouse where de Sister' keep dose orphanin' ba-bee—juz big-inning sinse 'bout two week' ago—round de corner—one square mo' down town—'alf square mo' nearer the swamp? Well, I thing 'f you pass yondeh you fine Pastropbon."

Through smoke, under falling cinders, and by distracted and fleeing households I went. The moment I turned the second corner I espied the house. It was already half a square from the on-coming fire, but on the

northern side of the street, just out of its probable track and not in great danger except from sparks. But it was old and roofed with shingles; a decrepit Creole cottage sitting under dense cedars in a tangle of rose and honey-suckle vines, and strangely beautified by a flood of smoke-dimmed yellow sunlight.

As I hurried forward, several men and boys came from the opposite direction at a run and an engine followed jouncing and tilting across the sidewalk opposite the little asylum, into a yard, to draw from a fresh well. Their leader was a sight that drew all eyes. He was coatless and hatless, his thin cotton shirt, with its sleeves rolled up to the elbows, was torn almost off his shaggy breast, his trousers were drenched with water and a rude bandage round his head was soaked with blood. He carried an axe. The throng shut him from my sight, but I ran to the spot and saw him again standing before the engine horses with his back close to their heads. A strong, high board fence shut them off from the well and against it stood the owner of the property, pale as death, guarding the precious water with a shot-gun at full cock. I heard him say:

"The first fellow' that touches this fence——"

But he did not finish. Quicker than his gun could flash and bang harmlessly in the air the man before him had dropped the axe and leaped upon him with the roar of a lion. The empty gun flew one way and its owner another and almost before either struck the ground the axe was swinging and crashing into the fence.

As presently the engine rolled through the gap and shouting men backed her to the edge of the well, the big axeman paused to wipe the streaming sweat from his begrimed face with his arm. I clutched him.

"Manouvrier!"

A smile of recognition shone for an instant and vanished as I added,

"Come to your own house! Come, you can't save it here."

He turned a quick, wild look at the fire, seized me by the arm and with a gaze of deepest gratitude, asked:

"You tryin' save 'er?"

"I'll do anything I can."

"Oh, dass right!" His face was full of mingled joy and pain. "You go yondeh—mek you' possible!" We were hurrying to the street—"Oh, yass, faw God's sake go, mek you' possible!"

"But, Manouvrier, you must come too! Where's your wife? The chief danger to your house isn't here, it's where the fire's between it and the wind!"

His answer was a look of anguish. "Good God! my fran'. We come yondeh so quick we can! But—foudre tonnerre!—look that 'ouse here fill' with ba-bee! What we goin' do? Those Sister' can't climb on roof with bocket' wateh. You see I got 'alf dozen boy' up yondeh; 'f I go 'way they dis-cend an' run h-off ad the fire, spark' fall on roof an'—" his thumb flew out.

"Sparks! Heavens! Manouvrier, your house is in the path of the *flames*!"

The man flew at me and hung over me, his strong locks shaking, his great black fist uplifted and the only tears in his eyes I ever saw there. "Damnesion! She's not mine! I trade 'er to God faw these one! Go! tell 'im she's his, he kin burn 'er 'f he feel like!" He gave a half laugh, fresh witness of his distress and went into the gate of the asylum.

I smiled—what could I do?—and was turning away, when I saw the chief of the fire department. It took but one moment to tell him my want, and in another he had put the cottage roof under the charge of four of his men with instructions not to leave it till the danger was past or the house burning. The engine near us had drawn the well dry and was coming away. He met it, pointed to where, beneath swirling billows of black smoke, the pretty gable of the taxidermist's house shone like a white sail against a thundercloud, gave orders and disappeared.

The street was filling with people. A row of cottages across the way was being emptied. The crackling flames were but half a square from Manouvrier's house. I called him once more to come. He waved his hand kindly to imply that he knew what I had done. He and his wife were in the Sister's front garden walk conversing eagerly with the Mother Superior. They neared the gate. Suddenly the Mother Superior went back,

the lay Sister guarding the gate let the pair out and the three of us hurried off together.

We found ourselves now in the uproar and vortex of the struggle. Only at intervals could we take our attention from the turmoil that impeded or threatened us, to glance forward at the white gable or back—as Manouvrier persisted in doing—to the Sister's cottage. Once I looked behind and noticed, what I was loath to tell, that the firemen on its roof had grown busy; but as I was about to risk the truth, the husband and wife, glancing at their own roof, in one breath groaned aloud. Its gleaming gable had begun to smoke.

"Ah! dad good God 'ave pity on 'uz!" cried the wife, in tears, but as she started to run forward I caught her arm and bade her look again. A strong, white stream of water was falling on the smoking spot and it smoked no more.

The next minute, with scores of others, choking and blinded with the smoke, we were flying from the fire. The wind had turned.

"It is only a gust," I cried, "it will swing round again. We must turn the next corner and reach the house from the far side." I glanced back to see why my companions lagged and lo! they had vanished.

I reached the house just in time to save its front grounds from the invasion of the rabble. The wind had not turned back again. The brother-in-law's widow was offering prayers of thanksgiving. The cisterns were empty and the garden stood glistening in the afternoon sun like a May queen drenched in tears; but the lovely spot was saved.

I left its custodian at an upper window, looking out upon the fire, and started once more to find my friends. Half-way round to the Sister's cottage I met them. With many others I stepped aside to make a clear way for the procession they headed. The sweet, clean wife bore in her arms an infant; the tattered, sooty, bloody-headed husband bore two; and after them, by pairs and hand in hand, with one gray sister in the rear, came a score or more of pink-frocked, motherless little girls. An amused rabble of children and lads hovered about the diminutive column,

with leers and jests and happy antics, and the wife smiled foolishly and burned red with her embarrassment ; but in the taxidermist's face shone an exaltation of soul greater than any I had ever seen. I felt too petty for such a moment and hoped he would go by without seeing me ; but he smiled an altogether new smile and said,

"My fran', God A'mighty, he know a good bargain well as anybody !"

I ran ahead with no more shame of the crowd than Zaccheus of old. I threw open the gate, bounded up the steps and spread wide the door. In the hall, the widow, knowing naught of this, met me with wet eyes crying,

"Ah ! ah ! de 'ouse of de orphanin' is juz blaze' up h-all over h-at once !" and hushed in amazement as the procession entered the gate.

P. T. B. Manouvrier, Taxidermist !

When the fire was out the owner of that sign went back to his shop and to his work, and his wife sat by him sewing as before. But the orphans stayed in their new and better home. Two or three years ago the Sisters—the brother-in-law's widow is one of them—built a large addition behind ; but the house itself stands in the beauty in which it stood on that day of destruction, and my friend always leaves his work on balmy afternoons in time to go with his wife and see that pink procession, four times as long now as it was that day, march out the gate and down the street for its daily walk.

"Ah ! Pastropbon, we got ba-bee' enough presently, en't it ?"

"Ole woman, nobody else ever strock dad lott'ree for such a prize like dat."





THE POINT OF VIEW.

OF the evidences both of intellectual progress and material achievement which are to be brought together this year in the great exposition at Chicago, a representative number of an American magazine may be not the least in interest. In order that it shall show to what these popular mediums of literary and artistic enjoyment and information have grown, it is not necessary that it shall be an ideal number, or that it shall satisfy every criticism. It may almost be said that *any* issue of one of the larger periodicals which its conductors would be willing to put forth might be confidently used as a proof of progress which, if we look back twenty years, seems little less than marvellous; but feeling that an issue intended especially as their "exhibit" should not only show the literary, artistic, and mechanical resources that have come to be employed in such a publication, but should be as fully as it can representative of the individual writers who have made its existence possible, the Conductors of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE have taken special pains to bring together in this Exhibition Number those in whose work the public of its readers is especially interested. That there are some absentees is unavoidable; but it is believed that the list of those who have contributed to make up these pages more than fulfils its design, and may legitimately and with a very pardonable pride be considered an important representation not merely of what is ephemeral, but of actual contemporary literature at its best, if in its briefer forms.

It is common to hear the task of the Editors of a Magazine talked of as though it consisted altogether of a selection among masterpieces; and criticism upon a publication appearing twelve times a year is apparently often based on the supposition that at least one great literary work is produced every four weeks. It is a supposition which history hardly upholds, and somewhat humbler expectations must continue to accompany even the highest aims of the most sanguine editor. Yet it is certainly not too much to say not only that, as has been many times affirmed, the literature brought together by the magazines to-day is of a genuineness and quality unthought of in older publications addressed to the same audience, but that almost no real masterpiece, even in the highest and most fastidious sense, does actually appear without an earnest effort by the magazines to secure it in whole or in part. It may be fairly said, in short, that in spite of occasional accusations to the contrary, there is no good work in literature or art which is now excluded from their field by any fear lest it be lost upon their readers, and little which any author would hesitate to confide to them because (as he might once have believed) a publication lost in dignity through this form of presentation to a popular audience.

That such a public of magazine readers has grown up in within the last quarter of a century is something in which every American may find one of his sources of pride at this year's celebration. How it

and the periodicals it has sustained have mutually affected each other may fairly remain, and indeed should remain, an open question; but any periodical which may reasonably claim to be a consequence of this relation is an "exhibit" of real interest in the great Exposition of our progress.

THE pictorial side of this number of the *MAGAZINE* has sought to be not less widely representative than the literary. Among its contributors are illustrators and painters in France, England, and America. Aside from the illustration of the text—such as Mr. Blum's drawings for his own notes on the artistic aspects of Japan, or Mr. Frost's admirably felt and characteristic studies of vanishing American types—a number of plates, the chosen contributions of the artists unrestrained by the guidance of the writer, make a feature of uncommon interest and importance.

M. Boutet de Monvel's "Study Hour" is one of his happiest successes, and it is very happily reproduced—its delicacy of handling and its breadth of treatment (two things rarely combined as homogeneously as Monvel combines them) thoroughly respected and adequately repeated. The picture is a summary of Monvel's admirable qualities, absolutely pictorial on the one hand and, on the other, in its suggestion eloquent of the high breeding and intellectual fastidiousness that everyone who is familiar with his work associates with Monvel's signature. Admirable colorist as he is, Monvel is even more distinguished perhaps in black and white—at least in the exquisite demi-tint that he affects and that furnishes him such an excellent medium of expression. Altogether in another sphere of pictorial effort is Marchetti's aristocratic drawing entitled "A Song of Springtime." Marchetti is a less original artist than Monvel, it may be, but he is clearly in the line of the true tradition. He has a Fortuny-like sensitiveness to chance and transitory effects of sunlight and shadow and reflection, and is extremely clever in noting and recording them. The elegancies and charming details that he either observes or invents are conspicuous in this delightful plate, which might appropriately be an illustration

of one of De Musset's poetical comedies, but which is really too complete a work in itself to need the re-enforcement of any text. Very much the same may be said of Albert Lynch's "A Playmate." Lynch is, in the estimation of many amateurs, the very first of French illustrators. More than any other, perhaps, he succeeds in giving the sense of an almost photographic reality to his pictures which at the same time never lose their imaginative charm. His art has in the highest degree a literary, almost a philosophic, interest, while firmly retaining its pictorial quality. One perceives that he has thought about, as well as observed, the phenomena that he reproduces and arranges to such effective purpose. His pictorial commentary, as it may justly be called, upon Guy de Maupassant's "Pierre et Jean" was as real, as moving, as impressive as the text itself. And the plate here given discloses his force as a painter, his fondness for the decorative aspect of things, as well as anything that he has done, while setting forth with equal force his unusual faculty for crystallizing, so to say, the pictorial impression of a literary subject.

The American contributors to the number's art are at least as successful as the foreign ones. Mr. Weir's "Arcturus" is a novel if not a unique creation. It is in the vein and suggests the fancy, no doubt, of the Renaissance era. But how thoroughly it is in this vein, and how frank and free it is, how *personally* sympathetic with the fancy of an elder epoch! Nothing quite like it has been done since Dürer's time, at all events, one may safely say. The figure is beautifully studied, and its decorative accompaniments have the fine air of having been drawn by a competent draughtsman and enthusiastic artist, at play rather than at work—one of the most enjoyable qualities communicable by any artist. Mr. Blashfield's "Florentine Girls" shows his training and his culture, as everything he draws or paints does, and is another instance of the many he has furnished that "style" in art is as attainable in New York as it is in Paris, if one have the faculty to grasp what it really means, and the force to illustrate it. The movement of not only the first but of the second figure in this composition would alone stamp the artist as an appreciative interpreter of the large

and ample element in nature, and the arrangement, the distribution, the relation of the few simple parts of the whole contribute to a purely ideal *ensemble* in a subtle and yet obvious way that is the painter's own.

In striking contrast to such an example of objective and impersonal art are the plates contributed by Mr. Reinhart, Mr. Smedley, and Mr. Wiles. Each of these is pointedly and piquantly personal. They are evidently the work of the illustrator *par excellence*. They tell you the story as well as pages of print could do. And at the same time they are, as all good illustration is, perfectly pictorial, instead of merely literary. What they represent is depicted as the painter sees it. It is momentary, vivid, actual—not in the least labored or complicated. Mr. Reinhart's "The Coquette" is a picture of importance. In oil, it would belong in a gallery. More than almost anyone of our painters he has the sense of character. One notes in his drawings mental and moral traits, as well as mere physical aspect. He studies people, clearly, as much as their appearance, with the result of presenting to you something humanly as well as pictorially interesting. Mr. Smedley's "Confidences" shows his habitual distinction. He has a patrician touch that endues with elegance whatever he does, slight as the motive may be sometimes. Mr. Wiles's "The Milliner's Bill" is a racy and picturesque bit of *genre*, conceived and presented with characteristic vivacity.

Mr. Mowbray's "The Centaur" and Mr. Church's "The Mirror" contribute idyllic color to the number, the former inspired by Guérin no doubt, and the congenial rendering of an extremely poetic idea to which the management of light and dark gives much technical interest as well—and the latter full of Mr. Church's original and playful but always delicate humor. Mr. Boughton's "The Parting Guest" is an excellent example of his special skill in the delineation of femininity and is redolent of English hedgerows and Mr. Parsons's "Buddha's Flowers" expresses and enforces a simple motive with the utmost technical complexity and resource. "The Heart of the Woods," by Mr. Closson, and "A Quiet Spot," by Mr. Kingsley, illustrate

anew and as strikingly as their predecessors in this kind, the talent of these two engravers for the interpretation of natural effects and landscape qualities with as much directness as their art will admit of and without the elaborate intervention of brush or pencil.

A CONTEMPORARY who discourses from day to day with zest and often with wisdom on all topics under the sun, said something the other day about the after-dinner speech. He pointed out how it must not be wholly facetious, nor frivolous, nor silly, nor too long-winded, nor highly exciting, nor over-heavy, nor ultra argumentative, nor entirely statistical, nor in the least rancorous, but that it may contain

Some essential thoughts, some strokes of humor, some scraps of knowledge, some bits of fancy, some sound reasons, some good whims, some green dressing, and a little fat.

He guessed that as many as five thousand after-dinner speeches had been made in New York during the season now closed, and recorded that one man had made ten in a single week and three in one evening. He said he had heard a few tip-top after-dinner speeches, but they must have been a few out of many, for he spoke of hearing a considerable variety of others that for stated reasons were not tip-top. He remarked that a good many men had won renown by making clever after-dinner speeches, and mentioned four distinguished New Yorkers among whom the palm for after-dinner discourse was thought to lie.

There is no doubt that the after-dinner speech has grown to be an institution of serious magnitude. Its requisites are recognized to be such as the contemporary quoted has set forth. There are certain particular things that ought to go into it, and a lot of others that ought to be kept out. To combine the requisite ingredients so as to produce the proper flavor, and to serve the whole with felicity and grace, is a matter of profound dexterity. Few people ever attain it, and those few do so at a cost that is depressing to consider. The hateful of eyes that are spoiled in teaching an oculist to operate for cataract is more than paralleled by the great cloud of indigestion and petulance which every successful after-

dinner-talker must count as part of the price of his present skill. Not only the man who can attain to a desirable quality of after-dinner deliverance must practise on his fellows in order to learn how, but his eventual success must bear the moral responsibility for the vast burden of mal-appropriate discourse uttered by the multitude, whom no amount of solicitude or practice can ever qualify to stand on their feet after dinner and say right things. If there were less success there would be fewer attempts, and if there were fewer attempts there would be less uneasiness and indigestion.

What can be said, then, as to the moral culpability of a man who, of his mere volition, and without compulsion or reward, would make ten after-dinner speeches in a week, and three in a single evening! Does such a person care nothing for the effect of his example? Is he not his brother's keeper too? Because he can dance on the tight-rope after his meals, has he no scruple about making that sort of exploit popular among gentlemen who are sure to fall on their heads and on ours when they attempt it? It would seem as if this sort of excess ought to be checked; as if something should be done to stem the tide of after-dinner oratory and regulate its flow. It would not do to abolish it altogether, because that is not practicable, and for the further reason that a moderate amount of it of the right sort tends to diminish after-dinner drinking. The men who are to talk are usually careful in their potations, and if they talk well, the men who are to listen may be sufficiently entertained to forego an

excessive consumption of champagne. It should, therefore, not be abolished, only regulated. Men are not allowed to preach, or to plead at the bar, or to practice medicine without due preliminary training. If our lives, and our fortunes, and our souls are protected from the unskilful offices of the inexpert, may we not reasonably demand that the same wise guardianship may be extended to our digestions and our livers!

As for the remedy, that is a concern fit to engage the learned faculties. It is enough, and more, for a layman to point out the disease. Yet it suggests itself that a considerable measure of relief might ensue if every intending after-dinner speaker were required to take out a license. Of course such licenses should only be granted to persons of demonstrated competence and due preliminary training; and that such practitioners, like poets and story-tellers, should be remunerated for the exercise of their gifts would naturally follow. The manifold benefits of such a system are obvious. Persons who do not like to make after-dinner speeches, by simply refusing to apply for license, could put themselves under the protection of the law and be free from all the importunities of their friends; while persons who do like to would first have to prove their ability. Fit experts, with the will and the capacity to entertain their brethren after feeding, would receive without embarrassment or impropriety a proper pecuniary recognition of their skill, and thus a new profession would be opened to the unemployed.





ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

THE FALL OF A GIANT REDWOOD

(From an instantaneous photograph taken in a California Lumber Camp. Height of tree, 276 feet; circumference at base, 90 feet.)

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LIFE IN A LOGGING CAMP.

By Arthur Hill.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN BEARD.

"Now, you pick boughs while I get up the wood for the night." These words, which have just run off the phonograph of my memory, were spoken a quarter of a century ago, at nightfall in November, in the depths of the white pine forests of Michigan.

It was at the close of my first day's experience as a "Cruiser" or "Land-looker."

Coming, fresh from school, to a community where the successful business men were chiefly lumbermen, and noting that they seemed ready to risk all they had, and more, in the purchase of standing pine, I determined to secure for myself some cheap Government timber.

Having at school learned Land Surveying, which I practised during a summer vacation, I naturally decided to become a practical Landlooker. So I set out on this, my first trip, with an expert, from whom I might learn to estimate timber, as to quality and quantity, and at the same time select for entry some valuable Government land.

Our experience illustrates the methods and conditions of those days. First, we ordered from the Government and

State Land Offices plats, showing the lands subject to entry in the Townships into which we were to go. Meanwhile we procured our camp outfit, which consisted of two sets of pack straps, an "A" tent of duck, two pairs of heavy woollen blankets, an axe, a frying-pan, two tin pails, to serve as kettles, and a tin plate, tin cup, a large and small spoon, and knife and fork for each man.

The day before our start we bought our supplies, being enough for a three weeks' trip. Our fare was simple but substantial: crackers, ham, beans, with



The "Swampster" Clearing Away the Brush.

a little pork for flavoring, tea, loaf-sugar, pepper and salt.

Each man carried in his pack a two-

bushel bag, partly filled with crackers, and partly with smaller bags which we made to contain the other articles of

Hardship, hunger — even pain — are more bearable than this work, which seems to belong to pack-mules, but in



The Landinaker.

food. At night these cracker-bags made good "headling" until the crackers ran low, when our boots went under the bags as bolsters, and with our coats on top, we still rested upon a downy bed of ease.

Our packs, when made up, weighed about sixty-five pounds each, and I here aver that no man can pick his way through swamp and thicket, bearing such a burden, and be entirely happy.

our northern forests must be done by men.

We made our way by stage and hired team to the lumber camp nearest the territory we were to explore, stayed there over night, and pushed forward the next day about nine miles—a good day's work—and had built a fire and put on the two kettles, one for the beans and the other for the tea, when I received the order to "pick boughs."

The fire was built against a fine "back log," an immense prostrate pine, in decay, which was soon aglow with living coals and radiated warmth and light and cheer into our tent the whole night long. My comrade had felled three or four small hemlocks, say four inches through, and before supper, under his instructions, I made my first bed of hemlock "feathers." These are boughs, about two feet long, gathered from the tips of the limbs of the smaller hemlock, and are laid as feathers on a fowl, the stem sticking into the ground instead of into the flesh. And that night, as we turned in, with four inches of boughs and a blanket beneath us, a good tent overhead, and a genial fire at our feet over which simmered the savory beans, I felt more at home than ever before in my life; for was I not under my own roof-tree and in my own bed? And this had never been before.

The white pine supply of this country stands in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota; the pine forests of Maine, Northern New York, and Pennsylvania having been long since substantially swept away. This timber reserve is fast diminishing, the out-put, for the last lumbering season, amounting to 9,000,000,000 feet, or nearly one-half the lumber cut of the entire country. To produce this requires an army of 135,000 men, or about fifteen men to each million feet. With the product of these States for a single year, a plank sidewalk three feet wide and two inches thick, resting on the ordinary stringers, could be built from the earth to the moon, 240,000 miles.

But before the timber can be lum-

bered, it is first estimated, and then purchased, sometimes from the Government and sometimes from private owners. The method of estimating is comparatively simple, but requires natural aptitude and experience. You first find a section corner as a starting-point, then divide the section into sixteen forty-acre tracts, and estimate each separately. But these lines of subdivision are imaginary, and measured by paces, and the courses are run by a simple pocket-compass; and should your bearings be incorrect, or your distances not true, you would locate the timber (which generally stands in ridges) on the wrong forty.

Again, your boundaries may be right, and yet your estimate of the quantity of timber wild. To estimate the quantity of timber on a forty-acre tract you



A Gang of Three
(Chopper and sawyers.)

travel it until you conclude you have seen the limits of the timber, and then set down the amount you think it will cut. You have not measured it, you

have not even counted the trees, but an educated judgment tells you that it will cut, say, 500,000 feet, just as it tells an expert horse-dealer that a horse weighs, say, 1,100 pounds. But your judgment

shooting its rays under the tops and upon the tall trunks of the lofty trees; then, as to size and beauty, they are glorified—they loom—and when the buyer comes back on some gray day to view his timber, he will wonder why it seems so strangely shrunken.

The typical cruiser of the northwestern pineries is the natural successor of those *courriers des bois*, or rangers of the woods, whom Irving so graphically describes in his "Astoria." The rangers of those days roamed the same woods in search of furs and peltries that the landlooker traverses to-day looking for valuable timber. Each calling requires hardihood, skill in woodcraft, and a commercial instinct upon which to test values. There is the same willingness to forego for long periods the pleasures of social life, with the same inclination to boisterous excess when back amid friends again.

The discomforts of the landlooker's life try the soul as well as the body. In summer comes the plague of sand-flies, mosquitoes, and gnats, and sweltering heat and tainted food; in winter, the numbing cold, the camp lost, and the night passed in storm and darkness pacing to and fro, lest sleep and more than sleep may come. The snow melts in the neck, and cold drops go trickling down the backbone; and then there is the plunge through the treacherous ice into the

frozen stream. Feet become crippled, frozen, and every step a pang. When the snow is wet and the snow-shoes load up badly, the strings which bind them to the feet are thongs of torture.

During one of these trying trips, vows are made, sealed with shivering oaths which shake the tops of the loftiest trees, that never, never again, will the swearer be such a fool, etc., etc.; but, like the shipwrecked sailor, necessity and habit soon send him back to new hardships and fresh trials.

As to personal danger, there is little



A Shanty Boy with Cant-hook

in woods-ranging, and that results mainly from isolation. From wild animals it may be said that there is absolutely none. Yet the cry of the lynx and the wild-cat sometimes startles you, and the howl of the wolf suggests the hair-lifting stories of boyhood days. As to bears, they are as much afraid of you as you of them, and if you do not run, they will.

But there is the broken leg, and the gashed foot, and the burning fever, those natural accidents and incidents of forest life, where not only the doctor is needed, but "grub" runs short. Then it is that the moral and physical strength of the cruiser is put to heroic tests. He drags himself for miles on hands and knees, and on rudely constructed rafts floats down unsafe rivers. Sometimes the maimed or stricken one is carried by his partner, a modern Anchises, to some distant lumber camp or cabin. But such is the skill and resolution and endurance of these hardy men, that I have known but one to perish in the wilderness. Camping alone, and getting up his wood for the night, he felled a tree something over a foot through. The trunk swung sideways off the stump, knocked him down and fell across his legs, breaking both of them, and binding him to the ground. And thus, weeks afterward, his body was found. It was characteristic that he had in some way managed to get his coat off, and place it in a roll under his head, and thus grimly he awaited starvation—death.

The days of "looking" Government timber are well-nigh over. The landlooker is now engaged in estimating what is called "second-hand land," the land of private owners. The trips are shorter, the packs lighter, and food more varied than in the old days. In winter he sometimes carries a small folding-stove, weighing, say, twelve pounds. This not only serves in cooking, but keeps his tent warm, and thus saves the labor of getting up the half-cord of wood at night.

But with less hardship has come greater responsibility. The high values upon which pine timber changes ownership require the best skill and judgment in determining the amount and quality.

Single transactions amounting to five hundred thousand dollars are not unusual, and they sometimes amount to double that sum, and the purchaser and seller will in each case rely on his landlooker in placing a value upon the property; and rarely are they disappointed either in the judgment or integrity of these rough men.

On the side of what is called book-learning, they are not educated. It has been a life habit with them to inspect and observe rather than read the observations of others. If a landlooker's report is well written and clerky, beware! He is not true to the craft. He is a Jules Verne, not a Kit Carson.

Few landlookers come to riches. Inclined, like most men who live lives of



Sinking a Log with Snapping Logs

hardship and adventure, to improvidence, they make for themselves, at the best, reputations and a modest competence, but for their employers, fortunes. Original, inquisitive, active in mind and body, these bold skirmishers between

the lines of savagery and civilization must soon vanish with the forests where their tents are pitched, and the next generation will only know by tale and

faults and follies of the "shanty boy." The foreman scours the town for men, visiting the boarding-houses, small hotels, and saloons, where they congregate. He chaffs them, treats them, tells them what wages will be paid to good men, and, if possible, flatters each into the impression that he will be able to earn the top wages. Word is now out that the Company is hiring a crew, and men straggle into the office and are hired.

A day and hour is set for the start. The time comes. If you have engaged sixty men you are fortunate if there are thirty on hand, and the rest, where are they? Still in the saloons, boarding-houses, and hotels, for not until money is gone, and credit too, will many of these improvident, good-natured fellows leave their haunts to breast the toils and trials of shanty life. And they often go mortgaged to the hotel-keeper for a sum equal to two months' wages, already spent, the least of it for board and lodging.

Many of the proprietors of these places where the men stay are honorable and kind-hearted, but there are those among them who lay in wait for the boys when they come down from the woods, drug them with vile and poisonous potions, poured from bottles labelled "whiskey," and in a single night transfer to their pockets forty or fifty dollars of the hard-earned money of some sociable fellow, who, with his winter's pay in his pocket, started out to take only a friendly drink.

A case which shows how fast and foolishly money can be spent came not long since under my eye. A man who had put in a long winter and a spring drive, presented himself at the Company's office at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, with his "time," as his order



The Dress-horn.

legend of the life and labors of these hearty, hardy woods-rangers.

The timber estimated and bought, it must then be lumbered and taken to market. To do this, "tote" or supply roads must be cut, streams cleared of obstructions, banking-grounds prepared, and log-roads made, all preliminary to the work of cutting and hauling logs. The average camp contains, say, sixty men. Familiarly we speak of them as "boys," because they carry in their bosoms the free, responsive heart of youth. There is a foreman in charge who directs the work, hires and discharges men, and sets wages, except as to men engaged at fixed wages at the office of the employers.

In gathering a crew for the woods you come face to face with some of the



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY DAN BEARD.

Dinner-hour in a Michigan Lumber Camp

from the foreman is called, which read as follows, except as to names :

STILES & CO.'S CAMP,
May 30, 1892.

John Doe has worked in the woods one hundred and fifty-eight days (158), at twenty-six dollars (\$26.00) per month, and on the drive twenty-seven and one-half (27½) days, at two dollars (\$2.00) per day.

Camp account sixty-four dollars and fifty cents (\$64.50).

RICHARD ROE, *Foreman*.

This left due him \$148.50. He told the Company he had been "blowing

About nine o'clock next morning a small tradesman came into the office, to ask if anyone would go down with him to the bank to identify the signature of John Doe, which he exhibited on the back of the one hundred dollar certificate. It was found on inquiry that Doe had gone to this man's place of business about seven o'clock the evening previous, "a little full," and wanted him to cash his certificate. The man hesitated and told Doe to wait till morning, when he could get his money at the bank; but Doe could not wait, and finally, as a



Loading Logs from the Skidway

in" his wages for the last two years, but that now he was going to "change his gait," and save up enough money to buy a piece of land, so he would have a place to go to when he got old and "played out." But he wanted a little money to get some clothes and spend with the boys, so he would draw the \$48.50, and leave the \$100 with the Company.

It was suggested that he take his money and put it in the First National Bank on a time certificate of deposit, where at the end of six months he would receive interest. It was thought that under this plan he would be more apt to keep the same intact, and it was so deposited. The man went off with his \$48.50 and his certificate, happy in his possession of present cash and a prospective home.

favor (so the man expressed it), he gave Doe \$90 for the certificate, or what represented ten days' hard work was paid as discount on \$100 for fourteen hours. When Doe made this transaction he had struck his regular gait, and it was a fast one, and in two days he was broke. And the farm? It's the "Poor Farm" and the County House, for many such as he.

But it is not for drink alone this mis-spent money goes. With the coming of spring, strange women whisk along the sidewalks of the lumbering towns with "war-paint" on, ogling these giants of the woods, who, fresh from dingy winter camp and driving tent, are quick to lay their heads in the laps of these coarse carmired Delilahs, to be shorn.

The typical shantyman works only fit-

fully in summer on the river or in the saw-mill, going back to the woods in the early fall. But there is a considerable portion of the camp crew, who have steady summer jobs in the mills or on farms, who go to the woods late and come out early. Many of these have families, for whom they faithfully toil and save. Others are steady, thrifty young men who have bought, and out of their earnings are paying for, a piece

loosen it from its bed, the chain put around it, and the unwilling horses forced into the freezing waters to haul it ashore. And all the day long, for days which run into weeks, these hardy fellows must grapple and lift and carry the *débris* from the stream, wading the icy waters to the waist, and wet to the neck, inviting every disease which comes from such exposure. Yet at night, after supper, around the crackling fire, in the



upon Lumber car by Horse power.

of land, or perhaps are supporting a good old mother, or paying off the mortgage on the home farm.

By starting camp early you secure the genuine shantyman, skilful, strong, nervous, well disposed, but inclined to all the small vices which, from the ardor of his nature, become in him large ones; and so he too often comes trembling and broken and bankrupt to take his place in the ranks for a fresh campaign.

And it is upon such as he that you rely for the work which more prudent men will not do. You are clearing a stream of obstructions, so that the logs may run down it in the spring. Before it is finished the snow comes, ice forms, yet the sunken tree in the stream bottom must be cut, strong arms must

cloud of smoke, and steam from drying garments, with pipes alight, what honest cheer! And in the morning, though "a little stiff," how pluckily is the ice again broken for the diurnal baptism!

While the river crew is tenting out and clearing the stream, the winter camps are built, generally in the midst of the timber, and the work preparatory to log-hauling goes forward. The camps are made of round logs, and roofed and floored generally with rough boards. There is a men's camp, where the men lounge and sleep; a cook camp, which is a large dining-room and kitchen combined, and a large barn, which is called—I know not why—"the hovel," where the hay is stored, sometimes in the loft and sometimes in an extension at the rear end, the first arrangement being the



A Typical Michigan Loggers' Camp

Cook camp.

Men's camp. Barn or "hovel."

warmer, but more unsafe, because of fires set by the teamsters' lanterns. The two living camps and the barn—and there are sometimes two and even three—the granary, blacksmith's shop, and office where the foreman and the scaler sleep, with an extra bed for the proprietor when he comes up, make quite a backwoods village. For an average camp of, say, sixty men, the men's camp and the cook camp are each about 60 feet by 20 feet. The men sleep in rough wooden bunks ranged in double tiers along the sides of the camp. Formerly they lay on boughs, or at best hay, with a single blanket spread over it, but in these luxurious days they have thin bed-ticks stuffed with hay or straw. They have not yet attained to pillows and sheets. With a fire in the big stove, which has generally replaced the more cheerful fireplace, and with a heavy

double blanket over you and a warm partner, with whom you can "spoon," you rarely sleep cold.

Along each side of the camp is a seat made of a thick hewn slab, for which the bunk-frames furnish a back, and this stiff, straight-backed, substantial, immovable structure is called the "Deacon Seat." When evening comes, ranged along these seats, and lounging, if over-weary, in the bunks, the crew becomes, in fact, a social club. Then jokes and sometimes gibes go round, and tales, often curiously like those of *Canterbury*. Cards are sometimes played, though in most camps prohibited. And if there is a fiddler in the camp there is sure to be a jig-dancer, and there is the boisterous "Stag Quadrille" and the spirited "French Four."

But surer than all these is a song—the shanty song—whether comic, heroic,

or sentimental—to win the crew's attention and applause. As with all uncultivated men, they exhibit in taste and feeling natural and wholesome tendencies. Like boys, they are not schooled to restraint of feelings nor jaded with sensational fads. It is from the gallery always that virtue triumphant is heartily cheered, be it ever so awkward, and from box and parquette that vice, if artistic and "natural," gets kid-glove applause. And so with these shanty songs, the rules of music and of metre are as nothing to the sentiment they carry, and the voice of the singer to please must come not from an educated thorax, but from the heart. Honest love, and words which tell of toil and trials and adventure, make the chief burden of their verses. Here is a characteristic song.

"The one that loved the farmer's son, these words I heard her say,

'The reason why I love him is at home with me he'll stay ;

He'll stay at home all winter, to the woods he will not go,

And when the springtime comes again, his lands he'll plow and sow.'

" 'I shall always praise my Shanty Boy who goes to the woods in fall,

He is both stout and hearty and fit to stand a squall ;

With pleasure I will greet him in the spring when he comes down,

His money on me he'll spend it free when your mossback he has none.'

" 'How can you praise your Shanty Boy who to the woods does go ?

He's ordered out before daylight to face the frost and snow,



A Log Train Hauling Logs to Bank on ground
(In large camps railroads are supplanting sleighs.)

evidently home-made, that fits the average taste and temper of a shanty crew :

"THE SHANTY BOY.

"As I walked out one evening, just as the sun went down

I carelessly did ramble till I came to Saginaw Town.

I heard two girls conversing, as slowly I passed them by :

One said she loved a farmer's son, and the other a Shanty Boy.

While happy and contented my farmer's son will lie,

Soft tales of love he'll tell to me while the storms are blowing by.'

" 'I never can stand that soft talk,' the other girl did say,

'The most of them they are so green the cows could eat them for hay ;

How easy it is to know them when they come into town

The small boy shouting after them, "Moss-back, how come you down ?'



A "Mossback" Hauling Hay on the Tote Road.

"What I've said unkind of your Shanty Boy.
I do not mean it so,
And if ever I meet with one of them along
with him I'll go,
And leave my mossback farmer's son to
plough and plant his farm,
While my Shanty Boy so bold and free will
save me from all harm."

But "lights out" comes all too soon at night to suit the boys, and "turn out" too early in the morning, when they creep from bunk to breakfast-table, and after a short pull at their pipes while awaiting daylight, with its first glimmer gather their tools and set out for the work of the day.

In the fall there are road-makers who, along the lines carefully run and blazed by the foreman, fell the timber, cutting it at the roots so that no stumps remain, log out the road to its proper width, and then with plow and scraper and mattox and shovel make it nearly as level and quite as solid as a railroad grade. The roadbed is sunk instead of raised, so that the sleighs will not "slew." It is plowed out after each snow-storm with great snow-plows, and sprinklers are run during freezing weather, making a solid bed of ice, over which enormous loads can be hauled.

The log-sleighs have ten, twelve, and even fourteen-foot bunks, or cross beams, on which the load rests, and in Minnesota, in the winter of '91-'92 a single load, scaling 31,400 feet, was hauled on a single pair of log-sleighs by two span of horses. During the present winter in Michigan, a load more than equal to the above was hauled by a single team, and will be placed on the grounds of the Columbian Exposition as one of the wonders of the world. It will be 18 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 33 feet 3 inches from the top to the roadbed, weighing over 100 tons.

There is great strife between the teamsters in making log-hauling records. Generally they groom their horses well and are inclined to over-feed them, to be sure they have enough. They feed hay, oats, and mixed corn and oats ground, called "ground-feed," which is heating; and if there be imprudence in feeding, there will be heard a great racket in the stable, and teamsters and the foreman must spend perhaps the entire night drenching and otherwise doctoring a sick horse.

During the hauling season proper the teamsters must get out an hour or more before daylight, taking an early "teamsters' breakfast," so as to be sure to get in their trips; for logs cut must be hauled, just as grain cut must be harvested.

While the log-roads are being made the log-cutters are felling timber and cutting it into logs. The trees are sawed down, the saw being more rapid and economical than the axe. By driving a wedge into the saw cut, you can throw your tree, unless very strongly leaning, wherever you wish it. When down the tree is first "hid off" to the best advantage into standard lengths and then sawed into logs, which are now ready to

go to the skidway. The skidway consists of two logs or timbers about ten feet apart, laid perpendicular to the log-road and well blocked up, upon which a tier of logs is placed ready to be loaded on the sleighs to go to the banking-ground or "landing."

To get a log to the skidway, first a "swamper" clears away the brush and debris, then the skidding-team is brought in and the log is either hauled away on a rude dray consisting of two wide runners with a nose-piece and a

ally with cattle, as the hauling progressed, but now horses are used, and, if the winter is late in setting in, nearly the entire cut is skidded before the horses are put to hauling logs on sleighs. Quite frequently there are open winters, when there are sunshine and showers instead of frost and snow, and then it is that the foreman's hair grows gray. There are, say, \$30,000 worth of logs on skids. If left there over the season fire is liable to sweep through and destroy them. At best,



The Kitchen

Head cook.

Chore-boy.

Cook's "devils."

single beam; or, in the case of small logs, it is grappled with "skidding-tongs," which seize the log like a pair of pinchers and the team snakes it to the skidway.

Formerly skidding was done gener-

ally with cattle, as the hauling progressed, but now horses are used, and, if the winter is late in setting in, nearly the entire cut is skidded before the horses are put to hauling logs on sleighs. Quite frequently there are open winters, when there are sunshine and showers instead of frost and snow, and then it is that the foreman's hair grows gray. There are, say, \$30,000 worth of logs on skids. If left there over the season fire is liable to sweep through and destroy them. At best,

stream. When there is a bank of snow under some shaded hill in the vicinity, or a frozen lake, snow or ice are hauled

But there are winters when there is no natural log-hauling, during one of which I heard this dialogue!

"Say, Billy, did you ever see such a winter as this?"

"Yes, I did."

"For heaven's sake, when?"

"A year ago last summer."

After one of these winters, when logs are left on skids, there are various summer operations to get them out. "Pole-roads" are built, where cars with wheels with concave faces run on poles instead of rails. Wooden trams and iron trams are built, great trucks are used, but in all this there is no profit. It is entered into only to save from absolute loss. The recurrence of these open or snowless winters, and the increasing distance of the uncut timber from the streams, has led to the building of many logging railroads through the pinceries leading to the streams, or to main lines of railroad over which the logs are taken directly to the saw-mills.

The skidway men, who are to be the "loaders," receive the logs brought to them by the skidding-team, and with their cant-hooks roll them into lofty tiers. In rolling up they use spiked skids so the logs will not slip back on them, and at a certain height a



The Pond above the Sluice

(Prying logs loose from the ice with povies.—In distance, breaking the ice.)

often a mile to spread upon the road along the sleigh-track. In freezing weather the sprinkler is run, and without a flake of snow in sight one sees, as by a miracle, immense sleigh-loads of logs passing down the road. When the days are soft and sunny the hauling is done by night, and perhaps after all this turmoil and trouble and expense and the logs are all banked, there will come a great fall of snow, which will lay for weeks, as if to mock your energy.

team or a large horse with a line, is used to give a log the lift. When it comes to loading these logs on the sleighs, then judgment, and strength, and skill are all equally required with the loaders, the object being to get on as large a load as the team can haul. It must be balanced carefully, as the long bunks overhang the runners. When the road is good, the only limit to the load is the capacity of the sleighs, and to pile up a load of logs higher than a load of hay requires a careful selection and arrange-



SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY DAN BEARD

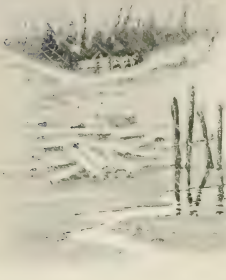
Sunday in Camp

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME

(Bunks and "Deacon Seats" along the sides.)

ment of logs, the larger ones in the lower tiers, topping off with the smaller ones. There must be the most skilful

sealer, and placed by the banking-ground men in tiers, projecting into the stream or lake upon which they are to float to market. This is active work and requires strength, skill with the cant-hook, and care in so placing the logs that they will "break" or roll in easily when the ice goes out.



A High Banking ground

handling, lest the load "squash out" or logs rolled up go over the load. Again, logs apparently in place often start back down the steep slanting skids, and unless promptly caught and firmly held by the cant-hooks, there are bruised or broken limbs. There is no place in the camp where mind and muscle must act so promptly as at the skidway, excepting only the banking-grounds in spring.

As a load goes to the landing it passes a number of men employed in keeping up the log-road with shovels and scrapers, covering the bare places with snow, bridging it where soft and springy, and putting in sloping skids where the sleighs are inclined to sheer. This is comparatively light work, but requires men of good judgment and faithfulness, as they are very little under the foreman's eye, and work is not pushed on to them.

When the load arrives at the landing, the chains which bind it are loosened and thrown off, the logs rolled off the sleighs, measured by the quick-witted

short, he wants to know the reason why. And here enters tact, which is based on knowledge of men and the motives which move them. To the log-cutter who is behind the rest it is: "Tom, can't you get as many logs as Mike in the same sized timber? Why, I thought you were the best man of the two. There must be something wrong with your saw." To the driver of the skidding team, whose work is not up to average: "Jack, if you don't show up better than this to-morrow night I will have to send you to town on the "white horse." This "white horse" is the fine order already described. Then there are visits to the stable, to see that the horses are properly cared for; and the blacksmith's shop, where broken sleighs and tools are being repaired. There is the dealing out of tobacco and clothing to the men from the camp supply-chest, called the "Van," the ordering of supplies, and the keeping of the camp books—simple, but to the man who is skilled with the cant-

hook and not with the pen, a task most serious. It can be safely written that in the log-hauling season a good active foreman works eighteen hours a day, deducting say, an hour for eating.

It is from these plucky shanty boys that most of the great lumbermen of the country have been developed. First they worked as common hands; then they were chosen to run a camp. Out of savings they bought a few teams and went to jobbing, putting in timber on contract for others, then they bought and lumbered timber on their own account, and finally with a large capacity came large enterprises, great lumber-mills, logging railroads, and finally great fortunes.

But, as in the other walks of life, there are few even of these who get the first promotion who rise to this upper level. In the industrial army, as in the army militant, there are corporals who earn their stripes and yet,

A young "bull-puncher" in a Wisconsin logging camp became in middle life Congressman, then United States Senator, and his "haw" and "gee" were as good and guiding in Washington as in Wisconsin.

The martyr of the camp is the cook. He sleeps even less than the foreman. And if the bread is heavy, or the potatoes short, or supper a little late, though he may not be in fault, it is always in order to swear at the cook. With the teamsters' breakfast at 4 A.M. and stragglers coming in at 7 P.M. for supper, it is a most trying berth. For a crew of sixty men, the cook has a helper, called in camp parlance the "cookee," and a "chore-boy" to fetch wood and water and help wait on table. At meals the crew seat themselves at two long tables, furnished with tin dishes. Strong tea is drunk from basins, which must be continually refilled. At



An Accident at the Slice

from lack of force and pluck never earn the stars of a general, or even the bars of a captain.

In addition to riches some of the fortunate ones have risen by force of character and the favor of their countrymen to high political stations. The veteran lumberman and politician, Hon. Philetus Sawyer, is a conspicuous example.

dinner there is generally a hearty bean or vegetable soup, and generally fresh beef. For every meal there are pork and beans, corned beef, either warm or cold, and there are potatoes and turnips, and cabbage and sauerkraut, in all well-furnished camps, in profuse abundance. As to sweets there are plenty, though generally not elaborate. There



DRAWN BY V. PINARD FROM SKETCHES BY DAN BEARD AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

A Log Jam—In the Spring.

is sugar for the tea, and molasses, and gingerbread, and cookies, and dried-apple pie, and mince pie, made from mince-meat bought by the half ton, and bread pudding, served with a sauce most palatable. And since the days of "oleo" there is butter three times a day, a luxury before comparatively unknown.

Nowhere in the world is there a bill of fare more relishable, abundant, and wholesome, for outdoor workers, than is found on the table of a first-class lumber camp. With sixty men a barrel of flour must be converted into bread and biscuit in about two days. Meat is measured out by the hundred, and not by the pound. Hash is chopped with a machine, and soup cooked in great water-boilers. It is no wonder that with this hearty fare and no dissipation a shanty boy grows strong and clear-eyed, and with the sharp daily exercise his muscles swell and harden until his strength is as a giant's.

To return to the shanty cook. Short of needed rest, he becomes sometimes a little irritable. If he could have the clarifying influence of one hour's exercise in the fresh air each day and proper rest at night this would not be, but as it is he is the one man in camp who suffers from overwork. In spite of all this he generally bears a cheerful front, and at midday will often blow comic strains on the great dinner-horn, which make the hungry workers laugh as they drop their tools, and the horses lift their heads and sometimes answer with a whinny.

In the hauling season the blacksmith is another long-houred man. There are horses to be shod and broken cant-hooks and chains to be mended, and there are days when crush, crush, go parts of the great log sleighs. His is not then the case of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith :"

"Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

With the camp blacksmith, something smashed has spoiled a night's repose, for it often takes him well

toward morning to put the sleighs in repair. A man called a "tinker," who works in wood alone, is sometimes employed to help the blacksmith, but more generally a blacksmith works in both wood and iron, and with his helper makes all the repairs. The wages of cook and blacksmith are a little more than double those of common hands, and are well earned; and indeed this may well be said of the entire crew generally, down to the chore-boy. Of course there are individual cases where men do not earn their wages, where their thoughts during the day are not of the work before them, but, to use a camp phrase, "of fat pork and sundown."

Nowhere should it be easier to save up wages than in a lumber camp. Food and lodging are furnished, so there remains only to be bought clothing and the one luxury of tobacco for pipe and quid. But the shanty boy is by nature sympathetic and free-hearted. A falling limb mashes some poor fellow's shoulder. The ready cant-hook fails to catch and stop the rolling log, and there is a crunched leg, or perhaps a maimed and lifeless body.

Then you see how pitch-stained hands can be gentle, and rough hearts generous. To send the injured comrade to the hospital and provide him care, or to coffin and send to his saddened home the one whose life so suddenly ended, the boys raise a fund, each and all giving freely. And to their honor let it be here said that in those primal traits of manhood—courage, generosity, and honesty—these men are equal to any. The one great fault of these bluff working-men is that they spend their own money in ways not wise. But are there not "gentlemen" who spend, instead of their own money, that of other people, in ways not more wise?

During the winter there are camp lotteries where watches and guns are raffled off, in which most of the crew take chances. And another way of getting rid of money is to patronize a jeweler who comes into camp on Saturday and spends Sunday. He brings watches and jewelry and breezy stories and new songs and a banjo. He picks the banjo. He mends a watch, for

which he would charge in the city a dollar, and charges nothing. The boys are all his "chums" and in this atmosphere of good cheer he sells sometimes five hundred dollars' worth of watches in a single day, and then departs regretted.

The Sabbath is dedicated to cleanliness rather than to godliness. The day when the shanty boy only put on a clean shirt when he bought a new one, and then put it on the outside, and so on till spring, when he gradually "peeled," has now gone by, and the foreman requires the crew to keep clean. So on Sunday they do their washing, they shave themselves and one another, and there is more or less artistic hair-cutting. They darn and mend and write letters and read and visit neighboring camps and eat enormous dinners, the cook's pride and best effort, and so the day soon glides into evening and the bunks are sought early to gather strength for the hard week's work ahead. Many of the men delight in the most fantastic colors in their flannel shirts and blouses and trousers and German socks, in which appear the most vivid greens and blues and reds and yellows, in plaids and stripes, a taste barbaric or bizarre. These fashions change but still remain extreme. But a few years since every river driver wore a long, red sash, and they were known as the Red Sash Brigade; and when they entered one of the small river towns and, because of some small provocation, decided to "clean it out," they were more terrible than the Old Guard of Napoleon.

And so the winter passes, till lengthened days and softened air and beaming sun make the log road run with water, and at last comes a rain with a warm wind from the south. The bottom is out of the road. The break-up has come.

The teams are now sent out to be summered either in the pasture or at work about a saw-mill. Between log hauling and driving there is generally an interval during which the ice in the streams is melting. A portion of the men now go out to enter upon their summer's jobs. Others to keep the

terms of the promise with which they warmed themselves during the chill winter days, to paint the town a "double-dyed red" when the logs were in.

With the melting of the snow and ice comes the breaking-in and driving of the logs. The banking-ground swarms with men armed with pevies (which are cant-hooks furnished with strong pikes in the end), who attack the great tiers of logs as they lay piled in the landing. Teams hitched to lines, at the end of which is a hook similar to a cant-hook are used to loosen the "key log." This hook is driven firmly into a log at the foot of the rollway, and as it is pulled out the whole face of the rollway, toples forward into the stream. This must be repeated again and again. At times so firmly is the log bound that two spans of horses attached to the line paying through a double sheave-block are unable to start it and then the pevies must assist. The trained horses firmly set their feet and settle into their collars. The pevies pitch and pry and nip the log a fraction of an inch—and suddenly, and sometimes quite too soon, down thunders the towering mass of logs. The men jump to the side, they clamber and keep atop of the plunging logs, they jump for safety into the surging stream, coming out generally unhurt, undaunted.

Nowhere, unless it be on the battlefield, is there more reckless daring shown than by men in breaking rollways. They must be continually cautioned and called back, for their zeal and courage and pride all combine to urge them into the most perilous places. When the worst comes to one of them, as it sometimes does, the men are sobered, and there is for a half-day, perhaps, caution—proper caution only. But soon the habit of doing and daring reasserts itself, and danger is again courted instead of shunned.

The landings broken in, the drive is then ready to start for the boom, where the logs are to be sorted according to ownership, and then delivered to the mill, to be made into lumber. As the logs were put afloat they were strung out along the stream as much as possible by the "jam crew," whose duty it is to keep the main body of logs in

motion, breaking jams where the logs block up the river by wedging in sharp bends, or lodging on sunken tree-tops, or grounding on sand-bars. Behind them follows the "rear crew," the name indicating the work they do. Whether the drive is being moved on floods from dams, or on natural water, there are great fluctuations in depth of water; and, as a consequence, as the rear passes along, large numbers of logs which have been thrown out beyond the limit of the present flow of water, lodging on the bank, on the flats, and in false channels, must be got into the moving drive. Occasionally teams are used to aid in this work, but more often it is done entirely by the men. It is a splendid sight to see eight of them divide into fours, and seize on each side with their cant-hooks with a lifting hold a log scaling eight hundred feet, and weighing say, five thousand pounds, and move it on end, slowly but surely into the stream, singing, "Heave O," with their deep voices.

The large butt-logs drag in low stages of water, and they soon accumulate at the rear, and must all be rolled over every bar and riffle, sometimes by men standing on the log and "heeling it," or more often in the water which still retains its winter's chill. And thus, wading and "sacking" logs, the rear crew works wet to the waist from daylight to dark, until the drive is down and the rear rests on "solid jam." The hours have been long, the exposure

great, the work heavy; but the pay has been double ordinary wages; they have been fed four hearty meals a day, and at night the tents have been pitched one remove nearer the town, where each man may convert his earnings into what he most desires.

In these last days, with bursting buds and balmy airs and soothing sunshine, come relaxations. Ere the scale of ice has quite ceased to form at night, the fun begins. There are contests of skill, in which the winner rolls the loser off the log. Men ride logs as they go racing down through the foaming chutes of dams, and whenever there is a "hole in the water" a laugh goes up from the crew, which you can hear a mile away. The drive ended, the pevies are stacked, the last meal eaten, and with his "time" in his pocket and his "turkey," a two-bushel bag in which he carries his belongings, strung over his shoulder, the shanty boy starts with sturdy stride and a merry heart for town.

His boot-top is fringed behind, where he has cut slits to tally each day's work, and so check the foreman in his book-keeping. The bottoms are set, both ball and heel, with sharp steel calks to make his footing always sure, and soon these are piercing, familiar door-sills, and humble floors, and there amidst meetings and greetings, I leave the shanty boy, wishing him all the good he deserves, and who is there deserves more?



Loggers' Footgear

India-rubber
brogan.

Old-fashioned
boot-pack.

Sluicer's boot
with calks.

Modern rubber-soled
boot-pack.

Buckskin and leather
moccasin.

UNDER COVER OF THE DARKNESS.

By T. R. Sullivan.



It is not so very dreadful to look at!" said little Van Voort to his companion, Mrs. Stuyvesant Nevil, the graceful, fair-haired lady of Nevilsbeck-on-Hudson, as she pointed with her whip to a white wall glistening in the October sunshine on one of the nearer hills.

He had lived all but a week under her hospitable roof, the most insignificant member, surely, of the merry party assembled there. More than once during the visit he had asked himself why his hostess should have chosen to confer upon him, of all the eligible single men she knew, the honor of her invitation. "It was not for my *beaux yeux*," he had modestly decided; "nor for my brilliant wit, nor for any heroic qualities that I possess." Then, with a mild access of self-appreciation, he had continued: "After all, I am amiable enough, and make as good padding as most men of twenty-eight, perhaps. Who knows? She may have wanted me, because——" And here, at the conjunction leading to an unutterable hope, his doubt always ended desperately in a sigh. The fact being that if Peter Van Voort did not know precisely why he had been asked to Nevilsbeck, he knew perfectly well why, leaving the law to languish in its musty precincts, he had arrived on the appointed day in the same train with the "why" itself. That very palpable cause was embodied in the lovely figure of a certain Miss Alice Thornton, around whom the young lawyer's sleeping and waking thoughts had long revolved at a respectful distance. She was a tall and slender brunette, with flashing eyes as yet undimmed by any serious distrust or weariness of all the conventional frivolities at New York, Newport, and Lenox, where they had reflected much genuine admiration;

where little Van Voort, as he was usually called, describing his peculiar orbit, had admired them too, and only once had shown a disposition to fly off at a tangent and run the risk of total extinction in the white heat of their latent scorn. His first hint at such a deviation had been skilfully met by a hint from her of a warning tendency; whereupon, he had dropped back into his old course ere the new one was fairly taken, to cherish afterward the melancholy consolation that a girl could not be said to have refused what had never been offered her. His relations with this girl—the only one for him—were, thanks to his adroitness, still of the friendliest, and they would continue so until he should make an abject fool of himself, or the right man should intervene. Why this acceptable lucky dog did not straightway come to the front was a mystery to poor Van Voort. All men must love Miss Thornton at first sight; of that he felt sure. Under cover of its counterfeit indifference his faint heart was cursed with a vivid imagination that could intensify the most nebulous signs into portents of calamity. The approach of every stranger, therefore, was enough to make him grind his teeth and mutter: "This is he!" Jealousy, without just claim or title, has always been the lover's privilege, and Peter Van Voort exercised it to a comical degree, dreading all the while the inevitable hour of his discomfiture. The one-sided passion could end in no other way; the fates had taken care of that, according to a bitter thought of which his glass often reminded him. For Miss Thornton must certainly be half a head taller than her inexpressive lover; and, were it not so, alas! that lover's hair was red.

As this sad reflection serves to show, there was in Peter's nature a quaint dash of superstition, inherited, probably, from some credulous ancestor whose way of life had been regulated

by stars and omens. So, when Mrs. Nevil's invitation turned up with Miss Thornton's name casually mentioned in it, he yielded instantly to a fateful whisper which told him that now something conclusive was about to happen, and wrote his acceptance then and there. What did happen, after two or three days of Miss Thornton's society, was that Peter, already deep in love, became completely submerged by it, and madly jealous of a fellow-guest, Falconer by name—a stranger, of course—an Englishman. The grounds for such uneasiness were of the slightest. Mr. Falconer, a cultivated man of the world, strove to make himself agreeable, and succeeded. Miss Thornton walked with him and talked with him, but no more than she did with Peter Van Voort himself, as actual computation, had that been expedient, would have demonstrated. On the third evening, their hostess, carrying out a well-conceived scheme of rotation, placed Mr. Falconer next Miss Thornton at dinner, and allotted to the envious Peter a seat on the other side of the table. With outrageous perfidy the latter immediately devoted one ear to the absorption of every syllable from his opposite neighbors that could possibly reach it, earning well-deserved agony thereby. In his stern judgment the fragments of conversation thus overheard were too informal for a three-days' acquaintance, and one utterance of Miss Thornton distinctly displeased him. This was to the effect that no man could be worthy of consideration who had not made a fool of himself at least once. He did not know what had led to the remark, and he tried in vain to catch Mr. Falconer's reply. The sentiment could hardly be charged with excess of tenderness, and to the eavesdropper it should have been rather hopeful than otherwise, since capacity for folly was assuredly his. But he thought its tone intimate and familiar, and, losing all power of reasoning, decided that things had come to a pretty pass when an upstart foreigner could snatch away, before his very face, the one prize worth winning. From this frenzied mood he declined into one of gentle melancholy, to dream

that night of serving as best man at Mr. Falconer's wedding to Miss Thornton, and of flinging with his own hand, as earnest of good luck, a farewell slipper that struck the happy bridegroom directly between the eyes.

On the following day the tables turned a little in Van Voort's favor, and he became more like himself. Upon their long afternoon drive in the six-seated wagon, Mr. Falconer sat behind with Mrs. Nevil, while Miss Thornton occupied the box-seat beside their host; Peter, placed between them, discoursed contentedly, and for the most part coherently, with Mrs. Blair, of Buffalo, a lively widow old enough to be his mother—a guest who did not count, as he took delight in reflecting, but whose ample shoulders, together with his own, broadened for the occasion, made a barrier that neither looks nor speech could pass. He, on the other hand, without being called to account, could make an exhaustive study of certain lines in the face he liked best, and estimate the length of the loveliest eyelashes in the world; then, leaning forward at some carefully chosen moment, he could put in an effective word about the landscape, causing Miss Thornton to turn this way or that, precisely as he pleased. The splendors of the autumnal foliage were already incomparable, and it was a pity that she should lose one flash of gold or crimson, even though they had left it far behind.

Nevilsbeck, as all who have ever seen it will remember, lies high above the Hudson's eastern shore, at one of its finest points. Venerable oaks and beeches with their protecting arms encircle the estate, which is thus sheltered and shielded from the public gaze. Through the branches, however, one may look from within over slopes of lawn and meadow to the steep sides of Cro'nest and Dunderberg, with the broad, stately river flowing silently between in a curve so sharp that the resistless current seems no current at all, but only the smooth expanse of a lake, cut off from communication with the outer world by wooded hills. The surrounding country is of wonderfully varied beauty, and its natural pictu-

resqueness is impressed upon the mind by the charm so often lacking in America—that of historical tradition. Memories of Washington start up at every turn; under this tree he was wont to tie his horse; that range of highlands, dark against the sky, once blazed with his signal-fires; in these level corn-fields his army lay encamped; here he often lodged—here he founded the Society of the Cincinnati. The narrow river-road, now strewn with fallen leaves from the interlacing tree-tops overhead, gives occasional glimpses of high-pitched Dutch roofs, antedating the Revolution and stored with its remembrances. Every fine association beneath them, from the high wainscot of the “Lafayette Chamber” to the blackened ancestral portrait and parchment indenture yellow with age, is still watched and tended reverently, as such things in cities never can be. And when twilight gathers, a spell of the past steals like a mist over all the land, to make one who walks alone there turn at the least sound with startled looks, half dreading, half hoping that some spectral orderly, burdened with a weighty message from head-quarters, will come charging down upon him.

Away from the river, wide, broken ridges, thinly settled or left in all their primitive wildness, rise gradually toward the mountain chain beyond. And over these uplands the Nevilsbeck party drove that afternoon to return by a back road, rarely travelled, unfamiliar to them all. One solitary house loomed up a long way in advance, and this, as they drew nearer, proved to be deserted. The tower-like building of stone and stucco, octagonal in form, had a forbidding air which aroused Miss Thornton’s curiosity, and Mr. Nevil then informed her that it had not been inhabited within his recollection; moreover, that, according to common rumor, it was haunted. Thereupon, all the way home, the whole company with one voice persistently plied him with questions. Who built the house? who owned it? whose was the ghost? what stories had led to the rumor? what, in fact, did Mr. Nevil know? He knew very little, and, lack-

ing the presence of mind to invent exciting details, gave answers that were highly unsatisfactory—his only positive statement being that the house was put up by a rich recluse of eccentric tastes, early in the century. The man was dead, undoubtedly, and the property had fallen into utter neglect, as anybody could see. But he, Stuyvesant Nevil, had no faith in ghosts. Those who believed such tales might investigate them if they chose—it was no affair of his. He did not even know what rooms the house contained, or how they were arranged to conform to the unusual plan of the building. The old barrack was desolate, ugly, and empty, of course. He had never thought it worth the delay of a moment; the idea of crossing its threshold had never occurred to him.

That evening, Mr. Van Voort, to his intense delight, was accorded the privilege of sitting next Miss Thornton at dinner. Naturally, their talk reviewed the experiences of the afternoon, and they dwelt for some time upon the strange old house, its original construction, its abandonment. Miss Thornton declared that she more than half believed in ghosts, and that, if ever one walked, it must certainly be there; the mystery of the place oppressed her even at this long range. She was afraid to go to bed, and knew she should dream of octagons with shrieks in them, all night. Then Peter, by way of falling in agreeably with her train of thought, said he had a strong desire, almost a resolve, in fact, to steal away from this light company and pass a night among the octagons and ghosts, if ghosts there were.

“What? Alone?” asked his lovely neighbor, with a shiver of surprise.

“Alone, of course; no ghost of any dignity would appear to a gang of investigators.”

Miss Thornton raised a glass to her lips, as if to conceal the scornful smile which this gesture really accentuated.

“I am not afraid of your doing that,” said she.

“Ah! and why?”

“You haven’t imagination enough for it; besides, you would never dare.”

Peter tingled to his finger-tips, but

suppressing the indignant answer that this implied contempt provoked, he only said, quietly, "That sounds very much like a challenge."

"Oh, challenges are out of date," lightly continued Miss Thornton. "We live in a matter-of-fact age—a prudent one."

"But the eternal truths go on through all the ages," replied Van Voort, surprising himself by a sudden facility of poetical expression. "And then,

'One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,'

even in an unimaginative man."

"I don't quite understand you," said Miss Thornton, playing with the stem of the glass which she had set down. "What do you mean?"

"A great deal that I can't express," confessed Van Voort, laughing. "I hoped that you had imagination enough for two."

Just then, a wave of general conversation swept over the table, and when they were left to themselves again, Miss Thornton still clung to the very practical issue raised by it concerning a new scheme of popular education. Van Voort listened to her views on this important subject with the deepest interest—as he would have done had she chosen to consider in an equally grave manner the best method of supplying the market with Dutch cheeses.

Van Voort was always a good listener, and after dinner, in the smoking-room, he sat somewhat apart from the others, apparently intent upon all that was said, but with very little to say. When the men moved on into the drawing-room, he crossed at once toward Mrs. Nevil, who happened to be standing near a door that led to the conservatory. Her attention was called by his first remark to the graceful curve of a banana-tree glistening in the soft light of Chinese lanterns; and, instinctively, they passed out to look at its newest leaf just ready to unfold. In a moment they were talking with an earnestness which induced them to make two or three rounds of the place before Mrs. Blair's prelude to a song of her own composing. Even after this, their talk

went on in the pauses of the music. Evidently they had found a subject of mutual interest in which the others were not called upon to share; for the company had broken up into little groups, each concerned with some subject of its own. When all came together to say good-night, Van Voort turning to Miss Thornton, wished her pleasant dreams. And the spirit of mischief prompted her to answer:

"Dreams! I shall have none. I shall lie awake all night, and think of you and your haunted house."

"Thank you," said he. "I suppose this is your apology for doubting my courage."

"Oh, no! It is only the opportunity I give you to prove me in the wrong."

"Why should I try to prove that? If I saw ghosts enough to turn my hair white, you would never accept the statement of my adventures."

At this suggestion of a possible change in his very brilliant coloring, Miss Thornton could not repress a smile. "That would be strong circumstantial evidence," said she; "but even without it, I should regard your testimony as extremely valuable."

"As that of an unimaginative man, you mean."

"Precisely. This is the opportunity of your life."

"Ah, indeed! Then I must consider it very seriously."

"Pray do; but if you go, please wrap yourself up well. These October nights are cool, and ghosts, you know, bring their own chill with them."

Then as she went upstairs with a mocking laugh, this unconscious disturber of the peace whispered to herself:

"How delightful, if he really were to go! But then he would see nothing, and only catch a shocking cold. I shouldn't like to be held responsible for that. What nonsense! It's all a silly joke, of course."

So she dismissed the matter, which, nevertheless, returned more than once to torment her absurdly, as trifles will, at times, when the lights are out and all is still. Her dreams were far from pleasant, and she started from them to

hear strange noises that came to nothing; but she passed a wakeful night, appearing very promptly at the breakfast-table, where, fortunately, no one seemed to observe that she looked paler than usual.

Breakfast, at Nevilsbeck, was an informal meal, never exacting rigid punctuality. One by one, the guests presented themselves, until but a single chair stood vacant. Then Miss Thornton, who had watched the door open for each fresh arrival with increasing intentness, could bear it no longer.

"Where can Mr. Van Voort be?" she asked, leaning across the unoccupied place toward her hostess, at whose left it was.

Had her conscience been entirely clear, she might have noticed a slight look of embarrassment in Mrs. Nevil's face as she replied:

"Mr. Van Voort? Oh, he will be here presently. He came down very early, and went to the village—on business, I believe."

So he was neither frozen to death nor devoured by goblins. Miss Thornton, reassured, cut an egg in two with a swift, expressive stroke of her knife, and levelled a sarcastic smile at her victim as he came in, glowing from his morning walk.

"Well?" said Mrs. Nevil, when the greetings were over.

"Well," repeated Van Voort, "it is too true. I must start for Schenectady in an hour. Those depositions won't wait. I can't postpone them. But I shall be here again to-morrow; by noon, I hope."

"What! Going away!" said everybody at once; and Peter was obliged to repeat his statement that imperative business demanded this sacrifice. The affliction, however, would be but temporary; he should return at the earliest possible moment.

"Very clever of you!" whispered Miss Thornton, when, after due regret, the talk had turned another way. "The depositions won't wait, and the ghosts will."

"Until I come back, at least," replied Peter, in the same tone.

"Oh, then it would be much too late. Our party breaks up early the next

morning. We should have no time to take that deposition."

"I really believe," said Peter, smiling, "that you wanted me to watch out a night in that groomsome place."

"And did you really expect me," she asked, disdainfully, "to throw a gauntlet down?"

"I would not do that if I were you," said he. "Do you remember Schiller's poem about a glove?"

"Not clearly. I believe I read it once at school. Is it a case in point?"

"It has a very pointed moral, which I recommend to your notice during my deplorable absence. You can probably find the book in the library."

"Thank you for suggesting even this small consolation for my bereavement," she said, adopting his satirical vein. "I will read your poet's moral, and think of you meanwhile."

When they left the table all gathered in the front porch to speed the parting guest, who refused to let Mr. Nevil drive him to the station. His luggage was already there, he explained; he had taken it down before breakfast; and as he must sit for hours in the train, exercise now was what he most desired. So, with many good wishes for a swift journey and a short one, Van Voort strode briskly away, alone; but at the first turn of the avenue he stopped to light a cigar, and then, convincing himself that no one had followed, he went on leisurely to the gate. There, instead of the short cut to the station, he took precisely the opposite course, skirting by the river-road the lower boundary of Nevilsbeck, and at its farthest point climbing its low wall to push his way through the hedge into a sunny corner just behind it. Here, as the house was nearly half a mile away, he felt secure from disturbance; moreover, without being seen, he could see all that passed in the road. A farmer's wagon rattled by, then another; then he waited patiently through a long interval of silence, smoked his cigar to the bitter end, and even started a second one, but only to fling it away at the sound of light wheels coming nearer. A cautious glance assured him that these were the wheels of a pony-cart driven by a woman who had no companion, and leaping

down just as Mrs. Nevil stopped, he took the seat beside her, and was whirled away without a word.

"It is not dreadful at all in this light," Mrs. Nevil agreed; "but think of it with no light at all! Does not your heart fail you?"

"Not yet," said Peter, laughing. "I think, upon the whole, I prefer it to Schenectady."

"That fib of yours was really dreadful," replied Mrs. Nevil. "It is the worst feature in our little plot; and on account of it I came very near betraying you."

"You take it far too seriously," Peter protested. "I should simply have been badgered to death if anybody had suspected my scheme of passing a night in your haunted house. I defended myself by one of those innocent white lies without which society could never exist. Where is the harm?"

Mrs. Nevil sighed, half in jest, half in earnest. "I wish no harm may come of it, for I feel horribly guilty," said she. "But you will have leisure to repent many times over before night comes. See! we are almost on the ground. How will you ever live till sunset here, alone?"

"I must forage, in the first place, and find some friendly farm-house to keep me in supplies. This one will do—no, it is deserted."

"This, and the next, too. Repent, and let me drive you back again. The ghosts have blighted all the land."

But Van Voort assured her that fasting would do him good, since of late he had been royally entertained; and so, talking and laughing, they drove on slowly up the hill-road shadowed on either side by a row of the pointed dark-green cedars that flourish throughout this region. To Van Voort's mind these suggested the plumes of a hearse. The thought struck him as clever; but upon expressing it he was told not to say such things. At the brow of the hill they stopped for a moment to look down upon other hill-sides lying between this point and the river, the course of which only could be traced by the bluer line of hills beyond it. Few signs of cultivation were apparent, and it seemed to

Mrs. Nevil that humanity was very far away; she eyed the gaunt, untenanted house now close beside them, and shivered a little in spite of the noon sunshine.

"I don't like to leave you here," she said.

Van Voort smiled. "What danger can there be?" he asked. "Let us explore the place together; we shall find nothing very frightful, as you will see."

He tied the pony at the gate, and took from the back of the cart various small articles stowed away there. These included two heavy railway rugs, a hand-bag containing a lantern and whiskey-flask, with a basket of food which his hostess had thoughtfully provided in advance of the proposed foraging expedition, lest it should be unsuccessful. Having discreetly procured a pistol that morning in the village, he was thus equipped for any emergency. While he busied himself with these things, Mrs. Nevil walked slowly up the grass-grown path; one old apple-tree stretched across it, and under its scanty shade she stopped suddenly.

"Did you hear that?" she asked.

Van Voort had, in fact, been startled by a sharp sound from the house, like that of a falling board. "There is a tenant, then," said he, coming up; "or perhaps, only some chance visitor like ourselves. In any case, we will say 'by your leave!'" He shouted, accordingly, more than once, without receiving an answer. There was no further sound, no movement; the huge windows stared blankly, like expressionless eyes; their light wooden balconies hung all awry in the last stages of dilapidation. It was inconceivable that any tenant in this world should take up with such an abode.

A broad flight of steps led to the main entrance, but nearer at hand a window stood open; and through this the explorers passed somewhat doubtfully, groping their way along the dimly lighted cellar to a staircase, up which they climbed in silence. At the top was a door that would not open. Beyond its glass panels, however, they could see a high, octagonal room, entirely dismantled and much stained by the wear and tear of conflicting ele-

ments; for one whole side had fallen away, and the wide gap extending from floor to cornice was bounded only by the sky. As they looked, a patch of plaster dropped from the mouldy ceiling and crumbled into dust. Mrs. Nevil drew back instinctively to retrace her steps toward the light. But Van Voort, more persistent, soon called to her that he had found other stairs. Here there was no obstruction, and they stood in another moment on the main floor of the building, with the sunshine streaming over them.

Simple as the interior plan proved to be, it was also to the last degree unconventional. Four eight-sided rooms, painted white, with elaborately stuccoed ceilings, were connected by folding-doors, the many spaces between forming angular cupboards or oblique, superfluous passages. The main hall was, of necessity, triangular. From a smaller one behind it a spiral staircase, lighted from the roof, wound to the upper stories. There was no furniture, and as all the doors stood open, a new vista, bare, white, and still like the rest, presented itself at every turn.

"I don't like it," said Mrs. Nevil, decidedly. Then, as if her own voice startled her, she continued, in a lower tone: "Nothing but doors! Did you ever see so many?"

"Doors can't hurt us so long as they are open," returned Van Voort, laughing. "One—two—three"—he went as far as sixteen, and then stopped. "Too many to count," he complained; "let us try the floor above."

Upon reaching it Mrs. Nevil declared that she was afraid either to go on or to go back, and clutching Van Voort's arm, forbade him to move one step from her side. The silent spaces she looked at were curiously divided into many small rooms, some of which, much too large for closets and windowless, seemed to her like prison-cells. This comparison was the more obvious from the fact that their doors bore traces of numbers which formerly had been attached to them. With a single exception, these doors, like the others below, stood open, revealing angles upon angles all festooned with cobwebs. But the closed room, once numbered

26, soon engrossed Mrs. Nevil's attention.

"What can be there?" she wondered, tremulously.

"Darkness," replied Van Voort; "we shall find nothing else in it. See!" He turned the handle as he spoke, but the door stuck fast, and would not yield, though he exerted all his strength.

"I give it up," he said, finally; "the door is locked."

"Yes, or bolted on the inside," whispered Mrs. Nevil, bringing all the force of her imagination to bear upon it. "Hark!"

They listened, but heard no sound either within or without; and as Van Voort was bent upon seeing all that could be seen, Mrs. Nevil, unwilling to be left behind, went on with him to an upper floor, and beyond that to the glass lantern by which the stairs were lighted; where she lost all fear for the moment in her delight at an unrivalled view of the sunlit landscape. Her nervous dread of nothing reappeared, however, as soon as they turned back among those empty chambers where nothing was but silence; and only in the outer air did she breathe freely enough to express her conviction that, the sooner the ruined house went entirely to pieces, the better.

Confused by the darkness of the cellar, they had come out of it on the side directly opposite the window through which they had entered, to find themselves in what had once been a garden enclosed by high stone walls. Its beds and paths were overgrown, but here and there late autumn flowers struggled through the long grass. There was a gateway in the wall, and, crossing to it, they saw that the land sloped away abruptly toward a cottage unobserved before, standing just within the grounds under a clump of willows, on a lower spur of the hill. The place had no very thrifty air, but it was occupied; and presently one of its occupants, a woman, came out to greet them with a pleasant smile. She was of middle age, and looked older. Life must have given her much to think about, yet her expression showed that she tried habitually to make the best of whatever it afforded.

"You have been over the house," she said; "and you found——"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Nevil. "No one lives here?"

"No, indeed."

"And that is your house?"

"I can't say it is," said the woman, wearily. "The owner lets me live there, that's all. I have been in it these five years, and yet I've never seen him. His agent came once, a long while ago."

"And this place?" said Van Voort, glancing up at the white walls behind him.

"There ain't much left of it now—except the ghost folks tell about."

"What kind of ghost?" he inquired.

The woman smiled with a puzzled look. "Why—a two-legged one," said she. Whereupon they laughed, all three, and then Van Voort asked if she had ever seen the ghost herself.

"No," she answered. "There's all kinds of noises, nights—but the wind makes 'em, I say. I took a lantern once, and went everywhere—all over—but there wa'n't anything that I could find."

Mrs. Nevil's face displayed mingled amusement and admiration. Though a deliberate, systematic search for a ghost by lantern-light seemed a task doomed to failure from the outset, nevertheless it showed a strength of nerve in the seeker that to her mind was wholly commendable. Meanwhile Van Voort gravely solicited further information in the way of any story or stories of dreadful import that might be currently reported.

"Well," returned the woman, betraying by her dry, unemotional manner an utter want of faith in the popular superstition, "they do say a child was murdered once on that balcony, and that the stain shows there yet; but I've never seen it."

"And is that all?" Mrs. Nevil asked.

"Yes; everything."

"It seems hardly worth while for you to pass the night here," mused Mrs. Nevil, turning to Van Voort. But he was already on the balcony, absorbed in the hope of discovering the stain.

"Oh, he may stop if he likes," said their new-found hostess, who, at the thought of a possible honest penny to be turned, became a shade less uncom-

promising in her incredulity. "May be the ghost would show itself to him. And I could give the gentleman dinner and supper, too," she added, persuasively.

Van Voort came back with an admission that he had discovered nothing. "But I shall stay out my night, of course," said he; "I have gone too far to cheat the ghost of his opportunity."

The three walked slowly toward the cottage, which, if somewhat out of repair, looked scrupulously neat. Two children were playing before the door; their mother, it appeared, was a widow; an elder son—a good boy, she said—helped to support the family by daily labor at a distant farm. The sight of this peaceful household quieted certain misgivings that Mrs. Nevil had forborne fully to express, and even reconciled her to leaving Van Voort behind; he would not be left alone, she reflected, whatever came to pass. So, with a word or two of caution and repeated promises to send for him very early in the morning, she drove away.

There was a long afternoon to kill, and Van Voort despatched the greater part of it by a brisk walk among the hills. Wherever he went, the huge white house always remained in sight, constantly inclining him to laugh at the absurdity of his position, which implied a childish adherence to the supernatural not at all his, as he assured himself. He had been drawn into a foolish escapade, but, being in, must go on with it to the end; ignominious retreat would not mend matters now; the proper course was to accept the situation merely for what it was worth, and treat the adventure lightly. Yet, as the afternoon waned, the prospect of his lonely ordeal became to Van Voort less and less laughable; already he began to count the hours of darkness, to reflect that the night would be clear and still, with a moon rising late. The little family at the cottage welcomed him back with considerable solemnity. The son, who had returned from his work, proved to be a sturdy youth of simple manners and few words. Like his mother, he was discreetly sceptical concerning the result of Van Voort's experiment; but, evidently, neither of

the two saw anything ludicrous in the stranger's resolve to make such an investigation. With kindly forethought, they had carried a mattress up to the deserted house and improvised a bed for him there, in one of the great drawing-rooms. In return, he contributed to the evening meal Mrs. Nevil's basket of provisions, enjoying their hearty appreciation of its abundance; for them the horn of plenty had overflowed. At table, striving to obtain further details about the estate, its present ownership, its former occupant or occupants, he learned next to nothing. The house had been vacant for thirty years at least, that was certain; and it had probably changed tenants, if not owners, once or twice in the preceding generation. A vague story of its use as a school at some former time, attempted to account for the numbered doors. The widow paid no rent for the cottage, of which she had quietly possessed herself upon the advice of a neighbor; when the agent made his visit, long afterward, he had seemed rather pleased than otherwise at this unwarranted proceeding, and had allowed her to stay on, in the hope, perhaps, of freeing the place from its bad name. But this hope, if it existed, had not been realized; on the contrary, the mysterious dwelling where no one dwelt was known for miles around as the haunted house, and shunned by everybody even in broad daylight. Smoking his cigar while the dusk deepened and the stars came out one by one, Van Voort heard these things, and heartily wished that bedtime were well over. Yet, when the hour came he was quite equal to it; lighting his lantern, he bade the cottagers good-night without the slightest tremor either in hand or voice, and cheered his solitary way by the thought that as the night was uncommonly warm for the season, the danger of a cold, really his only practical cause for alarm, diminished proportionately. Two or three bats beat their wings against the cellar arches as he passed them by, but in the rooms above were no signs of life. He paused for a moment at the gap in the wall to look out at the night. Below him lay the neglected garden, with a faint light beyond it from a window in

the cottage. While he looked, this glimmer was extinguished, and no other lights shone in all the dark land beneath; but overhead the stars stood out like balls of flame; never had their flickering splendors seemed so near, so inexplicable. The crickets called incessantly, now far away, now piping shrill notes at his very feet. And these familiar sights and sounds were all.

Turning to the modest quarters considerably prepared for him, Van Voort wrapped himself in his blankets, and camped out for the night. The lantern at his side detached its luminous circle of a few yards in circumference from the prevailing gloom that, elsewhere, was relieved only by the window spaces with their glimpses of the shining sky. After starting up a number of times at those impressions of sound which the walls of an old country-house always supply to a sensitive ear, this restless watcher resolved that nothing intangible should rouse him again, and composed himself to sleep. As usual, the resolution became a factor of disturbance; the light disturbed him, too, and he put it out, but with no better result; he was forced to accept wakefulness as inevitable. His thoughts reverted to the party at Nevilsbeck, where it was hardly bed-time yet; he wondered what they were all doing, and what colors Miss Thornton wore. Ah, Miss Thornton! He had beaten about the bush with her too long. He must come to the point at once, make his poor little offer, and be forever disqualified by it, he supposed. What words should he find to touch her heart, and make his love anything but ridiculous in her eyes? How limited the vocabulary was! He framed speech after speech, and none expressed what he felt and wished to say. "I love you!" said it all, to be sure, but there was nothing new or startling in that. He could see her vainly trying not to smile as she listened, and answering him with the hope that they might always be good friends. No! he hoped she would spare him that. The refusal must be the end of it. Afterward, he would go somewhere a long way off and live alone. So he rehearsed his little scene with many variations, that

led always to the same sad ending, until the troubles he had conjured up grew less and less distinct, and finally melted away altogether in a sleep too deep for dreams.

He slept thus for several hours, to find himself suddenly wide-awake without apparent cause. All was quiet, with no change that he could discover, except in the sky, where a waning moon had risen. Its pale light streamed through one of the farther windows along the floor; but his corner was the darker for it, so that, half rising, he felt for his matches and struck one to look at his watch-face. Past two o'clock! All well, and the small hours growing larger! He laughed, as making this reflection, he prepared to settle down again. Then his ears caught a sound so startling in its distinctness that he held his breath to listen. There could be no mistake; it was the sound of digging, not in the house, but close at hand. He distinguished the click of the spade in the ground, the rattle of stones and loose earth thrown out; and the longer he listened, the clearer became these evidences that the noise was actual. Who had stolen here to this desolate place, in the dead of night, for so strange a purpose? What was the purpose underlying it? What talent could he be hiding in the earth? What treasure was he seeking?

Van Voort, with an instant desire to know these things, crept upon all-fours, through favoring shadows, to the nearest window; only to recognize there the familiar fact that precise direction of sound is not to be determined by the ear alone. The mysterious laborer was nowhere in sight, yet his labor still went on; and Van Voort, moving stealthily from window to window, at last looked down upon him through no window at all, but through the great fissure of the adjoining room. There, waist-deep in the earth of the walled garden below, stood this tiller of the ground, plying his spade and pickaxe vigorously by a lantern's light, devoting all his thought and strength to his untimely task, which Van Voort suddenly divined with a shock that almost betrayed him into a cry of horror. The man was digging a grave; there could

be no doubt of it. And close upon the chill of this discovery came another equally startling; for, at a pause in his ghastly work he turned his face for a moment toward the light. It was the face of a man widely known and esteemed, an American of wealth and position, long past the prime of life, bearing a name spoken with respect the world over. Van Voort knew him not only from his untarnished reputation, but also from the personal acquaintance that, never approaching intimacy, may exist for years, without change of degree, between a young man and an older one meeting in the world from time to time. These two had often met, and on Van Voort's side respect had deepened into admiration. To him, therefore, this presence and its appalling motive were doubly incomprehensible. He turned away in the dark, trembling with a nameless fear; then retreating to one of the more distant rooms, he paced it up and down while his mind exhausted itself in a vain effort to bring his doubts to a reasonable conclusion; until, oppressed by the strain, he shaped new terrors from the pallid moonlight and started at his own shadow on the floor. He groped for his lantern and lighted it; but no sooner was this done than there occurred to him the thought that other intruders might be concealed in the house. Again he crouched motionless to listen, but heard only the ringing of the spade out of doors in the coarse gravel; yet still unconvinced, drawing his pistol and holding the light above his head, he peered into one vacant passage after another; then cautiously climbed the staircase to the second floor. Nothing stirred there, nothing was altered in the least—yes, one thing! The door of the closed room upon which he had wasted ineffectual force that morning now stood half open. He rushed on and swung this inward at a touch, only to stagger back with a cry that echoed from wall to wall. The floor within was partially torn up, exposing the space between it and the ceiling underneath. There was blackness, nothing more; but between this hollow and the door, on two loose boards supported by a trestle roughly

made, lay the fragments of a human skeleton.

Steadying himself by the stair-rail, Van Voort felt for his flask and made a long draught upon it. His strength, which had threatened to forsake him, returned, and from being numb and cold he was on fire. Nothing now disturbed the death-like silence that his cry had broken; and even without this assurance he knew that but one encounter threatened him. The grave-digger, outside, had come alone upon his dismal errand, the full significance of which could be summed up in a single word. He was a murderer, no more, no less; his crime, hidden away in the walls of this old house, had escaped punishment and defied detection; but these mute defenders of the secret were no longer to be trusted; one already had fallen outward, laying bare recesses that the very rats feared to inhabit. The criminal, warned in time as he imagined, had heeded the warning and had chosen this night of all others to give his victim a final resting-place. The one chance in a thousand attending all human endeavor to confront it with a higher law than that of chance, had brought upon the scene an unwilling witness, whose heart sank under the weight of the fearful duty that seemed thrust upon him.

All this flashed through Van Voort's mind in a moment, as if he had seen it in fiery letters upon one of the crumbling walls. But the flash went out, leaving in its place nothing but perplexity. His quick-coming thoughts were all confused, and what to do next he could not determine. Would there be time to summon help? Might not delay afford the murderer an opportunity for escape, or some false step give notice of his danger? Armed as Van Voort was, he might surprise the man, hold him at bay, make him a prisoner. Morning was not so far off, and with the morning help would come. Yet this course had its obvious risks; to watch, unseen, perhaps were wiser. No, impossible, with the fierce impulse that he felt to stop the work then and there! These cunning criminals were cowards of the meanest sort. This one was in his power; he had the whip-

hand—why not use it? If so, it must be now. Those steps below meant that the grave was ready. The time to act had come.

He blew out his light and withdrew to the upper staircase, fixing his eyes upon one point a few feet down, where the curving rail met the darkness. The man came on, casting strange lights and shadows with his lantern swung before him. He reached Van Voort's objective point and passed it; then saw the pistol-muzzle almost at his throat, and recoiled in amazement, whiter than the wall against which he leaned.

"Stop!" cried Van Voort, making no effort to choose his words; "what are you doing here?"

The other knew him instantly. "Van Voort!" he muttered, with a sigh of relief at the recognition. And regaining color and composure on the instant, he gave the question back in perfect self-command. "What, may I ask, are you doing here in my house?"

Van Voort's eyes turned involuntarily toward the dark chamber close at hand. "Your house—your house!" he repeated, startled beyond other expression at the calm speech which seemed suddenly to put him in the wrong.

"Mine—yes," said its owner in the same steady voice. "You have pried into its secrets and have misinterpreted them. I cannot blame you. But you are off your guard. Were I the man you think me, I should have shot you down like a dog. There is my pistol!" he added, with a quick turn of his hand flinging a revolver over the rail into the dark. "Put up yours; you will not need it."

Van Voort obeyed mechanically. He had nerved himself for a struggle; he would have laughed at threats, resisted violence. But this quiet air of authority enforced attention and was irresistible. Guilt did not express itself in words like these. He tried to answer them, but faltered.

Without waiting for an answer, the speaker continued, in a tone of the deepest sadness: "It has come, as I feared it would, after these many years. Murder will out, in spite of all that human care can do. Look here, and

convince yourself. I am not a murderer. I might swear it, and the oath would go for nothing; you would not believe me. But here are proofs which you must see and must admit—they cannot be disputed." Passing on as he spoke, he stopped at the open door and held up the light; then turned impatiently. "Look, I say!"

Van Voort, drawing nearer in utter silence, as if under a spell, watched him as he stooped and shook out the folds of the dead man's garments that lay heaped upon the floor. Only their faded shreds remained, but these were of an age long past, in cut and fashion unfamiliar to the oldest among living men. A fragment of leather, with the tarnished buckle clinging to it, flew outward toward the threshold. He who had worn that must have waited for his grave here in the dark at least a lifetime.

Silently they looked into each other's faces until Van Voort found his speech. "I see," he said; "I understand. How did you know of this? No man on earth could possibly have told you."

Then, in a husky voice that died away at last into a whisper, the other answered him.

"I have known it half my life, and more. The man whose work it was, lived to a great age, free of all suspicion, honored and revered. On his death-bed he called me to him and confessed his crime. For the sake of a name and those who share it with me, I kept the secret—left this house to rack and ruin. I never even saw the place—my property—till word was brought me that its walls were falling. I feared discovery—I came alone, to hide the stain from any eyes but mine, to bury this horror in the earth with my own hands—alone—alone. A fearful attempt to make! Shall I tell you why I made it? Because the man who did this thing, whose memory I tried to save, was——"

"Stop!" Van Voort cried; "I cannot hear the rest. But all I have heard shall be safe with me. The night is going. Finish your work, for heaven's sake, before the morning comes. We are two now instead of one; you have another pair of hands to help you."

The keeper of the secret so nearly

told looked up at him with shining eyes, as if meaning to convey his thanks; but could only hide his face in anguish, saying nothing.

"Come!" said Van Voort, moving forward to lay one hand gently upon his shoulder; "there is no time to lose. Will you not trust me? Upon my soul, you may!"

"Yes," he replied, taking the hand in his with a grateful pressure. "Have I not trusted you?"

Then with one accord, speaking only in whispered monosyllables, they bent themselves to what demanded all their energies for its swift accomplishment. Together they replaced the flooring, together lifted the rude bier and carried it out into the garden, laying the unknown victim in his nameless grave. No trace of his existence remained above ground an hour later, when, as a final precaution, they covered his burial-place with fallen leaves. Earth had returned to earth, that through its changing seasons holds the secret of our graves inviolate. So they hoped and prayed it would hold this until the last day.

There were still no signs of morning when all they had to do was done, and the two exchanged a few hurried words; Van Voort accounting for his presence in the house, while its owner stated that his lodging was at a farm two miles off, where he had come ostensibly for a week's shooting. "I must get back before they are awake," he said, gathering up his tools. "Words are nothing, and yet I can only thank you. You have assumed a burden I would never have imposed willingly. Strange! Men share their joys, however trivial; their keenest sorrows they bear alone. And yet your share in this has brought me unspeakable relief. Remember that, and forgive me if you can for the terrible infliction."

"It is nothing——" Van Voort began; but the man was gone, vanishing at the first breath as if he had never been. His presence already seemed remote, unreal—a figure in a dream; yet every detail of the attendant circumstances, from the first stroke of his spade to the last, stood out with awful minuteness, fixed, unalterable.

For another hour Van Voort paced the echoing rooms, where sleep was no longer possible. At the earliest gray indication of dawn he strode off through the fields in an aimless course, pursuing only light and air, until the sun rose clear and his spirits revived in the friendly warmth of day. Then, turning about, he came suddenly upon a small pond in a hollow of the hills, and bathed there; the water was very cold, but it refreshed him, and with its after-glow tingling through all his veins, he reached the cottage, to find the inmates already stirring in alarm at his absence. A light word reassured them. The house might be haunted, but the ghost clearly had no confidence in him. He must return once more to collect his property. This did not take long, and it was still very early. No one from Nevilsbeck would be likely to appear in the next hour at least; even so, he should probably arrive before day broke for that luxurious household. The thought had hardly occurred to him when he heard wheels coming up the hill. The pony cart! driven not by the groom he expected to see, but by a woman! Mrs. Nevil, then, had risen at daybreak on his account, to come for him herself. He rushed out to signify his sense of obligation, and with inexpressible surprise confronted Miss Alice Thornton.

She stopped the pony with a cry of joy. "Safe and sound!" she said; "I am so thankful."

"You came for me!" he stammered. "How did you know?"

"Mrs. Nevil!" replied Miss Thornton, incoherently. "She couldn't keep the secret. She had to tell somebody, and she whispered it to me—last night, after dinner. I can't tell you how I felt! It was I who sent you to this frightful place, and if anything had happened to you I should never have

forgiven myself. I passed a night of horrors. Twice, I dreamed that I saw a man—think of it—digging your grave!"

Too much disturbed to notice the effect upon Van Voort of this odd coincidence, she went on hurriedly, with downcast eyes, growing more and more confused at every sentence.

"When morning came I couldn't bear it longer. The groom had his orders, but I stopped him—no one else knows. I had sent you—I was the one to blame. I said you would not dare—you remember—I never really thought so. And when I thought of you here alone, in the dark, I said you would hate me always, like the man in 'The Glove.' I ought not to have come, I know; but I could not help coming, even if it were only to have you fling the glove back—into my face."

"You never threw it down," said Van Voort, smiling. "I did lie awake here last night thinking of you, but my thoughts were not in the least like yours."

She seemed only partially to hear this speech, and she looked over his shoulder at the house as she answered:

"There, in all that dreariness, at midnight! How could you keep your courage?"

"Midnight courage is a small matter," he replied; "it was early morning courage that I needed. I think it came to me there in the dark, when I found the way to say 'I love you.'"

The pony started, but she checked him instantly, tightening the grasp of her hand upon the reins, naturally too busy in this for speech. She neither spoke nor looked up when Van Voort took the other hand and drew it toward him; but she left the hand lying there in his.

Then they drove down together through the morning sunshine.

AN ARTIST IN JAPAN.

By Robert Blum.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



A Country Road

At the end of our wild ride in a tram-car from Kodzu to Tokyo, Peter comes to me with his friend, "the erdest son of Viscount —," and says, "Mister Brum, arrow me to introduce you my friend Viscount —." I am delighted at the possibility of adding a new and so rare a specimen to my growing though unclassified collection of Young Japan.

He is pleased to meet me, he likes *all* Americans anyway; he was so long over there—you know. Is glad to learn that we are going to Miyanoshita, and is helpfully officious in directions as to the best way of doing it. He comes often, and as he puts it, "knows the ropes." I should like Miyanoshita—all foreigners did. If I liked walking that would be just the thing, as it was only a matter of four miles or so to the top

and jinrikishas were hot and uncomfortable. And so, after seeing, with Peter's help, the things stored properly in 'rikishas, we start off behind in the thick of a very lively conversation. In fact a conversation that never ceased and lagged only when he had nothing to say.

Peter hovers about in the outskirts of our conversation, dazzled like a moth lured by the glare—delighted in his diffidence when the Viscount condescends to speak to him in the vernacular. Ah, Peter of ambitious dreams! Is *this* your ideal?

And how did I like——

"Japan?" Then before he can ask more I rattle through the long list again of what and which and why I like this and that and the other. He walks along in silence for a time then, meditatively,

"But don't you think things are—I don't know—kind o' slow?"

I admit frankly, if somewhat gladly, that this may be the case.

But what he meant was, "no fun going on, no dancing, and—all that, you know." Japan might be interesting, of course, to a foreigner, but after coming from America, as he just had, he must say that he found it "*damned slow*." He had been over there so long and got so used to it, that he couldn't get to feel at home at all. He wondered if I could realize the pleasure it was to simply talk "the lingo" again. He had had a delightful time, and entertained me with accounts of its various phases. But, he dolefully added, his time at Harvard was over, and his father had sent for him to come back and "settle down." His father, in fact, wished him to go into politics. It was solely on his account, too, that he found himself on the verge of matrimony. Yes, his father was building a house for him now, and he was busy thinking how he could

get some of the comfort of an American home in it. An idea of his modifications, adaptations of his own devising, now followed with much detail. If I remember aright there was even to be a billiard-room in the elaborate plan.

In the rare lapses of this single-handed conversation he would break into scraps of college glees, or whistle snatches of the latest popular songs; and then smilingly refer to them, "D'y-u-ever hear that?" By the way, did I know anyone in Boston, because he had many friends there. Knew Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes very well, and was often at his house. He was quite enthusiastic about the doctor. Always felt free and at home with him somehow. There were others, too, that he liked, but somehow didn't get along so well with them. He remembered how the doctor had once "hauled him over the coals" for not calling oftener on a certain friend of his, and that he, the Viscount, had said he would if the people there only talked to him about something else besides Christianity and George Washington. He said the doctor had laughed heartily. But he had meant what he said, because he didn't like being treated like a foreigner.

But for our climb itself I go back to a letter written at the time.

"HAKONE, August 6, '90.

"DEAR — : It is raining. Is it rain—this emptying of clouds as they sweep about us, finding their way to the valley below? Sheets—no, that would not explain it as well as—solid masses of it fall about us with a noise, trying to nerves not of the strongest, as you, poor fellow, only know too well. It has been at it all day, and as yet shows no sign of ending. . . . Know that we have travelled much and far away from the seashore—from the place I last wrote you—Enoshima. In these last three days we have been doing some climbing—mountain climbing of an easy, entertaining kind—walking from a railway terminus, or rather tramway terminus, called Yumoto, to Miyanoshta, at which place we stayed overnight, and starting out very early the next morning and crossing the mountains to this place.

"We left Enoshima at sunrise. . . . Were just in time to have tiffin at Miyanoshta. The walk from Yumoto up the mountain-side, I might add, was further enlivened by falling in with a young Japanese who spoke English fluently, with perhaps only just the slightest trace of dropping his l's and substituting r's, as all of them are apt to do. Boston was in the very cut of his clothes. On the whole, a fine and rare, at least to me, specimen of young Japan of the youngest generation. . . .

"Don't ask for a description of Miyanoshta, it isn't worth it. I assure you, on my word as a good friend and—bad painter. It is one of those places you "size up" in your mind, by prejudice, in just hearing people talk about it. Fancy me liking a place which a woman tourist gushed about, in the hotel in Tokyo, as 'just lovely'; the hotel, too, was 'too lovely for anything.' Then she called the place Me, an oyster, to finish with. It is no more Japan than Yokohama is. There is only one little tiny spot down a ravine-like valley, *near* Miyanoshta—a charming little place called Kinga or Kiga—which is worth writing about.

"We were up and away over the mountain before sunrise the day following—Hakoneward. In the cool of the early morning it was pleasant walking, but presently, as the sun became stronger, the uphill work began to tell on us. Before that, with the sun barely risen, as I say, it was pleasant enough to have the company of the fresh, bright morning and its charm of sights and sounds. Birds we heard in plenty. There was one songster who had two long-drawn notes—a sound so closely resembling a human whistle that but for the shrill staccato run in the finish it could easily be mistaken for one coming from a boy's lips—if Japanese whistled. The trip took us through some very beautiful country with a charm peculiar to itself—I mean that a photograph or picture would not give you an idea of it any more than the score does of the music. It was characteristic mountain scenery—not paintable—but impressively beautiful, and appealing more to me as the *man* than as the *painter*.

"Gracious! this is a wild day! I wish



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

Cherry Blossoms.

I could send you a small piece of it. The little inn where we are is situated right on the lake, and the water looks like the lagoon at Venice, as you and I have seen it many a time from our little room in Casa Jacowitz. The pelting rain and driving wind make it resemble, in a distant way, a grain-field with the wind sweeping over it. . . . Hakone consists really of a scattered line of some sixty or more houses bordering a road that eventually leads to Tokyo. Just here it touches the lake, swings around it, and then goes wandering away—where, I don't know. The water in the lake is ice-cold, as I know, for I took a bath the first day I came here. I must tell you a rather amusing predicament connected with this rash venture. Right on the edge of the lake is a little summer-house into which I popped, pulled off the Kimono I was wearing at

pavilion. Fancy! The water was cold enough before that, but I imagined it about ten degrees colder at once. The Japanese friend who is with me had gone, and here I was all alone to work out this rather peculiar problem. Well, I couldn't stay in all day, so finally I came out. Don't ask me how I did it, but I did manage to make it. I managed to work my way to the pavilion to receive my belongings from the hands of the pleasant and polite gentleman, not to mention the towel I had to take from the little woman—needless to say without finding time to use it just then. The whole affair appears ridiculously simple now it is over, and I am afraid I made an amusing ass of myself generally in their eyes. You see I'm too much of a 'barbarian' yet to fall into their fine natural unconsciousness—too full as yet of what might be



A Street in Ikao.

the time and plunged into the water. While I was fooling around I saw two Japanese figures take possession of the

termed artificial Western prudery. I'll try to do better next time, only you can imagine that a fellow with a body blue



The Toilet.

with cold and shivering in rigid fright is not apt to do just the proper thing.

"We have exhausted the 'sights' of the place long ago, and would have been off across the lake before this but for this wild and terrible weather. There is a temple off in one direction along the road (and that you reach after some tall

climbing up innumerable stone steps, and don't see much when you get up); and in the other direction the village oozes into the country before you know it, with nothing more cheerful than a cemetery as an outpost. A cemetery is never a very interesting place to visit; I always feel as if I were clattering with

dirty shoes into the sanctity of some stranger's home. At a freshly made grave I saw two pairs of clogs—one was a tiny pair, considerably cobbler-worn. Poor little tot—a brief existence outworn by the very first of clogs!

"The view of Fuji from here is

opportunities of interesting glimpses up and down the treeless valley we were leaving far below us. A peculiar valley in many respects, made up of palisades and verdured plateaus rising suddenly from an even table-land and stretching away to distant mountain

ranges. This spot, in its grandeur of formation and with all of its impressive solitude, seemed like the abode of gods in its vast simplicity.

From the top, where we rested, there was what is generally called a "beautiful," because extensive, "view." Personally I don't like panoramas—a feeling, I believe, shared by painters at large, who believe that a thing must not of necessity be "magnificent," so long only as it is vast in proportions. At any



"Master, will you condescend?"

not what I expected; the mountain is screened for the greater part and only showing slightly above the tall peaks over across the lake. As it was solely on its account that I came here, I am in a measure disappointed. . . ."

There was a tramp of some fifteen miles before us as we clambered out of the boat which had ferried us across the length of Hakone Lake. We soon struck the spur of the mountains lying between us and Gotemba, our destination. After the very stormy weather of the preceding days the sun was again shining, and it was amazing to notice the little effect all the rain had made—the soil had absorbed it as cleanly as would a blotter. The mountain was covered with coarse bamboo grass, thigh-high, nearly obliterating the narrow path which ran slantingly in zigzag fashion to the top of the Pass, and gave

rate, far below us was this large plain, with its paraphernalia of fields and groves and lakes and villages and—just extensive, like other "views," so that you could spend hours, if you felt inclined, to study—geography. Out of it rose Fuji, hiding her head in clouds, as if she too was tired of this same perpetual "view," and tried to get a few hours' peace.

The only real interest I had in it was when our voluble guide pointed out Gotemba—a collection of minute specks lying beside a long sinuous thread—the railway—and I sadly reflected on the probable time it would take us to get there.

Gotemba. I had climbed and come down all this way "to do" Fuji. At Hakone all was foreground, with very little of Fuji; here it was all Fuji. To be truthful, I had the choice of two "foregrounds." I could take the sprawl-



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

The Ameyas—a Curious Crowd.

ing railway station with its cow-shed architecture, blinking in the simplicity of unpainted wood, and the trains and bustling crowd. Then there was a wide, beautifully long and dusty road, steering with mathematical precision toward the mountain, without a tree or house to hide its gaunt nakedness.

The little tea-house where we put up was packed with pilgrims, who instead of "tramping it" come to Gotemba by rail, the better prepared for a two or three days' climb, and are continually straggling up this street on their way to the first or lowest station of the route to Fuji's top. As I squatted on the mats, munching some sandwiches which Peter had collected from the *débris* of our Hakone luncheons on the Pass, and which were supplemented only by a bottle of beer and a few eggs from the very restricted larder of the tea-house, I could hear a hilarious party of them in the room adjoining. A more intimate knowledge of whom it consisted was occasioned by the sudden blowing down of the flimsy paper doors, which the wind had lifted out of the shallow grooves dividing the rooms, and led to an unlooked-for and informal introduction. A confusing jumble of sprawling, noisy humanity in all stages of nudity, among the remains of a junketing sprinkled about in dishes, trays, and cups, with a large and varied collection of scattered clothes, bundles, and pilgrimage trappings generally, littered the floor so startlingly discovered. The merry company had doffed its everyday clothes, and was now preparing to don pilgrim gear, which ranged from freshest and spotless white in the hands of the youngest novice member to the dingiest of travel-stained and much bestencilled garments of the veterans. They hailed from Tokyo and were banded together in the Cloth Workers Guild, making its annual tour of Fuji, dissipating for the time its dignity, and enjoying, with the zest of schoolboys, the relaxation of a protracted holiday. I understood that this was the starting-point; and while the trip was planned to last but a short time, it was apparent that such a sketchy pilgrimage might be conducive to a vigorous treatment sadly lacking in those elaborated per-

formances which take the patient and footsore devotee through many a province and cover hundreds of miles of irksome wandering.

It was useless to remain in a place so devoid of all picturesqueness, and not caring to waste more time just then in looking about on the slight chance of discovering something better, I decided to give it up for this once and return to Tokyo. The thoughtful little hostess put us up for the night in an outlying building, where, as she said, we might rest more peacefully and undisturbed by her pilgrim guests. The sun was sifting through innumerable knot-holes in the amado, making dull bars across the room and spotting the opposite wall with golden scintillating dots, when I awoke the next morning. After the breakfast of tea and a handful of small wafers—which as a sample would have been none the less acceptable had there been any more obtainable, we leisurely made ready for the early train. Then came a long, hot, and dusty ride to Yokohama. Toward evening Peter turned me over into the hands of a highly delighted and mildly excited personnel at the hotel in Tokyo.

As a result of the baneful cablegram which had jogged my memory with the ungovernable desire on the part of the publishers to see some of my drawings, I was now very busy and hard at work. With legs well up and extended straight before me, and arms well braced for action, I was just beginning to be deeply interested in the work in hand when there came a rap on the door. I have always had a callow dislike to be interrupted in the midst of my labors. So I muttered curtly enough—Come! Come in!!

The opening door revealed the slight figure of Peter, his face beaming with satisfaction: "Have got! I find house at last! Snarr house—large garden, rike you say."

And then he went on to tell me how he had called on a relative of his, who casually remarked that a house in the vicinity had been vacant for the last two weeks or so and might be perhaps what Katsushika San was in quest of.

"Well," I said at this point, "didn't you say that you would speak to your



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

The Geisha.

come an inhabitant, and since the house is at the very head of it—in fact the street runs into our very gate, where it ends—I see no reason why one shouldn't feel at the very pinnacle of happiness.

"How I should have managed without Katsushika's help I don't know, as it is owing entirely to his neat engineering that I am here at all. He has been a very important and busy man in the past two weeks. Between work, just as it is possible for me to get

of it that I quail. Any little thing I see on the street will interest me very much but it is in the *seeing* it that gives insight and food for reflection. For instance, to-day in walking along the street I saw a little girl carrying her baby brother—strapped to her back in the usual way—not stoop to pick up a piece of string which he had dropped, but quietly slip her foot off her clog, seize it with the toes, steadying herself against a fence with her hands and bring it up with her foot to his outstretched

hand. But unless you saw how the people generally and universally make use of their legs and feet in helping themselves in daily vocations this would prove of small interest to you. I have always the sensation of walking about on stilts somehow; not alone that the Japanese are a small race of people, but through the fact that everything is done far below me—near the ground. In walking along the street I can easily touch the eaves of the shops. The tailors, carpenters, the smiths, bakers, and umbrella-stick makers all squat at their work with legs and feet performing duty of an extra pair of strong arms. But after all, in cataloguing—for that is what this sort of thing would amount to—I don't give you anything. I mean the thing that it is to me—the light, life,

spirit, charm, the something that hangs over it all like a gray sky over cherry-blossoms.

"Everything has been satisfactorily concluded, even to the permission from the Government necessary for living outside treaty limits, and which I obtained by the somewhat reprehensible subterfuge of figuring as a private teacher to Katsushika san. Don't ask me for any impressions just now of



THE TERRACE—Innumerable Stone Steps

away, we have been going about collecting the few sticks of furniture necessary—having a bath-tub made, ordering futons, sleeping-quilts, etc. All of which interests me personally deeply enough, but can be of little importance to you who want impressions.

"Where shall I begin? I never know what to write about—if I think of something it at once suggests so many details to go into to give you any idea



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

The Bath



Japanese Workshop

this sudden dropping into a new home life; it is all too much like having taken possession of a very large and emptied box of stationery—with all the glossy daintiness of so much paper, screens and doors and windows about. It feels just yet too much like playing at something else than real every-day life, and until this novelty has worn off, hardly worth the telling."

"September 24, '90.

"... Well, my dear boy, the dust on my butterfly's wing hasn't been brushed off entirely, a matter after all resting on careful or clumsy handling, and since it is so easy for 'familiarity to breed contempt' I try to escape the odium of offensiveness by abstaining from too obtrusive an affability.

"The new household consists of—how shall I call *him* of perplexing attribute, friend, companion, guide, servant, or master? For he is any and all of these. Friend and companion be-

cause I so choose to treat him, the guide of my tongue-tied existence. In the rôle of servant he does more than would the most devoted of henchmen, and he assuredly *is* master, since in the awful eye of the law I am only regarded as his servant! Then there is O Ei san, the Honorable Miss Wealth, who is as small as the word but a mine of humble worth, as her name implies, making glad the house with her gentleness and happy disposition. And lastly the snub-tailed kitten that I have dubbed Shiro Kuro, Little Black and White, and who could just be swung around in the largest room by the aforesaid sketchy appendage without too much danger to any party attempting it. I saw her only a short while ago in the garden, busy at her daily vocation, that of catching dragon-flies—the garden, by the by, somewhat improved in appearance since I first came here, goes clambering up the embankment of the ancient moat which enclosed in feudal times the sacred precincts of the Im-

perial castle. Drop in some evening and sit up there with me where we can see the sleeping water holding to its bosom the vast wealth of pale-faced lotos and shrinking water-lilies; and watch the flitting to and fro of lanterns on the opposite side, that seem like fire-flies in the gathering dusk. In the very heart of a large city, that numbers more houses than New York, you shall have the pulse and throb of a night in the country. The rustling in the leaves of trees over head, the ceaseless sibilation of an insect world, and only faintly broken into, now and then, by the sound of some samisen—more weirdly accompanied by the voice of the player; you shall wonderingly realize by a small cluster of lights that you are but a stone's throw or two from the 'Ginza,' the Broadway of Tokyo."

"October 13, '90.

" . . . You ask, to tell you of my daily life. As you say, even the most unusual becomes commonplace through habit. I have stepped into this new existence as naturally as—say a fly finds its way into amber. . . . Let's try to give you a picture of my day's doings. If the background remain vague and blurred don't blame me, as I am thinking only of details pertaining to the central figure.

"Background, the darkened interior of a room in the second story of a little house in Tokyo. Like all Japanese rooms, it is quite bare. A *kakemono*, a girl reading a love-letter on the wall, and a *tansu* (set of drawers) in one corner is all it contains in the way of ornament or furniture. The occupant, stretched out in the middle of the clean matted floor on two futons of dingy blue stuff with a

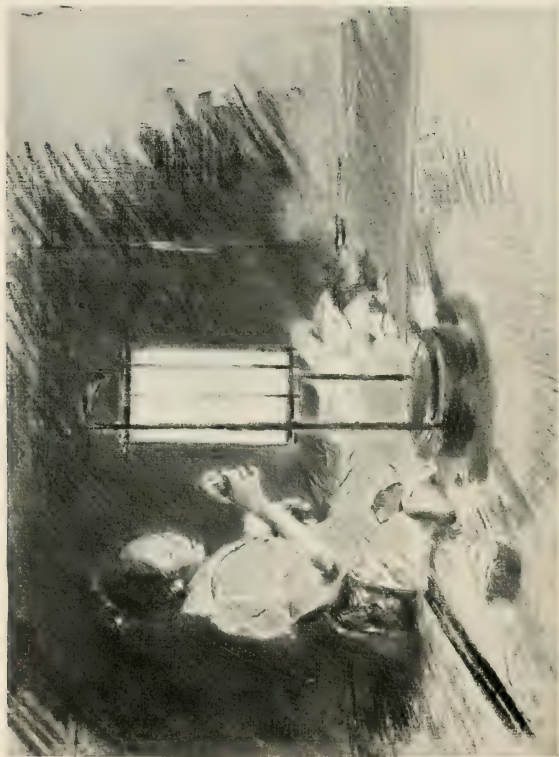
third of salmon-pink silk forming the coverlet, is awakened by the entrance of the tiny maid bearing a tray holding a pot of tea and a few pieces of toast.

"It is 7.15 A.M. Ei san slips down on her knees, and after placing the tray conveniently near cowers with head touching the mats between hands respectfully for a moment. She then rises and goes out on the balcony,



At Prayer, Niuxo

which is boarded up every night by thin sliding panels, and shoves these amado back. While I am at my breakfast Katsushika may make his appearance with one of the many pots of plants we have in the garden. After my bath—which by the way has occasioned some little irruption in domestic routine by my having it in the morning, contrary to the custom in



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM

The Musmee—Night.

Japan of taking it in the evening—I am ready to begin the day's work. If not from models posing in the garden, I go out, as I have been doing these past few days, to the temple grounds at Shiba, where six or eight Shōguns of the Tokugawa dynasty lie buried. In parenthesis I ought to add that I hate this working out of doors, as it means the drawing together of great crowds, who, though quiet and unobtrusive enough, make it very uncomfortable. I am used to a European crowd, that ebbs and flows about the easel; if anything it is invigorating compared to the breathless stagnation that characterizes the thing here. Am too hardened an old bird that has picked up its little crumbs in Italy, Spain, Holland, etc., to be frightened much by man so long as my tail-feathers are only half-way respected, but in the enormous throng even the invincible Katsushka becomes demoralized and powerless to extricate me at times.

"At 12 o'clock, or thereabouts, I turn my steps homeward for tiffin. If not too far away from the house I generally walk. The jinrikisha-men, who are always on the move, hail us with 'Danna san,' 'Master, will you condescend,' etc., or 'I am going your way and will take you cheaply,' or 'Honorably take me.' In the afternoon I am at work in the garden from a model, or engaged in the exciting chase after one, as I was to-day. Whether it is owing to the characteristic diffidence or a fine distrust of a safe escape from so venturesome a proceeding I don't know, but I spend weeks, even months, before I succeed by careful playing to land some of these slippery ones in my net.

"In the evening there is nothing to do or see. The streets after dark become silent. There is nothing going on in the way of amusement unless it be an occasional flower display in connection with a 'matsuri,' or temple fête. Even the 'Ginza,' with its modernized shop-fronts and ambitious electric lightings, drops quietly to sleep after a few hours of dull wakefulness. By half-past ten o'clock the last of the itinerant venders, who have thickly lined the curbs with things old and

new, and ranging from the usefulness of a pair of clogs or strange-looking tools of trade to the purely ornamental articles in questionable lacquer, battered screens or dingy kakemono, have gathered their promiscuous belongings and shouldered them away in cloth-bound bundles or are drowsily trundling them along the deserted and unlighted streets, back again to their humble homes.

"As for me, I have long ago climbed to my little den, looking over my work, puzzling over matters pertaining to it, or reading, smoking, and dreaming—unless I write, as I have been doing to-night."

A rather unsettled autumn, in which we had had much rain and boisterous weather, was drawing to a close; the discomfort of which failed to disturb the equanimity of the Japanese mind, unless it was in the general but gentle murmuring at the havoc it had created in all the profuse festivities of chrysanthemum time. Then came bright, fresh days with clean-swept skies, and not a few that in the brisk balminess of air reminded me of our own mellow Indian summer. With hardly perceptible gradation the cold weather of winter set in; the high winds had abated, leaving the atmosphere still and clear. This was the "Shōkan" or "Little Cold," that, robbed of all the gloom so usual in America at this time of the year, brought us to the threshold of the new year.

This was the time of nocturnal "matsuri" at the Asakusa and Kanda temples, in befitting preparation for the celebration of New Year, so close at hand. The immense temple-grounds were crowded with booths in which everything in connection with the event or otherwise was sold. Booths bristling with toys or household utensils: those notably characteristic filled with brilliant displays of battledores highly ornamented with familiar figures from legendary lore, etc. (some of the more elaborate ones costing as much as six or seven dollars), symbolic decorations in plaited rush and twisted straw to hang before the portals during the festivities, plain or gilded little shrines,

and strange-looking articles in metal, stands, bowls, lamps, tablets, etc., for household altars. The approaches to the temples were choked with old and young, nor was circulation much freer when the booth-crowded temple-courts were reached, and if to be in the thick of the wedging and surging mass was at times somewhat annoying, it was mitigated by the quiet and orderly conduct of the people. Here and there and everywhere over the heads of the crowds, stuck brooms and other household articles, toys held high out of harm's way, little tots with shaven crowns, perched on patient shoulders, looked about bewildered and confused with glistening feverish eyes.

"January 1, '91.

"DEAR ———: A New Year ushered in with pine camellia and plum-blossom. We have been busy for the last three or four days turning our streets into gardens in honor of the one big holiday we Japanese cherish above all others. With the confusing result of my wanderings about the streets to-day I can only hope, perhaps, to find in the impressions retained enough to give you a dim idea of it at least.

"Well, then—with the changing of the old way of reckoning time (whatever that might have been), when the Japanese New Year fell variously late in our January or in the first half of February—the adoption of the Gregorian calendar made the holiday, as with us, a fixture. In a sense it is the only holiday strictly observed; a day unique with its all-prevailing Sabbath atmosphere. But please don't think there was any of that dead solemnity so characteristic of our holidays at home! The gloomy impress that Puritanism has left on all days of rejoicing is wanting as yet, here where Buddha teaches. I liken it to a Sunday only because for once there was complete rest from toil—from humblest coolie to busiest clerk. The streets seemed empty and hushed, although there were many people abroad.

"Before the entrance of nearly every house, on either side, are tree decorations in various styles of arrangement. These consist principally of pine and

bamboo fastened to a stake driven into the ground, and each object has a symbolic meaning. Thus the hardy pine should suggest a life that has withstood the storms and struggles of existence; while the bamboo, with its erect growth and succession of knots marking its yearly increase, makes of it a symbol betokening hale life and a fulness of years. Then there is a decoration complex with the numerous features of which it is composed. I can perhaps describe it best by saying that it is a fringe of rush, extending from side to side, over the door. Fastened to the centre of this fringed rope is an arrangement of several objects. The most conspicuous are a scarlet lobster and a species of the orange-like daidai—the former's curved body should hint at old age bent with the weight of years, the latter enacting a pun, as the word daidai also means 'generations'—thus intimating a wish for the family's posterity. These and one or two other things with various kinds of leaves, like those of the yusuri plant, which retains its old leaves while the young leaves are budding, and symbolizes the parents flourishing in the midst of children and grandchildren, and a fern-like plant which stands for conjugal life with its two leaves springing in pairs from the same stem—each and all have some peculiar signification.

"As I said, the streets seemed strangely deserted in spite of the life astir. To be sure, the bristling little shops were for the once closed, and the existence of so many shuttered fronts presented about as interesting an appearance as so many boxes of merchandise ready for shipment. Only here and there, at long intervals, a dingy blue or red sun-curtain fluttered, its white sprawling characters gayly spelling the name of some hospitable tea-house, or hid the half-opened front of a shop where squabbling boys crowded thickly to finger and select bedizened kites.

"Singing girls in bright colors, well-powdered and painted, with hair generously oiled, that caught large patches of blue from the clear sky overhead, flitted showily about, afoot or in jinrikisha, to pay their New Year's calls on

friend, acquaintance, or patron. Vieing in color with these butterflies of fashion, were chattering swarms of children decked in their gayest best, and brilliantly spotting the more sombre mass of holiday makers. On all sides little groups briskly shuffled along, the sterner sex always well in advance, calmly unconcerned about the meekly following and waddling femininity behind. All were intent on performing the ceremonious visits of the day, glimpses of which in various stages of progression met the eye everywhere. I watched them slipping in one after the other by the doors—little wooden gratings so small as to necessitate doubling themselves up in the effort to squeeze through. I watched them behind this latticed door which screens the entrance, and saw the profusion of bows exchanged collectively between the visitors and the inhabitants of the house. And it would always be some little time before it was possible to adjust nicely the various forms of etiquette, and express satisfactorily to themselves 'the compliments of the season.' Nor was it a slight matter till they could finally be prevailed upon to slip their clogs and allow themselves to be ushered over the cleanly mats to the guest-room, where, if I am to credit what I have heard, more interesting and prescribed forms of social ceremonies take place. For if politeness with us is a mere virtue, here it becomes a necessity as vital to welfare almost as breathing itself.

"The day was also responsible for an unusual and variegated display of 'tiles,' and incongruities in the Japanese male attire offended the eye on all sides. I remember how, suddenly and quite unprepared, I encountered an old boy in full dress, including a very prominent pair of uneasy cotton gloves, the two buttons of the coat thoughtfully buttoned. Grotesque as was the effect produced by the wrinkled and ill-fitting clothes, it was, however, the 'tile' that caused my nerves to tingle and threatened to wreck self-control. The hat was old-fashioned; the curves of its brim had, through the long repose on the shelf, settled into ungainly lines decidedly brow-beating in charac-

ter. It looked doggedly disreputable; brushed the wrong way, its glossy pride had succumbed to the persistent insults and had resigned in favor of the fuzzy tangle that now filled its place. For all that, there was about it such a reliant, perky air, such an air of superiority in holding itself aloof, as it were, from the meekly head it was entrusted to cover and protect, that I couldn't but be affected by the predicament I fancied it felt, and turned my head quickly to spare the old gentleman any humiliating thoughts such a weakness might have caused. As he placidly walked along, unprovocative of even passing curiosity, I couldn't help reflecting on what slight differences in points of view the sense of humor hinges. My imagination would somehow insist on placing him as he was on Broadway, and judging him from *that* and the probable effect.

"Did I say that all had ceased from work? Well, no! for in an open space where the sun shone warmly, sat the story-teller, who though glib of tongue and untiring in effort, failed to-day to hold the few that drifted near, or passing, stood for a moment only, to turn briskly away in cold indifference—the very ones who will again on the morrow gather for hours, patient slaves to thriftily handled words that bring the story to exciting climaxes, with as sudden a loss of interest on the part of the wily narrator, until a sufficient number of tempo and rin have jingled on the mat to encourage him to continue amid the general relief, that the 'heroine was safe once more from the villain that pursued her.' Too occupied were all with duties of the day; nor did the one solitary Ameya, sitting listlessly behind his gaudily bedecked stand, fare any better with the smaller fry, so absorbed were these in battle-dore and shuttlecock contests, or blindly oblivious to all else save the humming white squares of paper high amid air—kites—without which New Year would be as incomplete to them as Fourth of July without firecrackers at home."

The New Year celebration continued for the greater part of a week, and it

was only after the processions of the various guilds, corporations, and merchants with appropriate displays on heribbioned and decorated trucks, and the equally boisterously conducted "going out" fire-brigades* had concluded, that the fevered life subsided sufficiently to allow Tokyo to sink back again into its quiet and uneventful channels of every-day existence.

Spring followed closely on the lagging steps of an idly spent winter, and burst suddenly into dazzling beauty. The last days of March, "*Sakurazuki*," the month when cherry-blossoms are in bloom, had literally overwhelmed us with the glory and fragrance of their delicate pink magnificence.

Interesting as perhaps it might be to describe the exodus which almost depopulates Tokyo, so vast is the number that throng to Ueno, Shiba, Mukojima, and other suburbs, so great and genuine is the appreciation of flowers, that the visit to "*Sakuragari ni yuku*," or viewing of cherry-blossoms, becomes an event of national holiday making.

But I have already greatly overdrawn the space allotted me, and it necessitates a brief summing up of impressions gathered on a trip, in company with some good friends, to Nikko and Ikaou.

The outing, evolved spontaneously and with no definite place or time, was occasioned by my contemplated return to America. As the little note from the warm-hearted wife of the doctor tersely put it, it was to be a "*hurrah, boys*," rallying for a picnic that was to include in its arrangement, besides the elaborate details of a culinary department presided over by the cooks, an equally profuse collection of shawl-trapped easels, umbrellas, and stools,

and an obtrusive array of battle-scarred sketching outfits.

Just how and when we started, and what transpired on the way, and until we found ourselves safely installed in two houses vacated temporarily for us by the priests at Nikko, will have to be left unsaid, limited as I am to the merest outline of all that interests me here.

The village itself consists of a long straggling street starting from the railway station, which ends at the river, on the other side of which, screened from view by monumental trees, are the famous temples. Two bridges cross this turbulent stream; one, of red lacquer, closed and sacred to the use of only the Mikado's Court; the other, an humble every-day bridge, carries the road to the tombs. The magnificent mausoleums of the two illustrious Shoguns, Iyeyasu and Iemitsu, nestling in the cool heart of thickly verdured mountains, glisten forth from the surrounding sombreness in a way to dream about long afterward. Resplendent in gold and white and delicate color, they touch one with their refined beauty with a feeling akin to that 'catch-breathy' sensation on hearing fine music. In the absolute silence and isolation from all disturbing elements, the place thrilled with color, seemed to fill space with a rich melody; so blended were the tones in the volume and harmony of notes, pure, strong, and free, that echoed with splendor the sun's enchanting touch.

How Rico would revel in all this gorgeousness! None but he could render the charm of the prismatic tints, the glint of sun on gold and bronze, the play of light and shade on opalescent pillars and boldly carved doors and screens; none better than he to know how to concentrate the glowing brilliancy of sunlight on this wealth of painted woodwork, by deftly contrasting the black tiling of the heavy roof and the rich dark-green foliage of the trees beyond.

How a Fortuny would penetrate below the surface and fascinate by his keen analysis of the glamour! None but a genius with a subtile magic like his own, to lay bare the very heart, and

*There are fifty to sixty of these brigades, each numbering forty to sixty men. Primitive hand-pumps are in the vast majority, although there are a few and very inefficient fire engines of Western manufacture used. On the occasion of their annual display, which happens on the 3d and 4th of January, the men rally at their respective stations, and forming in procession, carry their new standards and insignia—"mattei"—large affairs, picturesquely constructed of heavy white paper, and dragging pumps, ladders, lanterns, etc., through the streets. At intervals they pause, and while some steady with their long fire-hooks the uplifted ladder, an agile member or two of the band nimbly mount and perform gymnastics at the top; this performance concluded they slide to the ground and the march is continued, all of them without intercession yelling joyously at the top of their voices. The various brigades make their way in this fashion to a large, open space in Ueno Park, where a final review is held.

make real and living that mysterious oriental spirit brooding about the spot.

The art of wood-carving must have reached the zenith, decorative art its freest expression, to accomplish this magnificent result; the finest temples in the whole land.

I refer especially to those of Iye-yasu, the founder of the Tokugawa regime, which are infinitely more refined in character and charm than those of his grandson Iemitsu, which in workmanship is of an excellence not much above that of the dingy Shiba temples where the remaining Shoguns of the Tokugawa dynasty lie buried.

Indeed, it is in the exquisite beauty of the sculptured, painted, and gilded woodwork that the extraordinary charm principally lies; had architecture kept equal pace, the result might have furnished the world with a monument of high worth. As it is, the embellishments preponder over constructive ability, and one sadly reflects here, more than anywhere else, how small in great, and how great in small, things the Japanese really are.

Humble little Ikao, on the other hand, with its "rag and tag" picturesqueness, was the extreme opposite of proud Nikko's* imposing and unapproachable aristocracy of magnificence; was so very appealing in its familiar, every-day worldliness, that we all fell in love with it at once. A lively enthusiasm that was demonstrated by the fervor with which sketching traps were unstrapped and easels and stools planted in its streets.

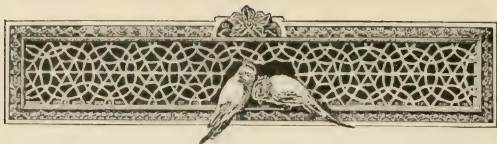
*Nikko means also "sunny splendor." Japanese proverb: Do not use the term beautiful (magnificent) until you have seen Nikko.

Built on the steep face of the mountain, Ikao goes climbing up by the aid of innumerable stone steps that form unique-looking streets, offering rare opportunities for the temperament in search of out-of-the-common aspects. In the ladder-like streets and the sky-raking quality of its storied houses, the town affords a decidedly novel contrast to other Japanese villages, where, as a whole, picturesqueness restricts itself so much to individual and isolated "bits."

Lying quite aside as it does from comfort-loving tourist traffic, its somewhat tedious inaccessibility has preserved in the inhabitants an old-time charm of manners and character unexpectedly new and pleasant, in the difference that marked the demoralizing intercourse in towns accustomed to foreigners.

Just how long we might have stayed it would be impossible to say, but at the end of the week a severe storm set in; the rainy season was at hand, with its weeks and weeks of gloom and rain in store. As it was, there came a four days' imprisonment at the chilly inn before communication with the lower world was opened, and although still raining, we took advantage of the comparative lull to make our escape. The roads had all been washed away or made impassable, and a tiresome enough ride, with kago and chair, it was that took our bedraggled little party by roundabout ways down to the railway at Idzutzu, six hours distance.

A month later I stood watching from the steamer's deck the land fade like a dream into the golden haze between the glowing sky and the evening waters below.



THE TROUBLE IN THE BRIC-A-BRAC MISSION.

By William Henry Bishop.



HE reasons why the Stanwick family were away from their abode, in the majestic Chimborazo Apartment House, that mild afternoon in early spring, were somewhat as follows: Mr. Stanwick was, of course, at his business in the Produce Exchange. Mrs. Stanwick had gone out with her second daughter, Grace, to pay a round of visits. The youngest daughter, Elizabeth, had gone to take a walk with her most intimate friend; they were pedestrianizing just at present, and their walk extended far up Madison Avenue. The son, Barnford, home for the holidays from his military school, the Pipeclay Cadets, had gone up to the Polo Ground to see a baseball match.

The eldest daughter, Victoria, had gone to confer with the Eugene Wickeryls concerning a painful occurrence that had happened to herself that morning. This was the only absence having really a momentous cause: in the painful occurrence referred to was bound up the fortune of an enterprise they in common had very much at heart.

Even the housemaid, Nora, had somehow got an afternoon off. There was no one left in the house but Johanna Keeley, the cook. Being left in sole charge, with special injunctions to fidelity, it might have been supposed that Johanna would have guarded her employer's interests with much attention. Instead of that, hardly was the coast clear when she herself sallied forth. Sarah, the girl in the opposite flat, was sweeping the hall.

"You'll kindly mind our bell while I'm out, won't you, Sarah, and give me any kyards that does be left?" she said.

"I wull," assented Sarah. "We hears your bell in our flat mostly every time it rings, the same as youz hear ours."

"It's a great favor you'll do me."

"It's no more than we ought, betune neighbors. Maybe I'll be askin' the same thing meself, one o' those days."

"Me young nevy, Johnny, 's come home, and I got but wan chance yet to go over and pass the time o' day with him," the cook explained, adjusting a stiff, dull-hued, imitation India shawl, and hitching forward a very brightly florid bonnet a little further over her brow.

"Aw, it's young Johnny's come home, is it? Where is he stoppin'?"

"Over at Doolan's big corner liquor-store, on the First Avenue. Wan o' them Doolans was first cousin to the Colligans. You heard tell o' the Colligans?"

"I disremember is it the Colligans or the Finnegans I heard tell of."

"They kep' a large coachyard in Lower Liffey Street, Dublin. But, howsomever, Johnny 'll be goin' back the Sunda', and I must send a message wid him up to the whole bang o' them at the farrum."

"What farm is it, Mrs. Keeley?"

"It's a farrum that belonged to me husband's father, off up in the New Jarsee. His brothers, Michael and Thomas, and the sisters, Ellen and Ann, are all living on it. They won't have the dayciney to layve it be sold or divided, and me, out at service, gittin' no part nor lot in it."

"Will you be long gone?" asked Sarah.

"I'll not let the grass grow under me feet," replied Johanna, taking this as a reminder of haste. "Doolan's place is two mile o' ground out o' this, but I'll be back in an hour's time or the matter o' that. I musht take the Belt Line across and the Second Avenya kyar after, and I'll spake to the condooctors that they'd go quick."

"Look out none o' the family sees you," said the other, in playful warning, as the cook was off.

"I will that. If it was another time, maybe I wouldn't vinture it; for that new benivolint society that Miss Victoria is goin' to so much—the Broky-Brick Mission, I thinks they calls it—is near Doolan's place, almost over for-ninst it, indade. But I know she was there mostly all the mornin', and she never goes to it but the wance a day."

The painful episode of the eldest daughter of the family had in truth occurred there or thereabouts. Miss Victoria Stanwick was a comely young person, round, slender, and remarkably well made, to which she added the care to be beautifully dressed, generally, in a rather severe distinguished taste. But, furthermore, she was a young woman of conscience, with a capacity for earnest enthusiasms. The corners of her charming mouth, which remained a very kissable one all the same, turned prevailingly downward with a serious air, instead of upward in the smile of the coquette. She spread no wiles for men except such as she could not help. At least such was her intention, and if she had departed from it a little in the case of Hamilton Gregg, it was very difficult, at all events, to distinguish between undue use of feminine charm and what was legitimate persuasion permitted in a praiseworthy cause.

She was at present plunged heart and soul in the establishment of a new branch of the Bric-a-brac Mission, in an uptown district of New York, under the lead of the Eugene Wickerlys. I fancy the Eugene Wickerlys will be remembered, that couple who, with considerable money and an uneasy activity in search of occupation, have set more

than one exceptional social enterprise on foot.

The object of the Bric-a-brac Mission was to place Doulton-ware pilgrim bottles, Capodimonte plates, majolica plaques, Limoges enamels, Flemish jugs, and in general artistic articles of highly correct and salutary form, in the homes of the benighted poor. Their ignorance on those subjects was something simply appalling. Victoria Stanwick would have liked to talk to you about it, as she had talked at one time to Hamilton Gregg. They did not pretend to give originals, of course, the present state of their funds would not permit of it; but all were properly studied after subtly elevating and refining models, of their best development respectively—the Middle Period, the Tertiary Period, or the Early Period, as the case might be. Now and then, however, in especially deserving cases, a real Dresden china cow or idol or shepherdess was given. An apostle spoon had been known to administer surprising pabulum to the aspiration for a higher life, and very heavy afflictions had been solaced and reposed by the support of a Chippendale fiddle-back chair.

Victoria Stanwick had brought over Hamilton Gregg as a convert to the Mission, in great form. He subscribed to everything, went often to the rooms, and gave as much time as he could spare from his employment in the bank to distributing the æsthetic seed that was to spring up in such incalculable civilizing of life and character. When the time came for the grand dramatic entertainment for the benefit of the Mission, he took the principal part in the comedy—it was discovered that he had a great talent in that line—and he was also made stage-manager. Yet more, he was confidently counted on to bring in the aid of the morose Scadwin and his string quartette. The thing was almost settled. With the special attraction of Scadwin's lovely quartette, which hardly ever played for anybody, added to all the rest, there would be an entertainment certain to be memorable in the annals of such affairs, and, above all, certain to fill up the coffers of the society.

All was going on beautifully, and the date of the great dramatic entertainment was but a week ahead, when suddenly, at the rooms of the Mission, Hamilton Gregg set forth the most shameless pretensions. These were nothing less than that Victoria should marry him, as a condition to his going ahead with any of the weighty features of the enterprise he had taken upon himself. She refused. You may see her painful embarrassment from here, but refuse she did, as she felt in duty bound.

"Oh, I am well repaid for my egregious folly! Oh, I suffer dearly for my senseless infatuation!" cried Hamilton Gregg, upon this, flying into a prodigious rage.

"You are not very complimentary. I do not see what price you have paid, nor to what you considered yourself entitled," she responded, proudly. "I took a warm interest in you—in having you see this matter, the Mission, in a way which would be an advantage to you as well as to others—that is all. But I do not want to marry you."

"You are utterly inconsistent," he exclaimed. "Does this accord with your confidential treatment of me? the many exceptional marks of favor you have shown me? Was I a person likely to make such a mistake?"

"Women do not have to be consistent," she said, in a curt way, for she was beginning to grow impatient under his wearisome persistency.

It cannot be said that the revelation had taken her entirely by surprise; she had dreaded something of the kind for quite a while, but only hoped that the evil day might be put off till after the eventful affair that was coming. But now that the crisis was fairly upon her and could not be escaped, when the sweet postponements and diplomatic delays of which she had availed herself were of no further use, there was a certain relief in the frank explanation. She had feared of late that her poor, perishable, human attractiveness had some share in leading him on to the things of the higher æsthetic life and to a philanthropic regeneration.

"Even if so," she argued mentally, "ought I not simply to be grateful to

have been found worthy to serve as a humble handmaid of Art? And should he feel any mere trifling temporal disappointment or uneasiness connected with the matter, ought I, having done him so great a service in the widening and ennobling of his nature, really to concern myself about it?"

She had even gone so far as to say that she would never marry any man who would not, the opportunity being open, join such a commendable work as the Bric-a-brac Mission. Gregg had joined it at once, and seemed to consider this as a sort of promise personal to himself.

In spite of her attempted self-justification, her conscience pricked her, and she was glad to tell him openly, before he had completed the services on which he now set such an exaggerated price, that she could by no means be his. At the same time she secretly hoped that he would not maintain any such preposterous exactions.

"You confound two questions in which I cannot see the least possible connection," she said to him. "What difference could my marrying you make as to your duty to benefit yourself and the world, by aiding the Bric-a-brac Mission?"

"What is the good of it, anyway?" he asked, irrelevantly. "If you want to help any of those people, why don't you give them a square meal or a suit of clothes, instead?"

"You don't believe in it? You doubt the inestimable value of the Bric-a-brac Mission?" she cried, shocked. "Have I got to go all over it again? How many times have I told you that there are too many soup-kitchens, 'refuges,' coal, and clothing supplies, and all that sort of thing? In these days we've got to find some kind of charity that doesn't cause more demoralization than good. The social classes don't owe to each other as much as used ignorantly to be thought. If you don't want to have flies, don't leave the things around that breed them. You haven't any right to discourage honest industry and increase indolence and improvidence by indiscriminate alms-giving. This is the latest scientific information. Now *we* have found something differ-

ent. Of course, I can't explain it all to you clearly. Mr. Eugene Wickerly, if you would only see him——"

"Am I the kind of a person to be contented with 'the latest scientific information,' with a cold æsthetic ideal, when you were always there before my eyes, lovely, radiant, enchanting? Look at me! I am wasting away to a shadow. You are never out of my mind, day or night. My friends don't know what to make of it; they think me half mad. Now, look here, only marry me and I'll do anything under the sun to please you, no matter what. We'll carry on bric-a-brac missions together. We'll send out electric lights and casts from the Parthenon to the natives of Timbuctoo, if you like, or subscriptions to the magazines to the Grand Lama of Thibet."

She was softened a little by the vigor of his compliments, but hardened again by the imprudence of this unregenerate scoffing.

"I am very sorry, but it can't be done," she said, demurely.

"Then let this wretched mockery cease. Here I stop short; here I stand firm. Understand it well: I will have nothing further to do with any of these matters that are going on. No more rehearsals, no more stage-managing for me. You must look out for somebody else to take my place. I wash my hands of the dramatic entertainment and the society in every way, shape, and form."

He had expected that this, his ultimatum, would be formidable, and it was. She was quite crushed by the blow.

"Oh, Hamilton! I mean, oh, Mr. Gregg!" she murmured, "this is dreadful, dreadful."

Perhaps there are dramatic entertainments that can spare the leading character from their comedy just at the last moment; perhaps there are others that can spare their stage manager; but to have them both swept away at one fell swoop, almost in the face of the audience—and that, too, with dread of more defections coming—how expect that such a calamity could ever be survived?

"And the Bric-a-brac Mission is so sadly in need of every new recruit, of

every grain of encouragement and influence," she added, piteously.

"The Bric-a-brac Mission be hanged!" he replied, with savage emphasis.

"But you will at least see that we have Scadwin? You are the only friend of his who can persuade him. You'll see that we have Scadwin's quartette, all the same, won't you?" she suggested, timidly.

He gave a sort of indignant snort. "Not if I know it. Not if I can help it," he said.

"Oh, this is dreadful, dreadful," she murmured anew.

"I shall return everything that belongs to you, and try to forget that you ever existed," he went on, with increasing fury. "I shall send back your letters——"

"You may keep them, if you like," she interposed, in mild parenthesis; "I am sure there is nothing in them," which was indeed truthful enough.

"I shall send back your photograph, which has blessed my eyes, like the shrine of the holiest altar. By the first mail, too, you will receive my rôle copied out from that wretched comedy. Give it now to some other poor dupe. Comedy, indeed? ha! ha! what tragedy could half express what I feel?"

Victoria could only bow her head under the storm. They parted in silence, but a few blocks away from the new branch rooms of the Mission.

Such was the interview. In the afternoon the agitated Victoria, hastening to the Wickerlys to see what could be done about staving off the disastrous consequences from the Mission, did not find the wise Mentor, Eugene, at home. She found only Mrs. Eugene. Yet this was perhaps better, for it was a delicate affair, about which she felt she could talk to Mrs. Wickerly alone with the greater freedom.

"An' how is young Johnny?" queried Sarah of Johanna, the cook, on the latter's return to the Chimborazo Flat.

"Bright and brishk. Was anny wan here for me since?"

Sarah handed out the cards of a couple of ladies who had called.

"Rayde me the names on them, Sarah, me jewel."

The other did so.

"That's a sort we don't have a great lot to do with, them two. They'll not show their faces in another six months or a year, and there'll be no betrayalment be them."

"You met with nothin' disquietin' to you when you were out, Mrs. Keeley?"

"Faix I had wan close call, that gev me a bit of a fright; howsomdever it didn't signify."

"What was it, Johanna?"

"I told you already how the rooms o' that Bricky-broke Mission was near Doolan's place over forninst. Doolan's custhomers do say that the singin' and discoursin' be that bad out o' the windys of it sometimes, that they'd be near callin' the police. Well, me dear, what wid bein' in such haste when I left Doolan's, sure I quite forgot to mind me eye about that place and go round the corner. I was passin' by it, when a young felly comes down the steps, wan that I did see here by times, callin' afther Miss Victoria. He had a long-lookin', solemn face on him, and a kind of a packet in his hand. 'You are the cook at Mистер Stanwick's, are you not?' says he. I was struck that spacheless that I cudn't say a word. 'Give this, wid me complemints, to Miss Victoria,' says he, handin' his packet out at me. I put me two hands behind me back, for you'll aisy see I cudn't take errands on a trip o' that kind. 'Well, you are a servant at Mистер Stanwick's, are you not?' says he again. 'I *am* not,' says I, very brazen, 'nor ever was.' Wid that he layves me alone, and I goes off, thrustin' me tongue in me cheek, at the moony, wandtherin' shtyle of him. Me on'y chance was to deny it."

"I was near forgettin' that the post-man was here too, with a letter," said Sarah, as the stout cook, with bonnet-strings already loosened, was entering at her own door.

"A letther? and where is it?"

"He wouldn't leave it to me. It was one o' them registered letters, that has to get a recayte signed for it in a book. He rung yeer bell twicet and was grumblin' and growlin' that there was no one to answer him."

"O—a, my! a letther! that's bad; may

be they'd hear o' that. Why didn't you get it off him, Sarah dear?"

"Sure I coaxed him hard to give it to me. I know he'll bring it back. 'I wouldn't give it to you if you was twenty times as mealy-mouthed,' he says. 'Only them 'll get it as it belongs to,' and then off with him down the stairs—with the polite manners some of them postmen do have."

"Who does them registhered letthers mostly be for, Sarah?"

"For the masther. They has money and things o' great valya intirely in them."

When the Stanwick family returned Johanna made her report. The cards were treated with small consideration, as she had foreseen.

"How was Miss Crawbill dressed?" demanded the second daughter, Grace, disdainfully.

"She—she had a kind av a lighty dark shuit on her, wid a shtreaky stripey look," answered Johanna, hesitating a little at first, but then going ahead without a wink.

"Was there anything else?"

"There was a letther," Johanna confessed, for she was alarmed about this. She fancied there was danger of losing it, and that it might be necessary to go in search of it.

"And where is it?"

"It was one of them registhered letthers that does have money and things o' great valya in them, and he wouldn't layve it to me."

"How annoying!" was the general exclamation.

"The worst of it is," added buxom Mrs. Stanwick, "that when they take a letter away like that, they are not always in a great hurry to bring it back again. It may not come by this evening's delivery, and perhaps not even by the first one in the morning. Couldn't you have managed to get it from him, Johanna?"

"I shtruggled hard wid him. 'You know me character,' I says. 'I cud give you rufferincis to the highest in the land,' I says to him. He shwore he'd giv it to none but them it was comin' to, afther they'd sign for it in a lyer's book. 'Do you think I'd shtear

it?" I asks him. "That's nayther here nor there; ye'll not have it," says he."

"Oh, Johanna," said young Elizabeth, casually, "I thought I saw you in a Belt Line car, on Fifty-ninth Street, as we were going up Madison Avenue. Were you out? I fancied I should know that bonnet of yours anywhere. It ought to be looked at through smoked glass, though."

"Is it me?" her ruddy cheek taking a flush several degrees deeper, "wid all I had to do in me kitchen?" Then, in greater indignation, "the wan that made me that bonnet has made the same pattern since for the half o' New York. I'll give her a piece o' me mind yet."

"Never mind Lizzie; she likes to tease," said the mother of the household. "But whom was the letter for? The postman at least told you that."

"He did," responded Johanna. She was spurred on by the dangerous touch of suspicion she had just escaped, to give her position all the veri-similitude possible. She embroidered her narrative with details that in a less flustered mood she herself might have seen to be needless. "'For the mather, and it's of great valya entirely,' he says, 'and I got me ordthers to howld it fasht till I see him.' And what's more, didn't I see the name av Stanwick—Hirum B. Stanwick, Exsquare—in the big writin' on the envelliope, forninst me eyes?"

"Do you know I sometimes think you don't read writing very well, Johanna," said Victoria, regarding her gravely.

"O—a, then, do you mind that, now?" raising her arms in a protesting way. "Isn't it me that does be givin' yez yeer letthers, every wan the right letther that's comin' to him, whin Nora's out and it's me turn to open the doore?"

It is true that she did this, but the times when it was demanded were very rare, and the *tour de force* was performed by the aid of the postman. She made it a point of pride to get the letters placed in her hand by him, for delivery, in a certain order, not likely to be easily disarranged. In other ways, too, she took infinite pains to keep up the illusion, though this ambition had never induced her to make

the effort to learn a single character, either of script or print.

The idea of the mysterious registered letter began to ferment in the imaginations of all, and to give rise to a great variety of speculations.

"You don't expect any money letters or anything of that kind here, do you, papa?" asked Grace. "They would go to your office. Much more likely to be the present Uncle Jordan was going to send me, about Easter-time, for a new dress." Without stopping for an answer, she hurried to a rich-red cherry-wood desk, took out a piece of correspondence, came back, and showed it to Johanna as a specimen. "There, wasn't the handwriting something this way? Don't you think it was the same as this?" she asked.

"It was pretty much that-a-way; sure it's very like," returned Johanna, with an amiable wish to please.

"But she says the man said it was for papa," objected Victoria.

"He might have sent it in papa's name."

"It may be Flamson that's paid up at last," suggested Mr. Stanwick to his wife. "It would be like him to send it to the house instead of the office, to make more of an impression on the family."

A considerable loan had been made to Flamson on the score of personal friendship. There was really little prospect of getting it back, but Flamson was a very plausible person, and he had been promising anew of late.

"If Flamson *should* pay up, we'll have the house at Rye," said Mrs. Stanwick. "I have thought, too," meditatively, "it may be the interest on my toll-bridge stock, sent in a little earlier than usual."

"I think it's the belated dues from our Winter Night German, that are coming in to me as treasurer," put in Elizabeth, vivaciously. "There were three that Belle Mason promised to get for me before she went to Albany, and I guess she'll forward them from there. Wasn't it post-marked Albany, Johanna? and wasn't the writing all sloped this way"—drawing an imaginary copy in the air—"with a tremendous thick splash crossing all the t's?"

She writes an awfully large, bold hand, Belle does."

"Troth, I wouldn't wonder if it was. I belayve it was quite resimblin' to that," assented the domestic, raising her hand to her cheek in a dazed way.

"Let Johanna go back to her kitchen; we shall never have dinner to-night," interposed Mrs. Stanwick at this point, with authority.

Barnford, the school-boy son, drew his sister Elizabeth aside into the hall at the first opportunity, and said to her: "They're not onto it at all, Liz. I can give you the true inwardness of this thing in two minutes."

"You can?"

"It's like this. That letter is a report from old Grimson, the principal, about my conduct up at the Pipe-Clay Cadets, last term. I've been waiting for it. Things weren't altogether lovely up there. I just give you the tip, you know. They probably send the letters registered so as to keep 'em from falling into the fellows' hands."

"Bad boy! aren't you ashamed to tell me this?"

"Of course I am, but that isn't the proposition just now. What you and I have got to do, Liz, is to keep on the *qui vive* for that same letter when it comes back. We'll plunge out into the hall first, freeze onto it, one or the other of us, take it to the grate or a window, to notice who it's for, see? and then all of a sudden some accident will happen to it."

"Horrid boy!"

"I'll do as much for you some time, Liz."

Miss Victoria presently followed Johanna even to her kitchen, and addressed her in her sincere, earnest way.

"Tell me truthfully," said she, "are you sure it was not a package of about this general size and form?" exhibiting a roll which was about what the copied dramatic part of Hamilton Gregg would have looked like, if sent by mail. "And wasn't there more than one package, Johanna? Wasn't there one that resembled a tied-up bundle of letters? and then another, perhaps, that might have been a photograph — imperial size?"

"It's you, then, that's in the right

of it, Miss Victorya, darlin'," cried the cook, beaming with benevolent brightness, and so anxious to stand well with all the world that she had quite forgotten her previous protestations. "Them was the very self-same, and they all covered over criss-cross wid big red sayles and poshty-stamps."

"Then what did you mean by saying the letter-carrier said it was for papa? How could it have been for papa?"

"That's what I axes meself too, Miss Victorya," responded the kitchen dame, flustered, yet not very much, at being brought up with this round turn.

It was evident that nothing conclusive could be got out of Johanna. The only thing certain was that there was a registered letter for *some* member of the family, and there was nothing to be done for it but to wait patiently till the postman should make his reappearance. Miss Victoria, and even varieties of the others, slept much less than common that night. In the long intervening watches each personage saw the probabilities in his own case with a more favorable eye, and strengthened himself in his theory. Mrs. Stanwick took time by the forelock, and wrote already to get further particulars about the house at Rye, to be bought with Flamson's money. Miss Grace took down some samples from which she should select her new dress with Uncle Jordan's remittance. Barnford and Elizabeth practised the drill they meant to use in their confiscation project. Miss Victoria, starting out immediately after dinner, spent a large part of the evening in driving round, to find another stage-manager and leading character for a comedy. She returned late, in darkly-deepening despair, success was all but impossible. And then, too, Scadwin's Quartette?

As a matter of course, because he was so eagerly expected, the postman had to be very much later than usual next morning. Mr. Stanwick delayed his going down town to receive him. While they were all waiting, there was a sharp nervous ring. A false alarm. It was Hamilton Gregg, exceedingly early, to be sure, for a visit. He caught sight of Victoria.

"I wanted to catch you before you

went out," he gasped, "I have not come to demand again. I——"

She drew him into a little reception-room, at the left of the hall. His expression was to her most enigmatic. If he had sent back the rôle and other papers, as he had threatened, then this preamble and his severe look probably meant further reproaches, perhaps even menaces, an aggravated form of the painful scene. If he had not sent them back, perhaps he had relented. If she could only know, she should know how to take him.

He had got only so far as just to open his mouth, as one might say, without a word having yet issued from it, when the veritable postman's ring, accompanied by a shrill whistle, was heard. The door was thrown wide by Barnford, on the watch, and incredibly outstripping the speed of Nora. It proved to be not the regular man, but a carrier for special service.

But the clasp of his satchel provokingly stuck fast, and he could not get his letters out immediately. The persons waiting with attentive ear in the several rooms had time to grow impatient and sally forth. The whole family gathered round. Victoria watched from the sill of the reception-room, and Hamilton Gregg looked out from behind her. Nora hurried to the region of the kitchen for the chisel or other instrument, but came back without it. Johanna Keeley followed immediately after, wiping her arms upon her apron, and produced the chisel. She was retiring along the hall again, as lingeringly as possible, to give her curiosity some chance of gratification, when the postman, bursting open his satchel, roared in a stentorian voice, to make up for lost time.

"Mrs. Johanna Keeley!"

"What's wanted?" asked that personage, turning around.

He was waving a letter in the air.

"Registered letter, Mrs. Johanna Keeley! Anyone answer to that name? Quick now, lady, if it's you!"

"Is it for me? Go away wid you, or I'll hit you wid wan o' them umbrells," reaching vaguely toward the hat rack.

"Mrs. Johanna Keeley, that's plain

enough, ain't it? Sign here, please," imperturbably.

Young Barnford, in a high state of glee at his own escape, was the first to grasp the situation. Hurrying forward, he signed the book for her.

Johanna looked at first as if she were going down under a stroke of apoplexy. "Here's some mistake," she said, recovering herself with a portentous gravity. "Take it you, Sor. Howly powers, but it's makin' game o' me he is."

She handed it to Mr. Stanwick, who ran his eye hastily over it, reading aloud certain salient words. "It's from a lawyer. Deceased husband's estate. Brothers Michael and Thomas, and sisters Ellen and Ann. Take notice, et cetera, et cetera. A sale is ordered of some piece of property. It's for you, yourself, Johanna. Now, what the devil has been the meaning of all this nonsense?"

"And you *haven't* sent your part back, then?" said Victoria Stanwick, turning upon Hamilton Gregg with a highly assured manner and a welcome sense of relief. She knew now how to deal with him.

"Sent it back? not a bit of it. I was going to, you know; it nearly gives me a cold chill to think of it. No, no, I spoke in haste. I've come back to ask for pardon. Try me again. I only want——"

"They'll layve the farrum be sold! They'll layve the farrum over out in the New Jarsee be sold and divided! Now the blissin' o' the saints be on all them this day!" they heard Johanna exclaim, in momentary forgetfulness of her embarrassing position.

"Listen to me, I say, Johanna!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanwick, with indignantly swelling breast; "why did you invent all these imaginary conversations, this vast tissue of lies? And you," recapturing the letter-carrier with her gesture through a crack in the door, just as it was closing behind him, "a complaint ought to be lodged against you at the Post-office. What reason had you for not giving her her letter yesterday, when you were here, instead of coming back to create all this disturbance?"

"Complaint against me, mum! No, I

guess not. I couldn't very well give it to her when there wasn't nobody in the house. I rang your bell-pull most off. Ask the gal over the way, if you don't believe me."

"You were out of the house, Johanna," exclaimed Elizabeth, coming and standing before her vivaciously, with youthful, accusing eyes. "Then I *did* see you in the Fifty-ninth Street car? I was sure of it."

The accused thought it the best policy to resist identification. She denied strenuously up and down.

"You'll remember meeting me, though," said Mr. Gregg, "over First Avenue way." He had stepped out into the scene of excitement with the rest. "I handed you a manuscript to bring, you recollect, and you didn't seem to be exactly on your way home just then."

Upon this Johanna finally collapsed, unable to hold out against such an overwhelming weight of testimony.

"You're that same long-lookin', glumpy-lookin' man," she muttered, sullenly; "well, Miss Victorya won't get much good wid *you*."

"Yes, I was on the very point of it, but thought better of it then and there," said Gregg, drawing back to Victoria's side to help cover her confusion. "I thought what a brute I'd been, and fully realized the enormity of what I was going to lose."

"And you still think better of it? You are going to be reasonable?"

"I've separated the two questions completely. Just you turn me to some

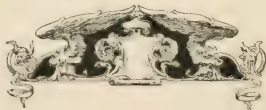
use, that's all I ask. I'd rather have the little finger, as it were, of your friendship than the whole of any other woman's love."

Victoria found this rather neatly put. Since he no longer insisted upon anything, she was much more inclined to an amiable yielding. And in truth, in her conference with Mrs. Eugene Wickerly, that lady had thought that it might not be such a bad thing, if the worst came to the worst, to save the dramatic entertainment on Hamilton Gregg's own terms. She had shown him to be an excellent match, and had said a quantity of very nice things about him.

"Me nevy, young Johnny, over at Doolan's, and me not go and see him?" grumbled Johanna aloud, as she went back to her kitchen. "I suppose yeez 'ud have me neglect me own flesh and blood. That's the char'ty yeez have."

Luncheon that day was not a distinguished success, and dinner was a total wreck. Turkey legs came up sticking out from the midst of the blue-fish. Next morning Johanna left this excellent place in ignominy, somewhat consoled, however, no doubt, by her share of the inheritance in the New Jersey farm.

And, speaking of financial matters, the receipts from the dramatic entertainment for the Bric-a-brac Mission, with the kind assistance of Scadwin's Quartette, were nearly enough to put a Macramé lace lambrequin in every East Side tenement-house from Kip's Bay to the Harlem Flats.



EGOTISM.

By E. S. Martin.

WITHOUT him still this whirling earth
Might spin its course around the sun,
And death still dog the heels of birth,
And life be lived, and duty done.

Without him let the rapt earth dree
What doom its twin rotations earn ;
Whither or whence, are naught to me,
Save as his being they concern.

Comets may crash, or inner fire
Burn out and leave an arid crust,
Or earth may lose Cohesion's tire,
And melt to planetary dust.

It's naught to me if he's not here,
I'll not lament, nor even sigh ;
I shall not feel the jar, nor fear,
For I am he, and he is I.



The Crow Army—Advance Guard, Column, and Rear.

THE BIRDS THAT WE SEE.

By Ernest E. Thompson.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

ON a bright morning in the month of May two friends went walking in the diversified region that forms the outer suburbs of one of our great Eastern cities. One was a trained naturalist, the other was not, and, in consequence of a trifling discussion, it was agreed to note carefully, during the rest of the morning, whatever birds each

might observe, with a view to comparison at the end of their walk.

The naturalist saw over sixty different kinds, the other saw but seven. One saw something new at each fresh turn of the path, the other found but little of interest and nothing to keep his thoughts from wandering back to the usual daily worries that he had sal-

lied forth expressly to escape. I think it is Ruskin who says, "Ten men can think for one that can speak, and ten men can speak for one that can see." Children have in perfection this wonderful power of seeing, and it is only by continued neglect and suppression, that, as we grow older, we succeed in depriving ourselves of this precious gift. Afterward, the power is regained only by hard study and continued practice, and the artist who sees colors, and the naturalist who sees living objects, have merely succeeded in recovering the perceptive powers of their childhood, with the addition of names for the things seen. They have succeeded also, in conferring on themselves one of the greatest and most elevating of pleasures, something whose delights, and even existence, are unknown to the class represented by that worn-out Roman debauchee who vainly offered a fortune for a new sensation.

The seven birds seen by the "blind man," shall I call him? were, the common black crow, the lawn-frequenting robin, the ubiquitous English sparrow, some swallows flitting about the barns, a woodpecker on an old apple tree, a singing thrush, and a hawk sailing high above the elms. But since each of the last four names represents several different birds, our untrained observer cannot claim to have definitely seen more than three. This, compared with sixty odd, is a poor showing, but these figures fairly represent the two extremes of the power to observe; and though a long training was necessary to perfect the equipment of our naturalist, it will be found that almost anyone may quickly acquire the skill to see and know at least twenty or twenty-five of the common birds that were observed that morning. Let us also go over the ground, trusting that if our observations do not quite allow us to claim sixty birds, we shall at least get beyond the seven of the inferior observer.

The common crow is a bird that few can mistake. Its great size, black color, and loud voice claim attention everywhere, while its high intelligence, and the almost military organization of its tribe, show a brain development unsurpassed in any of our birds.

The mere fact that so conspicuous a bird continues to dwell and multiply throughout our highly cultivated country, in spite of guns, traps, poisons, and unrelenting, relentless persecution, is the highest possible proof of its fitness for the great struggle. The crow was originally a woodland bird, but has suited itself readily to the mixed country that Eastern America now affords, and is probably as numerous as ever.

In primitive days, when all Eastern America was a great forest, and all the central region a great plain, the distribution of birds was somewhat different from what it is now. For we know that the artificial destruction of forest, and extension of the open country toward the Atlantic, have resulted in the eastward spread of many prairie birds, such as the shorelark and the bobolink, and a corresponding retreat of such purely forest birds as the pileated and ivory-billed woodpeckers. But there are several which, like the crow, were originally forest birds, and yet have not in any sense retreated from their changed, ancestral domain, but are found to this day in every part of their former haunts which still retain a portion of their woodland shelter.

One of these, the blue jay, escaped altogether the observation of the "blind man," yet was quite as interesting to the naturalist as the semi-civilized and highly intelligent crow. He heard it that morning, long before seeing it; the loud cry of "*jay, jay,*" announced its name to all the world, before the bright blue flash across the opening in the grove, showed just where this cousin of the crow was foraging.

In the days of the early pioneers the cries of the jay received more than passing notice, for they gave the hunters a general idea of what was astir in the woods, and whether it was owl, fox, lynx, or prowling Indian he could not escape the watchful blue jay, which failed not to publish the news for him that had ears to hear. Of course, it was not easy to tell from the jay's cry, precisely what foe had alarmed him, but the skilful hunter could often do so, and he learned, at least, to be on the alert whenever he heard the blue jay's warning.



Blue Jay.

Very often it helped him in the pursuit of game, occasionally it did him essential service, though, perhaps, as often, he found himself betrayed by this ever busy marplot.

The ordinary note of the blue jay is the "*jay, jay*," above described, but this sound is used in so many different ways and with such a variety of intonations that it answers for a score of expressions. When calling to his mate he utters a sort of song, suggesting the words "*sirrootel, sirrootel*." It is a soft,



musical refrain, and seems not to come from the same throat as the louder "*jay, jay*."

But his talent for mimicry is so great that it is impossible to catalogue all his notes, original and adopted. On one occasion, I had climbed to a blue jay's nest, without once seeing the owner. I did not hear even the usual harsh threatening, but I did hear, over my head, the loud screaming of the red-tailed hawk, and became aware that immediately over the tree, the screamer was sailing to and fro. At length, a nearer approach and a better view enabled me to discover that this screaming redtail was none other than the blue

jay himself, trying to frighten me from his nest, by simulating the voice and action of a bird that he himself held in mortal dread.

In each of these instances the first sign of the bird's presence was its note, and in most cases it will be found that the ear, rather than the eye, was the guide of our naturalist. Before entering the low woods whence the blue jay came, there fell upon his ready ear a low, simple song like "*cheedle, cheedle, chickadee, dee, dee, dee*," and again a little bird appeared, announcing his own name. Out of the evergreen covert he darted, chasing his merry companions or flitting about among the low thickets and scrambling along the branches, heels up, or head up, with equal indifference. This is the bright, pert, little chickadee, the commonest of the tomtits that live in the colder parts of the great forest, and the one of all others, that, *via* the nursery rhyme, is forcing his way upward into our serious literature.

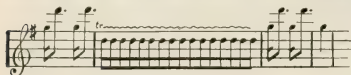
"*Chickadee dee, chickadee dee*," he sings again and again, as he clammers about close at hand, with a confidence that has won for him the friendship of the children everywhere. Not a boy in the rustic homes about but knows this merry note of the black-capped bird, yet scarcely one suspects that the



The Chickadee and his Song

same bird is also the author of the sweet little refrain which we hear in the spring-time whenever some ambitious chickadee would fain prove himself a very nightingale to the one that he loves best.

The pathway we have, in imagination, followed with the naturalist leads into



Song Sparrow's Song.

the little woods, and turning about among hillocks and trees, begins unmistakably to dip downward. In the Eastern States the woods are usually left standing along hillsides, ravines, brooksides, and other places too uneven for cultivation, and soon we come to the little stream that had spoilt this place in the ploughman's eyes, and saved this little shelter-nook of second growth timber.

A pair of song sparrows is usually found for every hundred yards of such running streams, rarely, indeed, is the stream without its song sparrow, and rarely is the bird seen away from its beloved stream. He, above all others, is the brook bird; he *can* live contentedly by a little pond, and has even been found frequenting a low, damp thicket; but it is down by the running, flashing water, that he finds his ideal home, and here, on some low twig over the stream, he chants that sweet song which, in Quebec, has won for him, the name of *Rossignol*.

In general appearance he is much like his near relatives, but a single chirp from his melodious throat, suffices to identify him a hundred yards away.

The birds appear to have made a tacit division of the whole country, and while the song sparrow claims and inhabits exclusively the thickets at the water's edge, the drier and more open underwoods farther back have fallen to the lot of the *chewink*. Up he flies from among the brown leaves, where he had been bustling about as noisily as a barn fowl, and as he darts into some sheltering thicket he utters his

loud "*Towhee*," a note so characteristic that it has become one of his names. His other name, "*Chewink*," is the opening bar of the spring song that he warbles for hours together from the upper branches of some low shrub. It is remarkable that he has no common name, suggested by his color; for his jet black

head and upper parts, relieved by white spots on wing and tail, are always conspicuous, and when a chance view at close quarters is obtained, his chestnut flanks, and pure white

breast, are found equally worthy of notice in the forming of a name. His chant has been recorded by Wilson Flagg as shown on p. 763.

But, hark to that loud, harsh, rattling cry! and see flying over the creek the large bluish bird that utters it. See, he suddenly arrests his flight, and, poising an instant in the air, darts downward into the water, to rise again with a glittering object—a fish—in his bill. It is scarcely necessary to say



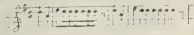
Song Sparrow

that this is the familiar kingfisher, the ancient proprietor of the fry-swarming rivers, and the pirate of the modern fish-ponds. See the silver wampum necklace that Manabozho conferred on him, at the beginning, as the token of

they are nearly akin, and in this resemblance may lie the explanation of a sad tragedy that has several times happened. In each case the circumstantial evidence was the same. The weather-beaten remains of a goldfinch were found tightly held in the clutches of a bur-cluster, and it was



Chewink and his Song.



his seigniory, and hark again to his loud rattle as he wings his arrowy way back to the great river where he is at home, back toward the long burrow in the steep clay bank where dwells his brood, and away out of sight in the distance.

Leaving the thickets and crossing the "no man's land" of rank burdocks and thistles, the goldfinch or wild canary is seen, perched on a thistle-top, or bounding off through the air, uttering a twitter at each undulation of his flight. He will be known by his small size and rich yellow plumage with black crown, wings, and tail. "Thistle bird" [p. 764] is another name that he bears, on account of his fondness for thistle-seeds as food, and thistle-down for the lining of his nest; indeed, it is said that the reason he nests quite late in the summer, instead of in the spring, is that the thistle-tops may have time to ripen and provide him with the down that he prefers for the completion of his dainty little home.

We have just seen the burdock and the thistle growing together as they often do. Their flowers are much alike, for

clear that the poor bird had been seeking for food when he made the mistake that allowed a myriad bur-hooks to entangle themselves in his feathers and hold him, till he died of hunger and weakness.

On following the pathway from the stream, and over the bare pasture-land, or the roadway over the hills, one is sure to see, ere long, a little streaky brown sparrow that runs, mouse-like, along the path, keeping ahead of the traveller by making short flights of but a few yards whenever it finds itself too closely approached.

Each time it flits, it exposes the pure white of the outer tail-feathers, and this mark, with the foregoing descrip-



Kingfisher

tion, is enough to identify, as the vesper sparrow, the little bird that imagines he is leading the stranger over the hill.



Wild Canary or Thistle Bird—Male and Female

discovered in search of plunder. He was the first to see the great red-tailed hawk that, with hungry eyes came sailing over the trees; he gave the alarm, but took good care to keep himself well under cover, leaving the battle to another bird smaller than himself. But this smaller bird never hesitates: out of his home in the orchard, straight toward the pirate he soars, loudly twittering his war-cry, and displaying the warrior plume of flame-colored feather in his head, upward, till high above both trees and hawk, he mounts, then swoops down on him in fierce anger, darting about, swooping and fluttering, striking downward between the great pinions of the hawk, till the latter is so tormented, mentally, rather than bodily, that he hurries away from the neighborhood, and the victo-

He is much like his cousin, the song sparrow, but is readily distinguishable by the above characteristics. His name was given him on account of his habit of singing chiefly in the evening after sundown.

There seems an active competition among the birds to bring themselves and their music prominently before the public. One or two, as the robin and shorelark, gain their point by singing earlier than the others; one or two, like the vireo and the indigo bird, by singing in the heat of the day, when other birds are silent; and one or two achieve it by their power, brilliancy, or indefatigability; while our little vesper sparrow is said to have had the same end in view when he made his soft sweet carol the vesper-song of the uplands.

But there, again, is the blue jay's alarm note: he is a thief himself, and yet his righteous indignation is unequalled when another thief is



Vesper Sparrow and Nest

rious kingbird, having pursued him a quarter of a mile or more, leaves him and returns to his own nest, and, perhaps, barely in time to save it from the shameless blue jay, who was himself the first to cry, "Stop thief!"

Every farmer knows the kingbird, or bee-martin. In color he is dark slate above, becoming black on the tail and head; a band across the tip of his tail

the breaking up of the great woods these edge lands have been enormously extended, and there has been a corresponding increase in their characteristic feathered tribes. Among these are the common jenny wren, known at once by his diminutive size and short tail carried at right angles to his back [p. 766]; the gorgeous orange and black oriole; the plain, dull-colored peewee or phæbe,



The Kingbird Going to Meet the Hawk.

and all below is pure white. But his crest—the flame-colored badge—is lost, hidden beneath the other feathers, when he returns from his foray; it is visible only when erect, as in the excitement of combat, or when pirouetting in the air to win the admiration of his queen.

We are among the orchard-birds now, and are struck at once by their great number, variety, and tameness. The changes made by the progress of settlement in America resulted, as we have seen, in the Eastward extension of prairie lands with their characteristic birds; caused also a great multiplication of what may be called woodland edges or half-wooded country. Wherever there was a break in the ancient forest, its edges were tenanted by their own peculiar species of birds, and in

sitting on the house-gable or on a dead branch, moving his tail up and down, catching insects, or reiterating his own name, "*phæbe, phæbe*;" the happy little chipping sparrow [p. 766], a dull little bird, with a bright little nest and eggs, known at once by its being a very small sparrow, having a black bill, a chestnut cap, and no streaks on its breast; the yellow warbler, known also as the willow-wren, a slender little creature, entirely yellow; and several kinds of swallows.

But the Baltimore oriole [p. 767] deserves a longer notice; he is a prince in a house of princes. The family to which he belongs is composed of birds remarkable either for plumage, note, nest, eggs, or habit. Each can claim something curious and original; but the Baltimore shines in everyone of these particulars, for in

plumage, song, and nest alike, he is an especially remarkable bird. When the Earl of Baltimore became the lord of Maryland, his followers quickly noticed the correspondence between his heraldic livery of orange and black and the orange and black of the splendid bird that so abounded in the new estates, so that, very naturally, the name "Baltimore bird" was suggested, and has been borne ever since.

His nest is one of the most wonderful examples of bird-weaving in existence. It is made of separate threads, strings, horsehair, or strips of bark, closely interwoven into a sort of sack, and so firmly knit together that it will bear a weight of twenty or thirty pounds. In the Southern parts of this bird's range, the nest is suspended from two or three terminal twigs for protection from numerous enemies, such as snakes, opossums, and the like; it is also made six or seven inches in depth to prevent the eggs being thrown out by the high winds. But in the colder North, where tree-climbing foes are rare, it is hung, not at the extremities of the branches, but in a cluster of twigs that affords shelter. It is much shallower than when exposed to the wind, but is very thickly woven, and lined with soft, warm materials. The oriole's loud, fife-like notes ringing from the high tree-tops in the morning are an ample refu-

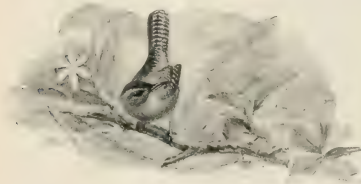


Chipping Sparrow.

tation of the old theory that melody and bright plumage have never been bestowed on the same bird.

In the same family with the wonderful Baltimore is the cowbird [p. 768], a species that affords a complete contrast to the famed oriole in almost every respect. The cowbird is abundant everywhere in the Eastern States. It is doubtless one of those that have increased with deforesting, for it is a bird of the meadows and plains. Its name is derived from its habit of frequenting cow-pastures, where it may be seen following the grazing kine to feed on the flies which swarm about them. In color the males are glossy black with brown heads, the females dull, brownish gray; in size it is similar to the oriole, that is, about eight inches in length. But the most interesting part of its history is its breeding habit.

The cowbird, like the European cuckoo, never pairs, builds a nest, or hatches its own young. The flocks that frequent cow-pastures are composed of males and females that consort together promiscuously, and the female, when the time comes, leaves her companions and sets out alone to find the nest of some small



Common Wren.

bird in which she lays the egg, and then leaves it entirely to the care of the unwilling, and often unwitting, foster-parents. As a rule this means the destruction of the bird's own brood, for the young cowbird, being hatched sooner than the true offspring, monopolizes

two of our common orchard-birds that have discovered methods of outwitting this immoral and lawless vagabond. The catbird [p. 768], one of these, may, generally, be found in the dark hedge or thicket at the bottom of the orchard. That scolding, whistling, chirping sere-



Pair of Baltimore Orioles—Nest and Song.

all attentions, and the other young, if hatched at all, die of unavoidable neglect.

Nearly all small birds that make an open nest near the ground are habitually imposed on by the cowbird, and whether or not they detect the fraud, they generally carry out faithfully the unsought task. But there are, at least,

nade, intermixed with peculiar, kitten-like mewings, is the song of the bird we are seeking, and is also the obvious explanation of the bird's name. In appearance the catbird is of a dull slaty color, with a black cap and tail, and just under the base of the tail a chestnut patch. Its beak and form are slender, and its size about that of a robin,

that is, nine inches in length. Its nest is usually built of dark rootlets; thus we have a dark bird building, in a gloomy thicket, a black nest, to contain the brightest blue-green eggs that ever were laid. Their exquisite pale peacock color is without equal among the eggs of our Eastern birds; and, in this, without doubt, lies partly the reason why the catbird is not to be imposed on by the cowbird. The egg of the latter is freckled with pale brownish spots, and contrasts strongly with the eggs of the former bird, so that the intruder is at once recognized, and the catbird, whose maternal instincts are of a high order, summarily ejects the embryo vagabond, and complacently proceeds with her own duties.

Not so, however, that animated flake of gold, the yellow warbler, or, as he is called in many localities, "willow-wren." He is a slender little bird, about five inches long; that is, an inch shorter than an English sparrow and much slimmer than that sturdy little invader. At first sight he seems to be all of a golden-yellow color, but a closer inspection, which he readily allows, shows that his back is tinged with olive and his breast streaked with chestnut. This gay little creature usually leads a merry life among the ornamental shrubs

his mate and his nest, until, on an evil day, his new-made home is discovered by the prying eye of that ogre, the cowbird, who quickly shifts, from herself



Catbird

to the warbler, the responsibility of her next offspring. The woe of the warblers on discovering the foundling egg is exceedingly touching. They are not duped any more than are the catbirds, they know quite well what it means; but not having the strength to eject the intruding egg, they usually resign themselves to their lot and attempt to rear the stranger with their own family, for with these birds to desert their nest is out of the question. But it not unfrequently happens that the hasty cowbird deposits her egg before the warbler has begun to lay, and then the bright little builders, on recovering from the first disagreeable shock of surprise, have avoided the apparent alternatives of deserting their nest or rearing the stranger, by building a new story to the nest, thereby relegating the intrusive egg to decay in the cellar. One instance is on record where



Cowbird.

of the lawn, and fearlessly builds his dainty cradle of down close to the window, and flits merrily through the lilacs, or sings his simple warble again and again, and seems absolutely happy with

this occurred twice in the same nest, so that it was one of three stories; in each of the lower ones a cowbird's egg was being addled, and in the topmost the true brood of the quick-witted warblers was successfully hatched and reared.

The cowbird and the oriole belong to the Icteride, a family of birds which, though not large in our region, shows among its members a remarkable diversity of character and plumage. In it also are the meadow lark, the bobolink, the grackle, and the redwing; birds, which, though nearly akin, have almost nothing in common in habits or outward appearance. The grackle [p. 770] is one that we may discover before leaving the orchard; he is commonly seen displaying his gorgeous plumage on the lawn, or squealing from the top of a spruce-tree. He is a handsome fellow, about a foot in length, and although at first and distant view he is a *blackbird* simply, he is really a very bird of paradise, for his whole body is glossed with a resplendent bronze green, and his head and neck are lovely with the purples and blues of the peacock. He is a showy, impudent bird, a combination of magpie, blue jay, and crow, and though he is a nest-robber at times, and a field-robber always, his fine appearance furnishes excuse enough for his continued existence. He would not be a true member of his family if he did not affect some oddity of nesting habit, and he alone, of our Eastern starlings, is found building in a hollow tree, or an abandoned woodpecker's hole. The eggs are very remarkable; their pale bluish shell is sparsely covered with the

most curious drawings in blackish-brown; the subjects are of every kind,—dogs, cats, stars, men, parrots, weasels, snakes, insects, fish, letters, signs, and symbols may be seen sharply silhouetted on these extraordinary eggs, and if the bird had been a European one we would long ago have had endless legends about them, and numberless weird potencies ascribed to the cabalistic signs and outlines they present.

As we leave the orchard we suddenly see in the bright sunlight the gorgeous plumage of the tanager [p. 771], the Pro-



Yellow Warblers and Nest

metheus of Indian legends; the firebird, warbird, and blood-robin of the country folk. His rich scarlet livery, relieved by the jet black of his wings and tail, fairly blazes in the sunlight. In length he is about seven inches, that is, a little larger than a sparrow, and in habits rather tame, yet without having any special liking for the vicinity of

man; indeed, he is somewhat out of place in an orchard, except at the migratory season. He is a true for-ester, and high on the topmost boughs

England say that the boys there translate the song into "*Bobolink, bobolink, Tom Denny, Tom Denny, come pay me the sixpence you've owed me more than*



Egg of Grackle.

of the tallest maples and beeches his soft whistle is to be heard throughout the early summer. His mate, by the way, is of dull olive green, without a trace of scarlet anywhere, and the young ones, at first, are like the mother, but the males gradually exchange the green for the brilliant scarlet of the race.

But none of our native birds has made for himself a greater name than the bobolink [p. 772], the mad harlequin of the meadows. Of course the children were the first to recognize his genius and introduce him to society. But he has since graduated from the nursery rhyme, and, like the chickadee, is now making his way in the literary world. If there is one of these birds in our meadows we shall not have long to wait before both seeing and hearing him.

A single note of his unparalleled song, or a single glimpse of his odd black-and-white livery, is sufficient to identify him a mile off, after once having made his acquaintance. See him yonder, skimming over the meadow with down-curved, vibratory wings, his plumage all jet black, except the white marks on his back, and the creamy patch on his nape. Hark to his bubbling, jingling, inexpressible music as he curvets and flutters in the air. Some of the older writers on the birds of New

a year and a half ago. *I paid you, I paid you. You didn't. I did. You didn't, you lie, you cheat, you cheat, you cheat!*" Then, as Nuttall, the man of bird-song adds: "However puerile this odd phrase may appear, it is quite amusing to find how near it approaches to the time and expression of the notes when pronounced in a hurried manner." It is indeed amusing, and, more than that, it is the only method of graphic description that is available, for musical notes and verbal definitions are equally powerless to reproduce this remarkable serenade.

Another style of descriptive effort has been very well attempted by Wilson Flagg, whose poem, "The O'Lincon Family," is full of the strange, jerky, bubbling music that characterizes the



The Grackle or Crow-blackbird.

birds he is describing. The first stanza is as follows :

"A flock of merry singing-birds were sporting
in the grove.
Some were warbling cheerily, and some were
making love.
There were Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Win-
terseeble, Conquedle,
A livelier set were never led by tabor, pipe,
or fiddle :
Crying, ' Phew, shew, Wadolincon ; see, see,
Bobolincon
Down among the tickle-tops, 'hiding in the
buttercups ;
I know the saucy chap ; I see his shining cap
Bobbing in the clover there,—see, see, see.' "

Of course the bobolink's chief name was suggested by his chief peculiarity, his song ; but another, skunk-blackbird, alludes to the skunk-like color and pattern of his dress, and in the others, meadowwink, reed-bird, rice-bird, troopial, we have a brief summary of his habits, as a meadow-singer in June, a marsh resident in August, a rice-eater in September, and, in the winter, a bird that habitually flies in great troops or flocks.

In crossing toward the haunts of the bobolink we may spring the meadow lark [p. 772], another of the famed starlings. As he flies, he seems a large, thickset gray bird, with a short tail, edged with white, and a fashion of flapping and sailing by turns, as he moves straight away. He is as large as a quail, and so plump that many regard him as a game-bird. He has a trick of always presenting his back, so that he may be seen alive many times before discovering that his breast is of an intensely golden-yellow, with a beautiful black crescent in the middle. His loud whistle from the distant fence-post, whither he betakes himself, is like "*et sé dee ah*" oft-repeated at intervals.

But another starling now flies overhead at a considerable height, pure black he seems to be, and his note is a single shrill whistle. This is the redwing [p. 773]. Away over the meadow he flies, straight to the distant swamp, where cat-tails, willows, and water combine to make a sort of final refuge and moated castle of birds. Pure black he appeared as he flew, but, now, at home, on some willow-branch in sight of his brown-streaked mate, he shows a new

feature—the blazing scarlet patch of feathers on the bend of each wing, and as he amorously struts before his lady-love, he is at no little pains to display it to the best advantage.

The meadow lark builds its nest on the ground, and roofs it over with bent grass ; but the redwing, or soldier-blackbird, must, of course, have an entirely new manner of life, and, away out on the frog-pond, out of the reach of snapping-turtles and small boys, he selects a bunch of projecting twigs, and among them he suspends the neat, strongly woven basket that is the cradle of his brood.

His habits and notes, too, are entirely his own. With fluttering wings and tail he poses in front of his inamorata, swelling out and raising up his bright plumes until he appears to be enveloped in scarlet, and gurgles out a gut-



The Tanager—an Indian Legend

tural "*Look at me !*" with the accent on the *me*. But the earnest prayer and impressive attitude of the speaker seem alike thrown away on the female, who, with an incredible amount of unconcern, goes quietly about her business as though she were alone ; nevertheless, subsequent events would indicate that her apathy was entirely assumed, for in due course the nest is filled with the growing fledglings and her loving solicitude for their welfare abundantly attests the joy and pride she feels in her off-

spring. But the father, the gay and ardent lover, is, I fear, sadly lacking in such admirable emotions; there is yet to be written a dark and discreditable chapter in his life.

We have seen how devoid of parental affection is the cowbird. We know that in the far South there are other blackbirds that leave the care of the eggs and young entirely to the females, and go off to lead a merry bachelor life as soon as incubation begins, and the redwing, it seems, is not altogether without the family taint, for I have, more than once, met with evidence that his love-fires languish sadly as the honeymoon wanes, and his devotion to his home duties succumbs entirely as soon as the joys of love are exchanged for its responsibilities. He becomes, in fact, prone to take his quiet departure in company of a merry host of similar delinquents, leaving his irreproachable wife to provide for the family as best

she can. But no trial is too great for her constancy, and in due time the little redwings are fully grown and fledged, and when strong enough on the wing they fly with her to rejoin their shameless father in the distant marshes.



Bobolink.

But the day is advancing. The familiar robin has ceased to sing, and is foraging on the lawn, stamping cunningly with his feet close to a worm-hole, then waiting quietly, with his head on one side, to see the effect, and so manoeuvring until, at length, the worm ventures out, but only to be seized, and, after a struggle, borne away to his young in the broad nest of mud and sticks that is saddled on the large apple-bough in the adjacent orchard.

The wood thrush [p. 774], high up in some shade-tree, pours out his liquid "*pee-rool-ya-ta-lee*," then rings his little silver bell, sings another bar, and again plays his own accompaniment, and all the while looks serenely down on you, beneath him in every sense of the word. With a fair glass you can see him clearly, about eight inches long, above of a bright cinnamon color, which is brightest on the head, and all below white, with large black spots. His nest is somewhat like that of the robin; in fact they are near relatives, and the latter seems proud of the connection, for he often calls



Meadow Lark.



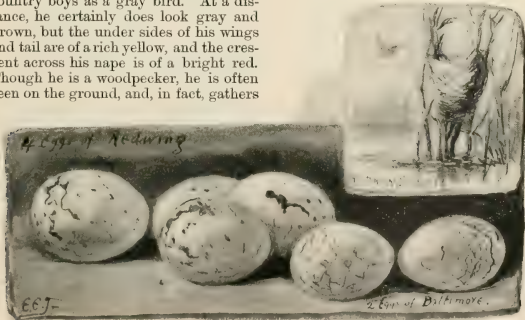
Redwinged Blackbird—Male and Female.

attention to it by fashioning parts of his song on the model furnished him by his cousin in the ermine vest.

On the lawn we may also see the flicker [p. 774], or golden-winged woodpecker, a large bird, which, though clad in very bright colors, is described by the country boys as a gray bird. At a distance, he certainly does look gray and brown, but the under sides of his wings and tail are of a rich yellow, and the crescent across his nape is of a bright red. Though he is a woodpecker, he is often seen on the ground, and, in fact, gathers

at least one-half of his food there. As he flies, one sees a large gray bird with a dim halo of yellow about it, and on the rump a blazing star of purest white. This is, of course, as he flies from one, if, by chance, he is coming toward the observer, the white star is replaced by the black moon which he wears on his breast. The flicker has a long array of names, many of them, like flicker, clape, wake-up, yarrup, etc., are derived from his notes, which are varied and sonorous; others, like, high-hole and high-holder, allude to his true woodpecker habit of boring a hole for his nest high up in some dead trunk. The Spaniards called him, "carpentero," and in the sense of worker in wood and house-provider for others, this is very apt, for at least a score of species stand ready to avail themselves of the commodious quarters excavated by the flicker, as soon as he sees fit to abandon it.

Again, passing through the orchard, we may espy the humble relative of the flicker, the little black and white woodpecker, or his brother, the hairy woodpecker, in search of his prey about the bark of the old apple-trees [p. 775]. While high in the air overall, and making their citadel about the outbuildings, are the four common swallows—the barn-swallow [p. 775], known, at once, by his pale chestnut breast and long forked tail; the cliff-swallow, recognizable by his





Wood Thrushes—Hop Vine

short tail and white crescent on his forehead; the martin, known by his great size and black color, and the white-breasted or wood-swallow [p. 776], a delicate little bird of the size of a sparrow. The last is called tree-swallow in some regions, because it nests in hollow trees, and in others, the singing-swallow, because, more than any other of its tribe, it has a habit of singing sweetly as it sits in the sun on some convenient perch. The last two, with the bluebird and the English sparrow, are the principal candidates for the occupancy of the small bird-boxes put up against outbuildings and on poles, by those who wish to encourage the birds about their dwellings.

The first two of these swallows are noted for the remarkable mud nests which they make under the eaves of barns; the first usually selects a site inside the building, and it is with a view to giving them a convenient entrance, that farmers cut in the gables those holes, often of grotesque shapes, that frequently arouse the curiosity of passing citizens. The nest is made of pellets of mud

carefully kneaded at the water's edge, and stuck on in regular successive layers until the appointed cup-shape is complete, and, after a proper time for drying is allowed, the nest is finished with a lining of straw and feathers.

But the cliff-swallow carries the process of nest-building a step farther than this; he makes not a cup, but a decanter, not a mere bracket, but a complete globe, with an entrance-porch that is sometimes prolonged into a veritable spout. Both these birds nest in colonies, and, like swallows generally, are very partial to the buildings and neighborhood of man. In fact, the only one of this tribe that is indifferent to man is the little bank-swallow. It is found nesting in colonies along the banks of rivers, where they are steep enough to afford protection and soft enough to be bored into by the beak of this hard-working little



Flickers.—Male and Female.



Pair of Hairy Woodpeckers—Sapsucker—Downy Woodpecker.

excavator. Each pair make their own nesting-hole, and at the end of the burrow, which is usually two or three feet long, is a little elevated chamber, in whose gloomy recesses the crystalline eggs are laid, and this little creature of sunlight is first ushered into the world.

Here we have enumerated some twen-

fail of being seen, and probably the voices of twice as many are heard; but the trained ear is necessary to distinguish many of the obscurer birds, and detect the fifty odd that may be within observation during a brief excursion through a diversified country.

In this short sketch we have omitted



Barn-swallows.

ty-five birds that anyone may see on a fine May day in the temperate latitudes of the Eastern region. These cannot

many birds that merely flew past, and have left unnoticed many whose notes are the only signs by which their exist-

ence could be detected. But those who once learn a new bird will be surprised to find that, like a newly learned word, it will afterward be met with at almost every step, and they will then wonder how they could ever have been so blind

as to have missed such a remarkably conspicuous feature of the landscape, or so deaf as not to have heard such a prominent voice in the choir of natural sounds that greet them on a spring morning.



The White-breasted or Wood-swallow.

ENDYMION AND A PORTRAIT OF KEATS.

By Edith M. Thomas.

WHETHER, uplifting slow his dreamful head,
 He leaves a couch the fragrant pine has strown,
 Whether the dim, enchanted woods have known
 The sleeper's unimperilled velvet tread;
 Or whether, through some winding cavern led,
 That like the shell rings drear with ocean's moan,
 He wanders till the sea, wide, bright, and lone,
 Beneath his visionary eye is spread—
 Whether awake, or still by slumber bound,
 Behold that shepherd with a world foregone,
 To hoard the white rays of a mystic Dawn,
 A listener to aerial silver sound,
 With subtle moonlight smile devote, withdrawn!
 Behold Endymion whom a Love unknown hath crowned!

THE OPINIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER.

By Robert Grant.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

I.



MY wife Josephine declares that I have become a philosopher in my old age, and perhaps she is right. Now that I am forty, and a trifle less elastic in my movements, with patches of gray about my ears which give me a more venerable appearance, I certainly have a tendency to look at the world as through a glass. Yet not altogether darkly be it said. That is I trust I am no cynic like that fellow Diogenes who set the fashion centuries ago of turning up the nose at everything. I have a natural sunniness of disposition which would, I believe, be proof against the sardonic fumes of contemplation even though I were a real philosopher.

However, just as the mongoose of the bagman's story was not a real mongoose, neither am I a real philosopher.

You will remember that Diogenes, who was a real philosopher, occupied a tub as a permanent residence. He would roll in hot sand during the heat of summer, and embrace a statue of snow in winter, just to show his superiority to ordinary human conventions and how much wiser he was than the rest of the world. The real philosophers of the present day are not quite so peculiar; but they are apt to be fearfully and wonderfully superior to the weaknesses of humanity. For the most part they are to be found in the peaceful environs of a university or on some mountain top a Sabbath day's journey from the hum of civilization, where they eschew nearly everything which the every-day mortal finds requisite to comfort and convenience, unless it be whiskey and water. I have sometimes fancied that more real philosophers than we are aware of are partial on the sly to whiskey and water. But that is neither here nor there; for, as I have already stated, I am not a real philosopher.

I have altogether too many faults to be one, and should constantly be flying in the face of my own theories. Barring the aforesaid weakness for whiskey and water, it is fair to assume that the average real philosopher lives up to his own lights and by them; whereas I, at least according to Josephine, am liable to be frightfully inconsistent. She has never forgotten my profanity on the occasion when we discovered after dinner that the soot had come down in the drawing-room and was over everything in spite of the fact that the chimney had been swept three weeks before.



"My wife Josephine declares that I have become a philosopher."

Now if there is one thing which I abhor and am perpetually inveighing against as vulgar and futile, it is unbridled language. Josephine must have heard me say fifty times if she has heard me once that the man who fouls his tongue with an oath is a senseless oaf. And yet I am bound to admit that when I discovered what had happened I swore deliberately and roundly like the veriest trooper. In order to appreciate the situation exactly I should add that it has long been a mooted point between Josephine and me whether chimneys require to be swept at all. My darling insists that the sweep shall overhaul the house annually, while I cling, with what she is pleased to call masculine fatuity, to the theory that soot, like sleeping dogs, should be let alone.

Have you ever entered a drawing-room just after a healthy, thorough fall of soot? If so, you will appreciate what is meant by its all pervasiveness.



"More real philosophers than we are aware of are partial on the sly to whiskey and water."

The remotest articles of furniture are rife with infinitesimal smut, much as they were rife with the remains of the lady in Kipling's story after the jealous orang-outang had done with her. And yet granting that the provocation was dire, a philosopher, a real philosopher,

would have acted very differently. A philosopher of the grandest type would have reasoned that what was done was done, and that there was no more use in crying over fallen soot than over spilt milk. He would calmly have adopted prompt measures to ameliorate the situation, and after the servants were fairly at work would have taken his wife apart and pointed out to her, in well-chosen language, that here was only another instance of his superior wisdom. One of a more virulent type, but still a philosopher, might have indulged in mirth—quiet sarcastic mirth. No person of a truly philosophic cast of mind and with a rooted antipathy to damning would have sworn lustily as I did.

I remember taking little Fred, my namesake and eldest son, to skate with me one winter's afternoon on a suburban pond. He did famously for a tyro, but we both wearied at last of his everlasting strife to maintain the perpendicular, and I was conscious of a rush of joy when he became completely absorbed in watching a man who was fishing for pickerel. Have you ever fished for pickerel through a hole in the ice? If so you will recall that it is chilly and rather dispiriting work, especially if the fish are shy. They certainly were shy that afternoon, for the individual in question had angled long and bagged nothing, as I gleaned from the answers to the direct interrogatories put by my urchin during the few minutes I stood paternally by and watched the proceedings.

"Caught anything?"

"Nop."

"Had a bite?"

"Nop."

"How long you been fishing?"

"An hour."

As I glided away light-heartedly on the delicious curves of the outer edge, I reflected that he was evidently a persevering pot-hunter who would not be easily discouraged, and that I could count upon his engrossing the attention of my offspring for a considerable period. Accordingly, I was surprised some five minutes later to observe the fisherman (who wore no skates) shambling across the pond toward the shore. Glancing from him to his late station I

perceived a little group of skaters gathered around my son and heir, who was dabbling with a stick in the abandoned hole. They appeared to be diverted by something, and one of them, my friend Harry Bolles, who had his handkerchief up to his mouth, made a bee-line to meet me. From his lips I learned what had happened, which was this wise: The horny-handed pot-hunter, having presently pulled a solitary pickerel out upon the ice and freed it from his hook, turned aside to cut another piece of bait; whereupon my hopeful picked up the fish and popped it back into its native element without so much as a syllable of commentary; and thereupon (being act three in the tragedy) he of the horny-hand, having realized the situation in its terrible entirety, pulled up his line, shovelled back the particles of ice into the hole and betook himself upon his shambling way without one word. Not a word, mark you. There was a real philosopher if you like, a thorough-going, square-trotting philosopher. The only alternative was child-murder or silence, and my pot-hunter chose the simplest form of the dilemma. "I thought the fish would like it," said little Fred, when interrogated upon the subject.

And yet, despite my occasional inability to practice what I preach, Josephine is correct in her diagnosis that my cast of mind is becoming more philosophic as the years roll on. The consciousness that I am the author of four children (two strapping sons and two tall daughters), anyone of whom may constitute me a grandfather before I am fifty, renders me conservative and disposed, metaphorically speaking, to draw in my horns a little. I am beginning

to go to church again, for instance. You may have taken it for granted that I have been regular in my attendance

at the sanctuary. Certainly I have never been a scoffer; but, on the other hand, I must confess that somehow it has come to pass since Josephine and I plighted our troth that our pew has stood empty on the Lord's day oftener than the orthodox consider fitting. And the worst of it is I used to attend service about every other Sabbath before I became a benedict, and Josephine taught a Sunday-school class up to within six months of our wedding ceremony. She, dear girl, has harbored ever since the be-



"Have you ever entered a drawing-room just after a healthy, thorough fall of soot?"

lief that she continues to go to church almost every Sunday either in the morning or the afternoon, a harmless delusion which for some time I took no pains to dispel, knowing as I did that she meant to go every Sunday. Yet I knew also that pitiless, unemotional statistics would reveal an average attendance on her part of rather less than ten times in the course of each year. I was brute enough finally to call her attention to a tally-sheet, covering a period of three calendar months, which I had kept for my private edification, and I was punished by seeing her sweet eyes fill with tears before she proceeded to plead to the indictment.

"You know, Fred, perfectly well that I have to stay at home with the children every other Sunday morning in order to allow Lucille to go to church."

"But how about the other mornings and all the afternoons?" I inquired, with the effrontery of a hardened sinner seizing his opportunity to take a saint to task.

Josephine blushed, partly from guilt and partly from indignation. "It rained torrents last Sunday morning, and Sunday morning fortnight—er—I was sick. I remember that I was all dressed to go one afternoon when old Mr. Philipps called and I didn't like to leave him. Besides, I feel as though I ought to stay at home occasionally on Sunday afternoons in order to teach the children the Scriptures. The Sunday morning before that—er—I went. No, it must have been a fortnight pre-

an. You're the last person in the world who ought to tax me with it, but it is true. I don't go to church as I ought. And yet I do mean to go. But if it isn't one thing which prevents, it's another. Lucille must have every other Sunday morning, and you seem so disappointed if I refuse to go skating or canoeing with you and the children on the fine days that I foolishly yield."

"And you the daughter of a deacon," I continued, unsparingly. Let me state by way of explanation that Josephine's late father was for many years one of the pillars of the religious society to which he belonged.

"I know, I know. It is shameful. I—we are little better than heathens, Fred. Only think of it, four times in three months!" she added, glancing at the tell-tale sheet. "And I brought up to go regularly both morning and afternoon in addition to Sunday-school! I am a heathen; and as for you, I don't know what to call you!" she exclaimed, with a sad, reproachful smile.

So long as Josephine was content to berate herself without including me in her anathemas, I had been ready to acquiesce in what she said, but now that she seemed disposed to drag me into the conversation I felt it incumbent upon me to reply with dignity:

"Will you please explain, my dear, why it is that, though I used to be a regular worshipper before we became man and wife, I have almost entirely ceased to attend church since that time? Who is responsible for the change, I wonder."

There is a point beyond which it is not safe to prod Josephine, and I could see from the expression of her eye that we had reached it on this occasion. She drew herself up and answered haughtily.

"I have heard you make that insinuation several times before, Fred. It is not merely silly, it is disgraceful. I keep you from church? Don't you know," she exclaimed, with a quaver of emotion, "that your refusal to go is a



"I was punished by seeing her sweet eyes fill with tears."

vious, for I recollect now that I had planned to go, when you said that you hated to skate alone and declined to take the entire responsibility of the children on the pond on account of little Fred and the pickerel."

"And I said, too, I remember, that in all probability there wouldn't be black ice again all winter."

"You did, you did," my darling cried, with tragic impetuosity, "and it is cruel of you to remind me of it."

"Moreover it was a correct prophecy. It snowed that very night and the people who waited until Monday were nowhere."

"Oh, Fred, Fred, I'm a wicked wom-



"One of the pillars of the religious society."

source of genuine grief to me, and that I just hate to go alone? Don't you know that I should like nothing better than to go with you every Sunday, and that I am ready to go to any church you will select?"

"Yes," I answered, doggedly, "I am well aware that you would prefer to have me become anything rather than remain—er—a steadfast worshipper of nature."

Josephine made a little gesture of impatience such as my well-worn apotheosis of nature is apt to evoke. For a few moments she looked as though she were going to cry; then, with an almost passionate outburst, she exclaimed:

"You will promise me, Fred, won't you, that when the children are old enough to understand what it means not to go to church you will go too?"

Now, it may be that my response at the time to this pathetic appeal was not altogether satisfactory to my darling; but she has forgotten her fears and her tears to-day in the happy consciousness that as surely as the bells begin to ring on Sunday morning I begin to brush my silk hat with the feverish impatience of an abandoned church-goer. Punctuality, which has always seemed to Josephine a pitiful sort of

virtue, ranks in my category of human conduct almost on a par with brotherly love, and I am apt to make myself and her pretty miserable on each returning Sabbath by my endeavors to get the family out of the house and into our pew on time. It is only by bearing strictly in mind what day it is that I am able to keep my lips from speaking guile when little Fred remembers at the last moment that he has forgotten his pocket-handkerchief or Josephine's glove bursts open in the process of being hastily rammed on and I am compelled to wait while she sends up stairs for a fresh pair. You should see how her nostrils swell with pride as we sweep by my old pal, Nicholas Long, and his wife, who are manifestly not going to church. I can discern on Nick's face, as we pass, an expression which is half sardonic, half pitiful. Evidently he has not forgotten my quondam oft-repeated vow that no child of mine should be taught the orthodox fairy tales in unlearning which I had spent some of the best years of my life. And now I am a recreant, and he who aided and abetted me in my asseverations of independence remains faithful. Yes, but Nick, poor fellow, has no children.



"There is a point beyond which it is not safe to prod Josephine."

His grin seems to say, "See what you are missing, poor old patriarch; Dorothy and I are off for a ten-mile tramp in the country."

Yet, despite his apparent jubilation of spirit, I detect a longing expression in Dorothy's eyes and I notice that she steals a second glance over her tailor-made shoulder at little Winona, our youngest, who is an uncommonly pretty child, if I do say it.

"There go a light-hearted, honest couple with the courage of their convictions," I remark to Josephine, tentatively. "Before the sermon has begun they will be on the river and they will come home delightfully tired just in time for dinner."

"Light-hearted? I believe, Fred, that they are both perfectly miserable," she exclaimed, with a sweeping glance of pride at her progeny. "I was thinking just before you spoke how much I pitied that woman."

I can remember as if it were yesterday Nick Long telling me with bubbling ecstasy, shortly after he was engaged, that his ladylove had a clear, analytical mind, almost like a man's. "No nonsense



"Burglars"

about her," he said. "She sees things just as they are." I rather got the impression at the time that he intended thereby to insinuate gently but plainly that he was a far luckier dog than I who had married a woman with a mind conspicuously feminine. I should like very much to know whether, if Dorothy were to be blessed with children after all, Nick would have to go to church.

Not only have I lost moral courage in the matter of some of my deepest convictions, but I notice also with consternation that my physical bravery is ebbing away as my years increase. I have drawn the line, for example, squarely and tautly on burglars. One night not very long since I was awakened by noise and, after listening, I came to the conclusion that it proceeded from house-breakers. I slipped out of bed stealthily and put my ear to the bolted chamber door in order to confirm my conviction. My movements aroused Josephine, who sat up in bed and asked hoarsely what the matter was. I put my finger on my lips quite irrelevantly, for it was pitch dark.

"Fred, are there burglars in the house?" she gasped.

"Sh! Yes."

"What are you doing, Fred? Oh, you musn't go down and expose yourself on any account." She was evidently very much agitated. "Promise me that you will not."

Having ascertained that the door was secure I walked across the room and turned on the electric light. Josephine was sitting bolt upright, quivering with excitement. Her eyes followed my every movement, as, having slipped on my trousers and a pair of boots, I began to look around me, tramping sturdily.

"Fred, they'll hear you if you make such a noise," said my wife, in an agonized whisper.

"I fervently trust so," I retorted. "That's why I'm doing it."

As I spoke my eye lit at last on something adapted to my purpose. I had been

trying to avoid the destruction of a wash basin, and I seized with grateful eagerness the pair of Indian clubs which offered themselves and, lifting them to the level of my brow, let them fall clamorously on the floor. The welkin rang, so to speak, and I sank with nervous exhaustion into an arm-chair.

The house seemed deathly still and it struck me that Josephine on her part

was ominously quiet. When she spoke at last it was to ask :

"Haven't you a pistol?"

"Yes, dear."

"Are you going to let them take everything?"

"It is for them to decide, darling."

"But, Fred——"

Josephine did not finish her sentence. The words she uttered were, however, so full of poignant surprise and disappointment that I felt constrained to inquire with a guilty attempt at nonchalance :

"Is there anything you would like to have me do?"

"You are the best judge, of course," she answered, coldly. "Only, do you think it is the usual way?"

"The usual way?" I echoed. Among the few points in Josephine's character which irritate me is her weakness for custom, and it is growing on her. "No, I suppose that the correct social thing would have been to stand at the head of the banisters in my nightgown with a lighted candle and make a target of myself."

"Why did you buy a pistol, then?" inquired my better half.

"So that the children needn't shoot themselves with it after it was locked up and the cartridges carefully hidden," I replied, with levity. We were both so heated that we had practically forgotten that flat burglary was supposed to be going on.

"You didn't use to talk in that way," said Josephine, with slow precision. "I only hope, Fred, for your sake that people won't hear about this."

"They will not, certainly, unless you tell them, Josephine."

"Tell them? I wouldn't mention what has happened for the world," she answered, looking at me with a sort of sorrowful disdain. Thus is it that the ideals which women form concerning us are one by one shattered! I am sure that Josephine would have been inconsolable had I fallen a victim to the bullet of a house-breaker. You will recall that her first impulse was to prevent me from exposing myself for the sake of the solid silver service. She had taken it for granted that I would slip the bolt and go part way down stairs, at least, pistol in hand, and she had wished to

caution me against undue rashness. Consequently, it was a rude blow to her sensibilities to find that I was such a craven. She cared no more for our apostle spoons and gold-lined vegetable dishes than I did; it was the principle of the thing which distressed her. Why had I bought a six-shooter shortly after our marriage except to be equipped for just such an emergency? It did cer-



"I sank with nervous exhaustion into an arm-chair."

tainly seem that I was bound by all the laws of custom to pop at least once over the banisters, even though I took no aim and scurried back into my bedroom immediately after. That would have satisfied her, she subsequently admitted to me; but to drop a pair of Indian clubs on the floor in order to make a clatter could be regarded as little less than pusillanimous, philosophy or no philosophy.

We have talked it over many times since, and I have endeavored to make plain to her that in the process of evolution thinking men have come to the conclusion that the husband and father who chops logic at dead of night with an accomplished burglar on the wrong side of his chamber door is akin to a lunatic. She listens to my arguments attentively, and she has done me the honor to admit that there is more to be said in my behalf than she thought at first; but I remember that the last time we conversed upon the subject she shook

her head with the air of a woman who, in spite of everything, is still of the same opinion, and she murmured gently :

"As I told you before, Fred, if you had fired once over the banisters, I would say nothing."

"But I might have been killed or maimed for life as a consequence," I blurted, feelingly.



You may remember that I have four children.

Josephine looked a little grave, as she is apt to do at any suggestion of my sudden taking off, but with a sweet sigh she answered, succinctly :

"There are certain risks in this world that a man has to take."

II.

You may remember that I have four children : my namesake Fred, David, who was christened in honor of his maternal grandfather, Josephine, or Josie as we call her in order not to confound her with her mother, and Winona, the baby of the family. We have lately moved into another house. The old one would not hold us any longer. At least Josephine declared that it would not shortly after the agents of the Board of Health fumigated the establishment with sulphur to kill scarlet fever germs. She said it would be cheaper to move than to buy new wall-papers and window-shades. When I asked how this could be she waxed a little wroth at what she called my density, and asked if I did not appreciate that we should have to move at any rate in a year or two in order to provide the children with a bedroom apiece. The necessity for this had not

occurred to me, I must confess, and I was making bold to inquire why the two boys could not continue to occupy one room and their sisters another as in the past, when Josephine added, in an awful whisper :

"Besides, the house is overrun with cockroaches. Now mind, Fred," she continued, with an imperative frown, "that is a matter which is not to be repeated to anyone."

"Why should I wish to repeat it?" I asked, meekly.

"I never know beforehand what you will repeat and what you will not. I should expect to hear from Jemima Bolles the next time we met that you had confided it to her husband, and positively I don't care to have her know. Then, too," Josephine continued, with the manner of one selecting a few of many grievances to air, "I haven't an inch of unoccupied closet room ; and, moreover, you remember, Fred, that the plumber said the last time he was here that by good rights the plumbing ought all to be renewed." My wife dwelt on these concluding words with insinuating emphasis. She knows that I am daft, as she calls it, on two points, closing windows on the eve of a thunder-shower and defective drainage.

"He said that we could manage very well for some time longer without the slightest real risk," I answered, doughtily.

Josephine's lower lip trembled. Presently she burst out, as though she had resolved to throw feline argument and sophistic persuasion to the winds, "I am just tired of this house, Fred, and I should like to move to-morrow. It is pitifully small and disgustingly dirty with dirt that I can't get rid of, and everything about it is old as the hills. It has never been the same since that fall of soot. If I am obliged to live in it I shall have to, but I am sure that a new, clean house would add ten years to my life."

"Jehosaphat !" I added, startled by this appeal into borrowing the latest

expletive from the vocabulary of my eldest son, at which Josephine bridled for an instant, thinking that she had detected blasphemy. When it dawned upon her that the phrase in question was only one of those hybrid, meaningless obfuscations, the use of which will scarcely justify a lecture, my darling gulped dismally and waited for me to go on.

I am inclined to think that a gradually evolved tendency of mine not to go on when I am expected to was what first prompted my wife to dub me a philosopher. She fancies, dear soul, that she is a loser by this lately developed proclivity to seek refuge in silence on the occasions when she or the children sweep down upon me with some hair-lifting project which craves an immediate decision. But she is in error. It is true there are times when the sweet onslaught of the sons and daughters of my house and their mother has brought the old man to terms on the spot, and wrung from him an immediate permission to do or to spend; but, on the other hand, Josephine, who in spite of her cunning is no philosopher, and her offspring little realize how often their feelings have been saved from laceration by this trick of mine (she calls it a trick) of saying nothing until I have had time for reflection. No man is so wise as his wife and children combined, but it takes him a little while to find it out; and I have discovered that to chew a matter over and over is the surest way to avoid promulgating a stern refusal.

So it was in this instance. Had I uttered the words which rose to my lips, I should have felt obliged to inform Josephine that, her premature taking off to the contrary notwithstanding, to move into another house was out of the question and totally unnecessary. How could I afford to move? Why should we move? The dear old house where we had passed so many joyous years and which Josephine used to say was extraordinarily convenient! I remember that I became successively irate, pathetic, and bumptious in my secret soul. I said to myself stoutly that it was all nonsense, and that by means of a little fresh paint and new coverings for the

dining-room chairs, we should be happy where we were for another five years. Cockroaches? Bah! Was there not insect powder?

The married man who knows in his secret soul that he cannot afford to move and who has made up his mind that nothing on earth shall induce him to, is terribly morose for the first few weeks after his wife has unbosomed herself upon the subject. He peruses with a savage frown the real estate columns of the daily newspapers, while he mutters vicious sentences such as, "I'll be blessed if I will!" or "not if I know myself, and I think I do!" He observes moodily every house in process of erection, and scrutinizes those "to let" with an animosity not quite consistent with his determination to put his foot down for once and crush the whole project in the bud. Why is it



"While she peeped into all the closets."

that he slyly visits after business hours the outlying section of the city, where the newest and most desirable residences are offered at fashionable prices? Why at odd moments does he make rows of figures on available scraps of paper and on the blotter at his office,

and abstractedly compute interest on various sums at four and a half and five per cent.? Why? Because the leaven of his wife's threat that her life will be shortened is working in his bosom and he beholds her in his restless dreams crushed to death beneath a myriad of water-bugs, all for the lack of an inch of closet-room. Why? Because he is haunted perpetually by the countenances of his daughters, on which he reads sorrowfully written that they are wasting away for lack of the bed-chamber apiece promised them by their mother. Why? Because, in brief, he is a philosopher, and recognizes that what is to be is to be, and that it is easier to dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes (to adopt an elegant and well-seasoned exemplar of im-



"Oh, Fred, you are an angel!"

possibility) than to check the progress of maternal pride.

Some four months after Josephine's announcement that she would live ten years longer elsewhere, I returned home one afternoon with what she subsequently stigmatized as a sly expression about the corners of my mouth. I doubt if I did look sly, for I pride myself on my ability to control my features when it is necessary. However

that may be, having persuaded Josephine to take a walk, I conducted her to the door of a newly finished house in the fashionable quarter.

"It might be amusing to go in and look it over," I murmured. "I should rather like to see the ramifications of a modern house."

Josephine, albeit a little surprised, was enraptured. She promptly took the lead and I tramped at her side religiously from cellar to attic, while she peeped into all the closets and investigated the laundry and kitchen accommodations and drew my attention to the fact that the furnace and the ice-chest would be amply separated.

"You know, Fred, that in our house they are side by side and we use a scandalous amount of ice as a consequence," she said, hooking her arm in mine lovingly.

"The whole house strikes me as very well arranged," I retorted, in a bluff tone, as much as to say that I saw through her blandishments. I think she appreciated this. Nevertheless, a few minutes later when we were on the dining-room story, she rubbed her head against my shoulder and said, "Just see what a love of a pantry, Fred. Mine is a hole compared to it. Servants in a house like this would never leave one. And do look at this ceiling. It is simple, but divinely clean and appropriate."

"It is well enough," said I, coldly.

After indulging in various other raptures to which I seemed to turn a deaf ear, and examining everything to her heart's discontent, Josephine moved toward the front door with a sigh. Then it was that I remarked:

"So the house suits you, my dear?"

"It is ideal," she murmured, "simply ideal."

"There are things about it which I don't fancy altogether," said I.

"Oh, Fred, if we only had a house like it, I should be perfectly satisfied."

"Should you? It is yours," I answered.

"Don't be unkind, Fred."

"It is yours," I repeated, a little more explicitly.

Josephine devoured me with inquiring eyes. As she gazed, the expression

of my countenance brought the blood to her cheeks and she cried with the plaintiveness of a wounded animal, "What do you mean, dear? It is cruel of you to make sport of me."

"I am not making sport of you, Josephine. The house is yours—ours. I bought it yesterday. Here is the deed, if you mistrust me," I continued, solemnly drawing from my pocket the document in question.

Josephine took it like one dazed. She looked from me to it and back again from it to me, then with a joyous laugh she exclaimed, "Really? It is really true? Oh, Fred, you are an angel!"

"No, my dear," I answered, as she flung her arms about my neck—for she does so still once in a while—"I am merely a philosopher who has learned to recognize that what must be must be."

My wife was too much absorbed in her own mysterious mental processes to take note of or analyze this observation. For a few moments she was lost in a brown study, and gazed about her with a glance that struck me as somewhat critical.

"You are an angel, Fred," she repeated, ruminantly. "You took me in splendidly, didn't you? And to think of your doing it all by yourself!"

She wandered back into the dining-room, and thence to the hall, where she stood peering up the stairway at the skylight. "Yes," she continued presently, in a judicial, contemplative tone, "I think it will do very well, on the whole. I am not perfectly sure that the laundress will be satisfied with the arrangement of the laundry, and I don't see exactly, Fred, what you are to do for a dressing-room, when we have more than one visitor. I am out of conceit with the tinting of the drawing-room ceiling, and—and several of the mantel-pieces are hideous. But on the other hand, the dining-room is perfectly lovely, there is no end of closet-room, and the kitchen is a gem. Oh, thank you, Fred, thank you ever so much. I really never expected that we could afford to leave the dear old house. It will almost break my heart to leave it, too, although it is so dirty."

Josephine's guns were spiked, as it were. Having declared that the house was ideal, she was barred from utterly blasting it in the next breath. To tell the truth, I felt as a consequence decidedly perky and inclined to perform the



"I was fain to dance with joy."

double shuffle or something of the sort quite out of keeping with the traditional repose of a philosopher. It was so obvious to me that I had escaped weeks, if not months, of misery by the ruse which I had adopted that I was fain to dance with joy. Had I allowed Josephine to pick out a house she would have felt obliged, even though she was thoroughly satisfied with the first she saw, to inspect from top to bottom every other in the market for fear that she might see something which pleased her better and I should have been compelled to accompany her. There are a few advantages after all in being of a philosophic turn of mind.

And here is another bit of philosophy for you which I am thoroughly convinced is sound. A woman adroitly handled will permit her husband to choose a new unfurnished house for her without seri-

technique rather than in the subject-matter of the portrait."

"Precisely," said Josephine, trium-



"I have heard her call the attention of visitors to the strong similarity."

phantly. "Besides, Mr. Binkey says it needs varnishing."

What can one say in the teeth of

professional authority? When great-grandfather and great-grandmother Plunkett came back to us at the end of a month they were newly varnished and in bright, tasteful frames, and no one would ever have detected that the old gentleman's eyes did not resemble each other closely. Since then I have often heard Josephine declare her gratitude that she did not allow my squeamishness to prevent her from giving the children and people generally the correct impression of a man who was eminent in his day and generation. Indeed, I have heard her call the attention of visitors to the strong similarity about the brow and eyes which our second son David bears to his great-grandfather, High Sheriff Plunkett, and I do not question in the least that she believes the cast in the old gentleman's optic never to have existed save in the original portrait painter's imagination. I must admit that, notwithstanding the changes made by local talent in my ancestor's physiognomy, I am occasionally struck myself with the strong resemblance specified by Josephine; and the

longer I live the less doubt I have that she is a far cleverer person than your

(To be continued.)



TO-MORROW.

By W. G. van Tassel Sutphen.

WHERE the sea meets with the river
 She stands and looks out afar;
 In her eyes a light that ever
 Changeth as doth a star,
 On her lips the sudden shiver
 Of waves on a hidden bar.

THE HAUNT OF THE PLATYPUS.

By Sidney Dickinson.



DOWN in Gippsland, the cheerfullest district of Victoria, where ridges clothed with variegated forests send down perennial streams to refresh the flocks and herds that sprinkle the broad, tree-studded plains, the river Avon winds leisurely into Lake Wellington between league-long ranks of bristling reeds. The current is almost imperceptible, save in flood-time, when the melting snows at its source swell the tide into a muddy current that overflows for miles the flat country through which it twists and turns. Its banks are steep and clayey, and its color, showing reflections from the muddy bottom, and stained with the astringent juice of gum and wattle, is of a ruddy brown, in which are seen glints of gold when the surface is ruffled by the wind. Here and there the banks have given way, and half-sunken trees catching in their branches the débris and silt of many floods—a favorite perch for basking cormorants—have helped to form deep pools and slow eddies, wherein the matted leaves of glistening water-plants cluster, spreading over the surface a screen much loved by lurking black-fish, and affording cover to the lairs of the water-rat and the Platypus.

The massive boles of ancient eucalypti, still showing the long, elliptical scars where some far-away aboriginal, with flint tomahawk and wedges, stripped off the bark to make his rude canoe, lean far over the water from either bank, and, nearly meeting in mid-current, cast a deeper shadow upon the opacity of the stream: above everything broods a strange half-twilight, friendly to all the semi-nocturnal animals and birds that form so large a part of Australia's remarkable fauna. Here, on moonlight nights, the possums may be found foraging amid the branches of the she-oaks—those weird plants which, even in the hot noontides, when the wind cannot be

felt upon the cheek, repeat in their vibrating leaves a murmur like the distant roar of the sea—and the striped and spotted native cats conducting their sinister hunt for drowsy birds. Here the bittern booms in the sedges, and the "Mopoke," or giant night-jar, swooping on noiseless wing, utters its ghostly complaint in the very ear of the startled fisherman as he watches his dim float for the bite of the huge eels that glide sluggishly over the muddy bottom. In the daytime the tree-tops are a-flutter with the brilliant wings of parrots and lorrykeets, whose splendid tints look cheap in cage or cabinet when compared with their harmonious contrasts to the dull crimson and ashy green of the gum leaves. Cockatoos with sulphur-yellow crests stream overhead, looking like old ivory carvings against the blue as the sunlight strikes through their plumage, and the call of the black swan—a "honk" like that of the migrating American wild-goose, but more trumpet-like and sonorous—floats down from a trailing, smoke-like line so high in air as to be almost invisible, as it drifts slowly toward the sedges of Lake Wellington. A flash of mingled blue, orange, and red, duplicated by reflection in the water, shows where the lovely azure kingfisher has darted by, and, following his flight down the umbrageous tunnel into the sunlight beyond, you see in the yellow reeds the gleam of the paradise warbler's sapphire and turquoise plumage, and the glistening purple back, and carmine legs and beak, of the porphyry coot, as he paddles for snails and worms amid the tangle of water-weeds.

Amid such surroundings and associations the Platypus establishes his domain—himself the strangest of many strange neighbors. For unknown ages he and his kind have led here their quiet and inoffensive lives, undisturbed by any natural enemies, and, until modern luxury discovered in their skins a means of artificial decoration, knowing no more

of the innate antagonism of man toward the inferior orders of the animal kingdom than was to be gained from the occasional thrust of the blackfellow's spear of bone and reed. It is less than a century since the European hunted the Platypus to his lair, the first published account of him having appeared in the *Naturalist's Miscellany* of London, in 1799. It would be interesting to know the effect that was made upon the first discoverer of this animated paradox—than which nature furnishes nothing more anomalous, in its combination of duck-like mandibles and webbed feet (the latter further equipped with spurs like the game-fowl, and claws like the true burrowing quadrupeds), mole-like eyes and otter-like fur, body of musquash, and tail of beaver. One who was addicted to his cups might recognize in the creature merely the figment of an alcoholized brain, and an artist regard him as the prototype of one or another of those uncanny monsters which sprawl upon the floor of St. Anthony's cave in Teniers's bizarre pictures of the temptation of that holy character. Our earliest, and, in fact, almost our sole accounts of the Platypus are confined to bald and literal descriptions of his appearance and habitat, from which we learn that he is confined to Tasmania and the southern districts of Australia; and, although his race has been thought to embrace two or three species, it is now generally agreed to consist of only one.

You may repair many times to the favorite haunt of the Platypus before you see him, and to discover the retreat to which he modestly retires on observing your presence is a task impossible, except by accident, to any other than a blackfellow. To these cunning hunters, however, there are no secrets of beast or bird: their unerring instinct tells them when the Platypus, diving near the edge of the stream, is in quest of food, or when he is seeking the submerged entrance to his burrow; and they will advise you either where to point your gun in expectation of the animal's reappearance, or where to dig in the bank in confidence of striking the grass-lined nest wherein he dwells and rears his remarkable family. Of-

ten, when preparing to fire at the ripple which marked the progress of a Platypus in mid-stream, my aboriginal guide would dissuade me, and, pointing to a gentle swirl under the bank near by, say: "Too far. You wait. He dive by'm-by, come up there"—and the event was invariably as foretold. Shooting Platypus is not so easy as the sluggish, sleepy look of the animal might lead one to suppose, and the novice will waste many cartridges before he secures his first specimen. The Platypus swims low in the water, paddling gently with his pliant feet, and showing above the surface only his shining black bill, and a trace of the fur on his back, which on land glistens like satin, but in the river looks as loose and sodden as that of a drowned kitten. Joined to the inconspicuousness of his appearance is his agility in diving; like the grebe and musk-duck, which share his aqueous home, he will often disappear at the flash of a gun, and leave the shot to tear up the water at the spot where he has gone down. The grebe and musk-duck, compelled to rise again for air, may be secured by rapid and continuous firing, but one shot at a Platypus is all that is allowed, since it makes for the shelter of the bank at once, and may not venture forth again for hours. His method of diving, however, is occasionally fatal. He does not sink deftly, like the wily water-rat, leaving only a ripple behind, but dashes down, head-foremost, in a splashing, half-somersault, in which the rushing shot sometimes catches him midway, and leaves him rocking on the waves, which his motions and the shower of lead have joined to occasion.

At the best, Platypus hunting requires as quick an eye and hand as shooting woodcock in close cover, for the animal rarely stays upon the surface more than a second, to take air, and disappears in search of his food, only to rise again in some entirely unexpected quarter. Another difficulty is found in the fact that he seldom ventures from home except during the early morning and late evening twilight, when the shadows on the water make it almost impossible to see him. I once saw one turn up at mid-day, in brilliant



The Platypus.

sunlight, near the boat in which I was sitting, while my companions had started to make a detour through the forest to cut off a pair of black swans that were resting in a bend of the stream—and was so startled by the unexpected sight that I missed him clean, although the opportunity offered one of the very best shots I ever had at a Platypus. I secured the united anathemas of my companions, however, for the swans took a hint from the report of the gun, and were a mile off when the stalkers came out upon the bank near the point where they had been floating. In

times of flood the Platypus doubtless drowned out of the burrow, may be seen floating about at almost any hour of the day, but, ordinarily, he is nocturnal in his habits and spends the hours of sunlight in modest seclusion. A certain amount of light, however, seems essential to his complete enjoyment, and he is most active on moonlight nights, when ripples of silver traced across the deep reaches of the stream show his progress in pursuit of the worms and aquatic insects which chiefly compose his bill of fare. In this quest he sometimes falls afoul of the

night lines baited for eels, and is drawn ashore drowned in the morning, while in the mountain streams miners often find him imprisoned in their sluice-boxes, into which he has drifted during his midnight quests, and missed the way of escape. Wholesale slaughter by skin-hunters has nearly destroyed the Platypus in some districts, but at present he is protected throughout the year, and in some favorable localities is found in every bend and hole of river, creek, and brook. His shyness and retiring habits lead many to suppose that his occurrence in Australia is now infrequent, but in point of fact he is one of the commonest native residents of the country. His fur, of rich, soft brown, in parts like that of the otter, in others like that of the seal, and sometimes beautifully streaked with black and gray, is in much request for muffs and shoulder-capes, and the possessor of a rug made of picked hides may congratulate himself on having a unique and almost priceless treasure. Luxurious loungers find a pleasant warmth in slippers made from his pelt, and Platypus shopping-bags and purses are not disdained by the fair who crowd the marts of Bourke and Collins Streets, in Melbourne, or of Pitt and George, in Sydney. As for the flesh, it is much esteemed by the blackfellow, who pronounces it "budgere" — good — and manifests a watery lip and shining eye when the young Platypus is digged from its burrow. Civilized tastes are not often influenced by this opinion of native epicures, which, indeed, is equally favorable toward many articles of diet whose mere recital would give indigestion to the Caucasian.

To watch the Platypus feeding, or disporting himself among the still waters of secluded pools or silent river-reaches, is one of the pleasantest experiences of Australia. You select a cloudy, late afternoon, steal up stealthily amid the thick grasses on the bank (keeping a wary eye at your feet on reasonable chance of disturbing a sleepy tiger-snake or two), and, having secured a favorable position to command the stretch of oily water, stand immovable, and look about you. A long time may be spent before

you see the object of your visit, and you may even conclude that the Platypus has been indifferent to the locality, favorable as it appears for his habitat with its abrupt shore, and its shallow waters thickly set with sheaves of bulrushes and mottled with the oval, shining leaves of aquatic plants. On the other side of the pool, however, may be seen at intervals a series of gently-spreading circles, which might be caused by bubbles sent up by the fish feeding below. They show where the Platypus is expelling the exhausted air from his lungs preparatory to inhaling a fresh supply; and if you look closely, you may see something that looks like a bit of black stick protruding about two inches above the surface, and strangely gliding about as if impelled by a volition of its own. This is the bill of the foraging Platypus — which now moves toward you across the stream until you can see beneath it the bright, beady eyes of the animal, and the movement of his webbed forefeet as he paddles silently through the water. Stand still now, as if carved in stone, enduring as well as you can the sting of mosquitoes and the explorations of flies into the corners of your eyes — both these being inevitable accompaniments to the study of Australian natural history — for the sight and hearing of the Platypus are alike keen, and the slightest movement will be the signal for his immediate disappearance, and the consequent deferment of your investigations for the day.

As he approaches, his course is marked by a series of watery rings like those you had observed among the rushes opposite, and you can see the bubbles expelled from his nostrils, and the raising of his head a little as he sucks in a new draught of air. He presents a singular appearance, with his duck-like bill and feet alone visible as he comes directly toward the shore; then a tuft of water-grass attracts him, and he turns to it rapidly, when you see the curve of his back, his posterior pair of paddles, and his short, flattened tail, which acts as a flexible rudder to change his course. Clinging to the grass are some diminutive water-snails, which he strips off just as a duck would do, by drawing the blades through his beak, and swallows



Shooting a Platypus

with dabbling movements of his mandibles so bird-like that you expect to hear him quack. His hunting is noiseless, however, and the next moment he disappears beneath the surface by a rolling, headlong plunge, his tail slapping the water as he goes down, quite after the manner of the beaver. He is up again in a minute from his pursuit of worm or water-spider, and, apparently satiated with food, he floats about more lightly than before, his entire head and the most of his back appearing above the water, and being followed by a light wake not noticeable during his moments of hunting. Near by, the half-burnt trunk of a ring-barked gum-tree (relic of the forest which once girdled the pool, but has now almost completely disappeared before the axe and fire of the settler) has fallen into the water, its roots resting on the shore—to which the Platypus swims, and, crawling just above the water's edge with his sharp claws in a slow, sprawling way, turns his

tail shoreward and lies so flat along the wood that he seems but a knot upon it. Here, after a few moments of rest and careful scrutiny of his surroundings, he begins his toilet, combing his fur from nose to tail with his claws, and smoothing it with his beak as a duck dresses her feathers, until it shines like satin. Then he lays his head down on the log, looking in this attitude something like a hairy mud-turtle, and apparently sinks into slumber. Apparently only—a particularly persistent fly, bent on exploring your nostril, causes you to raise your hand to brush it away; there is a splash, the log is tenantless, and a widening ring upon the surface is the only visible evidence of the vanished Platypus.

He will not appear again, and if we wish to make his further acquaintance we must look for his burrow, which is somewhere about in the bank, covered with a thick thatch of matted grasses. Left to ourselves the search would be a long one, and probably fruitless; but

our native guide, "Tommy," who has brought us to the spot from the station through paddocks filled with fat sheep, and "mobs" of wiry, wild-looking cattle, has noted the course the Platypus took when leaving the stump, and has a notion as to the whereabouts of his residence. After some keen-eyed investigation and critical examination of the water's edge, where the scratch of a claw, or the mark of a trowel-shaped tail in the mud, might indicate a landing-place, he finds, covered with the long, pendent shore-grass, a hole in the bank, a few inches above the margin of the pool. "Mullangong (Platypus) there," says "Tommy," and producing a spade, which he has brought in case of emergencies like this, walks inland about a dozen feet from the mouth of the burrow, and begins to sink a perpendicular shaft, after the fashion of a prospector who wishes to test the direction of a lode. At the depth of a couple of feet he strikes the tunnel, and, noting that its direction is unchanged, although its course may be slightly serpentine, goes back ten feet further and sinks again. The burrow may thus be traced from twenty to thirty, or even fifty feet, for the Platypus is an accomplished excavator, and with his strong claws, which, when brought together to protect the connecting membrane, are as well adapted for digging as those of the mole, makes light of the resistance that is offered even by the stiffest of clayey soils. In this case "Tommy" finds, through some evidence visible only to himself, that his second shaft has touched a point very near the extremity of the burrow, and therefore begins to dig horizontally, and in a few minutes opens up the home of the Platypus, wherein himself, his wife, and two diminutive, fat, and pretty copies of themselves are huddled palpitatingly together. The female is attenuated, ruffled, and mangy from the cares of nursing, and somewhat smaller than her consort, who is sleek and glossy and a splendid specimen of his kind. Both kick and scratch when taken up, and make a curious, growling noise like young puppies; the eyes of the male shine viciously, and he makes good play with the long, amber-colored

spurs which project inward and backward above his posterior pair of webbed feet, and whose scratch "Tommy" warns us to avoid, as "them b'long poison, alla same snake." They are, indeed, hollow, as if conveying from internal glands some noxious fluid, but that a wound from them would be serious I much doubt, never having heard of anyone being injured by them. The curious beak is evidently very sensitive—the animal, on being set upon the ground and stroked gently by the hand, becomes quiet, as if experiencing a pleasurable sensation; but a slight tap on the beak causes him to manifest every sign of pain and anger. The young ones, manifestly full of food, remain lethargic, rolled up in a ball with beaks and tails touching, their forefeet brought together above their heads, and their hind-legs doubled up under them—queer, furry lumps of fatness which bring the fires of appetite into the eyes of the blackfellow. The home of this queer family is contained in a circular cavity about two feet broad and a foot high, at the end of the burrow, and a foot and a half below the surface of the soil, lined with dry grass and river weeds, and forming a cosy nest some dozen feet above the water-level, to which the burrow slopes gently.

Naturalists have finally settled definitely the fact that the Platypus, while a true mammal and suckling its young, lays eggs—which are not furnished with a calcareous shell, like those of birds, but have a cartilaginous envelope, like those of the snake or turtle. The eminent English naturalist, Sir Richard Owen, first demonstrated the mammalian character of the Platypus by the discovery of lacteal glands in the breast of the female, although his statement was combated by many, who declared that an animal which was furnished with such a long, horny beak would be quite incapable of suckling. Discoveries of the young, soon after birth, have demonstrated the futility of this objection, since the mandibles of the new-born Platypus are as soft and flexible as the lips of other animals, and equally well furnished with the sensitive nerves of taste and touch. It was long after the mammalian nature of the

Platypus was demonstrated that its egg-producing habit was known—a habit which is now confirmed by the experience of several independent observers. The most conclusive testimony that I have obtained upon this point is from the Rev. Mr. Hagenauar, Secretary to the Victorian Board for the Protection of Aborigines, and Director of the Native Mission Station of Ramahyuk, which is situated on the Avon River above described. He has made an exhaustive study of the Platypus, and for many years has sent to collectors in all parts of the world specimens of the animal in every stage of development. Only once, however, has he discovered the eggs, which were found on that occasion in a burrow that he and his blackfellows had excavated. Both the male and female were in the grass-lined chamber, upon the floor of which were two pulpy eggs, enclosed in a pliable skin-like covering of a dull-white color, which had evidently been very recently deposited. Almost immediately upon

their discovery the eggs burst open, revealing the enclosed young, which were quite naked and sightless, flesh-colored, and imperfectly formed. They were, however, more fully developed than are the young of the kangaroo, opossum, and other marsupial animals, which for weeks after birth appear more like worms than quadrupeds, but nevertheless suggested very forcibly the inferiority of type which shows the Platypus to belong almost to the lowest order of mammals. This discovery seems to show that the production of the egg and the emergence of the infant Platypus from it are nearly simultaneous, and explains why, in spite of the numerous burrows that have been opened, there are almost no instances of complete eggs being found. The study of the inferior and archaic forms of animal life, which the Platypus and the enormous variety of Australian marsupials afford, has only just begun, and offers many curious problems to the naturalist.

DE PROFUNDIS.

By Anne Reeve Aldrich.

I CANNOT understand. I asked no meed
Of gold; no greater radiance than a smile
To light my life. And looking in,
I see some childish faults, but no deep guile
That God should choose to smite me with His wrath,
To make me feel his strong and mighty hand.
What have I done, O God, to suffer thus.
What have I done? I cannot understand!

I cannot understand, and so meanwhile
I will be still, and will not question Him.
And will not seek the less to see His face,
Because through tears my eyes are very dim,
And in the Hand that chose to chasten me
I will slip trustfully my feeble hand.
For Faith can still cry out in blackest night,
All's well with me, I need not understand.

THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL:

A MEMORY OF THE MIND OF A CHILD.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DRYAD DAYS.



HERE were many of them so beautiful—so newly, strangely beautiful—that words seem poor things to try and describe them with. Words are always poor things. One only uses them

because one has nothing else. There is a wide, wide distance—a distance which is more than a matter of mere space—between a great murky, slaving, manufacturing town in England, and mountains and forests in Tennessee—forests which seem endlessly deep, mountains covered with their depths of greenness, their pines and laurels, swaying and blooming, vines of wild grape and scarlet trumpet-flower swaying and blooming among them, tangled with the branches of sumach and sassafras, and all things with branches held out to be climbed over and clung to and draped.

To have lived under the shadow of the factory chimneys, to have looked up at the great, soft, white clouds and fleecy, floating islands, always seeing them somewhat tarnished, as it were, with the yellowness of the chimney-smoke, to have picked one's daisies and buttercups in the public park, *always* slightly soiled with the tiny dots of black—the soft drift of “smuts” which never ceased falling—all this is an excellent preparation for rapture, when one is brought face to face with Dryad haunts, and may live Dryad days.

After the passing of the years in the Back Garden of Eden the Small Person had always been so accustomed to the ever-falling little rain of “smuts” that it had become an accepted feature of existence. They fell upon one's features, and one of the gentle offices of courtesies

was to remove them from beloved and intimate cheeks or noses, and delicately direct the attention of mere acquaintances to their presence and exact situation. They made spots upon one's hat-ribbons, and disfigured one's best frock, and it occurred to no one to touch anything or rest against it without previous examination. In fact, one was so accustomed to their presence that the thought of resenting it rarely intruded itself, and one scarcely realized that there existed people who were not so rained upon. The Small Person had always felt it sad, however, that the snow—even the pure, untrodden, early morning snow—was spoiled so soon by the finer snow of black which fell upon its fair surface and speckled it. One of the most exciting nursery experiments in winter had been to put a cupful of milk, sweetened with nursery brown sugar, onto the window-sill outside, with the thrilling expectation that it would freeze and become ice-cream. This was always tried when it snowed—and one could get the milk and sugar; but as Manchester weather was rarely very cold, the mixture never froze, and if it had done so, it would never have become ice-cream, or anything more nearly resembling it than pale-blue skimmed milk and brown sugar would make. There had been rare occasions when a thin coating of ice had formed upon the top of the preparation, and been devoured with joy—but it usually remained in a painfully sloppy condition, and was covered with a powder of fine soot. And when in despair one took it in and disposed of it with a spoon, with an effort to regard it as a luxury, because *if* it had frozen it *would* have been ice-cream—the flavor of smoke in it was always its strongest feature. This was an actual trial to the Small Person, because it interfered with the pretence that it was ice-cream. It really was so horribly smoky. Every-

thing had been more or less smoky all through her childhood. And she had had an absolute passion for the country. She adored the stories in which people had parks or gardens, or lived in rustic cottages, or walked in forests, or across moors, or climbed "blue hills." She revelled in the thoughts of bluebells and honeysuckles, and harebells and wild roses. She "pretended" them in the Square itself. And this, by the way, recalls a thrilling incident which is perhaps sufficiently illustrative to be worth recording.

One or two of the large vacant houses—perhaps all of them—had once had large gardens behind them. Years of neglect and factory chimney smoke had transformed them into cindery deserts, where weeds grew rank in patches where anything could grow at all, and where, despite the high brick walls surrounding them, all sorts of rubbish accumulated, and made both weeds and bareness more hideous, and their desolateness more complete. Usually the doors of entrance were kept locked, and there was no opportunity of even looking in from the outside. This fact the Small Person had always found enchanting, because it suggested mystery. So long as one could not cross the threshold, one could imagine all sorts of beautifulness hidden by the walls too high to be looked over, the little green door which was never unclosed. It made her wish so that she could get inside.

For years she never did so, but at last there came a rumor that the big houses were to be pulled down, to make room for smaller ones, and then it was whispered about among the Square children that the little green door in the high wall which surrounded the garden behind the big house, called for some mysterious reason "Page's Hall," had been opened, and some bold spirit had walked in and even walked out again.

And so there arrived an eventful hour when the Small Person herself went in—passed through the enchanted door and stood within the mysterious precincts looking around her.

If she had seen it as it really was she would probably have turned and fled. But she did not—she saw nothing as it

was—*Grâce au Bon Dieu!* She saw a Garden. At least it had been a Garden *once*—and there were the high brick walls around it—and the little door so long unopened, and *once* there had been flowers and trees in it; they had really bloomed and been green and shady there, though it was so long ago. The charming treasure of her life had been the story that once the Square itself had been an ornamental lake with swans and lilies in it.

So she wandered about in a dream—"pretending." That changed it all. The heaps of earth and rubbish were mounds of flowers, the rough, coarse docks were lilies with broad leaves, every poor green thing struggling for life in the hard earth had a lovely name. They were green things at least, and she loved them for that. They *grew*—just as real flowers might have done—in a place which had once been a Garden.

All her little life she had felt a sort of curious kinship with things which grew—the trodden grass in the public park, the soiled daisies and buttercups. She had lived among her bricks and mortar and smoke with the yearnings of a little Dryad underlying all her pleasures. In the Square real trees and flowers and thick green ferns and grass seemed joys so impossible.

She walked about slowly. "Pretending" with all her power. She bent down and looked the weeds in their faces and touched them tenderly. They were such poor things, but in some places they grew quite thickly together and covered the ugly barrenness of the earth with a coarse, simple greenery which represented vaguely to her mind something which was quite beautiful. She felt grateful to them.

"Suppose they were roses and pansies and lilies and violets," she said to herself. "How beautiful it would be!"

And then her dear Angel—the beloved Story—laid its kind, beautiful hand upon her, and as she stood among the docks and thistles, if an older person could have looked on—understanding—surely he would have seen light and color and glow come into her child face.

"You *are* roses!" she said. "You *are* violets—and lilies—and hyacinths

and daffodils and snowdrops! You are!"

She had reached a mound and was standing on it. Beside it, and between herself and the garden wall, there was a sort of broad, deep ditch which seemed to have no reason for existence and offered no explanation of itself. The mound had probably been formed by the piling up of the earth and rubbish dug out and thrown up. The green things grew over the mound and were rank even in the ditch itself, scrambling down its ugly sides and half-filling it. She looked into this ditch and was pleased with it.

"This is the castle Moat," she said. "It is a Moat—and these are the castle gardens."

The Moat enraptured her. It made all things possible. She rambled about building around it.

"There is a Bower here," she said, in the very low voice she reserved for such occasions. "It is a Bower covered with roses. There are a great many trees—great big trees with thick trunks and broad, broad branches. There are oaks and beeches and chestnut-trees and they spread their boughs across the avenues from side to side. There are Avenues. They are arched over with green. There are banks and banks of flowers—banks of primroses and banks of violets." She was always lavish. "There are blue-bells—and thick green grass and emerald velvet moss, and ferns and ferns. There are fountains and Grottoes—and everything is *carpeted* with flowers."

It was all as abundant as Edith Somerville's hair.

And the Garden—the long dead Garden—the poor old, forgotten, deserted Garden! Did it know that suddenly it had bloomed again—as it had never bloomed before, even half a century ago in its palmiest days?

It would be beautiful to believe that it did, and that some strange, lovely struggle and thrill so moved it, that Nature herself helped it to one last effort to live—expressing itself in a mysterious and wonderful thing. If this was not so, how did a flower grow there?

It seemed wonderful to the Small Person—though it was such a tiny thing—such a common thing in some places

that there are country-bred people who would not have stooped to pick it up. But she had never seen one.

She was bending over the green things on the mound and telling them again that they were flowers—when she saw a tiny red speck close to the ground.

It was scarcely more than a speck—and a flower was such a wildly improbable thing that she could not believe her eyes.

"It's a *flower!*" she gasped. "A tiny red thing! and she knelt among the weeds and gloated on it. It's a real flower!" she said, "*growing!*"

She did not know what it was. She took it up as if it had been a holy thing. Only a little Dryad, who had spent her life in the Square looking out at the slates for rain, could have felt as she did. She looked at it closer and closer, and then remembered something she had read in some poem of rural scenes, the name of some little thing which was tiny and red, and grew low and close to the earth. It did not really matter whether she was quite right or not—she could not know—but she loved the name and hoped it was the real one.

"It is a Pimpernel," she said, "a scarlet Pimpernel. It must be!" And she ended with a wild little shout to the other children who were exploring within hail.

"Come here!" she cried. "Come here, and see what I have found. I have found a Pimpernel—a scarlet Pimpernel like those that grow in the fields!"

And from a life where a growing green thing was a marvel and a mystery, and a pimpernel an incongruous impossibility, she went into the Dryad days. They began with a journey of two weeks after land was reached, with the banks of the St. Lawrence, with days of travel through Canadian forests, with speechless, rapt wanderings on the borders of a lake like a sea, with short rests at cities which seemed new and foreign, though they were populated with people who spoke English, and which ended at last in a curious little village—one unpaved street of wooden houses, some painted white and some made of logs, but with trees everywhere, and forests and hills shutting it in from the world.

Then she *lived* in the Story. Quiet English people, who, driven by changes of fortune, wandered thousands of miles and lived without servants in a log-cabin, were a Story themselves. The part of the house which was built of logs enchanted her. It was quite like Fenimore Cooper, but that there were no Indians. She yearned inexpressibly for the Indians. There must have been Indians some time, and there must be some left in the forests. This was what she hoped and tried to find out about. It is possible her inquiries into the subject sometimes rather mystified the owners of the white wooden houses, to whom Indians seemed less thrilling. Occasionally an Indian or two were seen she found, but they were neither blood-thirsty nor majestic. They did not build wigwams in the forests, or wear moccasins and wampum; they did not say "The words of the Pale Face make warm the heart of the White Eagle."

"They generly come a beggin' somepn good to eat," one of the white house-owners said to her. "Vittles, or a chaw er terbacker or a dram er whiskey is what *they're* arter. An' he'll lie an' steal, a Injun will, as long as he's a Injun. I haint no use for a Injun."

This was not like Fenimore Cooper, but she persuaded herself that the people she questioned had not chanced to meet the right kind of Aborigine. She preferred Fenimore Cooper's, even when he wore his war-paint and was scalping the Pale Face—or rather pursuing him with that intent without attaining his object. She delighted in conversation with the natives—the real native, who had a wonderful dialect. As she had learned to speak Lancashire she learned to speak East Tennesseean and North Carolinian and the negro dialect. Finding that her English accent was considered queer she endeavored to correct it and to speak American. She found American interesting and rather liked it. That was part of the Story, too. To use, herself, in casual conversation, the expressions she had heard in American stories related with delight in England was a joy. She used to wonder what the aunts and cousins and the people in the Square would think if they heard her say "I guess," and "I reckon," if

they would be shocked or if they would think it amusing.

The Square—the wet, shiny slates—the soiled clouds and falling soot seemed more than thousands of miles away—it was as if they could scarcely have been real, as if she must have dreamed them. Because she was really a Dryad she felt no strangeness in the great change in her life. It seemed as if she must always have lived with the vast clear space of blue above her, with hundreds of miles of forests surrounding her, with hills on every side, with that view of a certain far-off purple mountain behind which the sun set after it had painted such splendors in the sky. To get up at sunrise and go out into the exquisite freshness and scent of earth and leaves, to wander through the green aisles of tall, broad-leaved, dew-wet Indian corn, whose field sloped upward behind the house to the chestnut-tree which stood just outside the rail-fence one climbed over on to the side of the hill, to climb the hill and wander into the woods where one gathered things, and sniffed the air like some little wild animal, to inhale the odor of warm pines and cedars and fresh damp mould, and pungent aromatic things in the tall "Sage grass," to stand breathing it all in, one's whole being enveloped in the perfume and warm fresh fragrance of it, one's face uplifted to the deep, pure blue and the tops of the pines swaying a little before it—to hear little sounds breaking the stillness when one felt it most—lovely little sounds of birds conversing with each other, asking questions and answering them and sometimes being sweetly petulant, of sudden brief little chatters of squirrels, of lovely languorous cawing of crows high above the tree tops, of the warm-sounding boom and drone of a bee near the ground—strange as it may seem, to do, to feel, to see and hear all this was somehow not new to her. She was not a stranger here—she had been a stranger in the Square when she had lifted her face to the low-hanging, smoky clouds, talking to them, imploring them when they would make no response. Without knowing why—because she was too young to comprehend—she felt that she had begun to be alive, and that before, somehow, she had not been exactly liv-

ing. Though the poor green things in a smoke and soot-smitten Sahara had moved her and seemed to say something vaguely, though one pimpernel astray through some miracle among the rubbish had made her heart cry aloud, the full bounty of all Nature poured out before her in one magnificent gift seemed to be something she had always known—something she must have been waiting for all through her young years of exile—a native land which she could not have been kept away from always. And the most perfectly rapturous of her moments always brought to her a feeling that somehow—in some subtle way—she was part of it—part of the trees, of the warm winds and scents and sounds and grasses. This—though she had not reached the point of knowing it—was because ages before—dim, far-off beautiful ages before, she had been a little Faun or Dryad—or perhaps a swaying thing of boughs and leaves herself, but this had been when there had been fair pagan gods and goddesses who found the fair earth beautiful enough for deity itself. And some strange force had reincarnated her in the Square.

It is worth mention, perhaps, that here she ceased to "pretend" in the old way. There was no need to "pretend." There were real things enough. She had laid the Doll aside reluctantly some time before—doing it gradually—after some effort at being purely maternal with it, which, after some tentative experiment, was a failure, because she so loved the real, warm babies that to hover over a wax one seemed an insult to her being. She lived in the woods, and she wrote stories on slates and pieces of paper. But the Story took a new tone. Sir Marmaduke Maxwelton was less prominent, and the hair of Edith Somerville flowed less freely over the pages. Hair and eyes seemed less satisfying and less necessary. She began to deal with emotions. She found emotions interesting—and forests and Autumn leaves assisted them and seemed part of them somehow, as she was part of the forests themselves. In the Square she had imagined—in the forests she began to feel.

She lived in the village long enough to gain a great deal of atmosphere, and then she went with the family to another

place. The new home was not very far away from the first one, and though it was within a few miles of a place large enough to be called a town, instead of a village, it was even more sylvan. This time the house was a little white one and she did not deplore its not being built of logs, because she had lived beyond the Fenimore Cooper standpoint and expected neither Indians nor bears. She no longer regarded America as foreign, and had attained a point of view quite different from that of her early years.

The house was not at the foot of a hill, in these days it was at the top of one. It was not a very high hill, and the house was a tiny one, balanced quaintly on the summit, as if some flood had left it there on receding.

"Noah's Ark was left like it on Mount Ararat," said the Small Person. "Let us call it Noah's Ark, Mount Ararat. Think how queer it will look on letters." So it was called Noah's Ark, Mount Ararat, and the address *did* look queer on letters.

The house was a bandbox, but the place was adorable in these days. One stood on the little porch of Noah's Ark and looked out over undergrowth and woods and slopes and hills which ended in three ranges of mountains one behind the other. The farthest was the Alleghanies. It was at this place that what were most truly the Dryad days were lived. There were no neighbors but the woods, there was no village, the town was too far away to be visited often by people who must walk. There was nothing to distract one.

And the mountains always seemed to stand silently on guard. They became part of one's life. When the Small Person came out upon the porch very early in the morning they were deep purple and stood out soft and clear. The sun was rising from behind a hill to the left, where three or four very tall pine-trees seemed to have grown with a view to adding to the spectacular effect by outlining their feathery branches and straight, slender stems against the pink, pearl, amber, blue, apple-green, daffodil sky, growing intenser every moment until the golden flood leaped up above the tallest feathered pine. In the middle of the day they paled into faint blue

in a haze of sunny light and heat, at sunset they were violet with touches of deep rose. The Small Person began to think of them as of human things. They were great human things, with moods which changed and expressions which came and went. She found herself going to look at them at all sorts of times, at different phases of the day or sky, to see how they looked now! They had so many expressions—they always seemed to be saying something—no, *thinking* something—but she did not know what. She would have been glad to understand—but with these too she had that instinct of kinship—of somehow being part of their purple, their clear dark outline, their dips and curves against the sky—with these too! The first morning that she went out and found them covered with snow—like ranges of piled white clouds lightly touched with sunrise pink—she almost cried out aloud!

But it was not only the mountains—all the near things that surrounded and shut her in were of the same world. She began to ramble and explore, wandering about, and led on step by step by the things she saw until it ended in her literally living in the open air.

About a hundred yards from the house was a little thicket which was the beginning of the woods. Sassafras, sumach, dogwood, and young pines and cedars grew in the midst of a thick undergrowth of blackberry-vines and bushes. The slender but full-branched trees stood very close together, and a wild grape-vine roofed them with a tangled abundance.

When she found this place the Small Person hungered to get into the very heart of it and feel the leaves enclose her and the vine sway about her and catch with tendrils at her hair. But that was impossible then, because the briars and undergrowth were so thick as to be impenetrable. For some time it was a longing unattained.

It was a chance, perhaps, which caused it to be fulfilled. Some friend of the brothers, during a visit of some holiday, was inspired to suggest that an hour or so of vigorous cutting and pruning would do wonders for this very spot, and in a valiant moment the idea was carried out.

The Small Person lived in it for two years after, and it was called the "Bower."

The walls of the Bower were branches and bushes and lovely brambles, the ceiling was boughs bearing bravely the weight of the matted vine, the carpet of it was grass and pine-needles, and moss. One made one's way to it through a narrow path cleared between blackberry and wild rose briars, one entered as if through a gateway between two slender sentinel sassafras-trees—and the air one breathed inside smelled of things subtly intoxicating—of warm pine and cedar and grape-vine blossoms made hot by the sun.

The Small Person was never quite sober when she lay full length on the grass and pine-needles on a Summer day and closed her eyes, dilating her little nostrils to inhale and sniff slowly the breathing of these strange sweet things. She was not aware that she was intoxicated, she only thought she was exquisitely happy and uplifted by a strange, still joy—better than anything else in life—something thrillingly near being the Party.

She came to the place so much, and spent so many hours there, lying on the grass, scribbling a bit of a story, sewing a bit of a seam, reading, when she could get a book—which was rarely—thinking out great problems with her eyes open or shut, and she was so quiet that the little living things actually became accustomed to her, and quite unafraid. It became one of her pleasures to lie or sit and watch a bird light upon a low branch quite near her, and sway there, twittering a little to himself and giving an occasional touch to his feathers, as he made remarks about the place. She would not have stirred for worlds for fear of startling him. She used to try to imagine what he was saying:

"Dear me! What a charming place. So delightfully fresh and cool after one has been flying about in the hot sun. And so secluded! Why did not Rosie-beak think of suggesting that I should build the nest here? And none of those big, walking-about creatures who don't sing——"

And then, perhaps, his round, bright, dark eye fell upon her and he made a

nervous little move, as if he were going to fly away, but seeing that she did not stir, reflected upon her, and then she thought he said:

"What is it? It looks like one of them, but it does not move or make a noise, and its eyes look friendly."

And then he would gather courage, if he was an enterprising bird, and hop onto a nearer twig and examine her, making quick little curious movements with his head and neck. After which he would probably fly away.

But she had an idea that he always came again and brought some member of his family and endeavored to explain her to them and tell them that his impression was that she would not hurt. Many of them, she was quite sure, came again. She believed she recognized them. And they became so used to seeing her that they did not mind her in the least, and had quarrels and reconciliations, and said unpleasant things about their relations, and deplored the habits their children were getting into, and practised their scales just as if she had been one of the family.

Squirrels had no objection to her, rabbits occasionally came and looked, and dragon-flies and beetles regarded her as of no consequence at all.

"They think I am another kind of little animal," she used to delight herself with thinking — "another kind of squirrel or thrush or beetle, or a new kind of rabbit they have not seen. Or perhaps they think I am a very little cow without horns. They don't think I am a person, and they know I like them."

Some mornings she spent there it would be almost impossible to describe. The air, the odors, the sounds of insects and birds, the golden-green shade of the interlaced vines and branches, the delicate shadows of the leaves, the faint rustle of them, which only seemed to make the stillness more still and full of meaning, wakened in her a fine, tender ecstasy, which did not seem to be exactly a feeling belonging to life on earth. She was always alone, and she used to lie in the gold-green shade quite motionless, with her eyes closed, a curious, rapt fancy in her mind.

"Somehow," she used to think, "I am not quite in my body. It is so beau-

tiful that my soul is trying to get away like a bird. It has got out of my body and it is trying to break loose; but it is fastened with a little slender cord, and that holds it. It is fluttering and straining because it wants to fly."

There was even in her mind a perfectly definite idea of how high above her body the little soul hovered, straining to break the cord. She fancied it hovering, with the movement of a poised humming-bird, about a yard above her breast—no higher—the slender chain was only that long.

And she used to try to make herself more and more still, and centre all her thoughts upon the small lifted spirit—trying to help it to break the chain.

"If it could break it," she thought, "it would fly away—I don't know where—and I should be dead. And they would come to the Bower to look for me at night when I did not come home, and find me lying here. And they would think it was dreadful and be so sorry for me; and nobody would know that I had only died because I was so happy that my soul broke the chain."

If in the young all things not quite of earth are justly to be considered morbid, then this ecstasy, too subtle to be called a mood, was a thing to be discouraged; but it was an emotion all of rapture, and was a thing so delicate and strange that she kept it silently to herself.

In the life she spent in wandering about the woods, she became perfectly familiar with all their resources. She was generally gathering flowers. The little house was filled with them to overflowing. Her hands were always filled as she rambled from one place to another. She was always looking for new ones, and it was not long before she knew exactly the spots of earth, of dryness or dampness, of shade or sun, in which each one grew. She was nearly always by herself, but she was never alone when she was among these intimates of hers. She found it quite natural to speak to them, to bend down and say caressing things to them, to stoop and kiss them, to praise them for their pretty ways of looking up at her as into the eyes of a friend and beloved. There were certain little blue violets who al-

ways seemed to lift up their small faces childishly, as if they were saying :

" Kiss me ! Don't go by like that. Kiss me." That was what she imagined about them.

Those were lovely days when she found these violets. They were almost the very first things that came in the Spring. First there was a good deal of rain, and when one was getting very tired of it there would come a lull. Perhaps it was only a lull, and the sun only came out and went in with capricious uncertainty. But when the lull came the Small Person issued forth. Everything was wet and smelled deliciously—the mould, the grass, the ferns, the trees and bushes. She was not afraid of the dampness. She was a strong little thing, and wore cotton frocks. Generally she had no hat. A hat seemed unnecessary and rather in the way. She simply roamed about as a little sheep or cow would have roamed about, going where an odor or a color led her. She went through the bushes and undergrowth, and as she made her way they shook rain-drops on her. As she had not known flowers before, and did not know people then, she did not learn the real names of the flowers she gathered. But she knew their faces and places and ways as she knew her family. The very first small flower of all was a delicate, bounteous thing, which grew in masses and looked like a pale forget-me-not on a fragile stem. She loved it because it was so ready and so free of itself, and it meant that soon the wet grass would be blue with the violets which she loved beyond all else of the Spring or Summer. She always lost her head a little when she saw the first of these small things, but when, after a few days more rain, the sun decided to shine with warm softness, and things were pushing up through the mould and bursting from the branches and trunks of trees, and bluebirds began to sing, and all at once the blue violets seemed to *rush* out of the earth and purple places everywhere, she became a little mad—with a madness which was divine. She forgot she was a Small Person with a body, and scrambled about the woods, forgetting everything else also. She knew nothing but the violets, the buds

of things, the leaves, the damp, sweet, fresh smell. She knelt down recklessly on the wet grass ; if rain began to fall she was not driven indoors unless it fell in torrents. To make one's way through a wood on a hillside with hands full of cool, wet leaves and flowers, and to feel soft, light, fresh rain-drops on one's cheek is a joy—a joy !

With the violets came the blossoming of the dogwood trees and the wild plum—things to be broken off in branches and carried away over one's shoulder, like sumptuous fair banners of white bloom. And then the peach-and-apple-blossom, and new flowers at one's feet on every side as one walked through paths or made new ones through the woods. As the weather became warmer the colors became warmer with it. Then the early mornings were spent in the flower hunt, the heat of the day in the Bower, the evenings in the woods again, the nights upon the porch, looked down upon by myriads of jewels trembling in the vastness of dark blue, or by a moon, never the same or in the same setting, and always sailing like a boat of pearl in a marvellous, mysterious sea.

The Small Person used to sit upon the steps of the porch, her elbows on her knees, her hands supporting her chin, her face upturned, staring, staring, in the moments of silence. Something of the feeling she had had when she lay upon her back on the grass in the Back Garden of Eden always came back to her when she began to look up at the sky. Though it was so high—so high, so unattainable, yet this too was a world. Was she part of it too, as she was part of the growing things and the world they belonged to ? She was not sure of that, but there was a link somewhere—she was something to it all—somehow ! In some unknown way she counted as *something* among the myriads in the dark, vast blueness—perhaps for as much as a point of the tiniest star. She knew she could not understand, that she was beyond the things understandable, when she had this weird updrawn, overwhelming feeling, and sat with her chin upon her hands and stared—and stared—and stared so fixedly and with such intensity, that the earth seemed gone—left far behind.

There was not a season of the year, an hour of the day which was not a wonderful and beautiful thing. In the winter there was the snow, the clear, sharp air, which seemed actually to sparkle, the rose and violet shadows on the mountains, the strange, lurid sunsets, with crimsons and scarlets and pale yellows, burning the summits of purple banks of cloud, there was the crisp sound of one's feet treading the hardened snow, the green of the pines looking emerald against the whiteness, the bare tree-tops gray or black against the sky, and making the blue intenser; there were the little brown rabbits appearing with cautious hops, and poised, sniffing with tremulous noses, their large eyes and alert ears alarming them at a breath of sound to a wild skurry and disappearance into space itself. The rabbits were a delightful feature. The Small Person never was able to become intimate with them to the extent of being upon speaking terms. They would come to the Bower and peep at her in the Summer, but in the Winter they always disappeared with that lightning rapidity when they heard her. And yet if they had known her she was conscious that they would have recognized their mistake. She had always deplored seeing them suspended by their hind legs in the poulterers' shops in Manchester. They looked so soft, and their dulled eyes seemed so pitious.

The Spring was the creation of the world—the mysterious, radiant, young beginning of living. There were the violets and dogwood blossoms, and every day new life. In the summer there was the Bower, and the roses, and the bees, and the warm, aromatic smells in the air. In the Autumn a new thing came, and she seemed to have drunk something heady again.

The first Autumn in America was a wondrous thing to her. She existed from day to day in a sort of breathless state of incredulity. In Manchester, the leaves on the trees in the public park, being rained upon until they became sodden and brown, dropped off dispirited, and life was at an end. Even poetry and imaginative prose only spoke of "Autumn's russet brown."

But here marvels happened. After a few hot days and cool nights, the greenery of the Bower began to look strangely golden. As she lay under her prettiest sassafras-tree, the Small Person found, when she looked up, that something was happening to its leaves. They were still fresh, and waved and rustled, but they were turning pale yellow. Some of them had veins and flushes of rose on them. She gathered some and looked at them closely. They were like the petals of flowers. A few more hot days and cool nights and there were other colors. The maple was growing yellow and red, the dogwood was crimson, the sumach was like blood, the chestnut was pale gold, and so was the poplar—the trailing brambles were painted as if with a brush. The Small Person could not believe her eyes, as she saw what, each day, went on around her. It seemed like a brilliant dream, or some exaggeration of her senses.

"It can't really be as scarlet as that when one holds it in one's hand," she used to say at sight of some high-hued, flauntingly lovely spray.

And she would stand upon her tip-toes, and stretch, and struggle to reach it, and stand panting and flushed, but triumphant, with it in her hand, finding it as brilliant as it had seemed.

She began to gather leaves as she had gathered flowers, and went about with bowers of branches, flaming and crimson, in her arms. She made wreaths of sumach and maple leaves, and wore them on her head, and put bunches in her little belt, and roamed about all day in this splendor, feeling flaunting and inclined to sing. Again, she did not know that she was not sober, and that, as Bacchantes of old wore wreaths of vine-leaves and reeled a little with the blood of the new grapes, so she was reeling a little with an exultation beautiful and strange.

There was a certain hollow in a little woodland road she loitered about a great deal, where there was a view which had always a deep effect upon her.

It was not an imposing view, it was a soft and dreamy one. The little road ran between woods and pretty wild

places, to a higher land clothed with forest. The lovely rolling wave of it seemed to shut in the world she looked at when she stood in the little dip of the road, with wood on both sides and the mountains behind her.

When all the land was aflame with Autumn, and she sat on Indian Summer afternoons upon a certain large lichen-covered log, she used to gaze, dreaming, at the massed tree plumes of scarlet and crimson and gold uplifted against the blue sky, and softened with a faint, ethereal haze, until she had strange unearthly fancies of this too.

"A place might open in the blue," she used to say softly to herself. "It might open at any moment—now—while I am sitting here. And They might come floating over the trees. They would float, and look like faint, white mist at first. And if the place in the blue were left open, I might see!"

And at such times all was so *still*—so still and wonderful, that she used to find herself sitting breathless, waiting.

There were many memories of this hollow woodland path. So many flowers grew there, and there were always doves making soft murmurs and most tender, lovelorn plaints, high in the pines' far tops. She used to stand and listen to their cooing, loving it, and in her young, she-dove's heart plaining with them, she did not know or ask why.

And there, more than one rainy autumn day, she came and stood with her boughs in her arms, watching the misty rain veiling the sumptuous colors of the wooded hill, feeling, with a kind of joyful pleasure, the light-falling drops caressing her from her red leaf-wreaths to her damp feet, which mattered absolutely nothing. How could the wet grass she seemed to have sprung from earth with, the fresh cool rain she loved, hurt her, a young, young Dryad, in these her Dryad days?

How many times it befel her to follow this road—sometimes running fast, sometimes stealing softly, sometimes breaking away from it to plunge into the wood and run again until she stopped to listen, looking up into some tree, or peering into a thicket or bush.

This was when she was giving herself

up to what she called "the bird chases." She liked them so—the birds. She knew nothing of them. Birds such as the woods hold had not lived in the Square. There had been only serious-minded little sparrows nesting in the chimneys and in the gutterings. They brought up large families under the shadows of water-piping, and taught them to fly on the wet slates. They were grateful for crumbs, particularly in snowy weather, and the Nursery patronized them. But they were not bluebirds with a brief little trill of Spring carolled persistently from all sorts of boughs and fence corners; they were not scarlet birds with black velvet marks and crests; they were not yellow birds like stray canaries, or chattering jays, or mocking-birds with the songs of all the woods in their throats; they were not thrushes and wrens, or woodpeckers drumming and tapping in that curiously human way.

As there had been no one to tell her the actual names of the flowers, so there was no one to tell her the real names of the birds. She used to ask the negroes who lived at the foot of Mount Ararat, but the result was so unsatisfactory that she gave it up.

"What is that little bird that sings like this, Aunt Cynthia?" she would say, trying to imitate its note. "It is a little blue thing."

"That's the bluebird," seemed rather incomplete to her at the outset.

"And the bright red one with the black marks and crest?"

"That's the redbird," which did not seem much more definite.

"I can see they are blue and red," she used to say. "Haven't they a name?"

But they had no other name, and when the birds described were less marked in color there seemed to be no names at all. So she began to commit the birds to memory, learning their notes and colors and forms by heart. In this way were instituted the bird chases.

If she heard a new song or note she ran after it until she saw the bird and could watch him piping or singing. It was very interesting and led her many a mile.

Sometimes she believed birds came

and sang near her, under cover, for the mere fun of leading her through the woods. They would begin on a tree near by and then fly away and seem to hide again until she followed them. She always followed until she caught sight of her bird. But they had wonderful ways of eluding her, and led her over hill and dale, and through thicket and brambles, and even then sometimes got away.

There was one with a yellow breast and a queer little cry which she pursued for several days, but she saw him at last and afterward became quite familiar with him. And there was one, who was always one of two—a tender, sad little thing who could never be alone, and who was always an unanswered problem to her, and somehow, above all, her best beloved. It was a mystery because no one ever seemed to have seen it but herself, and her description of it was never recognized.

It was a little bird—a tiny one, a soft, small, rounded one, with a black velvet cap, and on its first appearance it came and sat upon the rail of the veranda, and waited there, uttering a piteous little note. She knew that it was waiting and was calling to its mate because it was a timid little thing, existing only under the cover of his wing and love. He could only be a small creature himself, but the Small Person felt that in the round, bright, timid eyes he was a refuge from the whole large world, the brief, soft, plaintive cry for him was so pathetically trustful in its appealing.

The Small Person, who was sitting on the wooden steps, was afraid to stir for fear of frightening her.

"You poor little mite," she murmured, "don't be so sorrowful. He'll come directly."

And when he did come and was lovingly rejoiced over, and the tiny pair flew away together, she was quite relieved.

There was something in the brief, plaintive note which always led her to follow it when she heard it afterward, which only happened at rare intervals. There seemed to be some sad little question or story in it which she could not help wishing she could understand. But she never did, though each time she

heard the sound she ran to look for it, and stood beneath its tree looking up with a sense of a persistent question in her own breast. What was it about? What did it want? What was it sad for? She never heard the tiny thing without finding it huddled down patiently upon some bough or spray, calling for its mate. And to her it never had any other name than the one she gave it of "The little mournful bird."

These Dryad days were of the first years of her teens. They were the early Spring of her young life. And she was in Love—in Love with morning, noon, and night; with Spring and Summer and Winter; with leaves and roots and trees; with rain and dew and sun; with shadows and odors and winds; with all the little living things; with the rapture of being and unknowingness and mere Life—with the whole World.

CHAPTER XV.

"MY OBJECT IS REMUNERATION."

SHE always felt herself under a personal obligation to Christopher Columbus. The years in which came the Dryad days would have been very different if they had been spent in the Square or within reach of it. Reduced resources in a great town or city where one has lived always, mean change of habits and surroundings, shabbiness, anxiety, and annoyance. They mean depression and dreariness, loss of courage, and petty humiliations without end. In a foreign land among mountains and forests they mean seclusion, freedom, and novelty. It is novelty to live in a tiny white house, to wait upon one's self and everyone else, to wear a cotton frock and chase birds through the woods without the encumbrances of hats and gloves and parasols. It is also freedom. But in Dryad days lived in an unsylvan age a serious reduction of resources is felt. Detail seems unnecessary, but, without entering into detail, it may be stated that this reduction of resource was felt on the summit of Mount Ararat. Alas! one cannot live always in the Bower, one must come home to dinner and to bed. Material and painful but unavoidable. Even cot-

ton frocks wear out and must be washed. And the openings for the Boys had not been of sufficient size to allow of their passing through to ease and fortune. The consequences were curious sometimes and rather trying.

"We are decayed ladies and gentlemen," the Small Person used to say to herself. "We ought to be living in a ruined feudal castle and have ancient servitors who refuse to leave us and will not take any wages. But it is not at all like that." It was not at all.

It was so very unlike it that there were occasions when she gathered her leaves and flowers with a thoughtful little frown on her forehead, and when she talked the matter over with Edith or Mamma. Edith was the practical member of the family.

"If one could *do* something!" she said, thoughtfully.

But there are so few things to do if one is very young and quite inexperienced and lives on the top of Mount Ararat.

Still the serious necessity increased and she pondered over it more and more.

"I wish I *could* do something," she said next. She began to have long discussions with Edith as to what one might invent as a means of resource—what one could teach or learn—or make. But nothing proved practicable.

There was a queer little room with unfinished walls and rafters where she had a table by a window and wrote stories in wet or cold weather when the Bower was out of the question. There was no fireplace and she used to sit wrapped in a shawl for warmth. She had a little cat which always followed her and jumped upon the table when she sat down, curling up in the curve of her left arm. The little cat's name was Dora, and it was also a Small Person. It had a clearly defined character, and understood that it was assisting in literary efforts. It also added to the warmth the shawl gave. Edith used to come upstairs to the rough little room and talk to her, and gradually she got into the habit of reading to her pieces of the stories. She began with extracts—speeches, scenes, chapters—and led on by the delight of her audience, which was stimulating as

that of the Listeners, she read all she wrote.

Edith was a delightful listener. She was an emotional little being, and exquisitely ready with tears, and uncontrolled in laughter. She was at the same time a remarkable Small Person and singularly perceptive.

They used to sit and talk over the stories—telling each other what they liked best or were not quite sure of. The Small Person had a curious feeling that in reading to Edith she was submitting her creations to a sort of infallible critic—one who was infallible not through experience or training, but through a certain unflinching truth of sentiment and emotion, and an unflinching good taste. It must be recorded, however, that neither of them for a moment contemplated the chance of a larger public existing for the stories. Never for an instant had it occurred to the Small Person that they were worth publishing. That would have seemed to her a height of presumption quite grotesque. They were hidden from the Boys as carefully as ever, and derided as mercilessly when they were mentioned by them. "Frances's love stories" were an unflinching source of jocular entertainment. It was never ill-natured entertainment, and there was plenty of rough young wit in it; but naturally a young Briton finds it rather a lark to contemplate the thought of a small girl he has chafed and patronized all his life secretizing herself to write pages of romantic description of the emotions of "a case of spoons." The Boys were fond of her, and their intercourse was marked by bounteous good-nature and the best of tempers and spirits, but their impression naturally was that the stories would be "bosh." But she continued to write them—with the little cat curled in her left arm—and read them to Edith. It was the "Answers to Correspondents" in various magazines which inspired her with her tremendously daring thought. Things like these:

"Elaine the Fair.—Your story has merit, but is not quite suited to our columns. *Never* write on both sides of your paper."

"Christabel.—We do not return rejected manuscript unless stamps are enclosed for postage."

"Blair of Athol.—We accept your poem, 'The Knight's Token.' Shall be glad to hear from you again."

She read them on the final pages of *Godey's Lady's Book* and *Peterson's Magazine*, etc. Her circumstances were not sufficiently princely to admit of her being among the subscribers, but occasionally a copy or so drifted in her way. They were much read at that time in the locality.

She was reading these absorbing replies to the correspondents one day when a thought floated into her mind, and after a few moments of indefiniteness took shape and presented itself before her. She blushed a little at first because it had such an air of boldness. She rather thrust it aside, but after a while she found herself contemplating it—as if from afar off.

"I wonder how much they pay for the stories in magazines," she said, reflectively, to Edith.

Edith did not know, naturally, and had not formed any opinion.

"I wonder if they pay much," the Small Person continued; "and—what sort of people write them?" It seemed impossible that ordinary, every-day people could write things that would be considered worth paying for and publishing in magazines. It seemed to imply immense talents and cultivation and training and enormous dignity.

She did not think this because she found the stories invariably brilliant, but because she felt that there must be some merit she was not clever enough to detect; if not they would never have been published.

"Sometimes they are not so awfully clever," she said.

"Well," said Edith, boldly, "I've seen lots of them not half as nice as yours."

"Ah!"—she exclaimed, conscious of being beset by her sheepish feeling—"that's because you are my sister."

"No, it isn't," said the valiant Edith, with her favorite little pucker of her forehead. "I don't care whether I'm your sister or not. Some of your stories are beautiful!"

The Small Person blushed, because she was of the Small Persons who are given to superfluous blushing. "I won-

der," she said, "if the magazine people would think so."

"I don't know anything about magazine people," said Edith; "but I don't see why they shouldn't think so."

"They wouldn't," said the Small Person, with a sudden sense of discouragement. "Of course they wouldn't."

But she could not help the thought of the answered correspondents, returning to her afterward. She found herself wondering about them as she rambled through the woods or lay on the grass in the Bower. How did they send their stories to the magazines? Was it by post or by express? If it was by post how many stamps would it take? How could one find out? It would be important that one should put on enough. She remembered "answers" such as this. "March Hare.—We cannot receive MSS. on which insufficient postage has been paid." It was evidently necessary to make a point of the postage.

Then there was the paper. To meet the approval of an august being it seemed as if something special must be required. And more than once she had read instructions of such a nature as: "Airy, Fairy Lilian.—Write in a clear hand on ordinary foolscap paper."

She was only fifteen, and her life had been spent between the Square and the Bower. Her horizon had not been a broad one, and had not embraced practical things. She had had no personal acquaintance with Ordinary Foolscap. If the statement had demanded extraordinary foolscap she would have felt it only natural.

Somehow she found a timid, but growing interest in the whole subject. She could not quite get away from it. And when circumstances occurred which directed her attention specially to the results of the reduced resources she was led to dwell on it with a certain sense of fascination.

"Something *must* be done!" she said to herself, desperately. "We can't go on like this. Someone *must* do something."

The three little girls talked together at times quite gloomily. They all agreed that Somebody must do something. The Boys were doing their best, but luck did not seem to be with them.

"Something *must* be done," the Small Person kept repeating.

"Yes," replied Edith, "but what must it be and Who will do it?"

The people whose stories were bought and printed must some time have sent their first stories. And they could not have known whether they were really good or not until they had asked and found out. The only way of finding out was to send one—written in a clear hand on *one* side of ordinary foolscap—having first made quite sure that it had stamps enough on it. If a person had the courage to do that, he or she would at least hear if it was worth reading—if a stamp was enclosed.

These were the reflections with which the Small Person's mind was occupied.

And if it was worth reading—if the August Being deigned to think it so—and was not rendered rabid and infuriate by insufficient postage, or indistinct writing, or by having to read on both sides of the ordinary foolscap, if he was in need of stories for his magazine, and if he was in a good temper he might accept it—and buy it.

If the Listeners had liked her stories so much, if Edith and Edwina liked them, if Edith thought they were as nice as some she had read in *Godey's Lady's Book*, might it not be just possible that—that an Editor might deign to read one and perhaps even say that it "had merit," even if it was not good enough to buy. If he said that much, she could study the stories in the *Lady's Book*, etc., assiduously enough, perhaps, to learn the secret of their success, and finally do something which might be worthy to compete with them.

She was a perfectly unassuming child. She had never had any feeling about her story-telling but that it seemed part of herself—something she could not help doing. Secretly she had been afraid, as time went by, that she had been Romantic with the Doll, and in private she was afraid that she was Romantic about the stories. The idea that anyone but the Listeners and Edith and Edwina would be likely to care to hear or read them had never entered her mind. The cheerful derision of the Boys added to her sensitive shyness about them, and upon the whole she

regarded her little idiosyncrasy as a thing to be kept rather quiet. Nothing but actual stress of circumstances would have spurred her to the boldness of daring to hope for them. But in those days Noah's Ark found itself lacking such common things—things which could not be dispensed with even by the most decayed of ladies and gentlemen.

So one day after many mental struggles she found herself sitting alone with Edith and the little cat, in the small room with the bare walls and rafters. And she gathered her courage in both hands.

"Edith," she said, "I've been thinking about something."

Edith looked at her with interest. She was a lovely little person and a wonderful friend for her years—which were thirteen.

"What is it?" she said.

"Do you think—do you *think* it would be silly to send one of my stories—to a magazine—and see if they would take it."

I cannot help believing that at the first moment Edith rather lost her breath. The two were English children, brought up in a simple English nursery in the most primitively conventional way. Such a life is not conducive to a spirit of boldness and enterprise. In matters of point of view they would have seemed to the American mind incredibly young for their years. If they had been American children they would have been immensely cooler and far less inclined to ultra-respectful attitudes toward authority.

"Do you?" said the Small Person. "Do you?"

Edith gathered herself together also. Across a lifetime the picture of her small face rises with perfect distinctness. She was a fair little person, with much curling blond hair and an expressive little forehead which had a habit of puckering itself. She was still startled, but she bore herself with a courage which was heroic.

"No," she answered, "I don't!"

If she had said that she did, the matter might have ended there, but as it was, the Small Person breathed again. She felt the matter might be contem-

plated and approached more nearly. One might venture at least to talk about it in private.

"I have been thinking and thinking about it," she said. "Even if they are not good enough to be published it would not do any harm just to try. They can only be sent back—and then I should know. Do you think we dare do it?"

"If I were you I would," said Edith.

"I believe," hesitated the Small Person, "I do believe I will."

Edith began to become excited.

"Oh," she said, "I think it would be splendid! What would you send?"

"I should have to write something new. I haven't anything ready that I should care to send. I'd write something carefully—just as well as I could. There's a story I began to write when we lived in the Square, three years ago. I never finished it, and I only wrote scenes out of it in old account-books; but I remember what it was about, and the other day I found an old book with some scraps of it in. And I really do think it's rather nice. And I might finish it, perhaps. She began to tell the story, and became exhilarated with the telling, as she always did, and Edith thought it an enchanting story, and so it was decided that it should be finished and put to the test.

"But there's one thing," she said, "I would not have the Boys know for anything in the world. They would laugh so, and they would think it such a joke if it was sent back again. I'm going to put in stamps to send it back with, because if you put on stamps enough they will send it back. And perhaps they wouldn't take the trouble to write a letter if they didn't like it, and I didn't send the extra stamps. You often see in magazines a notice that manuscript will be returned if stamps are sent. So in that way I shall be sure to find out. But I must get them without the Boys knowing."

"Yes, you must," said Edith. "They would tease you so if it came back. But what are you going to do? You know there isn't any money now but what the Boys get. And that's little enough, goodness knows."

"We shall have to think about it,"

said the Small Person, "and contrive. It will take a good deal of contriving, but I have to write the story first."

"Do you think it will take many stamps?" asked Edith, beginning to pucker her expressive little forehead, anxiously.

"Yes, a good many, I'm afraid," was the Small Person's answer. "And then we have to buy the foolscap paper—ordinary foolscap. But of all things promise and swear you won't breathe a word before the Boys."

It was a marvel that they did not betray themselves in some way. It was so thrilling a secret. While the story was being written they could think and talk of nothing else. The Small Person used to come down from the raftered Temple of the Muses with her little cat under her arm, and her cheeks a blaze of scarlet. The more absorbed and interested she was the more brilliant her cheeks were.

"How red your cheeks are, my dear," Mamma would say. "Does your head ache?"

But her head did not ache, though it would have done, if she had not been a splendidly strong little animal.

"I always know when you've been writing very fast," Edith used to say; "your cheeks always look so flaming red."

It was not long, of course, before Mamma was taken into confidence. What she thought it would be difficult to say, but she was lovable and sustaining as usual.

"It won't do any harm to try, dear," she said. "It seems to me you write very nice things, for any one so young, and perhaps some of the editors might like them; and, of course, it would be a great help if they would pay you a little money."

"But the Boys mustn't know one word," said the Small Person. "I'll tell them if it's accepted, but if it isn't, I'd rather be dead than that they should find out."

And so the story went on, and it was read aloud under the rafters, and Edith revelled in it, and the little cat lay curled up in the Small Person's left arm, quite undisturbed by the excitement in the atmosphere around her.

And as the work went on the two plotters discussed and planned and contrived.

First, how to get the ordinary foolscap to copy out the manuscript in a beautiful clear hand; next, how to get the address of the Editor to be approached; next, how to address him; next, how to find out how many stamps would be necessary to carry the fateful package and bring it back, if such was to be its doom.

It had all to be done in such secrecy and with such precautions. To walk to town and back was a matter of two or three hours, and the Boys would wonder if they did not hear why a journey had been made. They always saw the person who went to town. Consequently no member of the household could go without attracting attention. So some outsider must be found who could make the journey to visit a book-store and find the address required. It would have been all so simple if it had not been for the Boys.

But by the time the story was finished an acquaintance who lived on a neighboring farm had procured the address and some information about the stamps, though this last could not be applied very definitely as the weight of the package could only be guessed at, in the absence of letter scales.

The practical views of the Small Person at this crisis impress me greatly. They were so incompatible with her usual vagueness and romancings that they strike me as rather deliciously incongruous.

"I must have the right kind of paper," she argued, "because if I sent something that seemed queer to them they would think me silly to begin with. And I must write it very plainly, so that it will be easy to read, and on only one side, because if they are bothered by anything it will make them feel cross and they will hate me, and hate my story too. Then, as to the letter I send with it, I must be very careful about that. Of course they have a great many such letters and they must be tired of reading them. So I must make it very short. I would send it without a letter, but I must make them understand that I want it sent back if they don't like it, and call their attention to the stamps and let

them know I am doing it for money and not just for the fun of getting the story published."

"How will you tell them that?" asked Edith, a trifle alarmed. It seemed so appalling and indelicate to explain to an Editor that you wanted money.

The Small Person felt the same thing. She felt this sordid mention of an expectation of receiving dollars and cents in return for her work a rather gross thing—a bold thing which might cause the Editor to receive a severe shock and regard her with cold disgust as a brazen Small Person. Upon the whole, it was the most awful part of the situation. But there was no help for it. Having put her hand to the plough she could not turn back, or trifle with the chance that the Editor might think her a well-to-do Small Person, who did not write stories for publication through sheer need but for amusement.

"I shall have to think that over," she said, seriously. "I don't want to offend them, of course, but I *must* tell them that!"

If it were possible to depict in sufficiently strong colors her mental impressions of the manners, idiosyncrasies, and powers of an Editor, the picture would be an interesting one. It was an impression so founded upon respect and unbounded awe. Between an utterly insignificant little girl in the mountains of East Tennessee, and an Editor in a princely official apartment in Philadelphia or New York, invested by Fate with the power to crush people to the earth and reduce them to impalpable dust by refusing their manuscripts—or to raise them to dizziest pinnacles of bliss by accepting them—there was a gulf imagination could not cross. Buddha himself, sitting in rapt passiveness with folded hands and down-dropped lids, was not so marvellous or so final. Editors presented themselves to her as representing a distinct superhuman race. It seemed impossible that they were moved by the ordinary emotions and passions of mankind. Why she was pervaded with a timorousness, with regard to them, which only Mad Bulls or Tigers with hydrophobia would have justified, it is not easy to explain. Somehow the picture of an Editor rendered infuriate

—"gone must," as it were—in consequence of an inadequacy of stamps, or a fault in punctuation, or as a result of indistinct handwriting covering *both* sides of the ordinary foolscap, was a thing which haunted both her waking and sleeping hours. He would return the manuscript with withering comment, or perhaps not return it at all, and keep all the stamps, which might be considered perfectly proper for an Editor if one broke his Mede and Persian laws. Such a being as this must be approached with salaams and genuflections, and forehead touching the dust.

Poor, little, anxious girl; I find her—rather touching at this distance—sitting in her raftered room, scribbling hotly, with her little cat in her arm, and her cheeks like scarlet flame. But she could not write the explanatory letter to the Editor until she had got the money to buy the paper to copy the story and the stamps to send it. And how to do this without applying to the Boys? The rafters and the little cat presided over hours of planning and discussion. What could be done.

"If we could make some money ourselves," said the Small Person, mournfully.

"But we can't," said Edith. "We've tried, you know."

"Yes," said the Small Person. "Embroidery—and people don't want it. Music lessons—people think I'm too young. Chickens—and they wouldn't hatch, and when they did they died of the gapes; besides the bother of having to sit on the hen to make her sit on the nest, and *live* at full speed round the yard chasing them back into the coops when they get through holes. Out of all that setting of goose-eggs only one hatched, and that wasn't a goose—it was a gander—and a plank fell on it and killed it."

They both indulged in a rueful giggle. The poultry-raising episode had been a very trying and exciting one.

"If we had something to sell," she went on.

"We haven't," said Edith.

The Story touched the Small Person sadly on the shoulder.

"It would be awfully mournful," she said, "if I really *could* write stories that people would like—and if I could sell

them and get money enough to make us quite comfortable—if all that good fortune was in me—and I never found it out all my life—just because I can't buy some paper and postage-stamps."

It seemed too tragic. They sat and looked at each other in gloom. The conversation ended after a short time in desperate discouragement, and the Small Person was obliged to wander out to her hollow on the woodland road and stand for a long time looking at the changing trees, listening with a strange feeling to the sorrowful plaining of the doves on the tops of the pine-trees.

As the leaves were changing then, it cannot have been very long before the inspiration came which solved the problem. Who gave the information which gave rise to it is not a detail which anyone can remember. Something or other makes it seem probable that it was Edwina, who came into the writing-room one day and sat down saying, *à propos* of nothing in particular:

"Aunt Cynthia's two girls made a dollar yesterday by selling wild grapes in the market. They got them in the woods over the hill."

"Which hill?" asked the Small Person.

"The hill near the house—the one you can see out of the window. They say there are plenty there."

"Are there?" said the Small Person.

"I wonder how much they got a gallon?" said Edith.

"I don't know," said Edwina. "But they sold a dollar's worth, and they say they are going to gather more."

"Edith!" exclaimed the Small Person, "Edith!" A brilliant idea had come to her. She felt her cheeks grow hot.

"Suppose," she said, "suppose *we* went and gathered some—a whole lot—and suppose we gave the girls part of the money to sell them for us in the market—perhaps we should get enough to buy the stamps and paper."

It seemed an inspiration of the gods. It was as if some divine chance had been given to them. Edith and Edwina clapped their hands. If wild grapes had been sold they would sell again; if the woods were full of them why should they not gather them—quarts, gallons, bucketfuls of them—as many as necessity required.

There arose an excited, joyous gabbling at once. It would be delightful. It would be fun in itself. It would be like going gypsying. And if there were really a great many grapes, they might be sold for more money than would pay for the stamps.

"It's a good thing we are not living in the Square now," said the Small Person. "We couldn't go and gather wild grapes in Back Sydney Street."

Suddenly they felt rich and hopeful. If they found grapes enough—if they were sold—if the Editor was in a benign humor, who could tell what might happen.

"If they buy this one," said the Small Person, "I can write others, and perhaps they will buy those too. I can always make up stories. Wouldn't it be queer if it turned out *that* was the thing I have to do. You know how we have kept saying, 'Something *must* be done.' Oh! Edith, wouldn't it be beautiful!"

"Of course it would be beautiful," answered Edith.

"Perhaps," sighed the Small Person, "it is too nice to be true. But we'll go and get the wild grapes."

And so they did.

It was Edith who arranged the detail. She saw the little mulatto girls and talked with them. They were greatly pleased at the idea of selling the grapes. They would pilot the party to places where they believed there were vines, and they would help in the gathering, themselves. The expedition began to wear the air of an exhilarating escapade.

It would have been a delightful thing to do, even if it had been arranged merely as a holiday. They issued forth to conquer in the wildest spirits. Each one carried a tin bucket, and each wore a cotton frock, and a sun-bonnet or a utilitarian straw-hat. The sun was rather hot, but the day was a golden one. There was gold in the trees, gold in the air, gold in the distances. The speculators had no decorum in their method. They chased about the warm, yellowing woods like wild things. They laughed and shouted to each other when they scrambled apart. They forced their way through undergrowth,

and tore their way through brambles; they clambered over great logs; they uttered wild little shrieks at false alarms of snakes; they shouted with joy when they came upon vines; they filled their buckets, and ate grapes to repletion, and swung on the rope like vines themselves.

The Small Person had never been less sober. At intervals she roamed away a little, and stood in some warm, golden place, with young trees and bushes closed about her, simply breathing the air, and enraptured with a feeling of being like a well-sunned Indian peach. Her cheeks had such an Autumn heat in them—that glow which is not like the heat of summer. And what a day of dreams. If—if—if! "If" is such a charming word—such a benign one—such a sumptuous one. One cannot always say with entire sense of conviction, "I have a kingdom and a princely fortune, and I will build a palace of gold"—but who cannot say, "If I had a kingdom and the fortune of a prince, I would build a palace of gold." The golden palace rises fair, and one almost hears the courtiers speak. "If" gives a shadow, the substance of which would be a poorer thing.

She built her palaces that day, and furnished them, and *lived* in them, as she searched for her wild grapes. They were innocent palaces, and small ones, for she was a very young and vague thing; but they were things of light and love and beauty, and filled with the diaphanous forms of the beliefs and dreams only such young palaces can hold.

The party went home at sunset with its tin pails full to the brim and covered with fresh vine-leaves.

"We shall get two or three dollars for these," said one of the pilots. "Me an' Serphine didn't have nigh onto as many that other time."

"Now if they sell them," said Edith and the Small Person when they got home, "we shall have the paper and the postage-stamps."

It seems to be regretted that the amount they sold for cannot be recalled—but it was enough to buy the postage-stamps and paper and pay all expenses, and even leave something over. The

business part of the speculation was a complete success.

With what care the ordinary foolscap was chosen; with what discreet precautions that it should be of the right size and shade, and should not enrage the Editor the instant he saw it. How large and round and clear each letter was made in the copying. An Editor who was afflicted with cataract might have read it half-way across his palatial sanctum. And then the letter that was written to accompany the venture! How it was reflected upon, and reasoned about, and discussed! "An Editor does not want to know anything about *me*," the Small Person said. "He does not know me, and he doesn't care about me, and he won't want to be bothered. I shall just say I have enclosed the stamps to send the manuscript back with, if he does not want it. And I shall have to speak about the money. You see, Edith, if the stories are worth writing, they must be worth reading, and if they are worth printing and reading they must be worth paying for, and if they are not worth publishing and reading they are not worth writing, and I had better not waste my time on them." Whence this clear and practical point of view it would be difficult to say. But she was quite definite about it. The urgency of the situation had made her definite. Perhaps at a crisis she became practical—but it was only at a crisis.

And after serious deliberation and much rewriting and elimination the following concise and unmistakable epistle was enclosed in a roll of manuscript with enough extra stamps to have re-mailed an Editor:

"SIR: I enclose stamps for the return of the accompanying MS., 'Miss Desborough's Difficulties,' if you do not find it suitable for publication in your magazine. My object is remuneration.

"Yours Respectfully,

"F. HODGSON."

This was all except the address, which was that of the post-office of the neighboring town. Both Edith and herself were extremely proud of the closing sentence. It sounded so business-like.

And no Editor could mistake it. And if this one was offended it positively could not be helped.

"And it's true," she said. "I never should have dreamed of sending a thing to an Editor if I hadn't been *obliged* to. My object is remuneration."

And then they could not help breaking into childish giggles at the comical aspect of their having done a thing so bold, and their ideas of what the Editor would think if he could see the two curly and innocent Small Persons who had written that unflinchingly mercenary sentence.

CHAPTER XVI.

AND SO SHE DID.

It is a simple enough matter to send a story with a serene mind to Editors one knows, and of whom one is aware that they possess the fine intellectual acumen which leads them to appreciate the boon bestowed upon them, and the firmness to contemplate with some composure the fact that one's "object is remuneration." But it is quite a different affair to send one's timid and defenceless first-born into the cave of an unknown dragon, whose fangs may be dripping with the blood of such innocents.

Oh, the counting of the hours which elapse before it reaches its destination, and the awful thrill of realizing that perhaps at the very hour one is living through, the Editor is Reading it! The Small Person did not lose any quakings or heart-beats to which she was entitled by the situation. She experienced them all to the utmost, and even invented some new ones. She, and Edith quaked together.

It was so awful not to know anything whatever, to be so blankly ignorant of editorial habits and customs. How long did an Editor keep a manuscript before he accepted it, or put all the stamps on with a blow and sent it back? Did he send it back the day after he had read it, or did he keep it for months or years? Might one become old and gray without knowing whether one's story was accepted or rejected? If he accepted it, would he send the money at

once or would he wait a long time, and how much would it be when it came? Five dollars—ten—twenty—a hundred? *Could* it possibly be as much as a hundred! And if it *could* be a hundred—oh! what things could be done with it, and how every body could live happily forever after!

"I could write one in a week," the Small Person said. "That would be *four hundred* dollars a month! Oh! no, Edith," breathlessly, "it *couldn't* be a hundred!" This was because it seemed impossible that any one could make four hundred dollars a month by her stories and really retain her senses.

She felt it was better to restrain such frenzy and discipline herself by putting it as low as possible.

"Suppose it is only about a dollar," she said. "I'm sure it's worth more, but they might be very stingy. And we want money so much—we are so *obliged* to have it, that I suppose I should be forced to let them have it for a dollar and even go on writing more."

"It *couldn't* be as little as that," said Edith.

"It would be rather cheap even for me," said the Small Person, and she began to laugh a little hysterically. "A dollar story!"

Then she began to make calculations. She was not at all good at calculations.

"The magazine costs two dollars a year," she pondered. "And if they have fifty thousand subscribers, that would make a hundred thousand dollars a year. They haven't *many* stories in each number. Some of the magazines have more than fifty thousand subscribers! Edith," with a little gasp, "suppose it was a thousand dollars!"

They vibrated like pendulums from light-headed ecstasy to despair.

"They'll send it back," she said, in hopeless downfall, "or they'll keep the stamps and they won't send it back at all, and I shall wait weeks, and weeks, and weeks, and never know *anything* about it. And all this thinking and hoping and contriving will have gone for worse than nothing!"

She ended with tears in her eyes, half-laughing at herself because they were there, and she was an emotional Small Person, who had also a sense of the hu-

mor of her own exaggerations. She was a creature who laughed a great deal, and was much given to making her sisters and brothers laugh. She liked to say ridiculous things and exaggerate her views of a situation until they became grotesque and she was obliged to laugh wildly at them herself. "The family's Ups and the family's Downs" were a source of unbridled jokes which still had a touch of usefulness in them.

"I laugh instead of crying," she used to say. "There *is* some fun in laughing and there isn't any in crying, and it is ridiculous in one way."

She made many of these rueful jokes in the days that followed. It seemed as if these were months of days and the tension became more than was bearable. It is likely that only a few weeks passed.

But at last—at last something came. Not the manuscript with all the stamps in a row, but a letter.

And she and Edith and Mamma and Edwina sat down panting to read it.

And when it was read they could not understand it!

The letter was not preserved, but the memory of the impression it created preserved itself.

Somehow it seemed strangely vague to their inexperienced minds. It began—thank God—by praising the story. It seemed to like it. It plainly did not despise it at all. Its sole criticisms were on the unceremonious abbreviation of a name, and an intimation that it was rather long. It did not say it was refused, but neither Edith nor the Small Person were at all sure that it meant that it was accepted, and it said nothing about the Remuneration.

"Have they accepted it?" said the Small Person.

"They haven't rejected it," said Edith.

"They evidently think it is rather good," said Mamma.

"I don't know exactly what they mean," the Small Person finally decided, "but I believe it has something to do with the Remuneration."

Perhaps it had, and perhaps it had not. Perhaps greater experience might have been able to reach something technical in it they could not see. They read and re-read it, thought and reasoned, and invented translations. But

the only conclusion they could reach was that perhaps Remuneration not being the Editor's object, was his objection, and that he thought that by adroit encouragement and discouragement he might obtain the prize without the Object.

So after a little waiting the Small Person wrote to ask for its return. In after years she was frequently puzzled by her memory of that first letter. She never knew what it had meant. Experience taught her that it was curiously unbusiness-like, and inclined her to believe that in some way it was meant to convey that the objection was the Remuneration.

Then the story was sent to another Editor.

"I'll try two or three times," the Author said to Edith. "I won't give up the first minute, but I won't keep on forever. If they don't want it, that must mean that it isn't good enough."

The story—whose real name was not "Miss Desborough's Difficulties," but something rather like it—was one she had planned and partially written in her thirteenth year, in the Square. One or two cherished scenes she had written in the old account-books. Many years later, on being exhumed from among old magazines in the Congressional Library, and read again, it revealed itself quite a respectable, but not in the least striking, story of love, estrangement, and reconciliation between a stately marvel of English young-lady beauty and good-breeding, and the stalwart, brave, and masculine British officer, who was separated and suffered with her in high-bred dignity and fine endurance. It was an evident—though unconscious—echo of like stories in *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, and *London Society*. The Small Person had been much attached to these periodicals. Its meritorious features were a certain reality of feeling in the people who lived in it, and a certain nice quality in the feeling itself. However trifling and romantic the plot, the officer was a nice fellow and a gentleman, the beauteous English maiden had good manners, and her friends, the young-married people, were sympathetic and sweet-tempered. It moved with some

dramatic touch and had an air of conviction. Otherwise it had no particular qualities or originality.

Did months elapse again before they heard from the second Editor—or was it years? Perhaps it was only weeks, but they contained several protracted lifetimes.

And then! Another letter! Not the manuscript yet!

"SIR: (They were immensely edified at being called Sir.) Your story, 'Miss Desborough's Difficulties,' is so distinctly English that our reader is not sure of its having been written by an American. We see that the name given us for the address is not that of the writer. (The Samaritan friend had lent his name—that the mail might evade the Boys.) Will you kindly inform us if the story is original?

"Yours truly," etc.

This was the letter in effect. It would be impossible to recall the exact words.

Shaken to the centre of her being the Small Person replied by the next mail.

"The story is original. I am English myself, and have only been a short time in America."

The Editor replied quite promptly:

"Before we decide will you send us another story?"

How they were elated almost to delirium! How delighted Mamma's smile was! How the two unliterary ones exulted and danced about.

"It will be Accepted! It will be Accepted! It will be Accepted!" they danced about exclaiming.

"Perhaps the Editor will buy them both!" said Edith. "That will be *two* instead of one!"

The Small Person went up to the raffered room positively trembling with joy and excitement. The Editor did not believe she had written her own story. He would not believe it until she wrote another. He would see! She would show him!

The little cat lay curled up in her arm for three days, seeming lulled by the endless scratching of the pen. She said nothing, but perhaps in some occult feline way she was assisting. The Small Person's cheeks blazed hotter and hot-

ter. She felt as if she were running a race for life or death. But she was not tired. She was strung up to the highest and intensest pitch. The Story was good to her. Her best beloved, who had stood by her all her vivid short life—making dull things bright and bright things brilliant—who had touched the face of all the world with a tender, shining hand—who had never deserted her—did not desert her now. Faithful and dear fair shadow of things, how passionately she loved it! In three days the new story was finished. It was shorter than "Miss Desborough," but she knew it was as good, and that the Editor would see it was written by the same hand. But she made it an American story without a touch of English coloring. And the grapes had brought enough money for more postage-stamps.

She did not walk for the next few days—she danced. She chased about the woods wildly, gathering more flowers and leaves and following more birds than ever. Sometimes when she went to the hollow in the road she felt as if she might be lifted from her feet by the strange exhilaration within her, and carried away over the variegated tree-tops into the blue.

Her stories were of some use after all. They were not altogether things to be laughed at because they were Romantic. Somehow she felt almost as if she were vindicating and exalting a friend who had been kind and tender, and yet despised. Ah, how *good* it was! *If* all would go well—if she might go on—if she need be ashamed no longer—but write openly as many stories as she liked—how *good* to be alive! She was so young and ardent, she knew nothing and believed *everything*. It might have been arranged by Fortune that she should get the fullest, finest flavor of it. When the answer came they were passing through one of "the Family's Downs." That was their manner of describing the periods when everything seemed at its worst; when even the Boys, who were robustly life-enjoying creatures wished "something would turn up." Nothing is more trying than to feel that one's sole hope is that "something may turn up." The something usually turns down.

And on one of these days the Letter came. Standing by a table in the bare little room, the Small Person opened it with quivering hands, while Mamma and Edith looked tremblingly on.

She read it, rather weakly, aloud.

"SIR: We have decided to accept your two stories, and enclose payment. Fifteen dollars for 'Aces or Clubs,' and twenty dollars for 'Miss Desborough's Difficulties.' We shall be glad to hear from you again.

"Yours, truly," etc.

She gave a little hysterical laugh, which was half a gasp.

"They—they've accepted it," she said, rather obviously to Edith, "and they've sent me thirty-five dollars."

"Well, my dear," said Mamma, quite tremulously, "they really were very nice tales. I could not help thinking so."

"They are Accepted," cried Edith, quite shrill with ecstasy. "And they will take more. And you can go on writing them all your life."

And just at that moment—as if it had been arranged like a scene in a play, one of the Boys came in. It was the elder one, and rather an intimate of the Small Person, of whom he was really quite fond, though he considered her Romantic, and having a strong sense of humor, his witticisms on the subject of the stories had been well worth hearing.

"What's up?" he said. "What is the matter with you all?"

"Come out on the Porch," said the Small Person.

Why she was suddenly overwhelmed with a sort of shyness, which embraced even Mamma and Edith, she could not have told.

"Well," he said, when they stood outside.

"I've just had a letter," said the Small Person, awkwardly. "It's—it's from an Editor."

"An Editor!" he repeated. "What does that mean?"

"I sent him one of my stories," she went on, feeling that she was getting red. "And he wouldn't believe I had written it, and he wrote and asked me to send another, I suppose to prove

I could do it. And I wrote another—and sent it. And he has accepted them both, and sent me thirty-five dollars.”

“Thirty-five dollars!” he exclaimed, staring at her.

“Yes,” she answered. “Here’s the check.”

And she held it out to him.

He took it and looked at it, and broke into a good-natured, delighted, boyish laugh.

“Well, by Jove!” said he, looking

at her, half-amused and half-amazed. “That’s first-class, isn’t it? By Jove!”

“Yes,” she said, “it is. And they want some more. And I am going to write some—as many as I can—a whole lot!”

And so she did.

But she had crossed the delicate, impalpable dividing line. And after that, Life itself began, and memories of her lose the meaning which attaches itself to the memories of the Mind of a Child.

THE END.

AN OLD SONG.

[THE SONG OF SOLOMON, v. 2, 5.]

By H. C. Bunner.

Love, I have wandered a weary way,
A weary way for thee,
The East is wan with the smile of the day—
Open thy door to me!

My hair is wet with the dew of the night
That falls from the cedar-tree:
The shadows are dark; but the East is light—
Open thy door to me!

The stones of the road have bruised my feet—
The hours till morn are three—
Thou that hast spikenard precious sweet,
Open thy door to me!

Stay not thy hand upon the lock,
Nor thy fingers on the key.
In the breeze before morn the tree-tops rock—
Open thy door to me!

My love is the fairest, the only one,
The choice of her house is she—
The height of the heaven hath seen the sun—
Open thy door to me!

The holy kiss of my lips and thine
Shall the sun have grace to see?
The hours foregone of the night are nine—
Open thy door to me!



THE POINT OF VIEW.

MOST of the biographical sketches called out by the death of M. H. Taine note, as a fact of particular importance, that, during the period of his retirement in the Pyrenees to recover his health, his favorite study was Spenser's "Faerie Queene." In view of this, it is interesting to look back into his "History of English Literature," and see what this study of Spenser ended in.

Taine's "History of English Literature" has been criticised often because, setting out in an imposing equipage of theory, it was forced many times in its progress to come down and dance or chase about in the most primitive, intuitive, unscientific way. And at no point is the descent more emphatic, the abandonment of the trim, neat, but unfurthering theory more complete than in the passages relating to Spenser. Meeting M. Taine only there, one would never dream that one was dealing with a man who elsewhere seemed almost to hold himself ready to compound you a great poet by recipe. "Among all these poems," he begins by saying, "there is one truly divine, so divine that the *reasoners* of succeeding ages have found it wearisome, that even now but few understand it—Spenser's 'Faerie Queene.'"

The "reasoners" indeed, when M. Taine had set out to be a reasoner beyond all of them! And to the end of the chapter the tone is the same. For the cold, hard, practical facts about Spenser and his work, one better resort anywhere rather than hither. It is neither recital, analysis, nor exposition; but soaring, sweeping, unbreathing rhapsody. It is meet, however; the subject amply justifies it; and no one who had

himself ever come under Spenser's spell could be otherwise than grateful for it. Moreover, it is illuminating; to a sympathetic reader far more so than pages upon pages more formally expository—such pages, for example, as make up the ponderous dissertation of the late Dean of St. Paul's on the "Faerie Queene," with its carefully numbered paragraphs and its conscientious enumeration of all the small technical crudenesses. But it would be very confusing, I fancy, to anyone who came to the study of Spenser without a strong native love of poetry in his heart, and in the rigidly scientific spirit which M. Taine professed to be himself making the study in. It would probably strike our later eminent Spenser, Mr. Herbert, for instance, as little better than nonsense.

The most significant fact in M. Taine's attitude toward Spenser is not, however, that for the moment his admiration rapped him away from his theories. It is, rather, that this philosopher who fell a-rhapsodizing over his subject was dealing with an English poet, and was himself a Frenchman. We know how hard it has been for Frenchmen to come into any sympathy with our poetry. They have almost denied that we had any, or were capable of producing any. We have kept the account about square, no doubt, by not being over-ready with our approval of theirs; but that we have done so only emphasizes the barrier which M. Taine had to surmount. "Tout ce qui se fait en Angleterre est, d'une façon générale," says M. Jules Lemaitre, "exactement le contraire de ce qui se fait en France." And M. Lemaitre him-

self, forty years after M. Taine made his study of the "*Faerie Queene*" (and these forty years have greatly modified national prejudices), is not shy of letting us know that, to his mind at least, most "*ce qui se fait en Angleterre*" is, in consequence, rather ill done. Yet he is a critic who, by his own confession, "*travaille continuellement à se maintenir l'esprit aussi libre que possible*," and who succeeds fairly well in the laudable endeavor.

Not only did M. Taine surmount the barrier, but he chose for his particular regard the one among our great poets whom we ourselves have found it most difficult to be perfectly fond of. We accept Spenser for the "poet's poet," and ungrudgingly put him third or fourth, or, at lowest, fifth in our lists; but almost none of us has cared to live with him. Even Lowell shows fits of coolness toward him; and in Matthew Arnold the mentions of him are scant and, as I think, distinctly unadoring. The nearest the lover's attitude of any recent English writer's is perhaps that of Mr. Hamerton, who says that he "should like very well to be shut up in a garden for a whole summer with no literature but the '*Faerie Queene*,'"—a desire which one year, we are glad to know, he "very nearly realized." But in M. Taine's admiration there are no reservations. From the first word to the last, his tribute contains not a single proviso. We are never warned to make allowances for the age, to study the case historically, or anything of that sort. Whatever may have been in his mind, his statements are absolute. Even in "*The Shepherd's Calendar*" he hears no voice "but of thinkers and poets," though some native critics have thought they heard at least an undertone of the dull-witted Gabriel Harvey there. And this, in M. Taine, is very interesting. It is also very grateful.

The cultivated young American girl of our time has, it may be assumed, even amid her triumphs, certain moments common to all mankind, in which she echoes the pathetic little wish of the poet Burns, and wonders exactly what impression she is producing upon the world around her. If so, she may now see herself very cleverly and, withal, very amiably reflected, without fear that any national prejudice or pre-

possession has softened the lines or heightened the tints to make the portrait a flattered one. The Florentine writer, Carlo Placci, has chosen for the heroine of his first novel, "*Un Furto*," an American, of established position in her own land, who makes her way with the smallest possible effort into that inner circle of Italian society from which foreigners of the floating population, and especially Anglo-Saxons, are, for the most part, excluded. Miss Daisy Roberts is a native of the "Far West," travelling in her mother's care; we are led to infer that she brings with her no letters other than letters of credit; but she is well educated and well bred, having made the best application of all the advantages that wealth can give; she has intelligence and refinement as well as personal charm; and, accordingly, the palace doors, one by one, are opened to her, until, at last, she is declared to have become the fashion.

Though she is a very modern young woman indeed, a warm friend of John Sargent and an admirer of Monet, her sympathy with the early Italian masters, whom, hitherto, she has known only from engravings or photographs, is keen and genuine. When her discernment is said by an acquaintance to be exceptional in one of her nation, she defends her compatriots loyally. "How should their taste be trained," she asks, "in streets named by numbers, where one house is precisely like another?" and then turns the tables in an amusing way, by calling her Italian friends to account for their own lack of interest in these priceless things. The dialogue throughout the book is exceptionally good, and all the conversations in which she takes part go with a sprightliness wherein the author's introductory promise of her interesting and many-sided personality is well sustained. He has taken care not to make her faultless. She is too eager for success, too ready to exchange one set of friends for another when the hour of its achievement comes. And, in matters of the heart, she is uncertain and capricious as an April day. But, whether picking flowers in the Certosa garden, posing for a photograph, or leading her lovers from ball-room to ball-room to accept one, at last, with ready ingenuity by a single

stroke of the pen, she remains always a fascinating little figure whom it would be a delight to see and know.

The central interest of the book lies in the remorse of the delinquent whose curious theft supplies the title, and to that even the love adventures of Miss Daisy Roberts are subordinated. The details of her portrait have been left somewhat incomplete. But a good unfinished picture is always interesting. And this of her is so delicately handled, so free from exaggeration or caricature, so true in its fine points to life, that, for her sake alone, the new foreign author deserves his success and is heartily to be congratulated.

A RECENT writer, discoursing "On Growing Old," took what seems to be a needlessly disparaging view of that inevitable process. He quoted Cicero's deliverances on the subject, but quoted them chiefly to scoff at what he affected to regard as the Roman essayist's faint praise of an indefensible condition. Cicero was thankful to old age because it diminished his appetite for food and drink, and aggravated his eagerness for rational conversation; but this contemporary pessimist declared his belief that there was not an old man of his acquaintance who would not prefer roast fowl and champagne with the appetite and digestion of youth to the chance of conversing at length with the wisest person in the vicinity. Cicero considered emancipation from physical appetites and passions as the best gift of old age, and this critic admitted that advantage, and added to it the felicity of escaping from "a certain tyranny of the intellect" and the privilege of having "no final convictions." But with all its compensations conceded, the decline of life seemed to him a poor thing, and fit chiefly to bring one to a penitential realization that life is disappointment and vanity, and the mortal coil an integument chiefly blessed in the shuffling.

Now it was an amusing circumstance that this discourse should have come out in print sandwiched between some Reminiscences of Emerson, by Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, and certain recollections of his College days by Dr. Edward Everett Hale. It appears from reference to Dr. Furness's article that his experience of life covers no fewer years

than ninety-one. Dr. Hale's admissions make him out only a little over seventy, which is not old age to be sure, but constitutes a reasonable maturity. Yet it was impossible to detect in the papers of either of these reverend and experienced gentlemen—one venerable and the other mature—any hint or suggestion that so far as either of them has got, he finds any serious defect in life. This is not conclusive evidence, of course, but it is suggestive. It is particularly suggestive of one asset of old age which the essayist I have been talking about has omitted to specify. Everyone knows what the tontine system of life insurance is. A number of people pay equal sums of money into a pool; the amount is put out at interest and the surviving subscriber takes the accumulated sum. Similarly every man of letters gradually comes to be joint owner with other persons of a mass of valuable literary material which cannot be used by any of the joint owners so long as the others survive. But if he outlives the rest it all becomes his, and he can do what he will with it, without fear of hurting anyone's feelings or disclosing anything that would work injury to the living or to the memory of the dead. Who is there that writes and is still under fifty who will not admit that the stories he knows the best, and that are the best worth telling, are those that he cannot tell, because of the score of people still on earth who would strip the disguises from his characters and read as biography what he designed to have pass as fiction? Which of us does not think he might do a *magnum opus* if there were no lives in being to hinder!

And another great advantage of getting decently old is the acquisition of the privilege of loafing without compunctions. In these days, provided a man has fairly filled his granary during the heat and labor of his day of strength, old age is the time for him to travel, to own a farm, to collect books and china images, to read many novels and frivolous books, to have a yacht if his accumulations will stand it, and to work just so much as will increase his contentment, and no more. He ought to have income enough to play with, and life enough left to play. If he hasn't, it is not the fault of old age, but of himself; or pos-

sibly it is his misfortune. Certainly old men abound who, having lived wisely and well, lack neither the means nor the disposition to find continued felicity in life. Anyone can recall a dozen such veterans at thought, and it would be easy to mention one or two whom everyone knows about, who in the ripeness of their intellectual and the baleness of their physical powers, seem to have more fun in a few minutes than many dull youths with good appetites have in a year.

THERE is a sentiment about the French people, held mainly by Englishmen and Americans under the shadow of English thought, which was tersely though somewhat crudely expressed by the man who became dissatisfied with the conduct of a French waiter in a restaurant and noted the ever-recurring solace he found in the belief that all Frenchmen when they died would go to hell. The author of "French Traits" has been at pains to make it clear that this conception of the destination of the French is probably erroneous, and is based on ignorance of French character. He boldly maintains that the French are not wicked in all the particulars in which they differ from the English, but in some are merely different. Especially, he points out, the Frenchman has the social instinct in a degree that the Anglo-Saxon can neither aspire to nor easily comprehend, and many details of conduct which we attribute to the defects in his character are really due to the exceptional development of his solidarity. Thus, if he is somewhat querulous and unduly prone to vociferation, that is not because he is really more quarrelsome than his Anglo-Saxon neighbor, but that, thanks to his dependence on his fellow, his wrath evaporates in language, whereas British individualism comes to blows. And if his moral sense, and even his moral conduct, digresses from the British ideal, that is due, if not directly to his solidarity, at least to the same causes that have made him the social creature that he is.

It is a great comfort to a humane mind of Anglo-Saxon perversions, to find out these peculiarities of the French, and learn to regard their future, whether in this world

or the next, with hopefuller anticipations. So much relief comes to a benevolent intelligence from a comprehension of the reasons that exist for believing that a great contemporary people are not so wholly abandoned as they seem, that it naturally occurs to try the same prescription for the cure of what seem to be analogous cases. And in particular there are the Irish. Some of us Americans and many of our British cousins are worried about the Irish. We Americans especially are liable to forebodings that they are too quarrelsome, or too improvident, or too imperfectly veracious, or too something else to make up into American citizens of the proper standard. How immensely reassuring it would be to all of us who want to hold the best opinion that is tenable of our fellow-countrymen, if some one, taking a leaf out of "French Traits," would take the pains to demonstrate that the Irish have got solidarity, too, and that there is nothing really the matter with them, but only something different. To say that the French are all going to the bow-wows, and the Irish are in some respects very like them, is one thing. But to say that the French have the eminently precious and respectable quality called solidarity in a condition of exalted development, and the Irish have it also, is quite a different sentiment. As fast as we learn to feel like that about it we are filled with an increasing eagerness to take the Celt to our bosoms, and enjoy the benefits of solidarity at his expense.

If the Irishman had not some qualities that were exceptionally worth investigation, we Americans would not have him so much on our minds. His political importance in this country would not be so disproportionate to his numbers and his wealth, unless there were some points in which he had the advantage of the rest of the population. Is it not really his solidarity, nursed and developed by the same Catholic Church that has helped the same development in France, that enables him to carry the ward, and prove himself

The very pulse of the machine,

while his Yankee brother, wrapt in his individualism, looks on somewhat jealously, and wonders how it is done!

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EXHIBITION

NUMBER

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK



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'TENTH PRIZE.

The play that evening was Macbeth,
And Uncle Josh with bated breath,
Had watched with eyes amazed and keen
Until the famed Sleep-walking Scene;

When Lady Macbeth strives to blot
From her stained hands the damned spot,
And as she washed them in the air,
And cried out at the blood still there;

Then Uncle Josh asked one near by,
"What makes that woman swear and cry,
An' wring her hands an' go on so?
What's on 'em, I'd jes' like to know?"

"It's Duncan's blood," the man replied,
"She strives the fearful stains to hide."
"Why don't she wash her hands, b'gosh!
With Ivory Soap?" cried Uncle Josh.

HENRY C. WOOD, Harrodsburg, Ky.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE MOWER



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NINTH PRIZE.

With sunburnt face and sturdy arm,
 Along the field the mower moves.
 The dry sweet grass falls thick and fast,
 Each stroke strong robust vigor proves.
 With steady beams the noonday sun
 Pours down; the mower seeks the shade,
 Sits down to rest, and wipes his brow,
 And turns his sickle's dulling blade.
 And then to cleanse his dusty face,
 To soothe his sunburnt hands, he brings
 The bucket from the deep cool well,
 Whose water comes from mountain springs.
 And as the wheel turns round and round
 And slowly winds the chain and rope,
 He blesses water, blesses home,
 And blesses good, clean Ivory Soap.

By AMY E. BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, Pa

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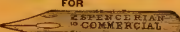


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